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Survey of the World.

Periodicals

The Republicans of Ohio

The recent convention of the Republicans of Ohio was easily controlled by those who accept the leadership of Senator Hanna. Governor Nash was renominated by acclamation. Lieutenant-Governor Caldwell, who has acted as counsel for the organized brewers and liquor dealers, was induced by the opposition of the Anti-Saloon League to withdraw, and State Senator Nippert, of Cincinnati, was nominated in his place. It is said that the League controls 60,000 votes. Senator Foraker, who expects to be elected for a second term by the legislature soon to be chosen, was temporary chairman. In his address he congratulated the party and the nation upon the recent decision of the Supreme Court in the insular cases, saying that in opposing that decision the Democrats were showing a desire to cut down the wages of workingmen, because they assert that the nation has no Constitutional power to protect those wages against "the cheap labor of our possessions in the tropics and the Orient." Senator Hanna, as permanent chairman, eulogized Mr. Foraker, and urged the people of Ohio to express in the campaign and at the polls a conviction that the prevailing prosperity could be prolonged only by that confidence in the future which is based upon the preservation of present political conditions. Concerning the tariff and the combinations the platform says:

"Tariff schedules which will protect American labor against the low wages paid foreign labor must be maintained. We reaffirm all declarations heretofore made by the Republican party in favor of reciprocity, and urge the making of such additional treaties, based on the protection principle, as will further extend our commerce. We recognize the right of both labor and capital to combine when such combinations are wisely administered for the general good; but combinations which create monopolies to control prices or limit production are an evil which must be met by effective legislation, vigorously enforced. The only legislation, national or in Ohio, on this subject, has been enacted by the Republican party, and that party can be safely trusted to deal with this problem."

After calling for the speedy construction of an American ship canal, a renewal of "the wise restrictions of the Chinese Exclusion act," and "the most liberal application" of the pension laws, the resolutions make the following radical and emphatic declaration concerning the disfranchisement of negroes:

"We denounce, as no less criminal when committed by theft than when accomplished with the shotgun and by ballot-box stuffing, and as antagonistic to the spirit of our institutions, all attempts to deprive of their inalienable rights millions of our fellow citizens in certain States of the Union. We therefore call upon our Senators and Representatives in Congress for such legislation as shall secure the strict enforcement of Constitutional measures guaranteeing to every citizen the right of franchise, without distinction as to race, color, or previous condition of servitude. And we demand that representation in Congress and in the Electoral College shall be based upon the actual voting population as provided in the Constitution, proportionate reduction being made for any State in which the right of suffrage is denied except for crime."

A large part of the platform is given up to a review of the achievements of the President's Administration. "The nation's pledge to Cuba," it is said, "is being faithfully kept;" Porto Rico "is

flourishing beyond all her former experiences;" Hawaii enjoys "the most marvelous progress," and in the Philippines military control has been succeeded by civil government which contemplates the largest practical degree of home rule.

For Reform in Philadelphia

The indignation excited in Philadelphia by the recent seizure of street railway franchises has been intensified by the refusal of the Quay leaders who control the Republican party to renominate District-Attorney Rothermel. They were not favorably impressed by his earnest and diligent prosecution of ballot thieves and repeaters after the last election. At a great mass meeting in the Academy of Music last week Mr. Rothermel was nominated by the opponents of the dominant political ring. Ten thousand people tried to attend this meeting, but only half of them could get into the auditorium. The nominating resolutions, read by the Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook, declared that

"an insolently despotic and criminally profligate political power, embracing banded corruptionists of both the great political parties, has usurped the authority of the people in both the city and the State; run riot in franchise gifts and appropriations to favorites, involving the loss of many millions to the taxpayers; created offices and officers not needed or demanded by the people; and practically proclaimed that the public prosecutor, who should stand like adamant between the community and the mastery of crime, must be obedient to the orders of political masters."

The tone of the addresses indicated a formidable revolt against the ring. Dr. McCook asserted that Mayor Ashbridge's administration was corrupt. Others said that Rothermel had been rejected in order that the members of the ring might have some one to stand between them and the penitentiary. Mr. Stenger, formerly Secretary of State, remarked that this year's Legislature, guilty of innumerable acts of infamy, had been the most degraded and corrupt that had ever cursed the Commonwealth. Dr. McCook's was the most forcible of the speeches. Recent incidents, he said, were but the sad fruitage of a long train of preceding events which had come down through a pernicious heredity. He arraigned party leaders in the State for the crime of withdrawing the Commonwealth and the municipality from the ranks of leaders and helpers in the army of civilization. Colonel McClure declared that the people of the city were confronted by an organized band of political adventurers possessing elements of power which had never been approached in any of the reckless and profligate political controls of the past. Postmaster-General Smith by telegraph expressed his desire to take part in the fight; but this, it was afterward explained, was not to be regarded as committing the administration to any withdrawal of patronage from Senators Quay and Penrose. Steps were taken to perfect an organization in the city, and it is hoped that the $250,000 promptly subscribed for the work will be increased to $2,000,000.

Workmen on Strike

The policy of the great United States Steel Corporation concerning labor unions has not yet been defined; but a strike ordered last week in the mills of the American Sheet Steel Company—one of the combinations of which the Corporation is composed—may compel the Corporation to say what course it will pursue. This is not a dispute about wages. The Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, one of the most powerful unions in the country, proposed a renewal of the old scale for a year, and to this the company made no objection; but the Association demanded that the company should sign this scale for all its mills, in some of which the union has not been recognized heretofore. That is to say, the Association demanded that all the twenty-four mills should be unionized. The company would not comply; it even declined to sign for three mills which were already under union rules. Therefore a strike was ordered, and at the end of the week the men in the mills of the American Steel Hoop Company were called out, so that about 50,000 men are idle, two-thirds of whom belong to the union. If workmen in other branches of the industry should join them, the Corporation would find it expedient to define its policy without delay. As a result of the action of the Metal Trades Association, the striking machinists are yielding, many having returned to work on the old terms, while others

have gained some increase of pay. But the excellent agreement for arbitration made a year ago, no longer exists. The use of militia to restrain disorderly strikers has caused the Amalgamated Sheet Metal Workers' Union of New York to add to its constitution an amendment excluding from the union any member of the militia, the regular army, the navy, or the naval reserve, and requiring the resignation of any one now in the union who is a member of one of these organizations. When the striking machinists left the shops of the Southern Railway Company in Georgia, a few days ago, the places of some of them were taken temporarily by students of the State School of Technology. Resenting this action, the labor unions have formally denounced the School as an "enemy of organized labor," and Hoke Smith, formerly Secretary of the Interior, has attacked the School in a public address to the strikers in Atlanta.

Ring Indictments in New York

There is at last a prospect that Croker's Tammany government in New York will be forced to defend itself in the courts as well as at the polls. John J. Scannell, Fire Commissioner, and for many years a close friend of Croker, has been indicted by the grand jury for conspiracy to defraud the city and an indictment has also been found against William L. Marks, a go-between who controlled the purchase of supplies for the Fire Department. It appears that Scannell caused it to be known that supplies could be sold to the Department only through Marks, who must receive a commission. Bidders soon discovered that even if their bids were the lowest they could get no contracts without the aid of Marks. As a rule, his commission was from 20 to 50 per cent., and those who paid it were favored, even if their bids were much higher than some others. Thus, on one purchase of fire hose, Marks's commission was $3,750, or 25 per cent.; on another it was $2,500. In many instances supplies were bought through the agency of this go-between at prices 50 per cent., or even 100 per cent., above those ruling in the market. For one lot of hose 25 cents per foot was paid, altho the market price was only 12 cents. A long list of such frauds is set forth in the counts of the indictments. This man Scannell was originally a saloon keeper and professional gambler. In 1872 he killed Thomas Donohue in a gambling house. For the murder he was tried, but he escaped punishment on a plea of emotional insanity; and after remaining for a few months in an asylum he regained his liberty. While in prison awaiting trial he became acquainted with Croker, who was confined there on a similar charge, but for a crime of which he was not guilty. The friendship then established was continued in after years, and Scannell became a prominent "district leader" in the Tammany organization. When Croker obtained control of the enlarged city his old friend was placed at the head of the Fire Department.

Cuba

The National party has decided to accept and respect the Platt amendment, and to co-operate with the American military government in establishing the republic; but with the understanding that under the new government it will strive by all legal means to procure a repeal of the amendment because the provisions of it tend to restrict Cuban sovereignty. The Republican party in the province of Havana has also, by a vote of 41 to 15 in convention, accepted the amendment. Against this action Gualberto Gomez made vigorous protest. Failing to control the convention, he took himself out of the party and resigned the editorship of *Patria*, its newspaper organ. Discussion of questions relating to annexation by the Havana press attracts some attention. *La Lucha*, expressing some doubt as to the economic strength of Cuba as a republic, advises that inquiry and discussion about annexation be deferred until a trial of independence shall have been made, saying that the United States has nothing to gain from annexation, and predicting that many obstacles would be encountered if Cuba should ask for it. The survey of the coast by our naval vessels has been completed; and it is reported that the four naval stations to be sold or leased to the United States will be situated in Havana Harbor, Cienfuegos Harbor, Nipe Bay and Guantanamo Bay.

No suitable site has been found at either extremity of the island. The new electoral law will provide for universal suffrage, the use of the Australian ballot and minority representation. It is expected that soldiers or sailors in the service of the insular government will not be permitted to vote. General Gomez has come to this country, where he will have a conference with Tomas Estrada Palma, formerly head of the Cuban Junta here, who appears to be the leading candidate for the presidency. The Acting Commissioner of Schools, Lieutenant Hanna, reports that there are now 3,567 schools and 3,583 teachers, three-fifths of whom are women; that the number of pupils enrolled is 172,273, with an average daily attendance of 123,362; and that the annual expenditure for the schools exceeds $4,000,000, all of which is now paid by the general government. At the invitation of President Eliot, 100 teachers will attend the Harvard Summer School this year. Fifty more will be sent to one of the New York Normal Schools. Sir William Van Horne expects that trains will be running within a year on his company's railroad from Santiago to Havana. Some inquiry having been made as to the bonds issued and sold for the benefit of the insurgents during the revolution, a newspaper in Havana says that General Palma knows what the amount was, because every bond bore his signature and was virtually issued by him.

The Philippine Islands

When General Cailles, the guerrilla chief in Luzon, at last consented to surrender, he decided that his submission should have some spectacular features. Marching into Santa Cruz at the head of 600 men, to the music of Filipino bands, he proceeded to the church, where mass was celebrated by Chaplain Hart, of the Eighth Infantry. The column then passed in review before the commander of the American forces, saluted the Stars and Stripes, stacked 386 rifles in the plaza, and took the oath of allegiance. Cailles tendered his sword to General Sumner, who promptly restored it to him, also returning the insurgents' flag when this was given up. The stated payment of $30 for each rifle Cailles rejected with much emotion, asking that the money be used for the benefit of the widows and orphans of Filipino soldiers. At this point he wept, and several of his officers wept with him. Turning to his troops, in a farewell address, he commanded them to be loyal to the United States, and then fainted. General Sumner set at liberty all of his men, except one—a deserter from our army, Private Meekin, of the Thirty-seventh Volunteers, who had been one of Cailles's officers. He was taken to Manila in irons. In accordance with the Government's conciliatory policy, Cailles will not be tried for violations of the rules of war. He would like to be appointed Governor of a province. W. D. Foulke, of Indiana, a prominent advocate of civil service reform, publishes an interesting letter, in which Governor Taft writes of the Commission's Civil Service law and the enforcement of it. The law, he says, has never been suspended for a moment, but it could not be applied at once to all parts of the service. Those who were temporarily appointed to civil offices (soldiers excepted) must pass competitive examinations before receiving permanent appointments. In the provincial governments all officers, except the Governors, must after March next be selected by competitive examination and promotion. After a time the law will be extended to include school teachers. An application of it to those recently selected in this country was not needed. Judge Taft also says:

> "The Commission is a unit in thinking that the Civil Service law is all important here. Without it we should be overwhelmed with nondescript persons seeking employment, and political pressure would be brought to bear to have appointed in these islands all the persons who had failed in the States. I desire to add that in carrying it out to the letter we have had the assistance, sincere and active, of both the President and the Secretary of War. We have not been obliged to make a single appointment at the request of the Secretary or the President. They have assisted us when we called on them for advice, but that is all; and they have had us understand that they were in sympathy with our purpose in making the law effective."

Delayed accounts of the Commission's tour through the islands are still being received by mail. In Cebu the establishment of civil government was attended by elaborate festivities. The ball

was a brilliant affair, and we read that Judge Taft, whose weight the scales now mark at nearly 300 pounds, led the dance with the grace of a Spanish Don in company with the wife of the Filipino Mayor.

Brazil On the theory that wherever smoke is observed there is sure to be fire, the whole world seems to be interested in the rumors (for they are nothing more than rumors as yet) of Germany's designs upon Brazil. Germany is supposed to be desirous of forming a great world Empire; but being checked in Asia and Africa by Russia and England, she naturally turns to South America, where, despite the Monroe Doctrine, her colonists in Brazil have been growing in wealth, power and numbers in recent years. Of the foreigners that emigrate to South America, there are Italians, Germans, English and Americans. The Italians have largely colonized Argentina and the Germans Brazil. The Americans and English generally go to South America as promoters and wholesale merchants. The Germans and Italians, however, go to be shopkeepers, farmers and small producers. They are from the great middle class at home and not from the capitalist class. Of the total population in Brazil, estimated at 14,000,000, there are upward of 3,000,000 foreigners, and of these only 300,000 are German. The Germans, however, tho outnumbered by the Italians and Portuguese, are more influential and progressive than their rivals. Banks, schools, colleges, manufacturing enterprises and agriculture occupy their attention and their power and wealth are developing more rapidly than any other class of Brazilians. It is evident that everything possible is being done by Germany to foster and increase German interests in Brazil. Mr. Soneberg, the representative of a German syndicate capitalized at 26,000,000 marks, is now in Brazil preparing for the many families that he is to bring to that country. The chief seat of German influence is in the Province of Santa Katherina, where there are two cities of from 20,000 to 30,000 inhabitants. These are German in most respect, and even support German schools, newspapers, banks, singing societies, breweries, Catholic and Protestant churches. The Liberal Party of Chile has just elected a President to succeed Sr. Errazuriz, who by the constitution is not re-eligible for office. The new President is Sr. Jerman Riesco, and the returns show that four-fifths of the Chileans voted for him. It must not escape notice, however, that five people were killed in the election riots. This was to have been expected, for there is hardly ever a South American election that is not decided by bullets as well as by ballots.—It has been reported that the Supreme Court of Venezuela has rendered its decision in the asphalt case favorable to the Bermudez Company, but this subsequently has been denied.

Medieval England Two events of significance have made evident once more that the House of Lords is not without its function in the government of Great Britain. A Select Committee appointed from the Lords for that purpose has reported that it is possible to alter the royal oath of accession in such a manner as to secure its efficacy in maintaining the Protestant succession, while at the same time it will not offend Catholic subjects. It will be remembered that the Irish and other Catholics of the Empire objected strenuously to the following clause in the oath pronouced by King Edward:

> "I do solemnly and sincerely and in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do believe that in the sacrament of our Lord's Supper there is not any trans-substantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever; and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other saint and the sacrifice of the mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous."

The other action of the House of Lords is the preparation to try Earl Russell on a charge of bigamy. According to English law a man may be tried by his peers, and hence the case of Lord Russell is taken out of the common courts and carried up to the House of Lords. The last time this medieval custom obtained was in 1841 when Lord Cardigan was arraigned before the Upper House on account of a duel fought September 14th, 1840. A committee was appointed to in-

spect the journals in regard to the manner of conducting criminal proceedings, and on February 1st they reported, through Lord Shaftesbury. The trial occurred a few days later, and Lord Cardigan was acquitted. The committee to arrange the procedure in the present case has already been appointed, and consists of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Halsbury, the Lord Privy Seal, Lord Salisbury and twelve other peers. The jury will consist of the whole House of Lords or as many as are present at the time of the trial, and a bare majority of those present will be sufficient to convict or acquit. Not without relation to this medieval method of conducting a trial was the quaint proclamation of King Edward's coronation. On June 28th, without any warning which would have attracted crowds to the scene, the picturesque ceremonial took place at St. James's Palace, Temple Bar and the Royal Exchange. The proclamation was made first at St. James's. At the appointed moment, four State trumpeters, wearing tunics gaudily decorated with gold, appeared in front of the balcony. Beside them stood the Norroy King of Arms, accompanied by two royal macers and other extraordinary functionaries. The whole affair was carried through with the elaborate attention to effects which has marked King Edward's reign. The coronation is announced to take place in June next, the exact day not yet being determined.

Other Reports from England

Lord Salisbury has again appealed to the British public to carry the South African war through to the bitter end, and make the success of English arms a warning to the peoples of the world that British frontiers may not be violated with impunity. They were defending the King's territory, he declared, against the invasion by neighbors who in international law had no just complaint. The motive of the British ought to be to defend the sanctity of the frontier against every attack. "Unless we now," he said, "fulfil the professions that have been constantly held and determinedly made we shall expose every part of our dominions to those who have hated us and have ceased to fear us." It is not difficult to see, beneath the violence of Lord Salisbury's speech, something of the distress and alarm that are everywhere finding expression in England.—The discussion of the efficiency of American export locomotives still goes on. The London *Mail* prints the following report of Mr. Samuel Johnson, superintendent of the locomotive department of the Midland Railway:

"In January of last year we commenced a six months' comparative test, terminating at the end of June, between these Americans and our standard Midland goods engines, built by Messrs. Neilson, Reid & Co., of Glasgow, and Messrs. Kitson & Co., of Leeds. The two types were set to draw similar mineral trains under the same conditions, and a careful account was kept of the total mileage covered by each, the total coal consumed, and the charges for repairs which belonged to each engine. The result was conclusive, and is briefly as follows:

Extra working cost of American engine over English engine:

Fuel	20-25 per cent.
Oil	50 per cent.
Repairs	00 per cent.

It must be said for the foreign engines that they worked their trains satisfactorily, but their inferiority on the three points named is, on the above showing, incontestable. I cannot name any other points in which they showed superiority."

Of similar nature is the interview published by the *Daily Express,* in which Mr. Charles B. Elliott, general manager of the Cape Government Railways, declares that the Baldwin locomotives consume 20 per cent. more fuel than the British. So, too, in France, the assistant engineer of the Orleans Railway, when questioned in regard to the American locomotives purchased last year, said:

"All thirty have been running since November, and there is no idea of withdrawing them. But it is true that they burn more coal, and that it is slightly more expensive to maintain them than other locomotives doing the same work. They were purchased because they were needed in a hurry. For this reason the company does not regret the purchase, but the experiment is not encouraging, and the company does not contemplate further purchases except in similar circumstances, as the French locomotives are equally satisfactory and more economical. The company experimented with American coal last year, when quite a quantity was purchased under favorable conditions. It proved satisfactory. The company is closely watching this question, and is prepared to make further purchases of American coal whenever prices will allow."

It is not easy to reconcile these state-

ments with our knowledge that transportation is cheaper in America than anywhere else in the world, and with the following table of exports of English and American locomotives:

	1890.	1900.
England	$8,995,540	$7,304,174
United States	$1,280,606	$5,502,403

The only explanation of such a discrepancy apparently lies in the fact that American locomotives are not made to economize coal, but to pull enormously heavy loads under forced draft. If they were used thus in Europe their inferiority would probably disappear.

France, Serious and Comic

The passing of the Associations Bill leaves the Pensions Bill the most important measure before the French Chamber of Deputies. In a recent debate before that body M. Millerand made a strong appeal for its adoption, declaring that France could well bear the proposed burden, as her wealth was constantly increasing. The principle of compulsory insurance against the disabling and old age of employees he defended on the ground that the employer would no longer have to keep up superannuation funds of his own, while the workman's contributions would preserve his self-respect. In Germany, he said, there were now 108,000 pensioners receiving 177 f. per annum, and in eight years 144,000,000 f. had been paid to the aged and 241,000,000 f. to the disabled. The Republican party was bound to vote solidly for this measure, which would be memorable in the history of France. M. Ribot then spoke, demurring against compulsory insurance and certain other features of the bill, but hoping it might be passed in a workable form.—On June the 12th a monument was unveiled over the grave of Spuller at Père Lachaise, when M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who had lived in intimacy with Gambetta and Spuller and who in a way continues their unfinished career, spoke eloquently of the difficulties in the path of an honest public official. He said, in part:

"The attempt to grasp and solve everything is but a pretense of power and frequently the hypocritical mask of noisy impotence. Everything is slowly elaborated in politics, in societies, and in Governments, as in nature. It is not enough to take operations by series. They cannot succeed one another unless in a logical order, and the most perfect is subordinated to the most elementary. This science, now easily expressed in maxims, Gambetta affirmed by all his acts. Spuller established and propagated it by his writings and speeches. With the school of which one was the orator and the other the philosopher—Cartesianism—that doctrine embodying the force, common sense, and permanent rationality of the French mind, there emerged from the domain of speculation and of academics to penetrate into politics . . . the Republican party, which had never been in power except in the brief and nearly always tragical hours of revolution, a party accustomed to opposition and distrustful of authority, but which became a Government party not distrustful of its own power. The great task, pursued by the incomparable orator in the assemblies and from department and commune to commune, was taken up by the indefatigable and judicious writer, a daily and hourly worker with a consummate knowledge of politics and that moderation of form which attests strength of thought."

From the politics and oratory of M. Waldeck-Rousseau it is a far step down to the petty intrigues of the French Royalists. On June the 26th the Senate, sitting as a High Court of Justice, concluded the trial of the Marquis de Lur-Saluces, who was charged with instigating a Royalist uprising against the Government. The Marquis was found guilty, with extenuating circumstances, and was sentenced to banishment for five years. Before the condemnation was pronounced, M. Fallières, President of the Senate, asked the defendant if he had anything to say. The Marquis replied grandiloquently that proscription or imprisonment mattered little to him. "I shall always," he added, "be able to say to my children, 'Your father kept his honor unstained.'" Still lower in tone and more histrionic in character was the duel fought some days since between M. Max Régis and M. Gérault-Richard, editor of the Socialist newspaper, the *Petite République*. Several hundred spectators were present at the scene, including photographers, reporters and professional fencers. M. Régis refused to shake his opponent's hand offered him in accordance with dueling etiquette, and when a bystander criticised the act, M. Régis asked his name in order to challenge him in turn. The spectator had vanished, however, and the irate duelist was left to finish the affair already on his hands. M. Régis was pinked, but not seriously. In comment-

ing on this farce the London *Times* says that dueling will soon form a regular part of the pleasures of fashionable life, and that M. So-and-so will send out invitations "de vouloir bien assister au duel à l'épée ou au pistolet qui sera donné de telle heure à telle heure," adding "the band of the Republican Guard will play its finest pieces."

"Away from Rome" Statistics

The Protestant *Oberkirchenrath,* of Vienna, has published in a special manifesto the statistics of changes from the Catholic to the Protestant Church as a result of the "Away from Rome" movement in Austria during the year 1900. The figures are practically official, and are as follows: 1. The Lutheran Church has gained from the Catholic 1,922 men, 1,585 women and 740 children, or a total of 4,274; and from other sources 272 additions, making the total accessories 4,519. 2. The Reformed Church has gained from the Catholic Church 181 men, 208 women and 63 children, or a total of 452 persons, to which are added 87 from other sources, making a total of 539. This makes 5,058 accessories to Protestantism in a twelvemonth, and of those 4,699 came from the Catholic Church. On the other hand the Lutheran Church lost to the Catholic 433, and to other churches 36, or a total of 469; while the Reformed Church lost to the Catholic 272, and to other churches 344, or a total for both churches of 813, of whom 705 became Catholic. This makes a total net gain for the two Protestant churches of 4,245, against the Roman Catholics' gain of 3,994. A year ago a similar official report was published for 1899, from which it appeared that the total gains for the Protestant Church for that year had been 5,620, against the Roman Catholic of 5,372. This makes a total for the past two years of 11,443, of whom 10,746 were formerly Catholics. In commenting on these figures the Evangelical *Kirchenzeitung,* of Austria, the leading Protestant periodical of the country, states that the actual total of the conversions has really been higher, as many changed their church relations before 1899, and many who have done so in the last year have not yet officially announced this step. If to these are added those who have joined the Old Catholics instead of the Protestants, or who have broken with their Church, but not yet formally connected themselves with any other, then it is no exaggeration to say that the Catholic Church in Austria has lost 20,000 members as the result of this movement.

The Situation in China

The general misapprehension here of the state of affairs in China seems to be merely the result of confusion in China itself. It is now believed that the sum of 450,000,000 taels was proposed by the Powers as the test of the amount the Empire would be able to pay. The Chinese authorities were, however, in some way misled, so as to understand this demand as an ultimatum—to which they promptly, and apparently to the surprise of the Ministers, acceded. Whether or not China will be held by this mistaken engagement remains to be seen. A report is circulated, whether true or not, that the Envoys of Russia, Italy and Japan have made some concessions in respect to the method of payment, and have acquiesced in the plan proposed by Great Britain. By this plan each Government will receive bonds issued by China at par, and bearing 4 per cent. interest. Another rumor less pleasant to record is that Germany desires to increase her claim of indemnity from £12,000,000 to £14,000,000, in order to cover fully the expenses of maintaining the German forces in China from May to July.—In the meanwhile the old Empress seems to retain all her authority over the Chinese. She is said to be planning, when the court reaches Kai-Fong-Fu, to announce that the Emperor has been killed by brigands and that Prince Tuan's son has succeeded to the throne. In this case she will establish her own capital at Kai-Fong-Fu in the province of Ho-Nan, which once before in the history of the Empire (from 1280 to 1405) was the seat of the court. The city, which is of great antiquity, is the center of a population violently anti-foreign. The few strangers who have visited it in recent years describe it as containing about 500,000 inhabitants. It is surrounded with a high brick wall after the fashion of Chinese medieval fortifications, and some of the public edifices are notably fine.

Preparing Civil Government in the Philippines

By James A. Le Roy

Private Secretary to Commissioner Dean C. Worcester

ON or about this July 1st, it is expected, military government of the Philippine Islands will cease, and a civil government will begin the exercise of full control. Both before and after that time the inhabitants of these islands will themselves be in possession of a certain measure of self-governing powers. It is, perhaps, fair to say that they will come into the control of their own affairs in a greater degree than ever before did any people who had political rights conferred on them from above, instead of being built up from below on a substructure of their own making.

Ignoring for the moment the particular form which the new central government of civilians will assume, it suffices to state that assurance has been given that the Filipino will, for the first time, have a share in it. Its details are not yet fully worked out, and in any event will probably be known in the United States before this is published. Furthermore, it will necessarily be provisional in character, until Congress gives the Philippines a central government of a more permanent sort. Where does the new "self-government" of the Filipinos come in?

First, and most of all, in the government of their own towns—local autonomy. This may not be felt to be any very great conferring of governmental liberties, when we reflect that the man of Anglo-Saxon descent has held a more or less complete measure of self-government in town affairs for centuries; that long before the American Revolution the towns controlled their own affairs; and that the exercise of this right of control over purely local matters has such ancient standing with us as to be axiomatic and commonplace. But it is not to be left out of mind that the "town-meetings" were the political schools of New England, and their survivals remain incorporated in our system of government to-day, from the school-meeting in the humblest backwoods district of the far West to the deliberations of the House of Representatives and the Senate. Town government prepared the American Revolution, led to the national government we now possess and preceded everywhere across the continent and helped make way for the spread and growth of that government.

Furthermore, it is perhaps doubtful if even the town governments of our original colonies held so important a place in the life of the communities and in the life of the public at large as do the "pueblos" of the Philippine Islands. The New England town was certainly no more important a unit, and it is quite sure that, with the broadening out of our national life in the century past, our local governments have come to occupy an exceedingly minor place as compared with that which they occupy in the Philippine Islands. Here, wherever there are found the civilized inhabitants (and it is, of course, only with Tagalogs, Visayans, and their kindred races alone that we are dealing for the moment), the people take the keenest interest in their towns, this rivalry affording a good opportunity for the fostering of improvements and progress, if it is properly used. It is to be remembered, too, that there is no such distinction here between "town" and "country" as there is in the United States. A "pueblo," or municipality, is made up of "barrios," which, for the lack of a better term, may be called wards. But, outside of the central barrio, which contains the church, the public buildings and the chief knot of population (ranging from one-tenth to one-half or even more of the total population of the "pueblo"), and which is what we would call the "town" proper, there are all the way from three or four to thirty or even more other barrios, each with a scattered population cultivating paddy-fields, cocoanuts, hemp, cutting timber, etc., having in the center, perhaps, quite an accumulation of houses, like a "Smith's Corner" at home, and sometimes also its branch church, called a 'visita," or chapel. These barrios form the country districts, properly so called, and are usually more like our townships

(sometimes even being as large), but they are all units of the municipal government, and are represented in the council. In this way a municipality may include, at times, upward of fifty square miles, tho so much is unusual.

The new Municipal Code, enacted by the Commission in January last, became operative on April 1st in all towns of the archipelago which had been organized under the second general order of the military government providing a form of municipal government—viz., General Order No. 40 of 1900, which presented a much more elaborate and fully worked out system of municipal governments than General Order No. 43 of 1899, under which most of the towns organized where our troops were stationed had been brought. These latter towns require special elections to bring them under the new code. Committees of Organization are provided for this purpose as rapidly as provinces are given a civil organization, and unorganized towns are also dealt with under this procedure, so that the work of bringing all the municipalities of the archipelago under this new law goes on very rapidly at present.

The fact that towns organized under General Otis's second general order affecting municipalities can be taken over now without special elections, by operation of the law itself, on April 1st, shows that the framework of the Civil Commission's code is very much like that of the second military order, on which a committee of Filipinos and military officers worked. The system of government provided for the towns is, however, quite different in certain points. For one thing, the new code does away with the old cedula and industrial taxes of the Spanish central government, and substitutes in their stead, allowing one year for preparation for it, the American system of taxing land on the basis of valuations made by local authorities. It centralizes the administration of town funds and places the town treasurer pretty closely under the supervision of the Provincial treasurer, who will have under his control the public funds of all sorts in the province; tho this does not restrict the town's right to spend its own money through decree of the Municipal Council, and the new taxation system provides for the largest share of the taxes raised on land going into the town treasury for the improvement of the town where they are contributed, and it requires that at least one-quarter of all the taxes raised on land shall be spent by the towns for schools. Without attempting to say that the towns are for the first time being given a degree of local autonomy, it is safe to say that they are now for the first time getting as absolute autonomy in local affairs—as little outside supervision, that is—as towns anywhere, except in isolated instances, possess. The enforcement of the American military orders, even the limited and brief General Order No. 43, gave the Philippine towns a larger measure of actual freedom in local government than they ever possessed under Spanish rule; but, by the very essence of the situation, towns organized under military rule must be subject to supervision of military commandants, the measure of control of local affairs which they possessed amounting to an abdication of powers by the military authorities which the latter could assume again at any time when they found it necessary to step in. Under the first general order this amounted to the commander of the local garrison having to ratify all acts of the town government, and having the power to set aside its doings.

The measure of control of their own provincial affairs which the peoples of these islands will have is supplementary to the system of local self-government. Since early February the Commission has been engaged a large part of the time in organizing civil governments in provinces of Luzon and the central islands. The province in the Philippines will be a sort of combination of the State and county governments with which we are familiar at home. The administration of justice, outside of the minor justices of the peace in the towns and judicial powers conferred on town Presidents, will center in the capitals of the provinces, in what may be termed the superior courts, called now, as under Spanish rule here, Courts of First Instance. The provincial government will have to do with highways and public improvements affecting the towns in general, as do our counties. At its top will be a Governor, occupying a post whose duties correspond somewhat to those of our

Governors of States and somewhat to those of the sheriff as the leading executive officer of a county, tho very much less to the latter, for he is not directly charged with the control of prisoners. Our theory which considers the sheriff as the chief executor of the law and decrees of court more closely comprehends his place. The Governor of a province will be elected every two years by a majority vote in a convention of the Councilors of the towns of the province. The suffrage in the towns is based, as it has been under the military orders, upon the possession of educational or property qualifications, but the requirement for the latter sort has been somewhat lowered.

The Commission has been appointing natives as Governors (the elections to take place next February and thereafter for the office) wherever the people have not, by petition, requested that some military officer who had been stationed among them, and had become their main reliance in governmental matters, be named to the office. A conspicuous illustration of this was the appointment of Colonel Cornelius Gardiner, of the Thirtieth Volunteers, as Governor of the Province of Tayabas, in Southern Luzon, the people of that province almost saying they would have nobody else. Americans are being appointed to the post of Treasurer, in which office in the province centers the financial and tax-collecting system of the archipelago, under the direct control of the Treasurer of the archipelago. Upon this officer and the Provincial Supervisor will fall the burden of initiating and carrying out the new land tax in his province, and there is besides the imperative necessity of instituting here a system of handling public finances that shall be absolutely honest; if there is one more vital thing than this in establishing here the American system, it is an incorruptible and efficient judiciary. The Treasurer will have most work to do, and will in almost all cases get the largest salary, the amount thus far given him having ranged from $1,500 to $3,000.

The other provincial officers are a Secretary, a Supervisor and a Fiscal, or Prosecuting Attorney. Of these, the Supervisor, who has charge of all highways and public works, and who must survey the land of the province for a future registry system and stand at the side of the Treasurer in instituting the new taxation system, has so far in all cases been an American; and, as he must be a civil engineer and surveyor of practical experience, it is evident that the office will for some time yet continue to be filled by Americans. All these offices, except Governor, which will be from February next elective, are to come under the provisions of the civil service law, and be subject to competitive examination and its promotions. In the civil service preference is given to natives in all cases where they take equal rank with Americans in the examinations.

Corresponding in a degree to the Legislature of a State or to the Board of Supervisors of a county, there is the Provincial Board. It is composed of the Governor, Treasurer and Supervisor, with the Secretary acting as its secretary. It orders the disposition of the provincial funds, has certain law-making functions of a minor nature and acts as the Board of Tax Appeals, to review and correct, if necessary, assessments of the local Municipal Boards of Assessors. Power to act for the province really centers here, and, with the new land tax to inaugurate and a system of concerted public improvements hoped for, it is not strange that the quorum of this board, the Treasurer and Supervisor, are Americans. The people have their representative in the Governor, elected by the Councilors of their towns. In addition, provision has been made for a quarterly meeting of the Presidents of all the towns, to discuss conditions in the province, bring up needed improvements or changes, and make suggestions as to them to this Provincial Board. Power to act is retained in the board. In the meetings thus far held by the Commission—and there have, up to date, been public sessions, with public and free discussion of the new law, in fourteen provinces in all parts of the archipelago—not one native has raised his voice to object to this that it did not give the people enough share in the government. They understand that the new taxation system is *terra incognita* to them, just as they understand that the Anglo-Saxon system of jurisprudence (which is shortly to be established here by the new Civil Code and Criminal

Code), is unknown to them; and Filipinos everywhere, including even members of the revolutionary junta in Europe, have asked for American judges to institute it—a request that was granted by the necessity of the situation, if nothing else.

The Municipal Code was the work, in the first place, of Commissioner Dean C. Worcester, just as the provincial system was originally the draft of Judge William H. Taft, President of the Commission. Both were the subject of lengthy discussions in the executive sessions of the Commission before being put on their third reading. This reading is always in public, and preceded by public discussion, in which he who chooses may take part. The discussion of the Municipal Code lasted nine straight days of forenoon sessions. In February the Commission organized under the new provincial law the provinces of Pampanga, Pangasinan, Tarlac, Bulacan and Bataan, the first four named comprising all the territory lying north of Manila on the line of the Manila and Dagapan Railway, and being the region of the hardest fighting of 1899. On March 11th the Commission started on the trip on which it is at present engaged, and has organized thus far the provinces of Tayabas, Southern Luzon; of Romblon, including the small islands of Tablas, Sibuyan and Romblon; of Masbate, including the island of that name; of Iloilo, Panay Island; and has only the actual work of legislation to finish for the organization of the two Visayan provinces of Surigas and Misamis, in North Mindanao, and of Eastern and Western Negros. Conditions in these places were such that it was impossible to pass the act organizing the province while on the ground. The people of Negros, who had practically a separate government of their own, asked the Commission to organize their island under the new provincial law, which materially reduces some of their governmental powers and takes others away entirely, and that they be put back again under two provincial organizations. The Commission's schedule for the remaining three weeks will call for visits to and the organization of these provinces: Antique and Capiz, in Panay; Cebú, Island of Cebú; Marinduque, comprising the island of that name; Sorsogon and Albag, and probably also North and South Camarines, in Southern Luzon. The rest of Northern Luzon and Cavite Province, in Southern Luzon, which was the home of the revolution, will follow the return to Manila. Barring the Island of Sámar and the provinces of Batangas and Laguna, in Southern Luzon, all the civilized portion of the archipelago is ready for government by civilians—that is, in large degree, also, autonomous government; it is quite probable that those provinces will be ready, or even organized, before this sees print.

If this sounds like optimistic talk, it is only because the facts present talk that way; for it is but a bare and cold rehearsal of facts. There has been very rapid progress in these islands since the middle of last December, to which progress many elements have contributed; as time goes by, and more light is shed upon affairs, we shall know better to whom belongs the greatest share of the credit. Just now the most important thing is that the past four months have witnessed no less than a revolution in public sentiment. The more recent striking events, such as the capture of Aguinaldo and Trias, and their taking the oath in Luzon, and the collapse of revolution in the Visayas under General R. P. Hughes, as seen in the surrender in February of General Martin Delgado (yesterday nominated for Civil Governor of Iloilo Province by the Commission), have been simply important features of the general situation. It is a frequent statement of Judge Taft's at the meetings in the various provinces that "the Federal Party of Filipinos has been, more than any other one element, responsible for the securing of peace." Said Chief Justice Cayetano S. Arellano, the greatest man the Philippines have produced, in one of his recent speeches during the trip of the Commission:

"The work upon which this Commission is now engaged means the realization of the fondest dreams of Filipino patriots and students. My people have at last seen that America could not, in the very nature of things, come here to enslave them; they have seen their mistake, and the lesson is well learned."

ILOILO, P. I.

The Need of the Hour

THOUGHTS FOR INDEPENDENCE DAY

By Edwin Markham

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITH THE HOE," ETC.

GREAT is our heritage of hope, and great
The obligation of our civic fate.

Fling forth the triple-colored flag to dare
The bright, untraveled highways of the air.
Blow the undaunted bugles, blow, and yet
Let not the boast betray us to forget.
For there are high adventures for this hour—
Tourneys to test the sinews of our power.
For we must parry—as the years increase—
The hazards of success, the risks of peace!

What need we, then, to guard and keep us whole?
What do we need to prop the State? We need
The fine audacities of honest deed;
The homely old integrities of soul;
The swift temerities that take the part
Of outcast Right—the wisdom of the heart;
Brave hopes that Mammon never can detain,
Nor sully with his gainless clutch for gain.

We need the Cromwell fire to make us feel
The public honor or the public trust
To be a thing as sacred and august
As some white altar where the angels kneel.
We need the faith to go a path untrod,
The power to be alone and vote with God.

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

The Navy's Contribution to the Maintenance of Independence

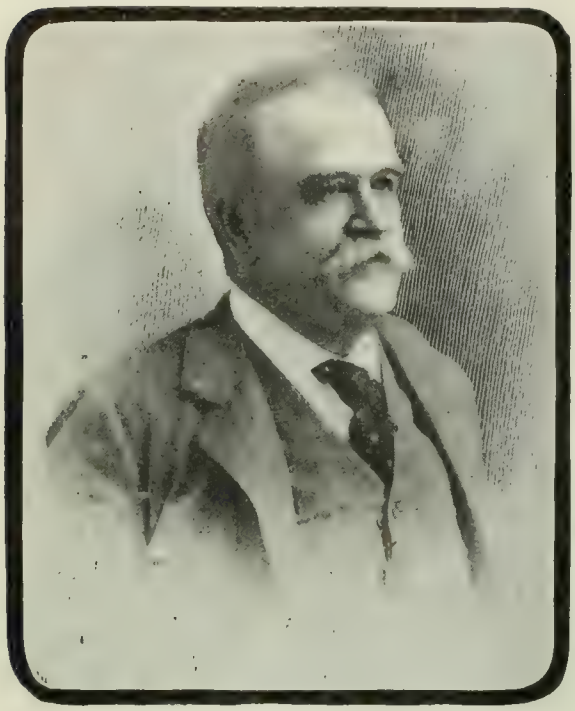
By the Hon. John D. Long

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

THE incentive to the patriotism of our Revolutionary forefathers which sprang from the desire to be freed from allegiance to a Government exercising its functions at a capital three thousand miles away did not die away with the ending of the War of Independence. It was still potent in the War of 1812, for even with the States divided in sentiment as to the necessity for engaging in that struggle, the idea prevailed that this was a fight for the exercise of the freedom we had gained in the memorable conflict of the preceding century. Altho subsequent wars did not present so strongly those reasons for patriotic endeavor which marked the Revolution and the second struggle with Great Britain, the seed of love of country, of preserving its traditions, and of upholding its honor before all the world, had been sown in the hearts of the American people, and then, as to-day, the flag to them typified the Republic and Liberty.

The extent to which the Navy has

shared in the maintenance of the independence achieved more than a century and a quarter ago is best measured by the opportunities afforded. The Navy has always given full measure, and in the trials that have beset the nation has not faltered in its duty. We go back only three short years to appreciate how thoroughly the nation trusts the Navy to perform any task set for it. Those who had before then regarded the maintenance of the fleet as an expensive luxury, furnishing occupation and a means



JOHN D. LONG

of livelihood to a favored few forming in themselves a class approaching an aristocracy and suggestive more of romance than of up-to-date business methods, have found that the men who guided that fleet to victory and brought new prestige to the flag not only were made of the same stuff that kept alive the spark of patriotism through the dark days of the Revolution, but also possessed in addition the technical training and the professional ability necessary to make the modern enginery of war do the work for which it is designed.

It is in the character of the *personnel* of our naval service that we find cause for confidence that the spirit of the Revolution—the love of liberty and the flag—will be maintained by those who man our ships of war. Naval tradition is a law that cannot be violated without serious consequences by those to whom it applies; and naval tradition extends back to the days when our ships were few, our officers and men poorly paid, and the desire to be free and independent was almost the only incentive that made Americans risk their lives against the trained and tried fleet of the greatest sea power in the world. It is not strange that this should have been so. It is so today, for our officers do not come from any favored classes, but from the people, in whom has been nourished the spirit that has kept us true to our ideals since the days of '76. There are some who contend that the commissioned *personnel* is of necessity an aristocracy on shipboard, where discipline is absolute and each officer and man in turn owes obedience to some one higher in authority. But while this may be its military character, the commissioned *personnel* in its relation to the country is as democratic as any other branch of the Government service. How could it be otherwise, composed as it is of sons of men in every station of life, trained for the most part in the public schools, and nurtured in the love of country—a country of the people, governed for the people and by the people. To these sons of lawyers, doctors, ministers, tillers of the soil, merchants, artisans and laborers we have intrusted the maintenance of our ships of war, the defense of national honor on the seas. The system of selection of those who are to be naval officers precludes the possibility of any danger that any one class will be favored. Taught obedience to authority before they don the insignia of rank, these men from every State and Territory in the Union and from every class of life are always willing to do their duty to the Republic at the bidding of a Commander-in-Chief in the President's chair, who not only comes, as they do, from the people, but is chosen by the people.

If asked the question: What has the American Navy done to maintain the independence it helped to achieve in the Revolution? the answer may well be made: What has it not done to maintain that independence? There can be no dis-

pute, I think, that the War of 1812 was largely a naval war, especially as the victories which ultimately brought success to the American cause were fought on the seas. Nor can it be questioned seriously that the War of 1812 was a struggle for independence in fact as the Revolution was for independence in principle. It was fought by the United States to put into exercise what had been achieved by the Revolution.

In what it accomplished in the second war with Great Britain the Navy won some of its brightest luster. The Revolution was a struggle for independence on land, but it required a second fight to secure our inalienable rights on the high seas.

The most powerful maritime nation in the world at the beginning of that war found at its close, three years later, her sea-power crippled, her commerce demoralized, and her own naval prestige impaired. It seems almost incredible that she lost more than 1,500 vessels to the American sea forces, and that twenty thousand British subjects were taken prisoners. In eighteen actual naval engagements the ships of the United States suffered only three defeats. We began this war with little knowledge of our abilities in a naval way, and the defeats which the enemy sustained were all the more bitter because our Navy until then was regarded by them with disdain.

But the American Navy had been preparing for still greater struggles that were to come,—ignorant, perhaps, that it was making such strides toward perfect organization. The spirit of '76 alone did not win victories on the high seas, where skill in navigation, seamanship and gunnery are quite as much needed to insure success as is the courage born of love of country. Then as now the ingenious officer of the United States Navy had been quick to see the advantage of modern improvement and had kept pace with everything of that character. Our officers appreciated the odds with which they would have to deal in a war with any of the great maritime nations, and what they lacked in armed strength they made good in the application of invention, in securing improved guns, in seamanship and in perfect discipline.

Had it not been for our regular war vessels and our privateers, how different might have been the outcome! How great a change might have occurred in the life of the nation! It was a fight for the preservation of the Republic; and the skill, the daring, the patriotism of the American of the quarter-deck and the forecastle contributed most to its successful conclusion.

To our little war with the Barbary States and our two years of unpleasantness with France, the Navy owes more than it supposed at the time. Receiving little encouragement from Congress, with no higher grade or rank than that of captain, and practically no incentive to a display of gallantry and skill except what comes from the desire to do one's duty conspicuously and thoroughly, the officers of the service persevered in spite of discouraging conditions and demonstrated to Congress and the people the value of a strong and permanent fleet. So well did they perform their work on the high seas in resisting the encroachments of France, that the administration of Jefferson, originally hostile to the maintenance of a regular Navy, was won over to the side of naval progress and declined to press the principle of retrenchment to that service.

Of the high standard maintained at our admirable Naval Academy too much cannot be said in praise. Not only are the young men who go there fitted for the professional duties which are to be theirs, but the spirit of patriotism is fostered, honest endeavor is rewarded, and the value of integrity and a high sense of honor is made manifest. No matter what his previous environment may have been, no matter how humble his origin or how poor his opportunities, the American boy who succeeds in passing the required period at Annapolis to enable him to secure a commission, becomes an officer and a gentleman in the true meaning of the term, unless he has in him qualities which cannot be eradicated by appeals to his better nature. At Annapolis our embryo naval officers have constantly set before them the noble example of such men as Decatur, Somers, Cushing, Paul Jones, Preble, Perry, MacDonough, Farragut and Porter, to say nothing of living heroes equally conspicuous. While we are training men like these there need be no fear that the independence it helped

to achieve in the Revolution will not be maintained by the American Navy.

The result of our great civil conflict was to make firm and fast forever the independence gained by the Revolution. Union became a reality and not a mere name. But while the efforts of the Navy for the maintenance of all we had won by throwing off the yoke of England found their fulfilment in the successful conclusion of the War of the Rebellion, it carried still further the principles of liberty and freedom in our late war with Spain. Through that glorious victory at Manila—glorious in a moral as well as a military sense—a new order of things came to a downtrodden and oppressed people. What Washington had gained for us in the Revolution, Dewey carried across the seas to the teeming millions of the Philippines, and by that May-Day battle these subjects of despotic Spain reaped the fruits of more than a hundred years of our experience as a free nation, governed by its own citizens, and appreciating the blessings of that independence which had been won at the cost of so much blood.

A new era in the world's history began when the smoke of action cleared away. Then was the first step taken in the emancipation of an empire, and in the application to its inhabitants of a beneficent system of government—a fitting climax to a century of effort against monarchical oppression. Thus has the work of the Navy been gloriously crowned.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Fourth of July

By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L.

TIME was when an Englishman, if he could have gone the round of the Fourth of July celebrations, would everywhere have been regaled with denunciations of his country. Now it may pretty safely be said that hardly anything offensive would strike his ear. History has passed its judgment on the quarrel, decided that there were offenses on both sides, tho, perhaps, the greatest were on the British side, and closed that account. Passionate antipathy, such as Americans once felt to England, and passionate attachment such as they once felt to France are, as Washington truly said, alike slavish. There is now an end of both.

Among the compliments which have been paid to the memory of Queen Victoria, the Prime Minister of Canada the other day said that if she had been on the throne in place of George III, the American Colonies might still be a dependency of the British Crown, a state which he, it seems, in his loyalty deems preferable to that of an independent Republic. As we now know on the best authority that Queen Victoria was a believer in the divine right of kings, it does not seem certain that her conduct toward those who resisted her authority would have been different from that of her grandfather. However, whether the occupant of the throne was George or Victoria, separation was evidently bound to come. The Colonies, those of the north at least, not only then were, but had been from the beginning, fit for self-government, tho the belief, now discarded, in indefeasible allegiance to the Sovereign beneath whose scepter you were born stood in the way of reason. Protection against French aggression, for which alone the connection with the mother country was really needed, had come to an end with the conquest of Canada. It was only to be deplored that the inevitable severance should be brought about, not by peaceful and parental emancipation, but by war. The voice of Dean Tucker was that of one crying in the wilderness, and not in the most winning accents, tho substantially his advice was right. Nobody else, not even Burke, thoroughly understood the situation or perceived that the time for dependence and the uses of that relation, either to the mother country or the Colonies, had passed away.

In one respect, perhaps, the violence of the rupture, tho lamentable, was not without compensation. It helped to secure the originality of the new common-

wealth against forces of assimilation, which are now seen working, as some think, in directions rather dangerous to the distinctive ideal of the United States. It was not a mere reproduction of Europe that humanity expected of the New World.

Evil consequences of the rupture, on the other hand, were the division of the race on this Continent, and the formation in its northern part of a community antagonistic to the United States by that expulsion of the Loyalists which the best Americans at the time heartily condemned. Embodied in New England loyalism, the memory of a bygone feud has ridden the Continent like a nightmare and defeated the beneficence of nature.

Some American historians still exult in the War of 1812, calling it the Second War of Independence, and ascribing to it the consolidation of national unity. Yet neither the question respecting the maritime rights of neutrals, nor that respecting the British claim of impressment, touched that of American independence. Both were general, tho in their practical incidence at the time they specially affected the United States, moving the Republic to an assertion of its force and dignity. The motives of Clay and his Western War Hawks were lust of war, hatred of England, and the hope, which to them seemed a certainty, of conquering Canada. The Hartford convention did not help to rivet unity, while it so happened that about that time the great political gulf between the free and the slave States began to yawn, and showed its full presence in the dispute about the extension of slavery to Missouri. On the part of Canada renewed and increased repulsion took the place of the gradual attraction which it may be gathered from the dispatches of Brock and Prevost, published by Mr. Henry Adams, had previously been setting in. But the whole treatment of the Canadian question by American statesmen is far from a bright page in the annals of American statesmanship. Only the catastrophe of Napoleon's Russian campaign saved the American Republic from the disgrace of helping a military despot to crush the independence of Europe. A direct consequence of the war was the Presidency of Jackson, with the spoils system and a renewal of the violence of faction little conducive to national unity.

The sympathy of the aristocratic party in England with secession, and the "Alabama" revived for the time the anti-British feeling among Americans who read the organs of that party and failed to see that if one party in England was their bitter enemy, the other was their warmest friend, and was strong enough to prevent any hostile action, or even serious attempt to take such action, on the other side. Violent things were said in Parliament by Roebuck and other friends of the South, but nothing was done. Now by the whirligig of time a wonderful change has been wrought. We see the Republican Party in the United States—that of the North and the Union—and the party in England which sympathized with the South in secession rushing into each other's embrace and swearing eternal friendship. Sympathetic action in the Philippines and South Africa is no doubt partly the cause. Yet there are few more curious somersaults in history. Canadian sentiment, called upon so suddenly to wheel about, finds it somewhat difficult to execute the movement with grace. With Canadian rejoicings over the renewal of Anglo-Saxon unity and the prospect of a joint Anglo-Saxon empire are still discordantly mingled outbreaks of the old New England loyalist feeling against the Yankee.

The American Irishman's almost frenzied hatred of England, too well justified, as an Englishman must sorrowfully own, in its source, appears to have somewhat abated; at all events it meets with less response. Politicians do not appeal to it as they did. It has left a stain on the history, if not of the American people, of the American Legislature, in the refusal to pay the honor due to the memory of John Bright, the foremost among the European defenders of the Republic in her darkest hour. No man ever more heartily desired to do justice to Ireland or would have more strenuously disclaimed any thought of sacrificing her or any other community to British aggrandizement.

American school books are perpetually accused of fostering ill-feeling against England. The charge may have been

true a century or half a century ago. It is not true now. An inspection of the school books most in vogue revealed nothing of which an Englishman could fairly complain. In all histories war, on account of its narrative attractions, occupies a disproportionate space, and the English were the only people, saving Indians, Mexicans or Barbary Corsairs, with whom, before secession, the Americans had waged war.

American opinion has weight in England, and had it been in its normal condition instead of being deflected by the conquest of the Philippines there might have been no attack on the independence of the South African Republics or South African War.

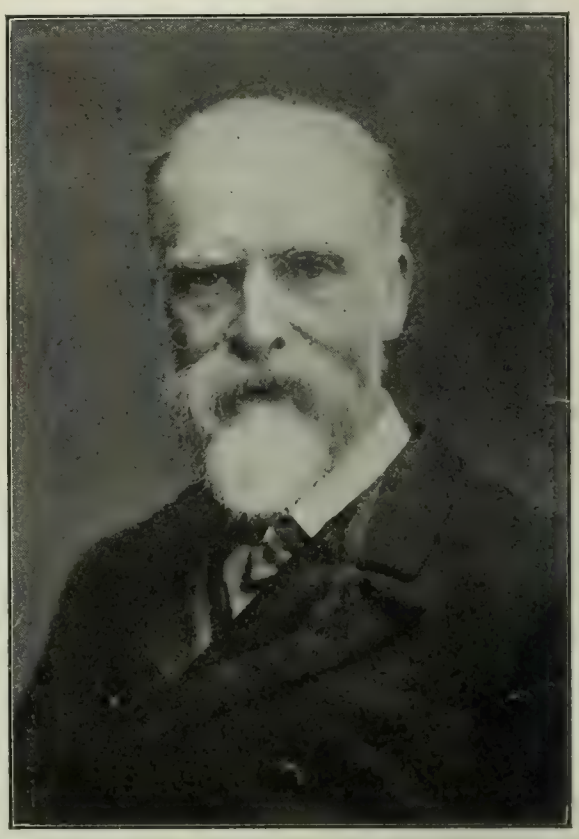
TORONTO, CANADA.

King Alfred the Great

By the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M.P., D.C.L., LL.D., F R S.

AUTHOR OF THE "AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH," ETC.

ENGLISHMEN have rejoiced to hear that great interest is taken in America in the approaching celebration of the thousandth anniversary of the death of King Alfred. For Alfred is a hero who belongs to the whole English or Anglo-American race, wherever it may dwell; and it is fitting that he should be remembered as one of those who have most done honor to that race, and created the ideal type of goodness and greatness it has learned to respect. England, prolific as she has been of great men, has produced not many who can be called national heroes in the highest sense of the word, men who have united to exceptional force of will and intellectual gifts that sort of power of touching the imagination which wins devotion from contemporaries, and keeps remembrance fresh and green in later generations. It has, moreover, been the fate of many famous Englishmen to be so identified with the strife of parties in their own country that their character and conduct have remained matter of controversy, and are seen even to-day through the mists of partisanship. Even the most remarkable among English monarchs, such as Henry the Second, Edward the First, Henry the Fifth and Elizabeth, came far short of the standard of heroism, nor has any one of them ever laid hold of the nation's mind and dwelt in popular recollection as a leader to be proud of. Thus when we want to think of a hero, who belongs to the whole nation, and to no party in it, and whose merits are not too much darkened by accompanying crimes or defects, we have few indeed to single out, and of those whom we share with the American branch of the race, perhaps none who is nearer to our own time than the Saxon Alfred.



JAMES BRYCE

Of the details of his life we know comparatively little; and it may be thought

that this makes it all the easier to venerate him as a hero. Yet such a remark would be a superficial one. For little as we know, and half-mythical as many of the tales about him are, what we do know leaves us in no doubt about the salient lines of his character, or the services which he rendered to his people.

The test of a great thinker is that he should see ahead of his own time, should speak for the future, should give a direction to men's ideas which succeeding ages can follow and profit by. The test of a great man of action is that he should discern the actual and urgent needs of the time, should grapple with its evils, should reveal and turn to account its sources of strength, should so handle the conditions that lie around him as to leave his country more stable and more prosperous than he found it. If he is to be counted as a hero he must in doing this show some measure of grandeur. It may be the grandeur of self-sacrifice, or of a devotion to honor which sets a splendid example, inspiring to others. It may be the grandeur of faith, that is to say, of a confidence in the principles for which he stands, that makes him ready to venture everything for their sake. It may be the grandeur of personal valor, rooted in a sense of duty to his nation or his Church. Or it may be the grandeur of a large wisdom grasping the true significance of facts, a wisdom which moves stedfastly and patiently along the path which it has chosen, unshaken by the threats of enemies or the defection of misguided friends.

City Cross, Winchester

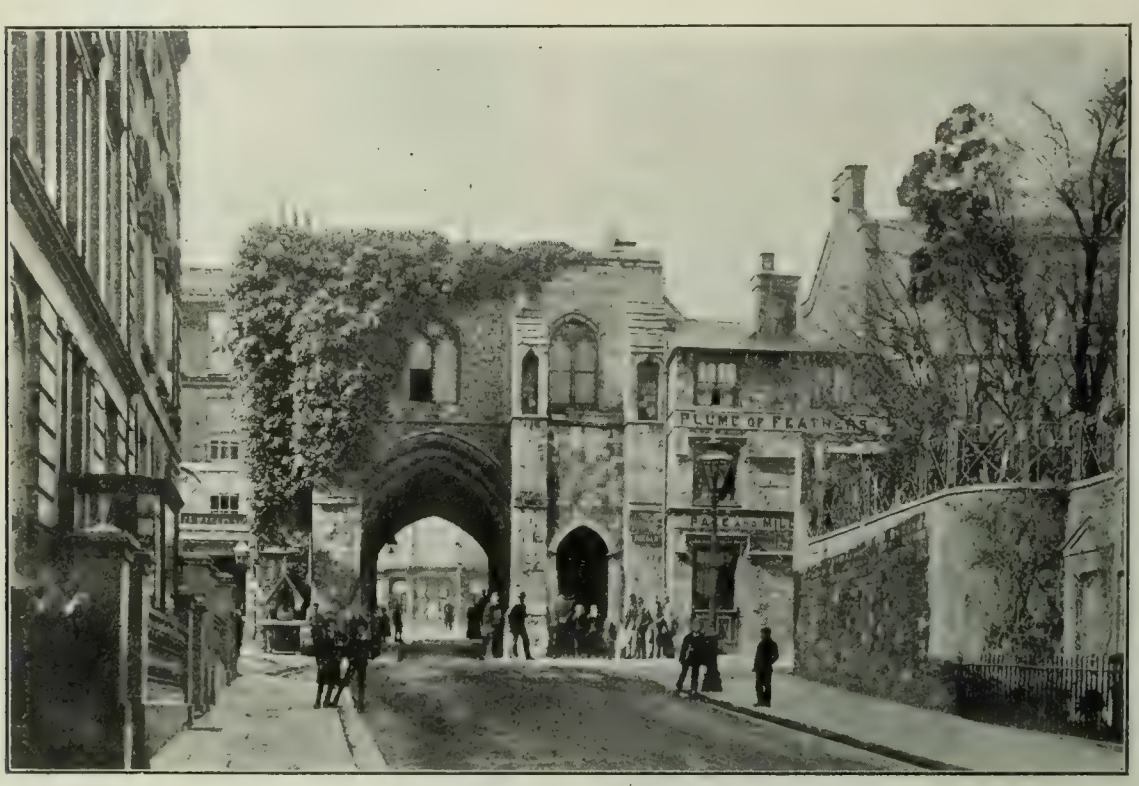
Nave Looking East, Winchester Cathedral

Alfred was not a great thinker Whether he could have become one cannot be known, for he had little time for study, and still less for meditation. He was a man of action, and, as a man of action, he was a hero, with elements of true grandeur about him. He had a courage which never blenched, and a practical wisdom which raised him above all his contemporaries and enabled him to discern the needs of his people. He had a constancy which pursued its aims with undeviating zeal, and a patriotic sense of duty which secured for him the unbounded trust of his subjects. In these qualities, and in a certain happy balance between them and adjustment of them to one another, he resembles another hero far removed from him in time and place, tho of the same stock, George Washington.

When Alfred came to the throne of the West Saxons, which had been, since Egbert, the paramount throne of England, he found the country in grievous straits and the kingdom almost on the verge of dissolution. Hosts of enemies, Danes and Norwegians, fighters fiercer

and more practiced than the Saxons, were swarming over the Northern Sea, landing on the southern and western as well as the eastern coast, penetrating the country along the courses of the rivers, so far as their vessels could float, and then marching across it, sometimes in bands, sometimes in armies, carrying slaughter and destruction wherever they passed. For the first years of his reign Alfred had to maintain a struggle against these terrible enemies, the more terrible because they were heathen who spared not even churches and monasteries. Patience, tenacity and valor at last triumphed, and tho his weakened forces could not expel the Northmen from the whole of England, he compelled their most formidable leader to make peace, embrace Christianity and confine his followers to the northeastern section of the country. Before long a fusion of the two kindred Teutonic stocks began, and by this fusion the English race received a great accession of vigor. The Norse and Danish parts of the island are still those which produce the largest proportion of energetic natures. It is a remarkable feature of the war with the Northmen, and an illustration of the resourceful daring of Alfred himself, that he attacked the invaders on their own element, building and manning ships which more than once defeated them at sea or prevented them from landing. If he did not, as some have fondly claimed, create the English navy, he first showed England how vital to her safety is the command of the sea.

When the intermission of strife gave the King time to rebuild the shattered fabric of his West Saxon realm, a twofold task lay before him. The first part of it was to give the people laws, with a good administration of them. To revise the old laws and issue new ones, with the consent of his wise men, the germ of the medieval great council, and, later, Parliament, was comparatively easy. To secure upright administration and restrain the tyranny of the powerful was far more difficult, but he labored at it in a way which won the undying gratitude of the people. The other part of the task was to light up afresh in England that lamp of learning and literary culture which had been extinguished by the storm of northern invasion in Northumbria, where once it had burned so brightly. This was of all his duties that which seems to have lain nearest to Alfred's heart. He had visited Rome as a boy, and on his homeward journey had spent some time at the court of the Frankish



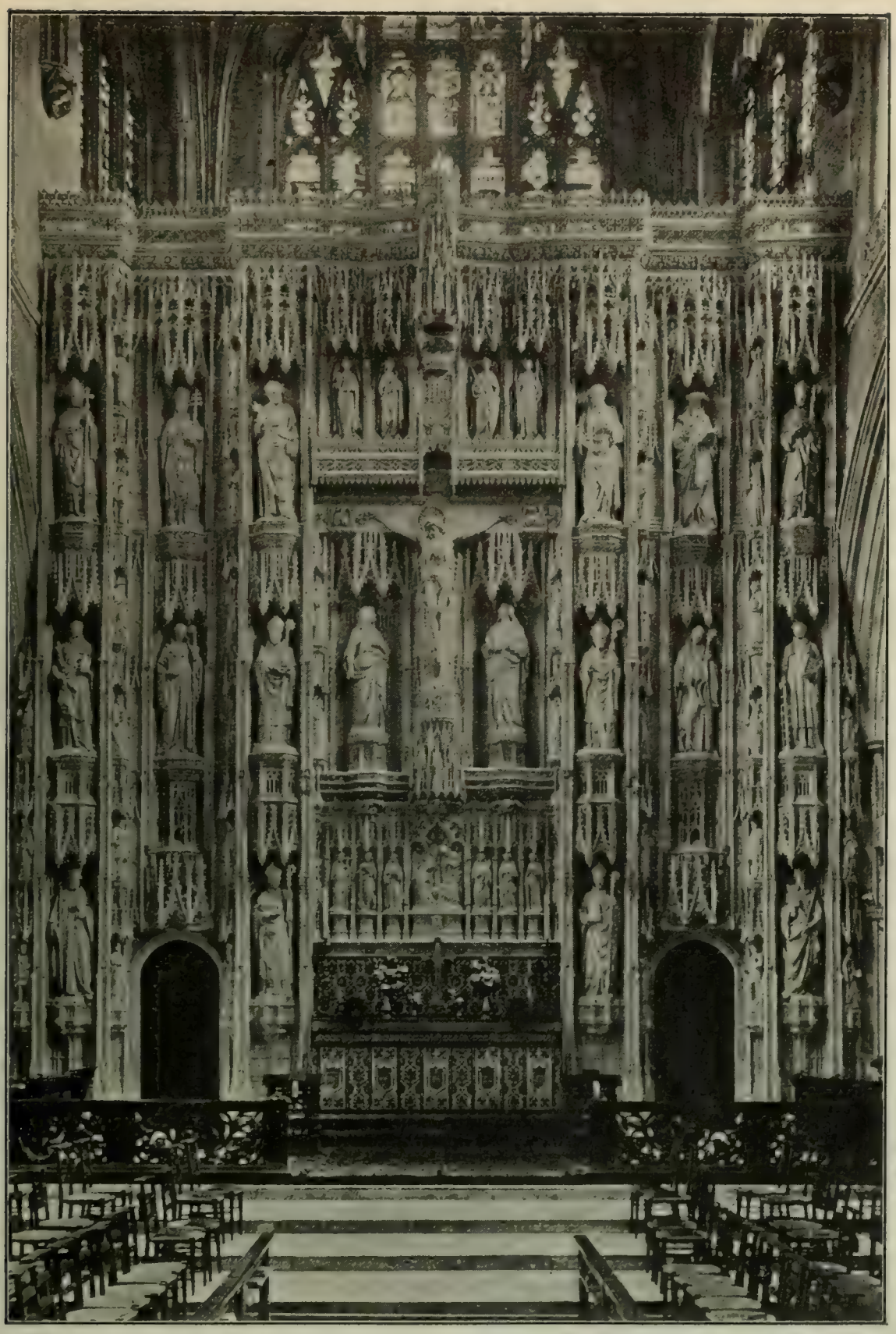
West Gate, Winchester

Colossal Statue of Alfred The Great, by Hamo Thornycroft to be Unveiled at Winchester, England

king, Charles the Bold, then the chief resort in Europe of learned men. The effect of these influences upon the keen and susceptible intelligence of the youth must have been momentous, and have gone far to determine his future career. When an interval of uncertain peace gave him the opportunity, he set himself to learn Latin, and used his hardly won knowledge to translate into English several books, such books as had lived through the darkness of the seventh and eighth centuries, and were prized by his contemporaries. Among them were the "Consolations of Philosophy of Bœthius" and the sketch of universal history compiled by Orosius; and in these he inserted passages of his own composition, from which we can learn something of his thoughts. He founded monasteries and schools, and drew over learned men from Continental Europe to rule them and to teach in them. He devoted his own spare moments to study, measuring the night by candles timed to burn for four hours, and noting in a book kept for the purpose what struck him most in the treatises he read. He tells us himself that when he came to the throne there was no priest known to him south of the Thames, who could explain his service book in English. He felt, like Charlemagne and a few others among the greatest rulers of those times, that, next to the ability to repel foreign enemies, the chief need of his people was instruction. Nor were his efforts wasted. As his own writings have been called the beginnings of English prose, so he is the founder of education in England, and the lamp which he relit was never again extinguished. The later legend which ascribed to him the establishment of the University of Oxford, is altogether baseless, for Oxford lay outside his West Saxon dominions, and the concourse of scholars which grew into a university there dates from the beginning of the twelfth century. But the great king's love and care for learning had so struck the minds of men that all good works of this kind come naturally to be attributed to him.

Perhaps it is in the impression which Alfred made on his contemporaries that we may find the most convincing evidence of his greatness. A famous Icelandic saga, written a century and a half or two centuries after his death, describes him as "Alfred the Mighty" (hinn riki). To the Northmen he was the great warrior who overcame their ancestors and founded the realm of England. To his own people he was not merely their bulwark against invasion, but the pious ruler, who loved justice, who toiled for their good, and against whom no deed of violence or oppression

Winchester Cathedral.



The Great Screen of Winchester Cathedral

could be charged. To us he is above all things the man who loved letters and sought to spread knowledge, and whose religion, earnest as it was, never distracted his attention, as it did that of his pious father, Ethelwulf, and of his sainted descendant, Edward the Confessor, from the daily and urgent duties of war and government. It is in this combination of gifts seldom united, this faithfulness to duty, his mission, this passion to make things better, this sweetness of temper, that give to Alfred a unique place in the long line of English kings, and render it fit that he should be remembered wherever the English tongue is spoken. Alfred did not institute trial by jury, nor create the English

navy, nor found the University of Oxford. But he set to the race which he ruled, and which he so largely helped to build up into a nation, a noble pattern, a pure and lofty ideal of character. England, which dearly prizes such tokens of sympathy as she has lately received in her sorrow for a Queen beloved as was Alfred himself, is glad to think that in celebrating her hero of the far off past she is celebrating one who belongs to Americans also, and whom they also honor.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

The United States in the World's Markets

By Frederic Emory

CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF FOREIGN COMMERCE, DEPARTMENT OF STATE

THE commanding position of the United States in the world's markets is but imperfectly revealed by analyses of trade figures. Impressive as is the growth of our commerce in recent years, its mere bulk does not bring out the full significance of our competition with industrial Europe. Nor is this shown even by the percentages of increase in the sales of manufactured goods. In order to appreciate the seriousness of our commercial invasion of the Old World, we must have recourse to the reports of our consular officers. In almost every instance these record the steady and apparently irresistible spread of American goods wherever they are brought into competition with European manufactures, not only in the traditional markets of the latter, but at the actual seats of production. It is in the variety of goods we are selling abroad and their constantly growing popularity, rather than in the increase in the actual volume of sales, that we find the true index of our commercial expansion. From all over the Continent, as from Great Britain, comes substantially the same story—the displacement of home-made articles by American—and in some quarters there is almost a paralysis of fright at the constantly enlarging specter of American supremacy.

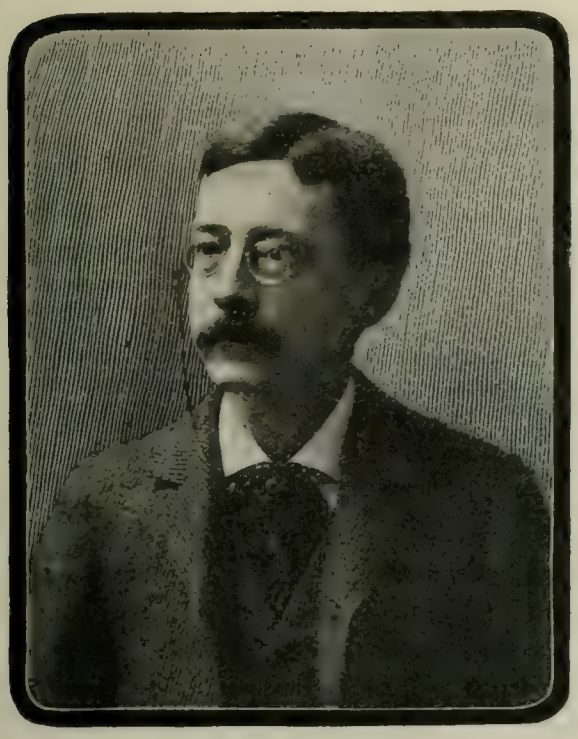
The suddenness, the novelty, the crushing weight of our unlooked-for entrance into the arena of international competition have, of course, much to do with creating this state of panic, but even the gravest fears of American rivalry would seem to have considerable justification when the British manufacturer finds himself compelled to protest against the award by his own Government of contracts for bridges and locomotives to United States bidders, and is confronted at his very door with American boots and shoes, furniture, cotton goods, hosiery and underwear, hardware, cutlery, tools and implements of all kinds—in short, almost every line of goods of which, not so long ago, he had, if not the monopoly, by far the largest share in the world's consumption. In France the silk industry is suffering from the rapid growth of silk manufacturing in the United States. Germany is actually importing our beer. These are but a few of the striking illustrations which seem paradoxical, in view of the fact that the articles mentioned are those in which American competition has violated all precedents, overleaping the most formidable barriers, and attacking European industry in the very heart of its closest preserves.

The list may be extended indefinitely, and it is constantly swelling. There is hardly a corner of Europe, including even Spain, which might be supposed to cherish a grudge against things American, to which our labor saving tools and implements, our improved machinery, our fabrics, our manufactured food supplies, are not rapidly penetrating, and everywhere the American origin of any article is becoming more and more a certificate of superiority.

During the year ended December 31st, 1900, according to United States Treasury returns, the imports of the United States amounted in round numbers to $830,000,000, an increase of over $30,000,000 compared with 1899, while the exports aggregated $1,478,000,000, an

increase of $202,480,000. The exports in 1900 exceeded the imports by $648,-900,000. Of the exports, the percentage of manufactured goods rose to 31.54* for 1900, against 30.39 in 1899, 24.96 in 1898 and 24.93 in 1895. Of the imports, nearly 45 per cent., it is estimated by the Treasury, were materials, either crude or partly made up, for use in our manufacturing industries, an increase of over 35 per cent. in 1899 and 1900, as compared with the entire period for 1890 to 1898.

The following table of imports and exports, compiled from the latest figures obtainable,† shows the relative standing



FREDERIC EMORY

of the United States as compared with the chief industrial countries of Europe:

	Imports.	Exports.
United States	$829,019,300	$1,477,949,700
United Kingdom	2,548,260,000	1,725,422,000
France (11 months)	773,058,600	719,686,600
Germany	1,388,398 200	1,084,159,200
Belgium	409,139,500	346,808,100
Austria-Hungary (9 mos)	280,887,200	317,954,200
Switzerland	214,800,000	164,000,000

Of our domestic exports, manufactures give a total of $441,406,942, or nearly half the products of agriculture ($904,658,958); the remainder being made up of mineral, forest and fishery products and miscellaneous. Of course we are still far behind Great Britain and Germany in the actual volume of our manufactured exports, but considering the fact that those nations have for a long time been manufacturing especially for the export trade, whereas we can hardly be said to have made a beginning in that direction, our absolute growth is most remarkable.

When we come to consider the vast range this growth is taking in the variety of products exported and in the practically unlimited area of their consumption in Europe, our progress is seen to be a portentous factor in the commercial activity of the world. We may expect that this progress will be interrupted by accidental causes from time to time, and in the more recent figures of the United States Treasury this seems already to have happened, but the apparent decline in exports of manufactures during the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1901, is explained by incidents such as the "Boxer" outbreak in China and the subtraction of the Hawaiian Islands and Porto Rico from the foreign trade columns, which do not affect the general conclusion as to the solidity and permanence of our advance.

This rapid and sweeping expansion in our exports of manufactures—an expansion which has surprised ourselves scarcely less than the startled foreigner—has been accomplished, moreover, not by concerted, intelligent effort, such as Germany has brought to bear upon her export trade, but quite casually as it were, and slowly, almost timidly at first, in consequence of the enormous development of our industries outstripping the growth of the home demand. Our manufacturers, finding themselves overloaded, sought to get rid of their surplus stocks abroad. The fact gradually dawned upon them that Europe was not merely a convenient dumping ground or "bargain counter" for goods they could not dispose of at home, but a fast widening market, which, if offering less remunerative profits, was, upon the other hand, worth cultivating for its own sake.

Thus began a general movement, which, even yet, is but imperfectly or-

* Later returns give the percentage as 30.38. This decline is attributed to the increase in the proportion of agricultural exports at the end of the year; also to the decrease in exports of copper ingots and cotton cloths the latter mainly to the Chinese Empire.

† From Review of the World's Commerce, 1900, published by the Department of State.

ganized for availing ourselves of our special advantages, which the growing sales of certain articles in Europe unexpectedly demonstrated, in economies of production due to the greater industry and adaptability of our working people, the use of labor saving machinery, the improvement and simplification of manufacturing processes, and the abundance and relative cheapness of raw material and fuel. It was discovered, and finally came to be generally admitted, that while our labor was paid higher wages, it produced more cheaply with the aid of machinery than the so-called "cheap" labor of Europe, and we could, therefore, turn out a larger number of articles than the European manufacturer at the same labor cost. Moreover, we could afford to produce a better class of goods and sell them at the same or but slightly increased prices.

With these substantial pillars to rest upon, and assured of a profitable home market jealously guarded against foreign competition, American industry inevitably became formidable and aggressive the moment it learned its power. It is not to be wondered at that industrial Europe was quick to take alarm and cast about for weapons of defense and reprisal. The surprising thing is that it has submitted, and still submits so helplessly, to the swelling tide of American competition. The explanation is probably to be found in the many embarrassing features of the situation. In the first place, it is obviously difficult to cope with a movement which so cleverly adjusts itself to the needs of consumers. The masses of Europe buy our goods because they are either cheaper outright, in the first cost, or are found to be so in the long run, even at a higher price. In many lines of goods, and especially in those displaying ingenuity, taste and finish combined with durability, our superiority is becoming more and more clearly demonstrated.

In France, for example, says Consul Covert, of Lyons:

"The houses which, some years ago, furnished fine hardware to the United States have almost entirely lost that trade within the last two decades, and they are now enabled to hold their own market here only by a protective tariff. American stoves, base-burners and smaller heating stoves, find a steady market here, the French make being unable to replace them. . . . American saws and other wood cutting instruments are pronounced the best in the world. Agricultural implements of American pattern and bearing an American name are met with in every county fair, and are highly prized. They are generally manufactured in France, on account of the high tariff duty. Farmers have told me that they prefer to buy the Ohio and Illinois harvesting and haying machines, notwithstanding the increased cost."

The Bohemian glass industry, says Consul Mahin, of Reichenberg, is suffering from American competition:

"Not only has the market of the United States been largely lost to Bohemian manufactures, but it is apprehended in Austria that we will eventually flood European markets with glass goods."

Consul Sawter, of Glauchau, notes the curious fact that the reversible cloths which are made in the United States have become an article of general use in Germany, and Consul-General Mason, of Berlin, reports a brisk and insistent demand in Germany for certain articles of American origin:

"notwithstanding dull and declining home and foreign markets for most products of German manufacture."

In Germany, as in Great Britain, adds Mr. Mason:

"An American label or trade-mark has come to be recognized as conveying a certain guaranty as to general excellence in material, workmanship and ingenious adaptation to the purposes for which the article is intended."

If the people of Europe prefer our goods—and evidences of such preference could be multiplied many times by quotations from Consular reports from all of the European centers—it will obviously be more and more difficult to check the spread of them as they become better known. Except in Great Britain, they already have to encounter restrictive tariffs, and it is difficult to see how customs legislation could be made effectual against us without such drastic and sweeping prohibition as would compel reprisals on our part that might be more disastrous than even our increasing competition. Europe is, and must continue to be, largely dependent upon us not only for food supplies and raw materials, but also for consumption, diminished tho it be, of the products of her staple industries. Her obvious interest, it would seem, would lie in the direction of alleviating rather than inflammatory meas-

ures, and in seeking to bring about a larger volume of exchange and increased consumption of her products in the United States.

There is growing perception of the fact that our interests may be promoted most effectually in the same way, and it may be that the solution of what now seems a puzzling and difficult problem will be found in an adjustment of tariff relations which will permit us to sell more goods in Europe and to take more in return. It may well be doubted whether we would benefit, in the end, by a selfishly one-sided policy, and it would certainly not be a gain to humanity, if we succeeded in crushing European industry and the beneficial influences which flow out into the world from the refinement, the culture, the trade activity it supports. On the other hand, we might actually inflict great loss upon ourselves by impairing the power of the European nations to purchase from us. In the interest of civilization, as a whole, and of ourselves as a member of the family of nations, it would surely seem to be our highest interest and our duty to seek some means of making our expansion fit into the ordinary mechanism of international trade.

It may be assumed that, if we can compete with European goods in their home markets, at the very centers of production, we have little or nothing to fear from them in distant markets—such as those of South America, Asia, Africa, Oceanica—when once we enter upon the task of seriously disputing them. At present we are more profitably occupied with Europe, with Canada, with Mexico, the West Indies and Central America, for the reason that our exports find easy and convenient channels, and larger, more immediate returns at smaller outlay for transportation and marketing of goods. If, for any reason, we find our present field of operations curtailed, our export activity will be diverted to the regions which, as yet, do not offer such strong inducements, and it is highly probable that the factors which have won us such remarkable success in competition with Europe on its own ground will be even more potent in what may be termed the neutral and but partially developed markets for which the European nations are so strenuously contending.

It is difficult, indeed, to set any limits to our commercial expansion, should it continue at the present rate of progress, but we should not lose sight of the fact that the new economic conditions we have created for the world may be greatly modified by forces, at home as well as abroad, which they must inevitably generate. Space is lacking for more than a brief reference to these forces, some of which—such as the rise of capitalistic combinations or trusts, the demand for tariff revision, the very marked tendency in Europe toward the adoption of our industrial economies, and the resort by European countries to measures of retaliation or defense—already loom large upon the horizon.

Is it not the part of ordinary prudence to anticipate the probable effect of these movements, and, so far as possible, to harmonize our relations to society at large in order that, if any serious shock or disturbance should come, it would find our industrial fabric firmly settled in the general contentment and confidence of all classes of our own population, and in the healthful interplay of reciprocal exchange with other countries? Our admitted preponderance in the world's markets gives us enormous power which has its obviously great responsibilities, its lurking perils. Is it too much to hope that the qualities of intelligence, fertility in resource, inventiveness and energy which have secured us this preponderance may prove equal to the great task of reconciling it with the general interests of humanity? Is it not true that the highest industrial efficiency provides the broadest, most enduring base for general progress and enlightenment? Admitting this, may we not conclude that, in the end, the spread of American trade, of American ideas, of American enterprise and ingenuity may be made beneficent not merely to ourselves, but to all mankind?

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Events in English Politics and Literature

By Justin McCarthy

ONE of the most interesting and remarkable events in the political life of later days has been the return of Mr. John Morley to an active parliamentary and public career. For a long time Morley had held himself quietly aloof from political debate. He has been closely engaged as everybody knew in the preparation of that life of Gladstone which the Gladstone family had wisely intrusted to him, and had been spending much time for that work in the Hawarden region. He was also busy for some time over his life of Oliver Cromwell. These facts were commonly put forward as a natural and sufficient explanation of his absence from parliamentary debate and from the political platform. Some of us, however, felt well assured that these facts did not completely account for his absence and silence where the life of active politics was concerned. The condition of the Liberal Party seems to us to supply another and a more complete explanation.

The Liberal Party had for some time been divided, and even broken up on the distracting question of the South African War. John Morley, James Bryce, and many other Liberals of high intellect had been utterly opposed from the first to the whole policy of that war and to the threatened suppression of the two South African Republics. They could not act with those prominent leaders of the Liberal opposition who were inclined to favor the war, and probably believing that in the first rush of popular enthusiasm for the war policy their interference in debate could only tend to further and futile division in the ranks of the Liberal Party, they had kept themselves aloof from its parliamentary debates. Now, however, that the country is beginning to recover its senses on the subject of the South African war and that a time has come when open condemnation of it might have some positive and beneficent effect on the final settlement and on the future of the two South African Republics, Mr. Morley has returned to his place in Parliament and on the political platform. He has made two speeches in the House of Commons, and has several times addressed his own constituents in Scotland, and is evidently determined to use all his influence in order to maintain the legislative independence of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State in the final arrangement of the whole controversy.

Morley's latest speech in the House of Commons produced an immense impression on his audience and in the country. Morley is a parliamentary orator of a very high order, and is even more effective when addressing an ordinary political assembly. No one can listen to him without feeling convinced that he is a man whose words must count for much in any public controversy, and his recent speeches have impressed the whole country as those of one who speaks from the deepest conscientious conviction, and has thoroughly mastered the subjects on which he appeals to the feelings and the reason of the whole country. His reappearance in public life, therefore, indicates that a new power has come into the controversy, which even his strongest opponents are compelled to recognize and acknowledge. The whole course of events obtains a new guidance, and a new influence from his return to the political arena. Morley is one of the rare illustrations of deep intellectual thought and secluded culture combined with an extraordinary and an inborn capacity for parliamentary and political debate. I do not know whether many of my American readers will remember that Morley once visited America with what may be called a special mission from the English friends of the great cause which at one time compelled the Northern States to accept the responsibility of entering on a civil war. During that war by far the larger proportion of what is called "Society" in England, the aristocracy and the moneyed classes, were on the side of the Southern Confederation, and it was thought well by many on the other side

that John Morley should go out to America and make it known there that the intellect and the advanced Liberalism of England had not gone with "Society" in that great controversy. I remember distinctly that his visit to America was preceded and encouraged by a remarkable and a powerful poem from George Meredith, recommending him to the American public as a fitting and an authorized representative of the views of those Englishmen whose sympathy must be most welcome to that American public. Many years have passed since that time, and Morley's position has ever since been growing higher and stronger in the estimation of all men at home and abroad. He then expressed the views of Richard Cobden, of John Bright, of John Stuart Mill, of Herbert Spencer, and others who represented all that was highest and noblest in the intellect and the public principle of England.

My acquaintance, I hope I may say my friendship, with John Morley began at a very early period of my connection with literature and with politics here at home, and I feel proud on my own account to be able to say that I have always regarded him not merely as a friend, but as a political and intellectual leader. In every great movement from that time to this his influence has been given to what I believe to be the right cause, and I rejoice to find that he has once more come back to his place in public life. He was much missed by most of us during the short interval of his absence from political leadership, and I think the world in general will recognize that the side which Morley advocates in any great controversy must be commended to the conscience and the sympathy of all right-thinking men by the mere fact of his advocacy. There is a common impression among those who do not know the man that he is only a cold and stern political philosopher, who even when he is right is right in an ungenial and positive sort of way. Those who know him, however, are well aware that he is a man of ardent temperament, with quick and even passionate impulses; that he is a most delightful companion, happily endowed with a keen sense of humor, able to inspire with a fascinating charm every argument and every view which his intellect impels him to lend to any controversy. He has gone far already, but I think I may say with confidence that he is destined, if he will, to go much further yet.

The world of readers has been lately much startled and shocked to hear of the deaths almost at the same time of Sir Walter Besant and Robert Buchanan. It was my good fortune to know both men, and at one time I was brought into frequent communication with both of them. The untimely death of Sir Walter Besant was one to be deplored in every sense, for no man could have more thor-

SIR WALTER BESANT

oughly enjoyed the life which was so congenial to him, and which he turned to such noble account. Besant was not merely a literary man, altho he had won for himself a place in literature which will always have honorable memory. Some of his novels will live in literature because of the author's genuine gifts as a story-teller. But Besant was not content to be merely the author of clever and brilliant novels. He had always some project on hand for the benefit of his own literary order, or for the benefit of the public generally, and more especially of the poor and the unprotected. The great work he accomplished for the improvement and the elevation of the poor in the

overcrowded districts of East London must secure for him an abiding memory as a public benefactor. One can easily imagine how such a man, for instance, as Charles Dickens would have enjoyed and applauded the accomplishment of the work which Besant found time to do amid all the pressure and the claims of his almost incessant literary labors. He knew London, the London of the past and of the present as few other historical students have ever been able to know it, but he knew it not merely as any historical student might have been able to do.

ROBERT BUCHANAN

Wherever there was poverty, wherever there was overcrowding, wherever there was distress, which might have been susceptible of mere human remedy, there Walter Besant found his appropriate field of action. He has been taken from his work prematurely, according to our ordinary and mortal way of judging, but the good he accomplished will long outlive his time and will go on producing further good in the conditions of English social life.

Robert Buchanan was a very different sort of man. He had suffered of late so much from illness and pain of various kinds that his friends could hardly have wished his life to be prolonged if it could only be prolonged under the same conditions, and his death must have been regarded as the only possible relief from suffering. Robert Buchanan was one of a number of young Scotchmen endowed with literary aspirings and gifts who came up from Scotland to London more than a generation ago to seek their fortunes in the metropolis. Another of them was David Gray, the youthful poet, who only lived long enough to make it known that he had in him genuine poetic promise, and for whose feeble frame the struggle in London soon proved itself too much and overwhelmed him at the very outset of his career. William Black was another, and Black's success as a novelist soon brought him fame and money. Black died prematurely some two years ago, but he had enjoyed life meantime, had made the best of his opportunities, and will always be remembered in literature. Robert Buchanan had not Black's happy capacity for making the best alike of struggle and of success. Buchanan succeeded in more than one literary field; he made a mark in poetry, in novels and in plays, and his success in each was not slow in coming to him. But there was in the meantime a very hard struggle to be gone through; a hard struggle, indeed, with poverty for a while, and it seems to have soured Buchanan's nature, and made him incapable of enjoying the brighter days when they came. Nature appears to have given him a peculiarly antagonistic temper, and even when he had reached success he was not able to sit quietly down and taste any of its delights. Hamlet says of himself, "Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting that would not let me sleep." In Robert Buchanan's heart there always seemed to be a kind of fighting that would not let him rest. The man had fine and generous qualities as well as great and versatile literary gifts, but he was always raging against something or other, and those who did not know him were apt to set him down as merely self-conceited, arrogant and quarrelsome. Thackeray pictures Swift as going through life tearing like one possessed by a demon. Buchanan often seemed to be possessed by a temper like to that which Thackeray ascribes to Swift. He could not endure to see what he believed to be mediocrity or sham art made the object of praise and

tricked out with even the semblance of success. In many instances, too, his anger was turned against men or schools who proved themselves in the end to deserve success, but in whom Buchanan would not allow himself to see any genuine merit. He broke into fierce and furious denunciations of the pre-Raphaelites in literature and in art, described them as "the fleshly school," and poured out fierce diatribes against them. In this way he made himself many enemies, as may easily be imagined, and he was always engaged in a quarrel of some kind. I am now speaking only of the days when he had still health and strength enough to indulge in quarrels, for of late years he had passed almost entirely from public observation, and was leading the melancholy life of a man broken down in health and utterly unequal to any further contest.

I have heard with much regret that his closing days were darkened by poverty as well as by physical suffering. He must have made a good deal of money in his time, but he was not endowed with the genius for keeping money, and like many another man who had neither capacity nor training for such enterprises, he allowed himself to be drawn into speculations which yielded him no profit. I knew Buchanan very well in the earlier part of his literary career, for he, like William Black and Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, was a contributor to the literary columns of the *Morning Star* newspaper, in connection with which I, too, began my career of journalism in London. For a long time after those early days I used to meet him occasionally in London, and we were always friends. I am glad to say that no word of quarrel ever passed between him and me. During the last few years I never even saw him, and the news of his death fills me with deep feelings of regret—not that under such conditions he should have been relieved from life, but that a life so rich in promise should not have been more bright and happy while it was allowed to last.

London, England.

Japan in the Sisterhood of Nations

By the Hon. Kogoro Takahira

Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Japan to the United States

THE editor of The Independent has kindly asked me to point out the causes which have led to Japan's transition from her former condition to her present place in the sisterhood of nations. It is a pleasure to comply with such a request, altho within the limits of an article like this I cannot hope to do so otherwise than in bare outline. Even in that way, however, some good will have been accomplished if I can succeed in adding even slightly to the sum of correct knowledge concerning the evolution of Japan during the Meiji Era.

The progress of our Empire during the past four decades has, without doubt, at times presented phases that, for want of a better word, might be called spectacular. It is this fact which has probably given rise to the belief that there is something strange and marvelous about Japanese progress as a whole. Observing only these unusual or extraordinary features of our national development many foreign critics fail to notice, or, if noticing, to remember the seemingly commonplace, but vitally important changes in Japanese national life and policy which began with the Restoration in 1867. Thus, for example, when Japan was victorious in the war with China one might have thought, judging by the almost universal expression of opinion in the press of Europe and America, that something marvelous and unforeseen had occurred. Yet there was no especial occasion for surprise. The development of Japan's military and naval strength had been proceeding for years, in conjunction with other no less important steps in the nation's progress, and those possessing a correct knowledge of the situation might easily have predicted the probable result of the conflict with China.

I trust that this will not be regarded as a complaint, or as the expression of a belief that our affairs should be made a matter of especial study by the rest of the world. Most people base their judgment of men and things upon results and do not trouble themselves to seek for causes. We, like others, must submit to that test, and all that we can reasonably ask is that the results by which we are judged shall be a true index of our national progress. No intelligent Japanese would wish to have it thought, for instance, because we were triumphant in the war with China, and because recently so much attention has been drawn to our military and naval status, that warlike strength is the chief object for which the nation is striving. It will not be questioned, I believe, that the Japanese people have good reason to be proud of their army and navy, but it should not be inferred that this pride signifies that through all the years that have elapsed since Japan began learning the lessons of western progress the preponderant effort has been to acquire military strength. For obvious reasons the attention of the Japanese Government at an early day in the new era was turned to the necessity of an adequate military and naval establishment, not as a means of aggression or aggrandizement, but merely as a question of national defense. With that object in view the nation's naval and military resources were developed, not as the paramount factor of national progress, but as an expansion of strength co-ordinate with equally important advances in other directions. To correctly appreciate Japan's attitude, it is essential that this basic fact should be distinctly understood, especially in the light of the present situation in the East and the innumerable surmises to which it daily gives rise. Her growth as a military Power is undoubtedly one cause why she has attained the position she occupies among the nations. Equally without doubt, also, there are in Japan, as in other countries, many unthinking people for whom the glamour of military success possesses great attractions. But I am convinced that it will be the verdict of intelligent observers that it is not this motive which has caused those who have controlled Japanese public policy to increase the Empire's military strength, but rather a wise regard for the circumstances of Japan's environment, the necessities of self-preservation from attack without or dissension within the Empire, and the legitimate safeguarding of national prestige and honor.

The circumstances under which our Emperor resumed the exercise of all the prerogatives of government in 1867, whatever may be thought of them now, could hardly have seemed auspicious at the time. The Shiogunate, through which the affairs of practical administration had been conducted for centuries, was overthrown after a brief but sharp

KOGORO TAKAHIRA

struggle. The country, however, was left in an agitated state, and public affairs in an apparently inextricably confused condition. With the passage of the old order all the machinery of government seemed for the moment to have collapsed. In addition, the peculiar relations then existing between the Empire and the Treaty Powers might very well have been regarded as a fruitful source of anxiety. Among the supporters of the Restoration were some who based their hostility to the Shiogun upon the alleged fact that he had entered into treaty relations with foreign countries in violation of ancient precedent and in defiance to the Imperial will. How widespread this sentiment was, or how deeply rooted, it must at the time have been difficult to decide. As is stated in the history of

those days, the advocates of closing the country to foreign intercourse were numerous and influential. Their antipathy to foreign intercourse was undoubtedly utilized in aiding to effect the downfall of the Tokugawa dynasty, altho it is now abundantly evident that the more intelligent among the Emperor's adherents realized thoroughly that it was as impossible as it was undesirable to restore Japan to her former isolation. When the Shiogunate was overthrown the true intention of the new movement was manifested, and all occasion for foreign complications was removed by the indorsement of the treaties made with foreign nations and the acceptance, without cavil or reservation, of responsibility for the proper observance of all national obligations thereby incurred.

To bring order out of the chaos in domestic affairs which followed the overthrow of Tokugawa rule presented more difficult problems. The chief necessity was to reform conditions that had become both anomalous and burdensome. Under the system prevailing from the beginning of the Tokugawa *régime* in the seventeenth century, the government, general and local, consisted, first, of the Imperial Dynasty, the source of all authority and all honors; second, the Shiogun, nominally the Emperor's generalissimo, but in reality the wielder of practical authority in the administration of national affairs; and, third, the Daimiyos, or territorial nobles, each owing allegiance to the Emperor and the Shiogun, but each to all intents and purposes quite independent as regarded the management of the local affairs of his province. There were certain other subdivisions of authority, not necessary to mention here, the whole forming a system which had become cumbersome and unwieldy even in the days of isolation, and which were rendered doubly so by contact with the outer world. The abolition of this moribund system was consequently a matter of prime necessity, and the centralization of the administrative functions of government was the most natural method that suggested itself. The lines on which it was decided at the outset that reform should be made can best be indicated by reference to the most momentous and significant incident which occurred during that disturbed period of Japan's history. I refer now to the oath * taken by His Majesty the Emperor on the 14th day of March, 1867, in the presence of court nobles and feudal barons, intended to be the formal and solemn announcement of the Imperial policy under the new order of things. This oath might be said to be to Japanese what the Magna Charta is to Englishmen, with this difference that it was not extorted from an unwilling monarch, but was the gracious gift of a sovereign who voluntarily chose, at the very moment of the birth of the new Japan, to announce the intention of remitting to the people the exercise of certain prerogatives that thitherto had belonged exclusively to the throne. It is, in brief, the foundation of constitutional government as it exists today in Japan.

In a minor degree the action of the territorial nobles about the same time was also significant. As before stated, under the ancient *régime* they exercised practically complete control over their several fiefs. The continuance of such control, however, was not in harmony with the new order of things, and when this fact became apparent the Daimiyos voluntarily surrendered their holdings to the Government, thus greatly simplifying the task of reorganizing the management of administrative affairs.

How the task of reorganization was begun and the various steps through which it proceeded it is not necessary to relate in detail. The chief object, as above indicated, was the centralization and systematization of administrative functions. The creation of governmental departments similar to those of Western nations, and of a cabinet consisting of the heads of those departments was the first most natural step. The Daimiyos' fiefs and three of the principal cities of

* 1 State affairs shall be decided by deliberative council widely held, with due regard to public opinion.

2. The Government and people shall unite in the promotion of national development.

3. Every encouragement shall be given to individual effort in all legitimate pursuits in order that they may be properly developed.

4. Evil customs hitherto prevailing shall be corrected in accordance with the recognized principles of natural right.

5. Knowledge and education shall be widely sought after in all foreign countries in order to secure the highest possible elevation of the Empire's status.

After taking the oath His Imperial Majesty added these words:

"In undertaking this task of reform, the greatest the country has ever witnessed, we are determined to lead our subjects in person, and under oath to the Almighty and to Heaven and Earth to fix upon these national aims whereby it is our desire to secure the welfare of our people."

the Empire were made prefectures under the direction of governors appointed by the Emperor. This system, with certain modifications and changes rendered necessary by the course of events, remains in force to-day.

The amendment of the laws and the creation of a competent judiciary, trained in the methods of modern jurisprudence, were among the first reforms to which the Government turned its attention. Not only was this regarded as a matter of vital concern, so far as the welfare of the Japanese people themselves was concerned, but it was also a necessity of first importance in connection with the question of treaty revision to which I shall refer later on. As a result of the efforts made in this direction, Japan has to-day a body of laws based upon the best Western models, and a judiciary constitutionally independent of executive control, appointed under a law especially relating to the subject after practical as well as theoretical training and a rigid examination.

While on the subject of law I may be permitted a digression if I refer to one of the first enactments of the Imperial Government immediately after the Restoration. I mean the revocation of the old laws against the Christian religion. The question of the influence of Christianity upon national life and development, especially in the case of a country with a history like ours, is one which would be of interest to readers of THE INDEPENDENT. It is, however, a subject upon which I do not wish to dwell further than to call attention to the fact, illustrated by the action above referred to, that the profession and the propagation of Christianity are as untrammeled in Japan as in any part of the world. I may be pardoned for adding, also, that history proves that it was not hatred for Christianity, *per se,* which led to its original exclusion from Japan, but the fear, not unjustified by authenticated facts, that it would be made the vehicle or the pretext for domestic disturbances. Hideyoshi, who began the work of exclusion, and Iyeyasu, who completed it, were both, if the records are to be believed, perfectly impartial in matters of religion and entirely willing that Christian and Buddhist and Confucianist should dwell together in the enjoyment of equal rights, provided they so dwelt in unity and did not disturb the peace of the realm. I do not say this in extenuation or excuse of what was done in those ancient days, but merely as proof of the fact that there does not exist in Japan, as, for example in Mohammedan countries, an ineradicable antipathy to Christianity.

The fostering of popular education and the establishment of educational institutions of all grades were among the earliest cares of the Imperial Government. What has been done in that direction and the continued efforts being made for still greater development are no doubt sufficiently well known to Americans who have had the opportunity of knowing many Japanese students and of reading many accounts of Japanese educational progress as depicted by their countrymen who have been so closely concerned with it.

Nor is it worth while for me to dwell at length upon the history of Japan's fiscal and economical policy, or upon the industrial and commercial progress achieved by her people, since these are subjects upon which the press of this country frequently dwells. It is enough to say that the Imperial Government was beset at the outset by several most embarrassing financial problems. One after another, however, these have been solved, until to-day it may be truthfully asserted that the national finances are in a sound and healthy condition. The constant effort has been to diversify taxation and to draw the revenue from those sources where the burden would be least felt. The most conclusive proof that this has been accomplished is the fact that taxation is comparatively light, and that the reserve resources of the nation are amply sufficient to meet any demand that may be made upon them.

The two crowning achievements which have brought Japan into closest touch with the Western world are the establishment of constitutional government and the radical change in her treaty relations with other Powers.

Of the inception of constitutional government I have already spoken. Its later developments are incidents of current history. I think that I speak within bounds when I assert that the result has justified the effort. Our constitution stands to-day unimpeached and unim-

paired, the precious heritage of our Sovereign's kindness. The current of parliamentary progress under it has not always been unruffled; in fact, its waters have frequently been agitated by storms of greater and less degree, but in no case has there been violence that overswept the barriers of law and prerogative. We never claimed for ourselves that aptitude in such matters as seems to be inborn with Americans and Englishmen, but we wished to learn, and we knew of no other way of learning than making the practical experiment. As was said by a statesman of yours concerning another matter, "The way to resume is to resume," so we thought that the way to have a parliament was to have a parliament, not to stand shivering on the bank fearing to make the plunge. Nor were we as unprepared for the experiment as some might think. Not only had there been every preparation which could well be made after the Imperial promise had been given, but there was assurance, also, in our ancient customs, and in the species of sturdy self-dependence they had inculcated even in the lowliest of our people, that the attempt to teach them wisely to exercise a reasonable degree of self-government would be successful. That it has been so I believe the unprejudiced observer will admit. Notwithstanding the occasional controversies which have arisen the result has on the whole been beneficial. It has widened the field of rightful personal ambition; it has increased national self-respect and broadened the national horizon, and, best of all, it has on numerous occasions served to emphasize the nation's love and reverence for the throne.

The reformation of Japan's treaties is something unique in the relations of Occidental with Oriental countries, inasmuch as Japan was thereby the first Oriental nation to be placed on a footing of perfect equality with Western Powers. The change was due to a twofold cause, first, to the unremitting efforts of the Imperial Government to secure an amendment of conventional relations which the nation's progress made imperative; and, second, to that very progress itself. The first effort was tentative, directed merely to the correction of the inequalities that were most manifestly unjust. It was unsuccessful, partly because the concessions which could be obtained were so insignificant, and partly because the nation would not brook the price that was asked in return. Then a second, third and a fourth attempt were made, each in turn unsuccessful. Yet it was a significant feature of each of these failures that it marked a decided advance in Japan's demands. There was no retrocession; the nation's development in all directions made that impossible, and as each attempt came nearer and nearer to success the defeats were in effect victories. The final effort was crowned with complete success, as it was then agreed that in July, 1899, the old treaties should be abrogated and new ones substituted restoring to Japan the exercise of all the prerogatives of national sovereignty before that temporarily surrendered. Foremost among these was the submission of all foreigners in Japan to Japanese jurisdiction exclusively. This result, in especial, it is safe to say could never have been attained had it not been that the Treaty Powers considered that the excellence of Japan's laws and the competence of her judiciary entitled her to exercise this prerogative.

This completes the review of Japan's progress since the beginning of the Meiji Era. Incomplete as it necessarily is, I trust it will serve to convey some idea of the causes which brought about Japan's present position among the nations. That position has been attained, I think I may safely say, not as the result of spasmodic or emotional impulses, but through unremitting efforts to better our condition. Gratifying as it undoubtedly is, I shall have given a wrong impression if anything I have said conveys the idea that we believe we have reached the full stature of national development. On the contrary, we hope for still further progress along the lines adherence to which has made so many Western nations happy and prosperous. In our endeavor to attain the fulfilment of this hope we crave no special indulgence or immunity from criticism, but ask only that our brethren of the West judge us as they judge each other, and estimate what we accomplish by the plain intention and not by some peculiar and unusual standard.

[WASHINGTON, D. C.

Characteristics of the Porto Ricans

By Dr. Geo. G. Groff

Lately Secretary of the Superior Board of Health of Porto Rico

THE climate, race admixture, bad government, and a bad social environment have produced the Portoriqueñan people, as distinct from Spaniards and other Spanish-Americans, for beyond any doubt there is a differentiation which marks the people of Porto Rico as distinct from those of Cuba, Mexico, Central America and other adjacent countries. It may at this time be of interest to point out in detail these physical and mental characteristics.

They are a small race, compared with Americans, averaging in hight not much over five feet three inches for the men and less for the women. They are in weight light, and not well developed physically, tho the men often exhibit much strength and endurance. In recruiting the Porto Rican regiment only about one person out of fifteen examined was accepted. The color is a little darker than that of the Spaniards, altho every shade of color is seen, due to a large admixture of Indian and probably Moorish blood. The eyes are large and dark, the hair abundant, straight, long and sometimes coarse like that of the Indian ancestors. The young women are better developed than the young men, but they become prematurely old, and then very thin and haggard in appearance among the aged poor. As a race they lack vitality and resisting power, falling speedily victims to acute diseases. Their fecundity is very great, and is here an evidence of small vitality, nature's means of resisting extinction.

The people are intelligent, vivacious, very talkative, sensitive in reference to the manner in which they are treated, docile, polite, industrious, home loving, happy and contented, kind and loving in their families, charitable, patriotic, honest, sober, hospitable, virtuous, religious, improvident in money matters.

It is true that but a small per cent. of the people can read and write. Still they are bright, quick to learn, and are, as a race, far from stupid. Their island being small and isolated, they may have some insular prejudices, but like the Irishman they are ready to take advantage of every opportunity and to advance themselves thereby. They are a very talkative people, gesticulating vehemently as they speak. They love oratory and are influenced by good speakers, not, however, sufficiently to induce them to change their political party or Church ties. Like all the Spanish-Americans,

F. DEGATAN Y GONZALES
Porto Rican Commissioner to the United States

they are a proud and sensitive people, and yet if their feelings are hurt, as doubtless they are often by inconsiderate and hasty Americans, they bear it silently, at the most only temporarily withdrawing their friendship. They are not revengeful or vindictive when injured to the same extent as the Cubans are reported to be, unless possibly among the very lowest class of peasants.

They are docile, peaceable and easily governed. This is shown in the fact that they have made no complaint of the numerous changes which have been made in their laws, and among the native officials of the island. The Americans have

taken hold of every department of the government to "Americanize" it, and the people in no case have presented any obstacles or objections even to Americans holding all the best offices. When practically the whole population was vaccinated there was no riot, and not even a single person was arrested for offering any resistance to the officers carrying out this work.

As a race, they are industrious. This statement is made in the face of the prevalent belief to the contrary of those who have visited the island. The writer believes, after an experience extending now over two years, that men and women alike are fully entitled to the term "industrious." That they cannot accomplish in a day or a week so much as a well-fed Northern laborer is true, but this is because they are feeble and weak from many generations of semi-starvation. What would we think a man in the States able of accomplishing whose only breakfast throughout the year consisted of a cigarette and a glass of rum, who for many days at a time ate only the wild fruits of the woods, or roots from the lowlands, and who on his best fed days partook only of a very unbalanced diet of codfish, rice and beans? Yet in this manner the poor women and men of Porto Rico are fed and have been fed for generations past.

The race is home loving. They do not emigrate to any land from their little overpopulated island. There is a small colony of Porto Ricans in New York City, made up of former political exiles, but there are none others known. It is even found difficult to get certain classes to leave their home towns for employment in other places.

While poor, the people are happy and contented with their lot in life. The unrest common in America does not exist here. It is difficult to tell how thousands live, yet their faces are always smiling and cheerful.

The Market at Aguadillo

The family life is kind and affectionate. When brothers meet they kiss and embrace each other. The bond of blood extends to the most distant relatives, who, if poor, are assisted and even made members of the family, beyond what is common in the States. To the poor they are charitable. Beggars are numerous, there being no poorhouses, and these suppliants do not ask in vain. The writer has seen a man follow a beggar

a half square to give a coin which he could not find on the first appeal. And yet there is an indifference to suffering which is difficult for an American to understand. Men and women are allowed to lie in jails which are so horribly dirty that it makes one shudder to think of them. The poor wretches in hospitals and those who receive outdoor relief get such little help that in the States one would call it no assistance at all. This is said to be a characteristic of the Spanish race.

The people are patriotic. There is no doubt of this. Like others of their race, they are more inclined to follow leaders than to group themselves together about vital questions of government. They are also more cautious than the Cubans, and would not venture upon a war which would destroy property and lives and result in no permanent good. An insurrection never occurred in Porto Rico.

Porto Ricans are honest, sober and very hospitable. As a proof of their honesty, the writer did not have his rooms nor his trunks locked in two years, and altho he has been in hotels and boarding houses all over the island, he has yet to miss the first article, large or small. His wash has been returned to him without the loss of a single garment. In eating and drinking they are temperate almost to a fault. While it is said that the laborers consume much rum, drunkenness is not seen in public. While all the groceries sell liquors, there was not a single barroom in Porto Rico upon the advent of the Americans. In two years the writer did not see a boisterous drunken native. If they become intoxicated they do not show it, as do Americans. With a stranger they will share all they have. The farmer will kill for his guest the calf or kid and will accept no pay for the entertainment. A clean cot will await the stranger in the poorest house.

The race is virtuous and religious. The writer knows that most Americans hold a contrary view. There are many illegitimate children, but the parents of the same are living together, true and loyal to each other. Bad laws and bad customs have denied them the marriage rite. There may be men and women who are not faithful to each other, but what country does not have such? It is wrong to call the whole people immoral because of the sins of the few.

As to religion, the people seem to pay it the same respect as in other countries. The fundamental truths of the Christian religion they believe. The practice of their belief has made great crimes rare, and the people tractable and lovable. But if the inquirer looks for a superstitious people, he will not find one here. They seem to be as nearly free from any superstition as a people can be. Even the poor Africans have here forgotten the superstitions and rites of their dark continent. The people, white and black alike, are all

In Aricibo. A View of the Submerged Population. Observe the Tiling on the Roofs

members of the Roman Catholic Church, except a few thousand "spiritualists" and a few more who claim to be "Positivists."

The bright side of the picture has been given. The race has its faults and shortcomings. As a people they are improvident. Money is secured only to spend. Provision is not made for old age or sickness. Much of their money is said to be lost in gambling, but how greatly this vice prevails cannot be stated. Yet there is excuse for failure to hoard money in a land where there is no winter, where nature almost feeds her children unaided, where there have been no opportunities for the people to invest, and no banks in which to deposit savings. Good government may work a change in this characteristic. While the commercial instinct is possessed, all the great enterprises and all the capital are in the hands of foreigners. The natives say this is because they were discriminated against by the Spaniards. Time will give the true explanation.

The artistic sense and mechanical ingenuity are very slightly developed. One may say that these are almost wholly wanting in the island. Proper training in industrial schools ought to overcome these defects, too. To the foreigner the natives seem cruel to all domestic animals. This is said to be a Spanish trait. It is also capable of correction. General Henry took the spikes out of the ox goads and the lashes off the whips, and the change produced no disturbance. Possibly the introduction of "Black Beauty" as a reading book into the schools will complete the work of humanizing the drivers. Let it be hoped so. (The introduction of this book into the schools was asked by a native of the island.)

Method of Carrying Cane to Mills

There is a belief that the native Porto Ricans lack ability as organizers, and that they will always need the help of men from the North to assist in governmental, in educational, religious, sanitary and other matters. The writer is hopeful on this point. With a little training he thinks they will be able to care for themselves. The introduction of foreign blood to leaven the lump is always desirable. It will do good in Porto Rico as well as elsewhere.

San Juan, Porto Rico.

LITERATURE.

An Italian on America*

AMERICA has been the subject of so many brilliantly superficial studies by foreigners that it is a glad relief to find now and then a serious book written about it. And what is even better, we have in Professor Mosso's *Democracy in Religion and Science* a book which can be read with as much interest and profit by those whom it describes as by those for whom it is designed.

A striking difference between this and other studies on America is the space devoted by the author to the description of the natural beauties of the land. Our busy cities, the magnitude of our enterprises, the development of our wonderful resources, the ceaseless rush of our daily existence, the stress of our political life —all these interest and impress him; but it is the grandeur of our landscapes, the rolling prairies, the boundless forests, the rivers and the mountains, that arouse his admiration to its highest pitch. It is in the description of these that the distinguished Italian physiologist, the learned author of "Fear" and "Fatigue," proves that scientific study and research are not incompatible with keen artistic perception and with the power of literary expression.

So of the forest scenery, changing from season to season, he writes:

> "In the springtime the melody of colors in the forests, for those who look upon them from afar, runs upon a single tone of green, infinitely modulated. In the autumn the harmony of Nature in its colors is vaster and more complete. She plays the entire gamut from red to violet, which perhaps explains why our visual sensations are strongest in the fall. Never have I felt so deeply thrilled by the full orchestra of colors as during the glorious feast in late summer, when the virgin forests prepare for the sleep of winter."

And again, looking out from the train as it rushes through the Middle West, he sees the farming country in the "blue light of early dawn." It is a great solitude; "the villagers are asleep, the agricultural machines are scattered over the fields;" the crows are rising in flocks from the corn fields, and the wind mills turning their large sails. Everywhere about him spreads an immense carpet of green mingled with the gold of ripening wheat. Here and there the gathered sheaves let in glimpses of the red earth, and all around the "wheat bends its slender spears as if still asleep, forming great quadrangles of yellow, side by side with patches of green."

The majority of readers, however, will find most interest in Mosso's study of us as a people. He first examines us as individuals, and it is here that his observations as a physiologist of ripe scholarship and wide experience have the highest value. Our hurried life is telling upon us, he says, and the cerebral pressure, due to unceasing attention to business, is modifying our nervous structure. He even thinks we have reached the limit to which nerve and muscular force can be strained. We are physiologically tired and hypersensitive, tending to become a nation of neurasthenics. Intellectual fatigue he compares with alcoholic poisoning; both being due, from the physiologic standpoint, to the generation of toxic substances in the organism. And as our power of resistance to alcohol is very slight, he finds therein a proof that our power of resistance to continued mental fatigue is also limited. Tho we are fortunate in many respects and more resourceful than other nations, our intemperance in drinking may prevent our success against less favored but more sober peoples.

Historical and climatic causes have powerfully contributed to this neurasthenic condition. The country was founded by emigration, which generally represents the most unstable and restless part of a population, while the extremes of climate in America have undoubtedly intensified predisposition to neurasthenia.

To this weakened nervous organism may probably be attributed the decrease in our birthrate, the high percentage of our suicides, and the presence in an historically young nation of certain signs

* LA DEMOCRAZIA NELLA RELIGIONE E NELLA SCIENZA. *By A. Mosso.* Milano, 1901.

of senility, such as egotism, the lack of calm in our "psychic processes," and the absence of a strong sense of color.

But, on the whole, the author is by no means pessimistic in his view. On the contrary, he tries to show in his book that the civilization of the future is being molded here in the United States. To this three things contribute; first, "Yankee inventiveness," which outstrips that of even kindred peoples such as the English and the Germans; secondly, "American will power," this being our most distinctive characteristic; and, thirdly, "American education." Much space is devoted to this last topic, and a careful examination of our universities and public school system is given. Our universities are inferior to those of the Continent; they have more utilitarian tendencies and are less centers for "higher studies," and further they allow infinitely less academic freedom than those of Europe. But our university students are more constant and earnest in their work. It is this greater earnestness coupled with an excellent public school system that produces such good results; especially as the school life is complemented by home forces, which influence the young to put their knowledge to practical advantage and to rely upon themselves. For, says Mosso, "the greatness of a nation does not depend upon racial characteristics, but upon education."

Democracy in America is not free from the evils which are incident to such a form of government. It has lowered the plane of our intellectual life in its endeavor to make such a life easy for an intellectually mediocre majority; it has made ineffectual the work of our "aristocracy of thought," placed inferior men in power, and given rise to the prevailing idea that no special training is necessary for the work of government.

We are rapidly becoming the nation of great inequalities, despite our democratic semblance; socialism has no future in our country, and we are tending toward a distinct plutocracy. Our majorities, which represent the poor, tolerate the existence of this plutocracy for three reasons: First and foremost, because the desire for wealth in every American is so strong that we would not consent to give up the opportunity of winning riches by legislating against their accumulation. Secondly, because large fortunes are not hereditary with us, but are rapidly made and lost. Thirdly, because the rich apply their wealth in many acts of public beneficence with unstinted generosity.

Even the religion of the future is ours to make; it will be, according to Mosso, a sort of democratized Catholicism, a liberal "Americanism" brought into harmony with civil life.

This new order of things will come from America, because "in no other country has science had such a wide, popular application, by no other Government is respect for science more carefully taught, and in no other nation has there been such complete harmony between the rich and the poor in the endeavor to carry out hygienic principles, and decrease, where they cannot be destroyed, the evils which beset mankind."

Mr. Moody's Verse*

Mr. William Vaughan Moody has sought critical attention by the publication of two volumes of verse. The earlier, *The Masque of Judgment,* was a spiritual drama inevitably sending the reader back to Milton for comparison, because of its subject and, too, because the blank verse, which is its main mold had a dignity and at times an imaginative lift recalling the Puritan poet—of course, *intervallo longo.* The theme was against the poem—for it is harder to win acceptance to-day for an anthropomorphic treatment in literature of the ways of God to man than it was in Milton's time; and Milton did not find it easy. Both in human interest and dramatic movement the *Masque* was sadly lacking. Yet Mr. Moody displayed himself in it as unquestionably a poet: this in lines, images, passages. It was a high attempt, an honorable failure where failure was foredoomed.

With his present book of *Poems* this young writer makes the wider appeal of a miscellaneous collection; and certain of his pieces show the imaginative handling of motives of vital interest—among them several of patriotic stimulus. He is apparently coming to that firmer grip on life, when from the fact emer-

* Poems. *By William Vaughan Moody.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

ges the poetic symbol. This is a step in the right direction. In a good sense there are realistic poems in the book. Such is the strong dramatic monologue, "Until the Troubling of the Waters," for example; and, again, a comradely thing like the fine "Road Hymn for the Start" furnishes him with one of his most authentic inspirations. In other pieces, of which "The Golden Journey" is the type, Mr. Moody seems a very young poet giving himself over to dreamy improvisation, often lovely withal, but lacking definiteness and body and in a kind he will to best advantage outgrow; for he can be more than a bard of dim moods or even of pleasant music and felicitous description.

But what are the characteristics of Mr. Moody's book, broadly considered? He has the poet's diction, and now and again a true songfulness—the lilt one loves and remembers—witness "On the River." He has ideality, together witl the imaginative expression which is its exponent. There is prevailingly a nobility of intention in him which demands serious regard, and, at his happiest, the execution is adequate to the aim. Doubtless there are still signs of the influence of dominant singers: we recognize Browning in several dramatic poems, including "The Menagerie," which is enjoyable, tho certainly not in Mr. Moody's straightest line of progress. "The Brute" has a decided Kipling smack, tho it is by no means imitative. Those who like nothing so well as to hunt down the genealogy of poems may murmur "Bliss Carman" in reading the "Road Song."

But aside from such strictures, which amount to little more than a reaffirmation of the poet's comparative youth, there is enough in the collection for hearty laudation. In a poem like "On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines," and in the longer and larger "Ode in Time of Hesitation," Mr. Moody sounds a personal note and a manly; he stands the severe test of subject and form in a way to evoke admiration. He is an American poet singing fitly on a broad national theme; here, undoubtedly, he reaches his hight. All through his work the evidences of culture are plentiful; so far (like William Watson in England) he strikes one, on the whole, as a "literary" poet—that is to say, he derives his impulses most often from art and literature; which again is apt to be but an indication of a writer's tentative period; the first-hand grappling with life will come more and more. It should be added that the Nature studies are occasionally delightful for wholesome directness and honest observation—as in the opening "Gloucester Moors."

In a word, Mr. Moody has given us work that is interesting, pleasing, at times noble. To hail him, yet, as having achieved Parnassus is absurd; he himself should not wish it. But he certainly has given hostages to art, and is worth watching by all who retain faith in modern verse, and who have at heart the interests of American poetry.

Eugene Schuyler *

As Charles Lamb has long since said, everything that is written is not letters; and trite as the paradox has become, to recall it in the face of these two well bodied volumes may save the reader some disappointment and prevent him from doing the subject an unconscious injustice. For, as that brilliant literary Pharisee was quite incapable of understanding, literature is by no means all of life, nor even of that small fraction of life which is not conduct. The interesting thing about these books, then—let it be said without disparagement—is not the literary but the personal element. They are evidently intended to serve as a memorial to the late Eugene Schuyler, a diplomatist, whose name unfortunately is already beginning to grow dim.

He is chiefly memorable to us now for his book on Turkestan, in which he was the first to expose the abuses of Russian Government in the East, and for his part in the Bulgarian troubles of 1876, when, at considerable risk to life and reputation, he succeeded in extricating from the falsifications of a tortuous English foreign policy the details of Turkish atrocity and aroused for the sufferers an international sympathy. His brave and unselfish labors at that time were at least partly responsible for the establishment of Bulgarian liberty. This, no doubt,

* SELECTED ESSAYS. *By Eugene Schuyler.* With a Memoir by Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.
ITALIAN INFLUENCES. *By Eugene Schuyler.* Same publishers. $2.50.

was his most conspicuous public service, and should alone constitute a sufficient title to the honor of a free people; but he deserves our respect also as a thoroughly trained and competent representative of his country abroad, as one, in fact, of our few emissaries who have had the wit and patience to understand the mind and language of the strangers among whom they have been sent. The outlines of his career, as sketched in the memoir, are brief, but in this respect exemplary. It is painful to have to add that his reward smacked only too much of the proverbial gratitude of republics.

For the rest the memoir is written with no great art. It misses somehow the more distinctive and familiar features of the man; and tho it occupies nearly an entire volume, is hardly more than a bare chronicle of his movements. Yet what occasional glimpses of his personality we do catch across its pages are very attractive, whether we find him fraternizing with royalty or merely stifling his hunger to entertain a prosy old parliamentarian from Jerusalem, and—there is the man—finding him interesting in the end. Mr. Schuyler's wide information, his varied interests, and, above all, his quick human sympathies made him, wherever he went, the *bien venu,* the possessor not only of the gratitude of an entire people whom he had helped to liberty, but also of an enviable acquaintance with many of the celebrities of his day.

But the picture has its pathetic side as well. With all these advantages and with a moral stalwartness due to his Dutch descent, he joined apparently a sort of practical ineptitude—or was it only his uncompromising outspokenness and love of truth?—so that, judged by the ordinary standards of success, his life falls short of its promise. Introduced in the biographical sketch as an unusual combination of scholar, diplomatist and man of letters, he seems, in fact, to have attained eminence in no one of these careers. Educated as a philologist, he was diverted to diplomacy before he had time to make any serious contributions to scholarship. Diligent in his profession, while others of less desert were preferred before him, he died at fifty of overwork, with no higher grade than diplomatic agent and Consul-General at Cairo, leaving between the lines of his story a long unwritten chapter of instructive commentary on the expediences of American politics.

And when to complete our notion of his multiform activity we turn to his essays here collected, we find that, owning a cultivated taste and a trained mind, he was still in his writing, if the distinction must be drawn, less of an author than a scholar and journalist, without being exactly either. There seems, indeed, to hang about him a sort of fatality, which is constantly tending to eclipse his merit whether in public affairs or letters. One wonders, for instance, that, knowing personally so many people of the first importance, he should have preferred as a general thing to write about those he did not know—or at least that his editor should have selected these papers of merely passing interest to publish, and not rather such passages from his letters and journal as would have contributed to a better historical appreciation of the events and the society of which he was a part. Certainly these essays, which are most of them fugitive and occasional, will add little or nothing to the permanence of his memory, and we must still continue to think of him—nor is it altogether to be regretted—not as a writer or a scholar, but as a brave and generous spirit, who dared death and oblivion more than once for the truth's sake and humanity's, and at last laid down his incompleted life in the disinterested service of his country.

Books on Art*

THESE four books diverge widely in handling that abundant material of the artistic past in which we quarry as the papal princes did in the Coliseum. We welcome a second edition of Mr. La Farge's lectures to art students, which were originally intended to be illustrated by the collections of the museum where they were given. Nothing has been writ-

*CONSIDERATIONS ON PAINTING. Lectures Given in the Year 1893 at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. *By John La Farge.* New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

GIORGIONE. *By Herbert Cook, M.A., F.S.A., Barrister at Law.* Imported by The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.75.

HANS MEMLING. *By W. H James Weale.* Imported by The Macmillan Co., New York. $1.75.

FOUR GREAT VENETIANS. An Account of the Lives and Works of Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto and Il Veronese. *By Frank Preston Stearns.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

ten more stimulating, wide-minded and helpful than these *Considerations on Painting* by the master painter, who began the renaissance of the arts and crafts now gaining such momentum.

The latest of the twenty-four projected *Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture,* edited by Dr. Williamson, like their eleven predecessors, are critical and historical monographs of original research neither too long nor too heavy for general reading, and rich in page plates. We should not know where to find anything better than the *Giorgione.* By lawyer's reasoning and art insight Mr. Cook adds to the twenty-six accepted works of the glorious painter six portraits and ten other pictures formerly attributed to other artists. The *Memlinc* (sometime *Memling*), tho not quite so readable, shows equal scholarship, and even more original research. The biography of the master is enriched, dates are established and a number of unauthenticated works are disallowed from the fifty-five cataloged. Those really his are full of tender, reverent feeling.

The work of the *Four Great Venetians* does not seem to have any valid reason for being; apparently the only one claimed is the American standpoint of the author. It is not without inaccuracies, as where Mr. Stearns says (page 23) that Morelli throws out from his list of genuine works of Giorgione the Judgment of Solomon and the Trial of Moses, and it adds nothing to our knowledge or appreciation of the artists discussed.

Letters to Washington and Accompanying Papers. Published by the Society of the Colonial Dames of America. *Edited by Stanislaus Murray Hamilton.* Volume III, 1758-1770. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5.00.) The present volume gives the letters addressed to Washington in the thirteen years from 1758 down to the eve of the Revolution in 1770. At the opening of the correspondence he was engaged in the military expedition to Fort Duquesne, and the letters of this period relate mostly to the public service in which he was engaged. At the end of the expedition he resigned his command, and, returning home, married Martha Custis, *née* Dandridge, on the sixth day of the new year. The correspondence bears trace of both these events in the shadow cast on the army by his resignation, and in the congratulations which flowed in on him at his marriage. The correspondence contains many examples of his thrifty and painstaking attention to business, and especially to the care of his plantation. Yet more striking is the note of loyal devotion to the Crown, which bubbles over in patriotic enthusiasm on the capture of Louisburg in June of 1758. By 1770 a notable change in the loyal tone of the letters has taken place. They echo now the note of grievance and discuss methods of redress and measures of security. The number of military writers who figure in the copious correspondence of 1758 is not strange, when we consider the nearness of the French war. In 1761 all but one belong in the military list. The letters come from a large number of correspondents who represent the influential citizens of the State and approach Washington on topics of such variety and importance as to show the consideration in which he was already held. They are published with footnotes, of which our only complaint is that there are not more of them. The volume is manufactured in the superb style of the previous numbers, and is every way worthy of its place in the set.

The Successors of Mary the First. *By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.) Another story dealing with the question of maid-servants, written this time by a woman whose sympathies reach down through every order of life even to the dogs under the table. Naturally no one expects her to deal practically with any problem of humanity. Humane people never do. Their calling is to present the injured right in such a manner as to embarrass the hard hearts of this world into salving its wounds. So few women of refinement and education, like the "Kathia Maiden," who solves the domestic diffculties in this story, are willing to become servants that we are inclined to suspect they belong exclusively to the fictitious realm of novelists. The book is distinguished by that peculiarity which marks all of this author's stories—that is, the attention she gives to the chemistry of married life. She comprehends, with

the delicacy of inspiration the faintest reserve of the wife; and her understanding of the husband as distinct from the species of single men is phenomenal. In delineating his character, she shows a shrewd humor and a sympathy equal to that which she invariably bestows upon dogs; and this is saying much, for her interpretation of dogs transcends the powers of mortal man. The story is written in her usual direct and charming style, and the drawings by Arthur Keller are excellent.

THE MASTER KNOT OF HUMAN FATE. *By Ellis Meredith.* (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.) The author sweeps the earth with a flood which destroys the whole of creation, except a few creatures, and two human beings who happen to be picnicking in a sort of happy valley somewhere between the top ridges of the Rocky Mountains. Here these human beings find everything necessary for a modern Noah's Ark adventure. The first impression is that the book is the freak of a gross imagination, and that the writer's purpose is to make the most of a lawless and suggestive situation. However, the latter half of it is taken up with an apparently honest discussion between the man and the woman as to whether they are under obligations to start a new creation. The humor of such a debate is supplied by the reader, evidently the author has none; and the young people themselves are very much in earnest. They quote all the dead philosophers and produce subtle arguments on both sides of the question. But there is not enough garden simplicity in their point of view. They have too much learning to cope with their elemental situation. The artistic flaw lies in this, that the author suggests a Boston lecture hall rather than an adjustment to natural conditions. Evidently he hopes that these two human beings, in spite of their exaggerated sense of responsibility, will undertake the task of replenishing the earth. A bridal dress and other garments necessary to a new and very young creation are miraculously provided. And the hero bravely falls in with the author's plans; but the decision is left with the heroine, who cannot dispose of the question, except by outraging her feminine instinct. On this account the reader is left in doubt as to the final result. From the critic's standpoint the story is ridiculously crude, still it is likely to prove interesting to people of exaggerated fancy.

PENELOPE'S IRISH EXPERIENCES. *By Kate Douglas Wiggin.* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.) This is "Penelope's" third volume of "experiences," and she shows the same bright-rimmed fancy in this Irish excursion which characterized her travels in England and Scotland. But she proceeds upon her journey in a manner so leisurely,—peeping into every crack and cranny for a sight of the Irish fairies and touching hands with the people themselves everywhere,—that she appeals more particularly to what used to be called the "gentle reader" class for a proper appreciation of her delicate art. To these charming rose-tinted elderly ladies who read an hour each day somewhere under a sunshade, and to brisk old gentlemen who divide their time between the innocent pleasures of old age like automatic hour glasses, she must be delightfully welcome. Perhaps the most charming feature about Mrs. Wiggin as a writer is her tact in portraying the good-fairy element which is so essentially a part of every woman's nature. She shows the old fashioned godmother instinct in her art.

THE SENTIMENTALISTS. *By Arthur Stanwood Pier.* (New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.) This story, which recounts the social adventures of a progressive Western family in Boston, is one of the Harper series, planned to present different phases of American life. As a story it is in no way remarkable, but as a study of certain American types, it deserves especial attention. The author has been particularly fortunate in portraying the character of his heroine, an elderly woman, the ambitious mother of the "progressive family." As distinct from the commonplace adventuress of universal fiction, she is the American adventuress, with a curious inversion of the heroic qualities peculiar to her national character. She has the breadth of vision and that element of vulgar courage seen only in the Western women, born upon the prairie, and bred to face dangers and disasters with a man's fortitude. "Mrs. Kent" is a kind of philosopher, with the intemperate nerves of a woman, who

drags her reputation daringly through all suspicions, fights like a man and dies at last like the feeblest woman. Her ingenuously feminine deceptions, the pathos of her physical courage, so unnatural in a woman, somehow confuse the moral sense of society into exonerating her, where a man would have been condemned. And the author causes it to appear that all this happens, not only because she is different, but because the men with whom she deals are different from European types, for instance, of the same class.

CHINA: HER HISTORY, DIPLOMACY AND COMMERCE. *By E. H. Parker, Reader in Chinese, University College, Liverpool, and Formerly Her Majesty's Consul at Kiungchow.* (New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. $3.00.) Professor Parker has given the reading public the best work on the subject since the appearance in 1888 of Sir H. Howorth's "History of the Mongols." In some respects the book is unique. The chapters on Early Trade Notions and Trade Routes present in the compass of forty pages a complete summary of a series of facts of the highest importance, historically, commercially, politically and diplomatically. Trade follows the line of least resistance. Its avenues are those of thrift, security, civilization and also of missionary effort, travel, war and conquest. Just as the ligature of an artery causes the growth of adjacent blood-vessels, so the blocking of a trade route results in the development of new ones of equal or approximate value. The author applies this principle with marked lucidity to the discussion of the early history of Chinese commerce. His conclusions are broad and statesmanlike, altho it may be questioned if he does not give excessive praise to the Arab merchants and navigators of the early centuries and insufficient credit to the Chinese and particularly the Cantonese. Strangely enough, he omits mention of the war waged by Canton against the rajah of Ceylon and the utter defeat of the latter on account of his tyrannous exactions from Cantonese traders. Neither does he refer with definiteness to the long voyages of Canton junks in the eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries to Korea, Japan, Saghalien, and in all probability Mexico. These sins of omission, however, are as nothing compared with the fine work done in marshaling the long array of facts. Especial praise is due to the chapter on the Chinese Calendar, over which nearly all writers have made ludicrous mistakes. Heretofore the only trustworthy articles on the subject were in the *Annuaire de l'Indo-Chine Française,* a year-book practically inaccessible to Americans. Professor Parker has compiled the history of the Chinese chronologic system, and without obscuring the text by scientific technicalities has produced a clear, concise monograph which will be treasured by every student. The critic's sole regret is that the author has said so little. His volume of three hundred odd pages ought to be the first of a long series.

THE BODY OF CHRIST. An Inquiry into the Institution and Doctrine of Holy Communion. *By Charles Gore, M.A., D.D.* (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.) It seems to be too much to ask of a High Churchman that he should state his doctrine of the Lord's Supper in a few simple words. If Dr. Gore had done so in this volume it would have lost the charm of its sacramentarian rhetoric and become a small book of about one hundred and fifty pages. The position he takes is substantially the Calvinism of the Anglican Prayer Book —*i. e.,* the assertion of the real presence of Christ in the sacrament, tho that reality is spiritual, and neither bodily nor local, to be received by faith and under the two forms of bread and wine. The elements are symbolical, not in the sense of representing a reality which is *not* present, but a reality which *is* present, tho not locally present in the exclusive sense of Rome. Moreover, there is no transubstantiation. Still the author believes that the elements of bread and wine receive a sacred character by their sacramental consecration, tho his argument calls for little more than the sacredness of sacred association. He quotes a passage from Origen, which, when we look it up, proves to put a reverential treatment of the sacramental elements on the same basis with a reverential treatment of Holy Scripture. From all this it would appear that the sacramentarianism of Dr. Gore does not go very deep into the substance and is rhetorical rather than real.

SONNETS TO A WIFE. *By Ernest McGaffey.* (St. Louis: William Marion Reedy. $1.25.) A little book, printed in dainty dillettante form, containing seventy sonnets which are at once a delight and a disappointment. It would be a better book if the "Foreword" were omitted; it would be a still more satisfactory book if some kind censor had persuaded Mr. McGaffey to select for publication some twenty or thirty of these sonnets and to suppress the others. It is a pity, too, that a writer of genuine ability and taste should, in the words of his introducer, "almost pride himself upon his assertion of a large ignorance of grammar and rhetoric." Mr. McGaffey is not quite so "supergrammatical" as this vaunt would imply; yet he should not allow the sextet of his opening sonnet to drag to a close without a verb; nor should he in the third sonnet say "with you and I;" nor should he elsewhere write "lain" for laid. We take space to point out these defects because some score of these sonnets possess real beauty; set apart, or perhaps increased by the addition of a few sonnets of equal grace, they would compose a love-sequence of rare delicacy and sincerity. Particularly pleasing are those which describe the recurrent scene of two lovers floating on the waters in the shadows of night.

"In shadow-haunted hush of lonely place,
With ripples lapping by the reedy shores,
And glint of stars along the watery floors,
I see again the profile of your face;
The moonlight trailed across your wrist like lace,
Then disappeared behind its cloudy doors,
While we sat idly, with the idle oars,
Twixt earth and sky, as balancing in space.

"How strange and beautiful to us it seemed,
Held in the hollow of the night to float,
With muffled, liquid whisperings round the boat,
While overhead the constellations dreamed."

We omit the closing couplet, which rather mars a piece of good artistic work.

DUPES. *By Ethel Watts Mumford.* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.) Here are related the ludicrous beginning and serious development of a new female religion. The story is a very clever exposure of how such a fraud may be profitably conducted. A fat prophetess (it will be noticed that from Madame Blavatsky down divine inspiration and metaphysics tend to obesity in the intellectual female), who possesses magnetism to an unusual degree and a charming voice for communicating supernatural revelations, an unsophisticated poet who is deceived into furnishing the prayers, creeds and ceremonies, and the unscrupulous rascal who directs the evil forces set agoing, are the principal characters in the story. The plot is ingenious, and the author shows a masculine cynicism in dealing with her subject scarcely to be expected in a woman. In fact, we suspect that she is of the race of iconoclasts who are not content with demolishing a false religion, for now and then she swings a hard blow at Jeremiah and the general profession of ethics. She is not only destructive to false creeds, but indicates a personal infallibility which precludes the necessity of any God at all.

UNDER THE REDWOODS. *By Bret Harte.* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.) Here is our old Bret Harte again, with his sense of dramatic contrast, his perception of the beautiful and heroic in character, even when masking under the rough life of a mining camp, his pathos and Cervantes humor, his firm and delicate delineation of varied and contrasting types of race and character, and the picturesque phrase that sums up an epoch. He distresses old admirers with no new trick of manner caught up in foreign schools (perhaps he cannot learn new tricks now), and, with some exceptions, gets together the fine gold of these later stories and sketches from that same wonderful California mine which long ago enriched literature. He is at his best in the sketch entitled "Bohemian Days in San Francisco." This is the San Francisco of his youth, and he reproduces it with fidelity, vivacity and charm. One phase of that curious time he hits off in a sentence worthy the happiest mood of his genius: "People staked and lost their last dollar with a calm solemnity and a resignation that were almost Christian."

THE DUKE OF STOCKBRIDGE. *By Edward Bellamy.* (New York: Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.50.) In 1786 the debtor farmers of Massachusetts revolted against their creditors and the State Gov-

ernment—an episode known as Shays' Rebellion. *The Duke of Stockbridge* deals with this episode and the social problems suggested by it. Tho a posthumous publication the story was written more than twenty years ago for a village newspaper before "Looking Backward" had taken shape in the author's mind. In its present form it not only lacks the final touches of the author's hand, but shows a crudeness and immaturity which not even he could have eliminated, unless indeed he had recast it altogether. The work is interesting and significant chiefly because it intimates the drift of his sympathies in the period before he had given that "formal and unmistakable definition of human relationship," which appears in "Looking Backward."

THE HERITAGE OF UNREST. *By Gwendolen Overton.* (New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.) The heritage of unrest here referred to is a strain of Apache blood in a woman otherwise white—an alien element in Felipa's nature that spoils the unity and peace of life for her, and, to the society of the military post to which her officer husband is attached, renders her enigmatical, foreign and even sinister. The book is by no means a three hundred page excuse for exploiting dull or curious theories about blood. It is a well written, entertaining story, with sufficient of that kind of life and movement in which character is firmly and subtly realized, and in which it is revealed, not by pages of analysis, but by incidents and situations that bring out the lines of personality effectively.

THE LION'S BROOD. *By Duffield Osborne.* (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.) The eternal charm of Rome has enticed another novelist to weave a story of love and patriotism connected with the period of the Carthaginian invasion. Into the story, which is told swiftly, simply, and with some dramatic power, varied elements enter, figures of great generals, the tumult of mobs in the forum, the vast rout and slaughter of Cannæ, the quarrels of patricians and plebeians, the wild license and savage courage of Gauls and Africans, the love of man for his country, and the noble devotion of Roman women to the same object. The author tells a story rather than interprets an epoch, and the narrative rushes on with no posing about the significance of this or that event.

THREE FAIR PHILANTHROPISTS. *By Alice M. Muzzy.* (New York: The Abbey Press. $1.50.) This story of three young society women who establish an evening club for working girls in New York will prove interesting only to the cynically minded. All the characters are repulsive, either good people with mean motives, or mean people with good motives, who make a botch of charity and a snarl of life. Over this tangle the author's style casts a humorous sneer. If she had his tact and genius in managing the scheme of her story, we might compare her acrimony to the acid test that Thackeray always applied to apparent virtues.

A CAROLINA CAVALIER. *By George Cary Eggleston.* (Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.) A romance of the American Revolution, with scenes laid in South Carolina. The author's imagination lacks range and power, and while his style is smooth and his plot not wholly bad, his characters are feebly conceived, and the fundamental ideas of love and patriotism are quite imperfectly developed. He does not vitalize the epoch, and, in order that he may talk about the obscure personal fortunes of his commonplace characters, he waives every chance to bring powerfully home to us the personality and genius of the men who really headed the revolution. The publishers have made the book more attractive than it deserves to appear.

COMPARATIVE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE BRAIN AND COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY. *By Jacques Loeb.* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Science Series.) The present volume is an admirable translation of Professor Loeb's original German brochure, published in 1899. The volume is a plea for a broader physiology and psychology than that based on man and a few of the higher animals. The author's work, and that of his students occupy the largest share of the volume. Particularly interesting and original is the author's treatment of animal instinct, and his attempt to show that consciousness is only associative memory.

MARTIN BROOK. *By Morgan Bates.* (New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.) Harper & Brothers announce that they will publish during 1901 twelve novels dealing with different phases of American life. This volume treats of the anti-slavery agitation period—a period sufficiently rich, one would think, in moral and dramatic interest to supply the novelist both with the inspiration and the material for a stirring tale; but *Martin Brook* will stir nobody except admirers of the school of Roe. It is hopelessly dull and commonplace.

Literary Notes

MR. HENRY JAMES is at work on a new novel, which is to explain "whether a gentleman may be a cad." The theme sounds as if it would hardly need the intricacies of Mr. James's literary style.

....In the July *Forum* Mr. John Corbin presents the strongest indictment we have yet heard against the elective system of studies in the college. "Many things have been said," he writes, "against the elective system, but they may all be summed up in one phrase: it is not elective."

....Mr. Duffield Osborne, author of "The Lion's Brood," is also an editor of Livy. Mr. Osborne, scholar and writer, is far from being a Teufelsdröckh, altho, somewhat after the manner of that philosopher, he has made for himself a home up in the tower of Madison Square Garden, from which he looks down upon the heart of the city.

....The English journals sometimes rebuke American reviewers for their tone of smart cleverness. We cull this gem from a critique of Mr. Crowley's "Soul of Osiris" in the London *Academy:* "It is forceful rather than forcible, influent rather than affluent; not broad and opulent, but straight and intense. It is a geyser rather than an ample and irresistible river. For he is, alas! often tense instead of intense."

....It is the custom of our contemporaries across the sea to publish series of letters on grave topics, and just now the columns of the London *Spectator* are open to a discussion of the nature and duration of hell. One sage and orthodox contributor tempers justice with mercy thus: "Mercy in hell is one thing, and the possibility of repentance in hell another, and a very different thing. May not part of the happiness of the blessed be in watching forever the effects of the goodness of God in making eternal punishment always less dreadful than absolute annihilation?" Apropos of this subject the *Catholic World* has again attacked the burning question of cremation, which it declares to be an unholy invention of the Freemasons to make impossible our hopes of a resurrection.

Pebbles

"How did the Harvard men get home?" "They followed the beaten track."—*Yale Record.*

....*Guard:* "Now, Miss, jump in, train going on." *Child:* "But I can't go before I have kissed mamma." *Guard:* "Jump in, miss, I'll see to that."—*Judy.*

....We do not print this for its wit,
Nor its poetic grace.
We don't care what it says a bit—
It's just to fill the space.—*Yale Record.*

...."Jones has been arrested for hurling himself from an eighth-story window to the sidewalk below." "What was the charge?" "Desecrating the flag."—*Yale Record.*

....*Progress,* the new organ of the woman suffragists, should fill a long-felt want. The lack of progress has been the movement's main trouble.—*The Kansas City Journal.*

....I love the flag—the noble flag,
Fair emblem of the free;
And next to that the cold-wave flag
Is the flag I long to see.
—*Washington Star.*

....A young lady was endeavoring to impress upon the minds of her Sunday school scholars the sin and terrible punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, and when she said that for seven years he ate grass like a cow, she was astonished by a little girl, who asked, "Did he give milk?"—*Texas Baptist Standard.*

....*Mrs. Eddy:* "There is no matter. All is mind." *Learner:* "Is money matter?" *Mrs. Eddy:* "There is no matter." *Learner:* "Well, I have a million dollars in my mind. Will you please cash me a check for a hundred thousand?" *Mrs. Eddy:* "Yes, in my mind." *Learner:* "No matter—never mind.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

....REALISM.—"I took the manuscript of my 'Old Oak Tree' down to that irritable editor." "What did he say?" "Advised me to cut it down. I thought he was making jokes at my expense and told him he didn't know his business." "What happened then?" "There was a storm, and you could see the leaves of my 'Old Oak Tree' strewn from the sanctum to the street."—*Chicago News.*

The Man with the Hoe on that summer's day
When Maud Muller raked the hay,

Was at work in the corn, just over the fence—
And Maud was a girl of good horse sense.

When the Man with the Hoe said, "Marry me!"
"Go get a reputation!" said she.

He worked it right, and in course of time
He, too, was written up in rime.

And so they were wed, 'mid feasting and laughter,
And lived very happily ever after.
—*Detroit Journal.*

EDITORIALS

Liberty

THE task of the American nation is to give liberty to man, to its own people directly, and indirectly, by example, to all the world. We began the task with our War of Revolution, and accomplished it then for our white population, and speedily afterward, but imperfectly, for France. The ideal of liberty we then gave to the world, as seed to be fructified in 1848, to bear fruit in constitutions and parliaments, fruit to be enjoyed in Germany and Japan. In our own Civil War Liberty took a larger meaning with us, and was seen to be the right of every race. Since then we have tried to develop that theory into practice.

The past year has seen considerable progress in the extension by us of the domain of liberty. This Fourth of July will ever be the *festa* day for the Philippines, for on this day a free civil government was bestowed upon the people. The year has been devoted, by the principal energy of our Government, to this beneficent task. The boon was so great that the people, long schooled in suspicion and hatred of their rulers, would not believe that we meant it. At last they are convinced, and they rejoice to learn how to be free. It is a strange experience, but one that they must learn by practice, must even learn what liberty means, a lesson we have not perfectly learned ourselves.

There was a little cluster of people in our own country who loved liberty so jealously that they were impatient of the steps by which it had to be given to the Philippines, and they were as incredulous as was Aguinaldo himself. Even they are now silenced and convinced. They see that when we promised liberty we meant it. We go far beyond the lessons in the government of colonies taught us by the old colonizing nations. We are not satisfied with the British way of ruling India or the Dutch way of ruling Java. Our way will be that of trusting the people to rule themselves, teaching them this self-rule as rapidly as possible. What the result of such an example of our free institutions applied to the East may be on the colonial possessions of other nations we cannot say. It may be revolutionary; we hope it may be, for we believe in liberty for all men.

And it has been a good year for the history of liberty in our other new possessions. Hawaii has prospered as never before. Porto Rico is recovering from her disaster; and her people have taken one good lesson in self-government. The more conservative of the two parties has learned not to sulk when beaten, and it has resumed its political activity, while the more progressive party has given to the island a just law of taxation and the legislature has announced itself ready to accept the tariff and internal free-trade of the United States. Cuba, our ward, has during the past year made its constitution, and has told us that it will soon be ready to accept the gift of independence which we have presented, at the cost to us of war and of pensions and taxes to be long continued. It has been a historic year for Cuba, whose every day has been spelling the letters of liberty.

Perhaps in all this we have made some mistakes, mistakes at home and abroad. We have not always seen clearly how to reach the end we desire, liberty for all; but that has been, in the main, our desire. The ideal is strong with us. Some things have gone awry. There have been backward eddies. Attempts have been made to limit liberty in certain of our States, while we were giving liberty to outside peoples. But the general current is right and is strong. It moves forward. It will move forward. Because right is stronger than wrong, the attempt to shut out a race from their civil rights will not long succeed in South Carolina or Mississippi. Hawaii and Porto Rico—and Cuba, if she wants it—will have the rights of States in our Union before long. We must accustom our people to the idea, and encourage our new possessions to the hope.

In that most audacious passage in the Third Book of "Paradise Lost," which gives the conversation of God the Father and God the Son in reference to the coming fall of man, the Father solves the

antinomy between free will and decrees by declaring

> "the high decree,
> Unchangeable, eternal, which ordained
> Their freedom."

By such a decree of the American Government Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines have become free. There have been people that saw an antinomy there; but we have done it. This is not our *annus mirabilis*—that was the year of Manila Bay and Santiago; this has been an *annus benevolens;* a grand year for liberty.

Our Vacations

A TOURIST tells us that a Japanese friend, who made a fine companion every day, refused at night to lodge at anything but a Japanese public house. "You Americans," he said, "are such a trouble to yourselves; you must have everything; and all at once, all the time. I go to my Japanese rest house, and get only what I want; and I pay for nothing more. My bed is clean; and my food is brought to me on a tray, by a bright-eyed maid who kneels at my feet; and while serving me, keeps me merry with her pleasant tale. I do not pay for the expense of huge buildings, crammed with useless furniture." This is the problem that confronts the tourist; the cost of sustaining huge and sumptuous hotels. Thirty years ago America afforded places where one might spend his summer months at a reasonable cost, and enjoy nature's marvels. Now no lovely resort can be so hidden that the hotel-builder will not find it. Conventionalism comes in, with superfluous cost; and common folk must keep away or submit to a draft beyond their financial ability to pay.

We spoke a few weeks ago of the desirability of spending one's summer in a private resort rather than a summer hotel. Another capital way of escaping the toils of the hotel is that of driving across the country, with one's own horse—and taking weeks at it. This easily makes a family affair. It is a good custom for quiet people, or for those who wish to get quiet. A slow horse is now for once better than a fast one. Let Dobbin nibble by the road occasionally, as you examine the flora, or catch a new butterfly. If you are too old-fashioned, let the boys do the collecting, while you nibble at a book, or study agriculture, or sleep under a tree. Americans do not live out of doors enough. Meeting a gypsy camp, the writer asked a swarthy old man why they had no houses. He answered:

"You folk who like houses may have them all you please. We don't like them; we hate houses; we like the trees, and out of doors. We only go to houses when we need them, sir."

There was philosophy there. We spend our lives literally "keeping house." We must not only have buildings, but our houses must be showy; and then they must be as near the street as possible. There must be an immense amount of indoors, and very little outdoors. Balconies and verandas are mostly for ornament. Thoreau says:

> "If I am to be a canal and thoroughfare, I prefer it to be of the mountain brooks. Only thought which is expressed by the mind in repose, or, as it were, lying on the back and contemplating the heavens, is adequately expressed. Be always so that you can hear the crickets when they sing."

Professor Orton, speaking of the going out of the steam age, prophesies a reaction to a more rustic home-made sort of life, "when we shall live near nature, and think less of artifice."

The bicycle has been a blessing in no other direction greater than in helping us to physical and intellectual freedom. It has special advantages. It does not cost us even horse feed; but it also gives us individuality. We and the wheel become one. It is that complement to human individuality which the age called for. It will not carry much luggage; and so has given a fair reason for abolishing the dress suit, the hat box and the trunk. It is teaching us to go light and free, without cumberments. It is creating the science of presentableness, without display. All this summer hundreds of American boys are touring Europe on their bicycles. They will get a better vision of the country; and, what is almost sacrificed by the railroad, they will know the people. By all means let us encourage the bicycle touring of our own land. The most charming phases of human life, as well as of scenery, are to be found in the little villages and farm ham-

lets that have been overlooked by the railroad. Some one has said that Boston has yet a Federal tone, that New York has a Tory, and Philadelphia a Quaker flavor. It is true also that the most quaint and interesting localisms are persistent in our out of the way corners. Lines of character-evolution have been working on, undisturbed for two hundred years; and working out thought flavors, and peculiarities in the way of doing things. The railroad has not yet been able to obliterate all these peculiarities. The American who can give up the idea of luxury, will be able, with his bicycle, to discover quite a range of popular sentiment, and even colloquialisms and idioms, by crossing the country in any direction. Let him occasionally hunt up the oldest residents, in the out of the way places, and he will discover storehouses of local history, as well as local superstitions. The good fortune of the editor has been, this summer, to find unheard of waterfalls, and glens unknown to fame. There is enough of the beautiful and romantic in any twenty square miles to satisfy a summer. Probably no better way could be devised of not seeing America than crossing it a dozen times by the railroads. Imagine, as you are whirled from State to State, what exquisite scenes the valleys may possibly hold, the opening of which you barely see. We are going a thousand miles to seek an Eldorado! Probably we pass a dozen equally beautiful. But if one must take the cars, and go by steam, let him have a stop-off ticket; and move so deliberately that he shall get thoroughly acquainted with the main features of the land that he travels.

We know a good fellow who every year turns up at a certain summer school, with his pet Morgan and a little two-wheeled go-chaise; he and his wife. They find a deserted, or half-deserted cottage somewhere; and hire it for the summer—orchard and all. There they two live, in nature. Whitman could not do better in the way of establishing rapport with birds, bees, butterflies—and clams. Life with them requires an enormous furnishing of good and beautiful things; but nearly all these things they find ready to hand. This is where they differ from the majority. Most people could hardly live at all only for a dozen huge factories, each with its hundreds of toilers on cotton, wool, silk and whatever else is used up on their conventionalisms. Our friends need little from these. They are more like Emerson, who sang to the farmer:

> "One crop from your field
> Homeward brought your oxen strong;
> Another crop your acres yield,
> Which I gather in a song."

They gather these crops—not altogether into songs. The world has done little for them in the way of wheat fields and bank stock; but it has been liberal in giving them the true, the beautiful and the good. Our friend will probably never have what is called wealth; but there is such a thing as commonwealth. Our millionaire friend has a thousand times more worry; but he has not a thousandth part of this man's pleasure. Let those who come back this year from a wasted vacation, tired out with trying to get rested, think of the possibilities that lie in a simpler, more independent way of finding, what all profess to seek—that is, recuperation; and more abundant life as well as pleasure.

Two Commonwealths

PENNSYLVANIA never disappoints; neither does Massachusetts. It's a queer thing, too, when you think of it. That one great commonwealth in a federal nation whose population is of one blood and of one language should rarely fail in a hundred years to do the most disreputable thing that its revilers could predict of it, and that another commonwealth in the same nation should never once in the same long time fail in any moral crises to set before mankind a high example of allegiance to ideal standards—this is a result not given by the equation of probability. To the scientific mind it suggests an inquiry into causes.

We do not need to demonstrate the facts. That would be superfluous. All the world knows them. Any one familiar with the history of Pennsylvania could have been sure in advance that the Mayor of Philadelphia would have thrown into the waste basket unopened Mr. Wanamaker's proposition to buy the street railway franchises, and that Governor Stone would have signed any bill

to deliver the rights and interests of the Commonwealth into the hands of the Republican-machine-corporation-gang-of-thieves-blacklegs-and-United-States-Senators whose instrument he is. In like manner, any one at all familiar with the history of Massachusetts could have foretold that Governor Crane would veto the Boston Subway steal, and that the Legislature of the State, wrong as it had been on the previous balloting, would contain reason enough and conscience enough to stand by the Governor on a straight moral issue when it had been clearly presented in a straightforward, manly message. These moral certainties, we say, it would be a sheer and ridiculous waste of time to prove. The only question is, What has brought them to pass?

We are talking plainly and bluntly about a matter that calls for plain truth-telling, and so, without mincing matters, we will go straight to the point. Pennsylvania disgraces herself whenever she gets a chance, because she has never cared for anything under the heavens but material prosperity. Pig iron and a protective tariff are the only gods that she has ever worshiped. For moral and civic ideals she has cared no more than a Bushman. We are speaking now of the commonwealth as a whole, not of individuals, classes or particular local communities. Pennsylvania has given to the nation noble individuals. There are thousands of high-minded people within her borders. She has always been harried by a little band of self-sacrificing reformers, a true forlorn hope, waging what they have perfectly well known to be a practically useless war against the corruption, the sodden materialism, of her politicians, and the dumb, beast-like stupidity of her voters. Pennsylvania sent superb regiments and great commanders to the Civil War, and for that the nation honors her. But when did Pennsylvania in the long moral struggle that preceded the final convulsion take her stand on the side of freedom and the right? Was it when the Republican party was first formed, as a party of moral ideas? Not a bit of it. Pennsylvania came into the column four years later, when she was paid and bribed to do it. To her everlasting shame she made the protective tariff the condition and price of her coming in. Such were her standards in that greatest crisis of the nation's history. Why should we expect them to be higher now?

Now look at Massachusetts. "There she stands," said Webster, in the supreme speech ever made in the halls of Congress. And there she stands to this day. As there are bright spots in Pennsylvania's long history of civic shame, so there are dark spots in the record of Massachusetts. Pennsylvania produced a Hancock and a Meade, and Massachusetts produced Benjamin Butler. Pennsylvania produced Protectionist Kelly and Massachusetts Free-Trader Atkinson. The Quakers of Philadelphia have contributed to the nation and to the world important examples of sane and beautiful living, and not less important suggestions toward the reform of criminal law and of international relations. Boston has produced cranks and freaks enough to fill the lunatic asylums of the State. Massachusetts politicians have done their full share of dirty work, and the Massachusetts Legislature has more than once been corrupted by corporation bribery. Nevertheless, it is Massachusetts that year by year leads all her sister commonwealths in progressive legislation, and in wisely directed reform movements. Massachusetts was the first State to have a State railroad commission, the first to have a bureau of labor statistics, the first to have a board of conciliation and arbitration. Her Board of Health, her Prison Commission, and her State Board of Charities have been the models that all other commonwealths have followed in these vitally important departments of administration. She was the first commonwealth to forbid corporations to cheat their employees by paying wages in store truck. A similar law passed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania under the influence of the Knights of Labor was, as might have been expected, set aside by the Supreme Court of that State as unconstitutional. Massachusetts in like manner was the first State to compel corporations to pay their employees weekly, instead of withholding wages for a month or more at a time after they had been earned. Massachusetts also was the first State to adopt the Australian ballot, and to this day she is the only State that has it in a perfectly honest, straightforward form, without political trick or humbug.

In all this splendid record there is just one perfectly clear, unmistakable meaning. Massachusetts, like Pennsylvania, has cared for material prosperity. Her people are a thrifty folk, and since the Civil War they have, for the most part, been protectionists and voted the Republican ticket. But they have cared also for ideals. Altho believing in protection they haven't groveled on their bellies to worship a pig iron calf. They have been proud of their mills and their commerce, but they have been infinitely prouder of their Lowell and their Emerson, their Hawthorne and their Holmes, their Webster and their Sumner, their "Billy" Russell and their Governor Crane.

Is any further explanation needed of the contrasting records of these two commonwealths? Has human history ever shown two clearer object lessons in the broader aspects of morality? Is it not as true of commonwealths as of individuals that man cannot live by bread alone, or even on a too exclusive diet of pig iron?

The Sunday Schools in Genesis

THE Sunday schools which use the International Lessons will be engaged, for this quarter, with the study of Genesis. It begins with the story of the creation of the world, then comes the story of the temptation and fall of Adam; then the Deluge, followed by the account of the three patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and the destruction of Sodom.

How shall these lessons be taught? Shall they be taught as history, or as legend, or as poetry, or as parable? This is a question which many a teacher is asking, and which is asked of us.

This answer is safe; teach what you believe to be the truth. It is not safe for you or your pupils that you teach as truth what you believe to be untrue. The truth is the safest thing in the world, not safe for all present beliefs, but safe for the best results. If the belief is not true, it is dangerous. Truth is to be worshiped as it were God; for God is Truth.

Of course your belief may not be the real truth; but it is what you believe to be truth, and you must teach it. Your neighbor, perhaps your fellow teacher or your pastor, may have a different belief as to what is true; then let him teach differently, and the truth will win in the end. Be very tolerant, especially on such a subject as this, of those who think that true which you think untrue.

You cannot teach little children just as you would teach old people. They have to be taught more by story, and less by proposition. If you do not believe the story of the destruction of Sodom, or of the Deluge, to be sober history, you can tell the story in such a way as to be interesting and useful, but without dwelling any more on its scientific or historical contradictions than you would in telling one of Esop's fables, and yet without telling them that it is true.

We assume that most intelligent teachers will not believe the stories in the present quarter's lessons to be all veritable history. In that case it would be an offense against truth and religion, and against the pupil, to teach them as such. For example, to take what is acknowledged by all students of ancient history, there was no deluge at the date given in Genesis. The date is very closely fixed. According to the genealogies it must be somewhere about 2500 B. C., not less than 2300, no more than 3200 B. C., and the older date is made only by stretching the biblical figures. Now all students of ancient Oriental history agree that there was no Deluge within that period. They have historical records for Egypt and Babylonia which go far back of that time. Of course, there was a flood, or there were floods at the close of the Glacial Period, we don't know how many, or how many thousand years ago, but doubtless more than six thousand, or ten thousand years ago. The conclusions of these historians we have to accept, and so we have to regard the biblical story of the Deluge as something else than historical. If the Deluge may, and must be so regarded, then the same may be true of the story of the Creation in six days, or of the destruction of Sodom. Something else than history, we find, enters into the composition of Genesis, and we have the right to test it all. Thus when we read the story of the Temptation, we find that there was a tree in the Garden which had a symbolic name, the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and another tree called the tree

of life. When such symbolic names are made elements in the story, we have the right to suppose the whole may be symbolic, or, at least, not historical. This will be supported by the statement, which seems, from the literary side, to require a literal interpretation, that the world was made in six days, which we know was not the case. Having thus concluded that we cannot take the Genesis account of Creation and the Deluge as historical, we cease to be troubled with such matters as the extraordinary longevity assigned to the early patriarchs.

Now we suppose that the intelligent teacher, who has intelligent scholars, will not try to make his scholars believe what he does not believe himself. He will simply say that these stories represent the beliefs of the people in whose sacred literature they are found. He will remember that they represent the best understanding which the age could secure or comprehend. They belong to the childhood of the race, to its period when it had to tell truth in stories, when it demanded fables and fairy tales, when legends and myths were created, and when the wisest human mind could not get beyond them.

But he will also marvel at this wonderful biblical drama of Creation and Sin and Flood. He will call attention to the extraordinary purity, the mighty grandeur, the matchless monotheism of these stories. They present us a God who is alone, who is Creator of all things, who is holy, such a God as a twentieth century need not be ashamed to worship. The stories have in them high morals and noble theology, brought to us by the people in whom was an inspiration for religion, for understanding of God and fellowship with him, such as no other nation has exhibited. Genesis is a book worthy to be the lesson book of the world, even if it be not all scientifically or historically true. It has enough other truth to make it the most valuable of all books for the teaching how the knowledge of the one true God came to the world.

Something of this sort the competent teacher will not be afraid to tell to his competent pupils. But if he teaches them that their faith in Christianity depends on their acceptance of the Genesis stories as historic truth, he is bidding them become infidels—that is, he is unfit to teach in a Sunday school in these days of diffused education.

The Civil Service

Judge Taft's letter to Mr. Foulke concerning the enforcement of the Commission's Civil Service law in the Philippines can be read with much satisfaction by all who have expected or hoped that the merit system would be applied intelligently and honestly in those islands. The Commission, Judge Taft says, has not been obliged to make a single appointment at the request of the President or the Secretary of War, but has had the active assistance of both in "carrying out to the letter" a law that is said to be a model of its kind.

The Civil Service statutes of the United States also ought to be enforced strictly. Such good reports from Manila, encouraging as they are, remind us of the reports forwarded to Washington by the Investigating Committee of the National Civil Service Reform League, of which Mr. Foulke is chairman. For example, there is the case of Philadelphia's Postmaster, Thomas L. Hicks. Evidence as to this officer's violation of the law was obtained two years ago and submitted to the authorities, without any perceptible effect. It was procured again and laid before the President in April last. The investigators ascertained that Mr. Hicks—who was saying in public addresses that the Civil Service laws ought to be repealed—had brought into the classified service persons appointed as laborers, without examination; had discharged a clerk for refusing to work for one of his friends in a contest for a nomination in one of Philadelphia's Senatorial districts; had cut down the pay of thirteen Democrats who were superintendents of branch stations and whose records were excellent; had required his subordinates to procure bonds from a certain company, excluding all others; had made newly appointed men creatures of his will by requiring them to place in his hands signed agreements which were virtually their resignations; and had, with the aid of First Assistant Postmaster-General Perry S. Heath, secured admission to the classified service of his office for several

persons, without examination, by first having them placed in country offices which were soon to be classified, and then transfering them to his own. All of these acts were violations of the law and rules.

The shortcomings of Sapp, Collector of Internal Revenue at Louisville, were the subject of reports submitted by the Commission in 1899 and 1900, and by the League in April last. There was plenty of testimony that Sapp had levied political assessments through an agent named Potoning; that employees who failed to pay were deprived of work; that the Collector's influence was used in controlling primaries and in procuring the unwilling support of his employees for a faction; and that partly on account of his course the Republican majority in his Congressional district has fallen from 12,500 to 3,700.

Another offender is Moses Dillon, the Collector at El Paso. Upon the basis of affidavits given by several officers of the customs service to an examiner sent to El Paso by the Civil Service Commission it is charged that Dillon procured the admission of four applicants for office by fraud; also that he collected assessments and used the money for obtaining control of local political conventions. The published report of the League shows that the facts were laid before Secretary Gage in April last, and at his suggestion submitted to the President. We hope that after due inquiry shall have been made concerning the charges against Hicks, Sapp and Dillon, such action as the established facts demand will be taken.

The recent experience of William J. Gibson has been the subject of discussion in the press. Mr. Gibson was appointed six years ago to be counsel for the Treasury Department before the Board of General Appraisers. So far as we can learn, his work has been well done. Such is the testimony of Secretary Gage. No suggestion that he ought to be removed was received from the Appraisers. No one asserted that he was active in politics. In short, he appears to have been a competent and faithful officer. He was removed on the 19th ult. by the new Attorney-General, Mr. Knox, and A. H. Washburn, of Boston, was appointed at once in his place. No reasons for the removal were given in the official record. It appears to be admitted, however, that Senator Lodge wanted the place for Mr. Washburn, who had been his private secretary, who had served for a time as an assistant of the District Attorney in Boston, and who desired to practice law in New York, where the salary received and earned by Mr. Gibson would be very acceptable while he was gaining a foothold in his profession. Senator Lodge procured the signatures of Senator Hoar, Senator Aldrich, Senator Platt, of Connecticut, and Senator Platt, of New York, to a request for the appointment of Washburn, which involved, of course, the removal of Gibson. The change was made. If Gibson was removed for political reasons, the law was violated; for while the place is one of those excepted from the requirement of competitive examination for appointment, it is still subject—as Secretary Gage explained after the memorable order of May 29th, 1899—to the provision that forbids removals "because of political or religious opinions or affiliations." But no reason was given. The real reason appears not to have been political, but simply that a Senator wanted the place for a friend.

The movement against Gibson was begun some months ago, and we can see a kind-hearted President yielding with much hesitation to the importunities of powerful Senators in a case of this kind, after a prolonged siege. But at the same time we recall the fact that Mr. Lodge and Mr. Aldrich used their powerful influence to kill the President's treaties of reciprocity, and that Mr. Lodge exerted himself to mar his Canal treaty. It is difficult to understand how they came to deserve at his hands a favor that violates the spirit, if not the letter, of the Civil Service law. As for the attitude of Senator Hoar, that is quite inexplicable.

Under the rule and statutes of the Taft Commission Gibson could not have been displaced by Washburn in the Philippine Islands. The change ought not to have been made in the United States. But we should always remember, while considering violations of the law in the national civil service, how widely the rules and principles of the merit system have been enforced, and how few these violations are.

Educational Playgrounds

For the boy or girl who lives in the country the problem of amusement practically solves itself. Not so, however, in the overcrowded districts of the city. There the homes and the streets are equally unfit for play in winter; and in summer the scorching malodorous pavements are all that is afforded. As yet there is scarcely any provision for indoor winter playrooms. But the movement for outdoor playgrounds is now of sufficient importance to call for an appreciative notice.

The present movement for educational playgrounds originated in Philadelphia in 1893. A social settlement worker, noticing the intense and unsuppressable passion on the part of children for play, conceived the idea that wholesome outdoor recreation would contribute much toward the right education of the young. The idea grew, and as a result a confederation of societies known as the "Culture League" was effected. The object of this league was, among other things, to advocate playgrounds not as a charity, but as an educational right, the idea being to give the children a chance to play under helpful and pleasant direction. Through public meetings, circulars and the press a strong sentiment was created, and the School Board of Philadelphia took up the idea as a part of the regular educational system. School yards, vacant lots and some parks were equipped with sand-piles, see-saws, swings, parallel-bars, horizontal-bars, and all those other invigorating and attractive aids to games and exercise.

The success of the Philadelphia experiment instantly attracted attention. In 1897 Mr. Tsanoff, who has been the chief promoter of public playgrounds in this country, was sent to New York to present the advantages of the movement to the churches and the social reformers. After six months of agitation over twenty leading organizations were confederated into what is now known as the "Outdoor Recreation League," while the New York School Board was also prevailed upon to take up the work. About the same time the matter was submitted to the Women's Clubs of Newark and New Haven, where it was received with equal cordiality. These achievements gave an impetus in favor of the movement throughout the country. Two years ago through the instrumentality of Mayor Jones, of Toledo, the first public playground was opened in the West with the best equipment in the country. The playground association there was given the name of "The League for a Complete Educational System." The Federation of the Women's Clubs, the Park Board, the Mayor of the city, and many public spirited people made this work enter into the daily life of the people of Toledo.

Toledo has since acted as a leaven throughout the Middle West, and now, Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, Louisville, Columbia, Erie and many other cities have either followed her example or have extended and enlarged old enterprises. In Chicago, for instance, a Park Commission has just been appointed to expend over $2,500,000 for small parks and playgrounds.

The movement is now firmly established, and one need take no risks in prophesying its rapid growth in the future. It is one of the most hopeful movements we know of, and we give it our hearty recommendation.

The French Associations Law

The Law of Associations bill has been passed by a considerable majority of the French Chamber of Deputies, and is now a law. It is a severe measure, but by no means as drastic and oppressive as has been represented by its clerical opponents. We cannot see in it, what Count Albert de Mun declared it to be, the beginning of a war against Catholicism.

It does not contain a provision often threatened to exclude from the civil service and the army those who were educated in other than State schools, meaning in clerical schools. Such a law may be passed, but it would be an outrage against civil and religious freedom.

The substance of the law is that a civil tribunal may declare any association —by which is meant a company of people united for other than pecuniary profit— illegal, whose object is "contrary to the laws, to the Constitution, to public order, to morality, or entailing renunciation of natural individual rights" (*droits qui ne*

sont pas dans lè commun). Every association—which includes all religious, benevolent, scientific or social organizations—must publish its constitution and officers, and they will represent it in a court of law. Members can withdraw at the end of a year, on payment of dues. Associations may receive property by gift or bequest, but not real estate beyond the needs implied in their purpose. Associations must be national, not under foreign control. All associations must receive their license from the State, and all illegal associations may be dissolved by the courts, and their property returned to the donors or divided.

Everybody knows that this law is aimed especially against certain Roman Catholic congregations, like the Assumptionists, whose political activity has been directed against the Republic; it is not aimed against the Free Masons. The congregations hold hundreds of millions of property, and it is really believed by multitudes of the wisest Frenchmen, men who are not alarmists nor bigots, that their purpose and their wealth constitute a very serious danger to the State. This danger seems to us somewhat exaggerated; but yet it is not wholly imaginary. The congregations have been implicated in the plots for the overthrow of the Republic. They have not been loyal either to the nation or to the Pope.

The law does not specify the congregations; it applies equally to a Protestant church. It ought not to be difficult for an association to put itself under the law, if fairly administered. We believe that even the Catholic congregations will be able to do so, and that they will be able, under the law, to carry on all legitimate activities, such as the care of schools, hospitals and asylums, and that the fear of their political activity will be lightened. Whether the law shall prove oppressive depends on the way it is administered. Any law may be administered oppressively.

Joseph Cook

Joseph Cook's death ends the career of a remarkable man. As a college boy it was his ambition to be a *doctor doctorum,* and he fulfilled his ideal as well as is given to most men. His aim was to harmonize science and theology, by showing that the latest dicta of science and criticism can be interpreted consistently with Christian faith. He did this often skillfully, always magisterially when not pompously. His philosophy sometimes unwittingly approached Pantheism. He was a very useful fighter in his day, but by and by the people learned that he fell short of omniscience. He was a man of grand presence, with an eye that rolled and showed the white like Professor Park's, whom he most admired of all his teachers. Like his master he began as a liberal and ended as an obstructionist conservative; and this, with his utter lack of humor, essential to full common sense, explains the loss of his prestige some years before his death.

British and American Spelling

While the new Oxford Dictionary still retains the *u* in *honour,* it is noticeable that it has accepted the American spelling of *organize* for the English *organise.* The spelling reform has to win its battles first in this country, for Britain is as conservative in orthography as we are in theology. Of the new spellings suggested by the American Philological Association in 1883, a few, like *catalog, esthetic, epaulet* and *program* have become quite familiar, tho not all general, while *tho, hypocrit, fonetic, thoro, thru, thruout,* and a series of words like *pedagog* are seen more or less in their amended forms, especially in educational and scientific publications. But the progress in these eighteen years has been slow, and, by the rule of three, it might take a few thousand years, at this rate, to make English as well spelt a language as, for example, the Spanish or German. By and by the cry of the children will be heard, the cry of protest against the outrage which robs them of two years wasted in learning to read and spell. A Sioux Indian, with a Dakota primer, or a German boy, learns to read his native tongue in a few months, while it takes one of our bright children years to accomplish the feat. And we ridicule the Chinese!

General Sickles and Commissioner Evans

General Sickles feels the hot weather. We are willing to make this excuse for his angry

declaration that if he were twenty years younger he would not hesitate to lead a mob to wreck the offices of the newspapers which are criticising the Grand Army scrambles for pensions. The heat has affected his head. He has no right to seek the position of commander-in-chief of the Grand Army by praising Commissioner Evans to his face and attacking him behind his back. Doubtless General Sickles had the right to interpret Senator Scott's letter to him as a virtual pledge that the Commissioner of Pensions should be removed; but such ante-election pledges are always subject to revision after the event, and it has not been easy to remove and replace Mr. Evans. A Congressman once remarked that the difference between a Commissioner popular and one unpopular with the Grand Army was only about five million dollars a year; and why such a trifle should concern the Commissioner his opponents do not understand. The present indecorous assault by General Sickles will, we hope, make it impossible to remove Mr. Evans, who has made a diligent and faithful Commissioner of Pensions, and has done his work sympathetically to the honest and needy veterans, and honestly for the Government. We respect him for the enemies he has made.

Experiments in Agriculture

Nearly every one has either heard of the Burbank potato, or eaten it; yet few people know that this potato is the result of several years' scientific cross breeding done by a resident of Santa Rosa, Cal. Here this enthusiast has a large farm of several hundred acres, devoted entirely to the crossing of the varieties of fruits and vegetables. The potato was one of his earliest products. Of late he has sent out a large number of plums, in which the blood of the Japanese and our natives are crossed; or the Europeans are crossed with the Japanese. Among the very latest of his new creations is a peach in which the object has been to combine size, quality, hardiness and beauty. This one fruit has taken ten years' careful labor to produce it. The flesh is straw color, the texture is firm, and yet very juicy, and it contains the rich acid of the white nectarine. It is fortunate for us that many of our choice fruits belong in one family, and so can be interbred. Mr. Burbank has secured a cross of the apricot and Japanese plum, which he calls the plumcot, and whose flavor is a revelation. He tells us that his work consists more in elimination than in creation—that is, he burns a thousand results to every one he preserves. The business of cross-breeding is in its infancy. It means the elimination of our coarser, least profitable varieties, and the dissemination of improved stock in every department. It means the elevation of horticulture to a fine art, as well as a science; and gives to orchard and garden-growing a fascination which more than compensates for all the hard work required of those who engage in tree or land tillage. Among other recent experiments nothing more notable has occurred than the work of Professor Hopkins, of Illinois, chemist at the experiment station. A few years ago he began his attempt at the control of the nature of the corn kernel so that it might contain a very high percentage of fat, or very little fat, with a high percentage of protein or low protein content. He reports that he has had success beyond his expectation. Plans were made to carry on four separate experiments. It was manifest that if the percentages of protein and fat were increased, the percentage of carbo-hydrates would be decreased, and *vice versa*. A set of twenty-four ears of each kind of corn was selected and planted, being carefully tended to prevent cross fertilization. When the corn was harvested ten ears were selected from each plant, and two rows of kernels were taken from each ear, and mixed, to form a composite sample to represent the good corn grown in each plot. In 1897 a high protein product was produced of 11.10 per cent., while 10.55 per cent. was the average of the low protein plot. In 1899 the high protein plot reached an average protein content of 11.46 per cent.; and the low protein contained 9.86 per cent. The nature of any improvement will, of course, depend on the use which is to be made of the crop produced. If corn is wanted for starch, sugar or alcohol it is desirable that the grain contain a high percentage of carbo-hydrates. If the corn is to be used for feeding animals or for human food, a higher percentage of protein is

required. The direction of changes made may be seen in the fact that in both Germany and Canada American corn is being laid aside for other products, because it is too rich in oil for fattening animals. It is necessary, in order to produce the highest grades of pork, to have corn of less oil than is found in the ordinary grain. The saving to farmers, should Professor Hopkins succeed in producing corn of the desired quality, would be enormous. That he will succeed is now an assured fact.

While it is clear that the enterprising Jews who are promoting a Palestinian Zion have no desire to go to Palestine to live, and while the bulk of the Jews are likely to prefer the liberty of this and other free countries, there are quite enough other Jews, brought directly to Palestine from Russia or Rumania, to establish large colonies. Half a dozen such colonies, holding sixty square miles, are already successfully engaged in wine and silk culture, and they are likely to increase notwithstanding the suspicion of the Turkish Government. It is far from impossible that while France and Russia and Germany are struggling for the political control of Palestine, the Jews may themselves crowd in and take it for themselves.

Certain students of the Georgia State School of Technology, in their free time of vacation, have chosen to take work given up by certain striking machinists; and ex-Secretary Hoke Smith, in a speech to the strikers, said:

> "I do not consider that any State institution should tolerate within its walls as students, supported by the money of the State, young men to take the places of other men who have quit work because they believe they have a grievance and want to arbitrate it, but are not allowed to do so."

Now arbitration is all right, but so is liberty to work; and a young man going to school does not forfeit his right to work. The State has no more right to interfere with his vacation liberty than with that of any other citizen.

It would be very curious if the South should become the battle-ground of female suffrage, and yet this is what is proposed by a member of the Alabama Constitutional Convention, and is indorsed by Senator J. T. Morgan. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments are what stand in the way of negro disfranchisement. But the Fourteenth Amendment definitely applies only to the suffrage of males. It is now proposed, as a novel scheme, surely constitutional, which is hardly true of the "Grandfather" plan, to give the suffrage defintely to white women and not to black. That would at least be honest, but what a revolution in Southern thought it would imply.

Mr. Morgan's million dollar gift to the Harvard University medical department is of a specially valuable kind, and matches Mr. Rockefeller's gift to medical research. The careful discretion with which such men select the objects of their beneficence deserves much praise. Nevertheless, there is a multitude of other most important objects which the rich men have not yet discovered. Universities and hospitals make their own appeal.

Very notable and very admirable is the positive criticism which *The Churchman* gives to the neglect of the Episcopal Mission Board to take any part with other Christians in harmonizing their relation to the missionary work in China. It regrets that no Episcopalians took part in the organization of the Evangelical Union there, and "hopes for better things in the not too distant future."

It seems incredible, and yet not one death from yellow fever was reported in Cuba this year. There has been a successful fight against the fever-breeding mosquito, such as needs to be imitated in New Jersey. If the yellow fever can be thus suppressed through the more dangerous months from July to October, it will be to the great financial as well as sanitary advantage of Cuba.

A million dollars, given by an unknown man in Chicago, to establish People's Churches, after the style of Dr. H W. Thomas's, is announced. The scheme is crude, but it is likely to work out more good than hurt.

INSURANCE

Variety in Life Insurance

FIFTY years ago life insurance was beset with conditions. Travel and residence were restricted to specified limits; permission was required "to enter on a voyage on the high seas;" there were restrictions upon occupation; payment of renewal premiums strictly upon the date was required, and the penalty prescribed for failure to so pay or for violation of any other of the many conditions was absolute forfeiture. A better understanding of the subject and a keen competition have changed all this, and the change has gone somewhat too far in some respects—for instance, in the conversion of non-forfeiture into incontestability; by this we mean, not that a positive and non-quibbling contract is not desirable, but that the waiver of all right to raise question has been made in some cases too positive.

Simplification of the terms and abolition of all non-essential conditions characterize the modern policy; moreover, its flexibility and variety are remarkable indeed. There are policy forms of which the public never hear, recorded only in rate books for agents' use; these forms are not written, having been devised to meet a possible inquiry or to make the "assortment" more complete. If it is objected that this range of choice is confusing and makes choice difficult, the answer is that this difficulty has been met by carrying option one very important step further—namely, attaching to the present choice a supplementary future one. Life insurance is based upon the knowledge that death during 50 to 75 years to come is certain and that nothing else can be definitely foreseen; no man can positively know, now, how he will be placed, as to prospects and demands, even ten years hence, and so one may, if he chooses, have a fresh option reserved, so as to change his policy as his circumstances develop. Option and convertibility may indeed be called the twin features in modern life insurance. What insurance urges upon men is simply to come in now and to stay in; so much secured, the form of contract is made largely alterable at will. All that is possible in devising plans seems to have been done; the only lack is of a safe reliance for the procrastinator—for him there is none and will ever be none.

The Mutual Reserve Fund

PORTIONS of a letter from Superintendent Hendricks, of this State, to Superintendent Oscar, of Missouri, regarding this association, have found their way into print. Since February (says Mr. Hendricks) the "reserve" assessments have been issued; these are payable in cash by the member, or may be covered by charging them up as a lien upon the certificate. Every certificate issued by the association as an assessment concern operating under Article VI of the insurance laws must contain a provision reserving power to make extra assessment calls as circumstances may require. Its constitution and by-laws enter into its certificates as a legal part. The by-laws provide for amendments from time to time, and in January last they "were so amended as to charge against each persistent policy or certificate holder a premium lien." Mr. Hendricks is unable to inform individual inquirers whether their liens will be reduced hereafter by dividends, or be further increased. As to the legality or the necessity of the reserve assessments at present he expresses no opinion, nor does he understand that any judicial decision as yet has disposed of the points at issue. He does say, however, that the association has a right to increase its assessment calls and to make extra calls; also that it may legally pro rate in settlement of claims on all certificates issued prior to October 1st, 1892, in case its receipts are insufficient.

Inquiries from members of the Mutual Reserve are now made direct to this office with a rather increasing frequency. It

seems best to reply to these directly, but the above consideration of what Mr. Hendricks writes may perhaps be of service to some. As to any prediction or assurance about the future of the association we are no better prepared than he. The situation is unfortunate; the end must work itself out.

Insurance Items

You can save up your money yourself, and do not need employ any life insurance company to help you? To accumulate $1,000 by depositing, in savings bank, the premiums on a 20-year endowment policy would take seventeen years at 3½ per cent. interest. The chances that the rate may not remain 3½ per cent., that you may lose some interest by failure in regularity, and that you will not have the persistence to keep on with the savings process after beginning it—these must not be left out. The insurance element is a more important factor still. The comparison indicates that seventeen years are required for the one and twenty for the other, so that insurance costs three years' premiums. You would expect it to cost something, would you not, since it is certainly worth something? The savings bank process starts with a full exposure on account of the chance of dying, and altho this exposure to failure diminishes with time it does so very gradually; the life insurance puts an end to this particular exposure from the first—that is what it is for. Very old statement and inference, certainly; but have you ever properly considered it?

....The *Fraternal Monitor* thinks that the course of old members in wanting "new members to pay too high for the privilege of entering an established organization" is the cause of the forming of so many new orders. Why (it asks) are old members so blind as not to see that demand on prospective applicants "to make good heavy existing deficiencies" simply drives them elsewhere? The young can go where they will and where no old members and heavy deficiencies exist to be carried; hence "for old members of old orders to persist in their unfraternal and unbusinesslike course is only to saw off the limb and fall with it." The specific complaint seems to be an amended rule that hereafter members in general shall be subject to any assessments found necessary, but that members aged 50 or more shall pay $2.50 per $1,000. This discrimination may be unbusinesslike, but it is apparently necessary, and we need not inquire whether it is unfraternal. Insurance must be paid for. Cheap insurance having been had, the condition of no-reserves and a dilemma is its price. To adequately assess the old members is unendurable—for them; to ask new members to shoulder the extra burden is also intolerable—for them. The situation is a development from original error, and just as inevitable as it is unpleasant.

....The formation of any new fire insurance company, on a genuine financial basis, or the putting up of more capital in cash for any existing one, would be a notable sign of confidence in the present underwriting conditions; the latter has been done in great emergencies, such as came in 1871-72, but it is rare in what might almost be called ordinary unfavorable circumstances. The recent action of the Springfield Fire and Marine, of the good old town on the Connecticut River, is therefore the more exceptional. That company has voted to declare a stock dividend of a half million, which will add a third to the present capital of a million and a half. The actual strength of the company is not changed, but in the technical fiction of the balance-sheet the surplus is lessened by just the portion which now becomes "liability." The significant fact is that this money belongs to the stockholders, so that the dividend is not a stock dividend in the obnoxious sense, and they could rightfully withdraw it in cash. Nobody could impugn their judgment if they did this; but they prove their faith in the company by leaving it in the form of stock. Nor is this the first time. The original cash capital was $500,000, put up in 1849. To this there have been additions in this manner of $100,000 January 1st, 1875 and 1876, and $250,000 August 1st, 1880, February 1st, 1887, August 1st, 1889. This company (speaking corporation-wise) thoroughly trusts itself, and has a half century's knowledge of itself.

FINANCIAL

The Seventh National Bank

THE failure, last week, of the Seventh National Bank and of the brokerage firm of Henry Marquand & Co., which had been closely associated with that bank, was in no way an indication of any general financial weakness. The bank was not a strong one; some of those who had recently become prominent in the control of it had sought to use political influence in part as a basis for its business; it was conducted in a sort of partnership with the brokerage house, which had undertaken to finance new projects, and was staggering under a load of unmarketable securities issued for those projects; and in an attempt to sustain the brokerage house it went down, the collapse of the brokers' firm soon following. A bad beginning was made by the bank when for its benefit the deposits of the local post office were taken from an old and eminent bank and given to it, presumably through the influence of Mr. Perry S. Heath, then a prominent officer of the Post Office Department, who, with his friends, had recently bought a large interest in the institution. In this there was nothing to indicate a course of bad and reckless banking thereafter, but it did not tend to make friends for the bank in those circles where the most substantial and valuable friendship is to be found. As for Marquand & Co.'s Pittsburg, Shawmut and Northern Railroad, under the weight of which that house went down, it may be said that the financing of a new coal road, apparently independent of the great interests which dominate both the coal and the railroad situation, and possibly not regarded with the favor of warm sympathy by those interests, was a task full of difficulties for a firm of young men who were not in alliance with the active capitalists of Wall Street

There appears to have been some violation of the national banking laws, both in the loan of $1,600,000 by the bank to Marquand & Co. upon unmarketable collateral, and in the overcertification of checks for the firm. The bank's capital was $500,000, and the law forbids the loaning of a sum exceeding ten per cent. of the capital to one person, firm or corporation. Whether the law was violated or not, however, the bank pursued an extraordinary and reckless course in its attempts to bolster up this firm, and its responsible officers deserve the severest criticism for so imperiling the interests of depositors and shareholders. They cannot plead the excuse of ignorance, for the President had been a Bank Examiner.

It may be observed that the failure last week of the Leipziger Bank in Germany was due to a similar cause. That institution, with a capital of $12,000,000, was deeply interested in the fortunes of an industrial company, a malting combination in Cassel, to which it had advanced no less than $22,000,000, and $4,000,000 of this after the company's insolvency was manifest.

Steel and the Railways

THE movement for the consolidation of the iron and steel industry has not ceased to be interesting. While the great Corporation has been increasing the number of its steel factories by purchase, and has begun to reach out for large coal properties, there is further proof of a desire on the part of certain railroad companies for the means of defense against possible exactions of the Corporation or a possible attempt of the steel manufacturers to divert freight from the routes it has hitherto followed. The Corporation bought last week the Shelby Tube Company, a combination of ten companies capitalized at $15,000,000, which has been the most powerful competitor of the Corporation's National Tube Company. This Shelby Company has the exclusive right to manufacture seamless tubes directly from steel billets, and has been supplying all the tubing used by the combination known as the American Bicycle Company. The Corporation has an option for $9,000,000, it is said, upon the large ore interests of Corrigan, McKinney & Co. in the Lake Superior mining region. By acquiring these properties the Corporation would firmly establish its control of the northern ore sup-

ply. It has also been negotiating for the purchase of the Pittsburg Coal Company, which is capitalized at $60,000,000, and is the largest producer of bituminous coal in the world, supplying the railroad market in the Pittsburg district and having important contracts with the Corporation's constituent companies.

On the other hand, it is now admitted that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has recently become the owner not only of the Pennsylvania Steel Company (with its two great plants, at Steelton, Pa., and Sparrow's Point, Md.), but also of the Cambria Steel Company, whose works are at Johnstown, Pa. The chairman of the Corporation's board takes pains to publish the fact that he has been assured by President Cassatt that the railroad company is disposed to operate these companies "in entire harmony" with the Corporation. It is perfectly plain, however, that the railroad company now owns steel works that can easily supply all its wants in the matter not only of rails, but also of steel cars and structural shapes for bridges, and that its possession of these works can be used as a check upon the Corporation's prices and to discourage any diversion of steel freight from the railroad company's routes. At the same time it is also plain that the railroad company and the Corporation control the entire output of rails in the United States east of the Rockies.

Financial Items

THE New York County National Bank has declared its ninety-eighth semi-annual dividend, amounting to 25 per cent.

....Vermilye & Company announce that greatly to their regret Frederick K. Trowbridge retires from the firm on account of ill health and at his own request.

....The National Bank of North America has increased its semi-annual dividend from 3 per cent. to 4 per cent. This is the first dividend of the bank's semi-centennial.

....The Merchants' Trust Company, of which Edwin Langdon is President, shows total resources of nearly $12,200,000. The capital is half a million, and the surplus and undivided profits $1,142,121.07.

....The indications are that the $8,000,000 Seaboard Air Line Refunding Collateral Trust Five Per Cent. Ten-Year Gold Bonds offered by Vermilye & Co. and Hallgarten & Co. will be considably oversubscribed.

....The United States Mortgage & Trust Company, of which George W. Young is President, has declared a semi-annual dividend of 6 per cent., an increase of 1 per cent. The dividends, which for a number of years remained at 6 per cent., were increased to 6½ per cent. in 1898, to 9 per cent. in 1899, and to 10 per cent. in 1900. The capital is $2,000,000.

....The American Locomotive Company is now fully organized. The officers are: S. R. Callaway, President; A. J. Pitkin, Vice-President; R. J. Gross, Second Vice-President; Leigh Best, Secretary; C. B. Denny, Treasurer, and C. E. Patterson, Comptroller. The Executive Committee are Pliny Fisk, George R. Sheldon, S. R. Callaway, A. J. Pitkin and J. F. French. Besides the names of the Executive Committee the Board of Directors includes W. Seward Webb, Joseph Bryan, F. H. Stevens, Charles Miller, George W. Hoadley and S. L. Schoonmaker. The company starts out with an enormous amount of orders on its books, which it will take a year to fill. The securities of the company are about to be listed on the Stock Exchange. Conservative investors regard the preferred stock as a good investment.

....Dividends and coupons announced:

Southern Pacific Co., various coupons, payable July 1st.

Exploration Co. of N. Y. (semi-annual), $5.00 per share, payable July 15th.

Rubber Goods Mfg. Co. (common), 1 per cent., payable July 15th.

Bank for Savings, 4 per cent., payable July 15th.

Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, 3½ per cent., payable July 15th.

Irving Savings Institute, 4 per cent., payable July 22d.

American Savings Bank. 3½ per cent., payable July 15th.

Harlem Savings Bank, sums to $1,000, 4 per cent., payable July 15th.

Harlem Savings Bank, sums $1,000 to $3,000, 3 per cent., payable July 15th.

Franklin Savings Bank, 3½ per cent., payable July 15th.

Excelsior Savings Bank, 3½ per cent.

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Survey of the World

Independence Day

Owing chiefly to the oppressive heat of the days immediately preceding the 4th, the anniversary was celebrated in a comparatively quiet way. The most notable public addresses on this side of the Atlantic were those of Representative Grosvenor, of Ohio, at Winfield, Kan., and Senator McLaurin, at Spartanburg, S. C. Concerning the disfranchisement of negroes, Mr. Grosvenor said:

"If a State of the South sees fit to say that the colored man of the South shall not vote because he is a colored man, it has a perfect right to do so; but such State must submit to a deduction of representation in Congress and in the Electoral College."

He denounced such disfranchisement, however, asserting that it was unwise as well as unjust. As to trusts, he urged the people to distinguish between the beneficial and the injurious combinations; defended the practice of selling the products of our combinations at lower prices abroad than at home; and asserted that the people would not be harmed "so long as the wages of labor should keep step with the advance in prices." On the other hand, Senator McLaurin, a Democrat, who supports the policy of the Republican party on nearly all important questions, declared that "trusts should be stamped out wherever they may appear," but asserted that "the legitimate corporaation, however large its capital, is distinctly beneficial." The Senator, earnestly advocating a policy of expansion, emphasized the duty of the United States, "as sponsor for the Christian religion," thus to extend its power:

"Our nation, with its free government and its aggressive Christian civilization, is in a position to march forward and convert the world. With the isles of the Pacific in our possession, with the confidence of the millions of heathens in the East, and with our wealth and commerce and Anglo-Saxon love of liberty, we can raise the banner of the Cross and accomplish the heaven-designed work of having the Gospel preached to every creature."

Tammany's customary celebration at the Wigwam in New York was noticeably dull, in spite of encouraging messages from Boss Croker and Mr. Bryan. The most successful speaker was a local politician who denounced the reformers for raiding and closing gambling houses. The Constitution was defended by a Congressman from Virginia, who remarked that our forefathers in 1776 knew the spirit of it because "they knew the difference between a bird in the hand and a bobtail flush," the latter term being one used in the game of poker, which was unknown to those patriots. Ambassador Choate spoke at the banquet of the American Society in London, where Dr. Joseph Parker remarked that "Great Britain and the United States now hold the world's peace in the hollows of their hands."

Days of Intense Heat

Throughout the entire country east of the Rocky Mountains the American people have been suffering from intense heat that has caused a great number of deaths. At first confined to the West, the area of high temperature soon included the Eastern States, where for eight days following the 25th ult. the maximum ranged between 90 and 100 degrees, rising to a culmination on the 1st and 2d inst., when nearly 400 persons died of heat in the metropolitan district

of which Manhattan Island is the central part. Even on the 3d, when in the afternoon storms brought relief, there were in this thickly settled district more than 300 deaths caused by the oppressive temperature. While no complete list is accessible, the daily statements show that the deaths from heat in ten large cities before the temperature was lowered by storms exceeded 1,200, more than half of which took place in or near New York. To this appalling total should be added the deaths—not ascribed to this cause in the reports—of many young children in the homes of the poor. On Sunday, the 30th ult., few succumbed to the heat, altho the maximum was from 97 to 99 in the Eastern cities, 98 in Omaha and 100 in St. Louis. On the 1st, with the temperature in New York at 98 (on the top of a high building, but at 106 in the street), and rising to 102 in Philadelphia and Baltimore, the list of deaths began to grow. The following day (Tuesday) was the hottest known in New York for thirty years, altho the official thermometer pointed only to 99. On the shores of Long Island the figures were higher; in Philadelphia the record was 102 8-10 in the afternoon, and 96 even in the morning at 8 o'clock. In the New York district 280 deaths from heat were reported; in Philadelphia there were 52. Brief and fitful showers in the afternoon were of little service. On Wednesday, the 3d, altho the number of deaths from heat in the New York district was more than 300, there was great relief in the afternoon along the North Atlantic seaboard, where severe thunder storms lowered the temperature by 20 degrees. In the West the heat was still very oppressive, rising to 108 in Leavenworth and ranging from 102 to 104 in other Kansas cities. The weather on the 4th was comparatively enjoyable, the highest temperature in New York being 86. But Chicago sweltered at 95, with much humidity. The reign of intense heat was broken throughout the country on the following day by violent storms and heavy falls of rain.

Effect of the High Temperature

Farmers were driven from their harvest fields by the burning sun. By the light of the moon they gathered wheat in Kansas and cut grass in New Jersey. Among the prominent persons whose lives were cut short by the temperature during this memorable heated term were John Fiske, the historian and philosopher; Albert Johnson, street-railway owner and manager, who sought franchises for the operation of trolley lines with three-cent fares; Mrs. Potter, the wife of the Bishop of New York; the Rev. Dr. Newland Maynard, lecturer, traveler and student of architecture; Adrien Tenu, chef at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and Jacob S. Rogers, manufacturer of locomotives, who left his fortune of $8,000,000 to the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art. In the large cities the hospitals were crowded, because thousands suffered from alarming and extreme prostration. The ambulance service, never so greatly needed, was crippled by the loss of horses, whose bodies lay in the streets. In the city parks at night thousands sought sleep upon the ground. There were 4,000 persons in the little park at the Battery, in New York, throughout one of the hot nights. The sea beaches near that city were thronged with weary sufferers who passed the nights on the sands. Factories were closed, because the employees could not work. Many persons were killed by lightning during the violent electric storms. At Chicago on the lake front a bolt struck a pier under which five men and seven boys who had been bathing had sought shelter. All but one of this party were killed. Near McKeesport Edward McWilliams, his wife, their three children, and a friend were killed under a tree. One of the finest Catholic churches in Brooklyn was struck on Tuesday and destroyed by fire. Men suddenly crazed by the heat took their own lives. Several cases of this kind were reported. In Iowa a demented farmer killed his wife and then shot himself. A farmer in Missouri killed two neighbors with whom he had been on the most friendly terms. Near Wichita, Kan., fourteen laborers in the harvest field became insane while the temperature was at 106. Bathers at the shore, recklessly seeking relief, and boatmen who were caught on the water in the storms, added names to the long list of the dead. In the East there had been no similar succession of heated days since August in 1896.

Labor and the Steel Corporation

At the end of last week an impending contest between the United States Steel Corporation and its union employees was averted, for a time at least, by a resumption of the interrupted negotiations with the strikers in the steel sheet and hoop mills. On Monday it was expected that a settlement would soon be reached. The strike originated in the factories of the Steel Sheet Company, which refused to sign the union wages scale for its non-union mills. The union (Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers) called out 35,000 men who were at work in the mills of the Steel Sheet and Steel Hoop companies. The price of its products was then reduced 8 per cent. by the Steel Sheet Company, and this caused a reduction of wages in the factories outside of the combination. In defense of the attempt by strike to place all the mills of the two companies under union rules, President Shaffer of the Amalgamated Association asserts that heretofore in dull times the union mills have been the first to be closed. Altho more than half of the Corporation's works (including those of the Carnegie and Tube companies) are not under union rule, a strike of all its union employees would seriously affect its operations. When Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan returned from Europe, on Thursday, it was known that President Shaffer had given notice of his purpose to call out all of the Corporation's union workmen at an early date if a settlement of the pending controversy should not speedily be reached. It is due to Mr. Morgan's influence that the conferences are to be resumed this week. An attempt will soon be made, it is said, to federate all the unions of the iron and steel industry, including those of the miners of coal and ore, in order that the combination of labor may be as extensive as the combination of capital. The striking employees of the Smugglers' Union Mine, near Telluride, Col., captured the property on the 3d, after a battle in which two men were killed; and the company has since ended the strike by a compromise. A few thousand of the striking machinists are still idle. Dispatches from Rome report the growth and successful use of leagues of Catholic workmen organized, at the suggestion or with the approval of the Vatican, to oppose Socialist labor agitators, and to fill the places of strikers when a strike has been ordered without good cause. Workmen on strike were recently defeated in Genoa and other Italian cities by these leagues.

Cuba and Porto Rico

After spending a day with Señor T. Estrada Palma, who appears to be the leading candidate for the Cuban presidency, General Maximo Gomez left New York for Washington. The sole object of his visit to the United States, he said, was to see this old friend and to pay his respects to the President and Secretary Root. He added, in a signed statement for the press:

> "The acceptance of the Platt amendment by the Cuban Constitutional Convention has already defined the political situation in Cuba; and as the Cubans are all anxious to establish self-government, they are all working toward this end. This is not my first visit to New York, of which I have many pleasant and also many sad recollections; for I have once silently and unknown trod the thoroughfares of a free country with the one thought and hope of helping to break the chains of enslaved Cuba. To-day everything is changed. On again setting foot in this free land I feel happy, for in every American I see a friend who, having shed his blood side by side with us for Cuba's freedom, has earned our eternal gratitude and established the mutual obligation between the two peoples to maintain the peace and the independence of the island."

He could not be induced to speak more freely about the political condition of Cuba, but his remarks concerning the torrid American weather were made without diplomatic restraint. As to the presidency, however, he said that he was not a candidate: "I can command an army for Cuba, but I am not fitted to govern her people in time of peace." In Washington he had brief interviews with the President and Secretary Root, and was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the President. Among those who sat at the table with the veteran soldier were General Miles, Admiral Dewey and several members of the Cabinet. It was made known that the President's Cuban policy had his approval; and his acceptance of the Platt amendment has been resented by certain Cuban newspapers who were supporting him for the presidency. The Constitutional Convention is still discussing projects for an electoral law.

Universal suffrage is opposed by the Conservatives, who ask that if it must be adopted it shall be modified by provisions giving additional votes to men in certain classes on account of education, possessions, or military service. The controversy over the ocean cable service has been renewed by the protest of the Postal Telegraph Company and the Commercial Cable Company against compliance by the Government with a request of the Western Union Company that signal officers at Santiago be instructed not to forward messages received from this country over the line of the United States and Hayti Cable Company.—The Fourth of July was marked in Porto Rico not only by a general program of festivities, but also by the unanimous passage in the Assembly of a resolution declaring that provision for the expenses of the insular government had been made by a system of internal taxation, and requesting the President to issue on the 25th inst.—the anniversary of the coming of the American flag—a proclamation making trade free between the island and the States. All this is in accord with the terms of the Foraker act. There was a notable display of flags in San Juan on the Fourth. A parade of 2,500 school children, accompanied by native troops, sailors, marines, the Assembly and delegations from other cities, was followed by races, a game of baseball, a mass-meeting, the Governor's reception and fireworks. The highest temperature was only 85 degrees.

Gov. Taft takes His Office

The formal establishment of civil government for the archipelago took place in Manila on the 4th, when Chief-Justice Arellano administered the oath of office to Judge Taft, the first Civil Governor, in Palace Square. Thousands of people had gathered in front of the temporary platform, on which were seated the justices of the Supreme Court, the representatives of foreign Powers, and hundreds of military and naval officers. In his inaugural address the Governor said this was a step toward that civil government which Congress would ultimately establish. Of twenty-seven provinces already organized insurrection still existed in five, which would remain under military control; the Commission had not had time to organize sixteen provinces that were entirely free from insurrection. Hereafter the people themselves must assist in preserving order. Congress had not yet provided for the sale of public land and mining franchises. Legislation permitting such sale would give the islands the benefit of American enterprise. He believed that the recent decision of the Supreme Court would be beneficial, because it opened the way for a tariff suited to the needs of the archipelago. In his opinion the most satisfactory ground for expecting that the experiment in civil government would be successful was the universal desire for education. He was confident that the relations between the civil and the military branches of the Government would be those of cordial co-operation. The Commission, he announced, would be enlarged on September 1st, by the addition of three Filipino members, Dr. Tavera, Señor Legarda and Señor Luzuriaga. Four executive departments will be created, and his four associates in the Commission will preside over them. The Governor read a message from the President, who thanked the Commission for "the good work already accomplished," and also said:

> "I extend to you my full confidence and best wishes for still greater success in the larger responsibilities now devolved upon you, and the assurance, not only for myself, but for my countrymen, of good will for the people of the islands, and the hope that their participation in the government which it is our purpose to develop among them may lead to their highest advancement, happiness and prosperity."

In the evening, after a reception in his honor at the Governor's residence, General MacArthur sailed for Japan. Mr. Hull, chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs and president of a Philippine Lumber Company, is now in Manila, and seems unable to find anything to please him in present conditions. Salaries, even those of the Commissioners, are too high, he says; the new provincial governments are "hot-house plants, unable to withstand adversity;" taxes cannot be collected; and he predicts a disagreement of the two branches of the insular government. It is reported from Rome that, as a result of the visit of Cardinal Gibbons, the Spanish priests will be gradually superseded by priests from France and this country.

General Bellarmino has surrendered, with several hundred men, at Legaspi; and General Chaffee will sharply pursue Malvar and his forces in Southern Luzon. Six hundred insurgents in the Island of Mindoro are under the command of an Englishman named Howard. In Mindanao there is a little war between two Dattos, only one of whom (Tjim) acknowledges the authority of the island's Sultan. The Commission has created a Board of Health for all the islands, and has made provision for biological and chemical laboratories in connection with it.

English Parliament

The curious and anachronous trial of Earl Russell before the House of Lords has been postponed until August 6th, in order that the defendant may obtain evidence from America. On July 2d Earl Russell drove to Westminster, where he was formally taken into custody on the charge of bigamy by Gen. Sir Michael Biddulph, the Black Rod. It was formerly the custom for the accused to approach the bar of the House, crawling on hands and knees. In the present case this humiliating duty was modified and the Earl walked to his position with many obeisances, and there fell on his knees. When told to rise by Lord Halsbury, the Lord High Chancellor, he applied for a delay in the proceedings.—In the House of Commons Mr. Chamberlain surprised Parliament by announcing, July 4th, that a bill would soon be introduced changing the title of the King so as to indicate more clearly his sovereignty over the colonies. At present his title is, "Edward, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India." It is thought that the proposed addition will be either "Sovereign" or "Lord Protector of Greater Britain." The history of the royal title is not without interest. William the Conqueror first assumed the simple title "King of the English," and this remained unchanged in his family, with the addition or retraction of various claims such as "Lord of Ireland" and "Duke of Aquitaine." Edward III first called himself "King of France." The most important change came under Henry VIII, who used the English language in place of Latin, and accepted the cognomen "Defender of the Faith" bestowed on him by the Pope for his loyal support of Rome! Mary called herself "Queen of Jerusalem," and James I inserted "Scotland" after "England." The first two Georges added various titles taken from their German possessions. Only under George III, at the beginning of the century was the fictitious assumption "King of France" dropped, and after that the title stood unchanged until Victoria was styled "Empress of India." It is hoped that the addition now proposed will express more perfectly the extent and solidarity of the Empire. Always the throne, and not Parliament, has been the symbol of union, and it seems that this fiction is likely to grow stronger with time.—A pleasant sign of still wider sympathies among English-speaking peoples was given in the House of Lords by the Earl of Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty, when he announced that the hospital ship "Maine" had been presented to the British navy and accepted. It will be recalled that the "Maine" was loaned by the Atlantic Transport Company to a committee of American women to be fitted out as a hospital ship. Under the charge of American physicians and nurses she was sent to Cape Town to care for the wounded and sick in the South African War. In announcing the gift Earl Selborne read this statement from Mr. Baker, President of the Atlantic Transport Company:

> "In offering the 'Maine,' I should like, as a citizen of the United States, to express appreciation of the long protection afforded my interests under the British flag. I am also influenced by the noble work achieved by Americans in equipping and maintaining the 'Maine' while in service in South Africa and China. I trust she will long be an emblem of the cordial relations existing between the citizens of the United States and those of the mother country."

The Henley Races

The Pennsylvania boat crew has been winning all but the highest honors in the races at Henley on the Thames. After defeating two English eights they at last succumbed to the superior weight and experience of the Leanders in the final pull for the Grand Challenge Cup. On July 3d they met the London Club crew, which they easily led from start to finish, and at the end showed not the

slightest signs of fatigue. The next day the Pennsylvanians were matched against the Thames Rowing Club, which they found still easier than the London crew, coming in at the finish three full lengths ahead. There had been some criticism the day before because after the race the Americans had rowed away without stopping to greet their defeated rival. On this day they made ample amends, giving the losing crew a lusty college cheer as it crossed the line. Meanwhile the crew of the Leander Club, recognized as the strongest eight in England, had won its two races, and excitement was high over the coming final match between it and Pennsylvania. On the fifth both crews came to the start in excellent condition; if anything the Leander men seemed the more nervous over the contest. Coach Ward had placed a tiny American flag on the Pennsylvania boat, saying to Coxswain Smith: "Keep that as far ahead, my boy, as you can." For a while it looked as if the flag would indeed come out ahead. At the end of Temple Island the Pennsylvanians led by three men, but from there on they gradually lost. The Leanders crawled up inch by inch, pressed to the front, and in the end won by a full length. When it came to the last spurt two of the Pennsylvania men weakened perceptibly, but fortunately there were no such disgraceful scenes of weeping and fainting as are only too often indulged in by defeated American athletes. It was a plucky, hard race from beginning to end, and defeat was borne with laudable manliness. After paddling slowly to the raft, the Americans stripped and jumped into the water for a swim. It is the general opinion that the Englishmen won partly on account of greater age and experience, and partly because their stroke gives the body muscles full play, whereas the Americans depend too exclusively on the strength of arms and legs. "Bob" Cook is reported to have said:

"The Pennsylvania crew was beaten by the better style of rowing, and the present Leander crew was the best exponent of this style. Until the Americans learn to utilize these principles practically they cannot hope to be successful at Henley."

The observation of Umpire Pitman was more flattering, but to the same tenor:

"I may tell you now that we have been more afraid of the Pennsylvanians than of any American crew that ever visited Henley. Their performance to-day justified it. However, we cannot all win. I see no reason to alter our style of rowing."

The two crews were composed of the following men:

LEANDER.	PENNSYLVANIA.
C. H. Willis, bow.	R. R. Zane, bow.
H. J. Duvallon.	R. H. Eisenbray.
W. Dudley Ward.	F. L. Davenport.
G. M. Maitland.	S. Crowther, Jr.
C. D. Burnell.	A. H. Flickwer.
J. E. Payne.	G. S. Allyn.
C. J. D. Goldie.	W. G. Gardiner.
R. B. Etherington-Smith, stroke.	J. P. Gardiner, stroke.
C. S. Maclagan, coxswain.	L. J. Smith, coxswain.

Argentina Last week Buenos Ayres was put under martial law. As Argentina is considered to have the stablest government in South America, this condition of affairs is of considerable significance. A few months ago President Roca and ex-President Pellegrini devised a financial bill which should unify the public debt. As we understand it the various provinces now have the power to float and manage their own debts, but this bill was to put all the provincial debts under the control of the National Government at Buenos Ayres, which would mean that the financial policy of Argentina would be in the hands of foreigners. The fear of domination by these foreign capitalists is the alleged cause of the uprising. Last week, Tuesday, it was understood that the administration had definitely determined to push the bill through Congress. Thereupon a monster petition of protest was presented to Congress, the inevitable student riots followed and disorder increased until the offices of two administration papers were demolished and the crowd had visited the houses of the President and the other leaders, hooting and firing guns and pistols. The next day martial law was proclaimed for six months, and a vigorous press censorship was established. The latest reports indicate that Congress is losing courage, and may not dare to pass the objectionable measure. Thus the matter lies at present. No real revolution is expected, altho our Government is ready to send two war ships to Buenos Ayres on short notice.

German Crops
The Italian Budget

The United States Consul General at Berlin, Mr. Frank H. Mason, has made an elaborate report on the prospective failure of the German cereal crops, which is of considerable interest to our exporters of wheat. He estimates that the winter wheat crop of Prussia, which in 1900 was 2,245,515 metric tons, will this year not exceed 1,192,000 tons, leaving a deficit of over a million tons. At $41.65 a ton it would require $43,732,500 to replace this deficit with imported grain. The rye crop of Prussia is in no better condition. Turning to Germany at large we find the same condition of things all over the Empire, so that the general importations of grain must be very heavy this year. In recognition of this expected calamity a memorial has been presented to the Chancellor, Count von Bülow, and to the Prussian Ministers of Finance, Agriculture and Interior, urging the Government to set in motion certain prescribed measures of relief. These desired measures would grant an immediate and liberal appropriation of money, to be distributed through agricultural societies to small farmers for the purchase of seed grains and other necessary supplies; would provide for loans of money to be offered to farmers at a low rate of interest and for long terms; would make a liberal reduction of freight rates on forage, fertilizers and other farming materials; would postpone the payment of agricultural rents and ditching and diking obligations for the year 1901; and would offer other means of relief.—Count von Bülow has summoned a special meeting of the Prussian Bundesrath to consider these propositions. It is to be noted that this failure of the German crops has produced only the slightest effect on the grain markets of the world, and the loss will easily be made good from the superfluous supplies of other countries, chiefly the United States. The Agrarians look upon the meager home supply as a fresh cause for raising the import tax, whereas to the rest of the country the necessity of large importations serves as an argument for reducing the duties.—In the Italian Chamber of Deputies Signor Guicciardini, reporter of the Budget Committee, has announced a revenue surplus of 30,000,000 lire (about $5,700,000), which exceeds by a good deal what was expected. Much rejoicing in the Chamber naturally followed, and on adjourning a message of congratulation was sent to King Victor Emmanuel III.

School and Church in Spain

One of the chronic and constitutional sins of the Spanish Government has been the shabby way in which it has treated the teachers of the public schools by withholding from them for long periods their very meager pay. Again and again has the teaching body petitioned for justice, but with no results. Recently they again took advantage of the brilliant display of hospitality bestowed upon the representatives of the Spanish South American Congress to appeal for help. The petition, signed by the bulk of the common school teachers of the country, declares that the Government owes them 9,036,503 pesetas, and that the most of these teachers have not received a penny for years. Their salaries are disgracefully small, 21,546 averaging from 150 to 200 dollars a year; 1,450 from 200 to 400 dollars per year; and only 180 receiving this last mentioned sum. The teachers petition that their salaries be increased, and that payment be made promptly; and declare that they will close their schools unless this is done, so that a general teachers' strike in Spain is not an impossibility. A number of these teachers in separate petitions have asked permission to beg for alms on the streets! According to the latest statistics Spain has 3,543,595 children who should attend school, but the schools have room for only 1,104,779, and the compulsory attendance law is a dead letter. In fact, the reports go to show that there are six million analphabets in the country, or about one-third of the population. In remarkable contrast to this deplorable condition of popular education is the expansion and phenomenal growth of the monastic system in Spain. The Barcelona journal, *El Deluvio*, states that there are no fewer than 70,281 monks and nuns in that peninsula, and that the great centers of Madrid, Bilbao, Saragossa, Valladolid and Barcelona

are crowded with institutions belonging to these orders. In the capital of Catalonia there are no fewer than 170 cloisters, besides 96 schools controlled by the clergy and the nuns. These orders have in the course of time acquired a wonderful abundance of wealth and great influence throughout the land. The orders, moreover, managed to get a university of their own, that of Burgos, something that they could not achieve even in the later years of Queen Isabella. The political agitation of these people in favor of Carlism is largely responsible for the anti-clerical agitation that is making itself felt in Spain in recent months. Among other things they have inaugurated a regular crusade against the freedom of the press. On the other hand, they have developed great keenness in adopting modern business methods, and know how to conduct wholesale and retail business. Nearly all of the great financial undertakings, such as the tobacco monopoly, the transatlantic packet boats, the Bank of Spain, etc., are the property of the religious orders. They build within their cloister walls all kinds of factories and shops, and as they pay neither taxes nor labor, they can readily and successfully compete with the outsiders. In addition they manage to secure immense sums by inheritance. In fact, the political and the industrial activity of the orders has been such in recent months that the liberal members of the Parliament have started a strong opposition to them.

The South African Situation

For the present it looks as if there were to be no peace in Africa. On July 4th Mr. Brodrick, Secretary of State for War, announced that General Kitchener had granted Commandant-General Botha permission to send a cipher message to Krüger, and to receive a reply also in cipher. These communications had passed, but with no satisfactory results. General De Wet, General Botha and others, after hearing from Mr. Krüger, decided to accept nothing short of independence, and to fight on until that end was accomplished. Mr. Brodrick's announcement started a triangular debate among the leaders of the Government, the Liberals and the Irish more bitter and amusing than edifying. The last dispatches from the front say the Boers still have thirteen thousand men under arms, and declare that, unless the war is ended in the next two months, it is likely to drag on for another year. Meanwhile, looking toward the consummation of peace, the Lands Settlement Commission for South Africa has issued a blue-book. This Commission, consisting of Mr. Arnold-Forster, M.P., and Mr. W. R. Southey, chosen on account of his direct knowledge of the subject, declares "that a well-considered scheme of settlement in South Africa by men of British origin is of the most vital importance. . . . There even seems reason to fear lest the vast expenditure of blood and treasure which has marked the war should be absolutely wasted, unless some strenuous effort be made to establish in the country a thoroughly British population large enough to make a recurrence of division and disorder impossible." Their plan is to buy up land from various sources, authorizing the acquisition of private properties, and on this land and on what already belongs to the Government to make settlements of soldiers and colonists. With regard to irrigation they urge the formation of a strong Government irrigation corps, and suggest the modification of the existing Roman-Dutch law which impedes the work. Farms should be given to approved settlers, subject to the following conditions: (1) Repayment with interest at 3 per cent. within 21 years; (2) the fulfilment of definite covenants as to stocking and cultivating the farm; (3) acceptance of liability for military service personally or by representative. The report then discusses the best method of making these settlements, and suggests that soldiers who have had no previous agricultural experience should be encouraged in military horse-breeding. Up to November 28th some 7,126 soldiers had applied to stay in the country. The following clauses are quoted from the summary of the Commissioners' views:

"It has not been possible for the military authorities to formulate the precise terms and conditions which should be imposed upon settlers, but they are generally of opinion that in cases where a settler acquires land and is assisted to stock the land by the aid of Government funds a military obligation of some sort should be imposed upon him, and in this opinion we concur."

The Voluntary Church in a Democracy

By Charles W. Eliot, LL.D.

President of Harvard University

DEMOCRACY has been a working force in the world for little more than a single century; whereas the organized church, founded on divine authority, and assuming a power commensurate with its alleged derivation from the Deity, has been a working force for many centuries. We might reasonably suppose, therefore, that democracy had not yet had time to modify greatly the habits of thought of the human race in regard to religious institutions. The voluntary church, as distinguished from the church maintained directly or indirectly by the great public powers, is even newer than democracy, and indeed can hardly be supposed to have demonstrated as yet its real resources and its religious outcome. To point out the large effects already produced by the voluntary church in a democracy is the object of this paper; and, curiously enough, my main difficulty seems to be that some of the most striking effects of these new forces are already so generally accepted in our country that one can hardly dwell much on them without seeming to lapse into the commonplace.

We Democrats in mental habit cannot easily realize what an immense change has taken place throughout the civilized world in regard to both the theoretical and the practical relation of the Church to the State. The claim of the Christian Church, Catholic and Protestant alike, was that governments received their principal sanction from the Church, and that dynasties or persons ruled by the grace of God conveyed through the Church as an indispensable medium. The progress of democracy has already eaten out the core of this doctrine. An official phrase used by the Emperor Napoleon III on innumerable papers and decrees during his reign declared that he was Emperor of the French "by the grace of God *and* the national will." Nothing could better illustrate the decay of the "grace of God" doctrine than this attempt of the pseudo Emperor to reinforce it with the more modern doctrine. The most recent declarations of the Church of Rome concerning the conveyance of divine authority to human governments strikingly illustrate the completed destruction by democracy of the doctrine that all human authority is derived from God through the Church. The Roman Church declares that rulers govern by the will of the people, and that the choice of the governed determines the direction of the divine sanction. Thus Leo XIII says:

> "There is no prohibition to nations, the rules of justice being otherwise observed, to choose for themselves that sort of government which befits their temper or accords with the traditions or the customs of their race."

In the same sense Pope Leo points out, in his letter of 1892 to the French Catholics, that very different political governments have succeeded one another in France during the nineteenth century, and adds this remark:

> "One may also acknowledge in all truth that each form is good, provided it aims toward its legitimate end, the common good, for which alone social authority is constituted."

And again:

> "In this order of abstract ideas Catholics, as all other citizens, have full liberty to prefer one form of government to another."

God, therefore, according to the Catholic Church of to-day, does not appoint for a people any particular form of government; nor does he select the particular men who are to rule. The people select both the form of government and the rulers under it; and the divine sanction follows the choice of the people. Thus, in the United States, or in any one of the American States, the direction of the divine sanction may be determined by a majority of one in a great popular vote, or in a vote of legislature or Congress. This conception of the contribution to the authority of human governments from the divine sources of strength and grace is so utterly different from that which had uniformly prevailed down to the outbreak of the French Revolution that we must count it one of the most striking effects of democratic principles. Democracy has already destroyed what was a universal belief—that certain men

or certain families were directly empowered by God to bear rule. It should be observed that Protestantism held the doctrine of the divine right of particular families or men to rule quite as absolutely as the Catholic Church ever did; altho, of course, it is out of the Protestant Church that both the destructive and the constructive doctrines of liberty have come.

The practice of cutting off all churches from support by or through the State is American in origin, and has been wrought out in greatest perfection in the United States, for the most part within a hundred years. To detach religious institutions from all reliance on public taxation was certainly a formidable experiment. It has been in progress long enough in this country to provide the world with a demonstration of success in certain particulars. A hundred years ago one might reasonably have feared that churches in sufficient number would not be provided by voluntary contributions. The experience of the United States has allayed that apprehension. The census for 1890 showed that the number of churches in the United States, besides rented halls, was 143,000, with a seating capacity for 43,000,000 of people; that the total value of church land and buildings was $670,000,000, excluding parsonages, cemeteries and convents; that the number of organizations for religious purposes was 165,297; and the number of ministers 111,000. These figures being huge, and the area almost inconceivable, I take as a more comprehensible illustration what is called the Metropolitan District of Boston, a combination of thirty-seven different municipalities lying within eleven miles of the State House in Boston. In that district alone the houses for religious worship are valued in the report of the Massachusetts Tax Commissioner for the year 1900 at $30,817,808. If in order the better to bring it within our comprehension we still further reduce the area, and examine the city of Boston alone, we shall find the houses of religious worship valued at $19,239,000. If we then enlarge our view to take in the whole Commonwealth of Massachusetts, we shall find the houses of religious worship valued at $57,194,000; and it is to be observed that nearly every meeting-house included in this long list has been either built or rebuilt since the voluntary method in religion was adopted in Massachusetts. To be sure, we do not see to-day any architectural work by churches which compares in scale or in beauty with the cathedrals of the Middle Ages; but those immense structures were often the work of centuries, and toward their erection governments, or great princes, or rich ecclesiastics made large contributions. In estimating the labor cost of the great ecclesiastical buildings of the Middle Ages we have to remember that fifteen cents went as far then as three dollars do now. Moreover, one cathedral sufficed for hundreds of thousands of people. Church expenditure, whether for building or for maintenance, is now much more evenly diffused by area, and is voluntarily shared by much larger numbers of persons. In different communities, urban or rural, industrial, commercial or agricultural, there are extraordinary contrasts in the methods by which church building is accomplished; but the underlying principle of voluntary contribution is everywhere the same, and the fruits of that principle in human character are everywhere the same. Thus, the building of the very costly Trinity Church in Boston was an act of great public spirit as well as of religious faith. Built by a comparatively small number of well-to-do persons through persistent efforts and at large personal sacrifices, under the inspiration of an extraordinary preacher and remarkable personage, the late Phillips Brooks, it is really a public building wholly devoted to the best uses of the community, and, like its neighbor the Old South Meeting-House, represents worthily that community's highest moods and aspirations. Precisely the same things may be said about the building a few years ago of a little wooden church on Gott's Island, not far from Mount Desert, on the coast of Maine. It was a fishing settlement, and there were only eighteen families on the island; yet the women of the island, with the help of relatives and friends on the neighboring islands, in the course of three years raised $1,300 by their own labor in making articles of personal or household use for sale, and providing entertainments for which admission fees were charged. The resulting building is the most con-

siderable structure on the island, the upper story being used for religious meetings and the lower for suppers and other entertainments at which the entire population of the island sits down in a veritable communion. This, too, is a work of remarkable public spirit, directed to the promotion of piety, hospitality and mutual good will; and the hard-working men and women who accomplished it on their rocky islet manifested precisely the same invaluable moral qualities that were exhibited by the well-to-do men and women who built Trinity Church in the heart of Boston. The Gott's Island achievement is the more remarkable because the scanty population of the island is made up from no fewer than four national stocks—German, Irish, English and Swedish—all of which combined in the building and maintenance of this voluntary church in a pure democracy.

If we now try to estimate the cost of maintaining these institutions of religion, we shall find little guidance in the census; but it is well known that the annual cost of maintaining the institutions of religion in the United States bears a considerable proportion to the valuation of the real estate occupied for religious uses. For a strong city church an annual expenditure of from twenty to thirty thousand dollears is in no way remarkable. A suburban church maintained by people of moderate means often spends from five to eight thousand dollars a year. It is a small and feeble church which does not spend at least $1,000 a year; yet this sum multiplied by the 143,000 churches implies a large annual expenditure wholly maintained by voluntary contributions. We may safely conclude, therefore, from American experience, that the total voluntary church in a democracy will be adequately housed and maintained; and that government regulation and support are not at all necessary for the institutions of religion.

A profound modification which the voluntary church in a democracy has brought about in the religious conditions of our time is that in the status of the priest or minister, and in his mental habits. When the priest or minister knows that his entire support and the support of the order, organization or religious institution to which he belongs is derived from the voluntary contributions of the people to whom he ministers, his whole attitude toward that people is changed. Here, as everywhere in this world, the controller of the purse-strings must be reckoned with respectfully. One might imagine that the Catholic priest, who still is held to derive his commission from a divinely instituted church, highly organized in an effective hierarchy, still nominally equipped with this world gates, and privileged inclosures, and with authorized exits to a better world, and still professedly conferring on the faithful valuable exclusive privileges in both worlds, might conceivably retain a position of beneficent authority over his divinely selected flock; but in spite of this reasonable presupposition there is no more striking phenomenon in American social life than the modification which the American democracy has brought about in the quality, function and manners of the Catholic prelate and the Catholic priest. Any one who has had opportunity to compare the manners, customs and intellectual habits of priests in the American Catholic Church with those of the European will at once declare that the American priest is a different creature from the European. The situation and the influence of the Protestant ministers in the United States have within the last hundred years undergone serious changes; but those of the Catholic priest have changed much more; and it is the voluntary church in a democracy which has brought about these changes. They would have been more radical still but for the astute policy of the Catholic Church in keeping all its property in the hands of ecclesiastics. In all branches of the Church the laymen assert themselves in the voluntary church to a degree without precedent in any established church or in any former age. The laymen think, speak, organize, and act for themselves. In all denominations, including the Catholic, they have their own societies and clubs, and their own discussions; and in all denominations they do not hesitate to differ from their priests or ministers. In the Catholic Church the lay societies have, to be sure, their appointed spiritual advisers; but they do not hesitate to differ from those advisers on important matters outside the province of church doctrine. In many a good work the laymen take the initiative, without awaiting the sanction of the ec-

clesiastical or ministerial authority. Except in matters of doctrine the laymen have almost lost the sense that the priest or minister is a ruler; they look on him as a guide, adviser and uplifter. Even in matters of doctrine the laymen import into the prevailing discussions ideas drawn from the new science and literature of the day. The laymen of every denomination clearly perceive that the American republic gives every form of religion the fullest liberty and protection, and they ask nothing more from the State than this fair field.

The direct pecuniary dependence of a minister or priest on his congregation is supposed by some to have detracted from the dignity and influence of the clerical profession. It is said that the pulpit used to dictate to the pews, but that now the pews dictate to the pulpit; that the minister in an established and authoritative church can preach what is true, but in a voluntary church only what is agreeable. It is said that the minister during the transition from the position of an officer or ruler commissioned by God, to that of a servant paid by a group of persons who have associated themselves together to promote piety and good works, has lost his former dignities without having clearly acquired new ones. Instead of having a life tenure, he is employed by the year, or three years; he is taken on trial for a moderate term of service; and by the time he is sixty years old finds often that congregations prefer promising youth to experienced age. Instead of passing sixty years in one parish, he lives in half a dozen. Perhaps every change is upward; but some may be downward. Undoubtedly, the priest or minister, having lost earlier in the eyes of the educated all the magical or supernatural powers formerly attributed to him, has now ceased to be independent of the good opinion of those to whom he ministers; but these changes have only placed him on the very same level with other professional men—with lawyers, physicians, teachers, architects, journalists and engineers, all of whom are directly dependent for their success on the favorable judgment of those who employ and pay them. The minister of to-day is in no different situation in this respect from his brethren in other learned and scientific professions. Teachers nowadays have precisely the same experience as the ministers. In most cases, a professor in Harvard University has first served at least twelve years on probationary appointments. The lawyer and the doctor are not even employed by the year. The engineer or the architect is chosen for one piece of work; and when any given employer has a second piece of work to be done, there is no knowing whether he will employ again the engineer or the architect that he before employed. This dependence breeds in members of other professions hard work, good sense, moderation of language, and capacity for real service. These same high qualities it should produce in priests and ministers. A profession which is now for the first time subjected to these wholesome influences is not losing ground, but gaining it. To be sure, the minister must now walk the common highway in the dust with the rest of us; but for genuine dignity and serviceableness it will be a gain for him to have lost his stilts. The change is an official loss but a personal gain, inasmuch as his career now depends on his personal qualities and character, and not on his cloth or his office.

The new freedom and influence of the laymen in the voluntary church has facilitated the happy changes of doctrine which the entire Christian Church in the United States has undergone during the last hundred years, these changes being chiefly due to the substitution of the good of the many for the good of the few, as the ideal in human society. No religious belief which makes the salvation of the few its ideal, either in this world or the next, can stand to-day's encounter with the democratic ideal; and no theory of the universe based on the structure of an empire or a monarchy can stand to-day's encounter with the ideal government "of the people, for the people, by the people." The political rule of the majority, and the conception of legitimate government as the massing of millions of opinions, wishes and consents, are bound to react more and more on theology.

Again, in civil government the fundamental power is seen to be the power of taxing and of applying the resources derived from taxation. So in the Church under the voluntary system the power will ultimately lie with the contributors. Inherited notions in both State and

Church affect the present use of this power; but more and more the mass of the population perceives that the powers of the State reside ultimately not in the rulers, temporary or permanent, but in the wealth-producing classes, leaders and followers combined. So in the total voluntary church under a political democracy, the powers of the Church are to be transferred from the priestly or ministerial office to the religious class, leaders and followers combined. It is an encouraging prophecy for the future that this progressive transfer has thus far wrought much more good than harm to religion.

The general expectation that a minister will take part in the discussion of social and industrial as well as of theological questions is one of the signs of the influence of the laity on the profession of divinity; and this expectation affects not only the course of life of the minister at work, but his education. The voluntary church in a democracy has made it desirable to broaden the education of the minister, and to substitute in good measure for the study of historical records and ancient languages that of philosophical systems, comparative religion, social problems, economics and public hygiene. In short, an effective American clergy in these days, in whatever denomination, must be competent to appreciate all public interests; and its leaders must actually take part in debates on social and industrial problems, and in the undertakings which stir up or grow out of such debates.

An incidental effect of the voluntary system in America is to be seen in the successful working—now for just fifty years—of the Young Men's Christian Associations. These institutions, which originated among English Dissenters, are emphatically the work of laymen and not of clergy. They supplement, chiefly in cities and large towns, the work of the churches; and they address themselves, of course, to an element in the population which has not yet settled into family life. These associations hold property in the United States to the amount of about twenty millions of dollars. A noticeable fact about them is their heavy annual expenditure, their resources being derived wholly from annual fees and from voluntary contributions. In New York State alone the yearly expenditure of the Young Men's Christian Associations is said to amount to $175,000. Some special classes of people are ministered to by these associations. Thus, there are branches established at 159 terminal railroad points, and the associations there placed have 40,000 members. The railroad corporations of the United States contribute nearly $195,000 a year to the support of these branches, besides having invested a large amount of money in real estate for their benefit. In their organization, in their means of support, and in their methods of work these associations are in the highest degree voluntary and democratic. They would have been absolutely inconceivable two hundred years ago; and yet they are now so familiar to us that we hardly comprehend their real social and religious significance, and the complete demonstration they supply of the efficiency of American practice under the principle of a free Church in a free State.

The social function of all American churches has acquired a new importance, because of the freedom to travel which obtains throughout the United States and the migratory habits of the population; and this function is closely connected, first, with the democratic organization of society; and, secondly, with the voluntary support of all religion. When an average American family changes its residence, say, from Maine to Oregon, or from Springfield, Massachusetts, to Chicago, the letter of dismissal from its former church is often the only introduction of the family to the new community. The movement of the population, from the East to the West, and from the country to the city, has been so great since railroads and steamboats began to facilitate these movements that this function of the voluntary church in a democratic community has procured for millions of people social welcome in new places, protection from the temptations incident to change of residence, and access without delay to all the civilizing forces of Sunday school, pulpit and organized charity. The divisions of the total church, and the competition between denominations intensify this social action and reaction; for each denomination is interested in welcoming recruits. A democratic population, mobile, unbound to farm or fac-

tory or trade, and prompt to seize new chances or to follow up new interests, has used church organizations as means of getting access to sympathizers and helpers in new places. A single established church, supported everywhere by taxation, would have had comparatively little of this helpful influence. Here, as everywhere, it is the dependence of every church on voluntary contributions which quickens its denominational zeal and the initiative of every individual in it.

The voluntary church in a democracy gives its members a deal of practice in organization for good objects. There are numerous active organizations for missionary work at home and abroad, women's alliances, Endeavor societies, Epworth Leagues, Christian Unions, and church temperance societies; and all these draw their inspiration from the churches, which, in turn, they recruit and stimulate. Some of these societies supply the improved modern equivalent for pilgrimages to shrines—namely, instructive summer excursions at cheap rates for many thousands of young people traveling together in order, safety and good-fellowship.

Of the 165,297 religious organizations in the United States more than four-sevenths are in polity Congregational or Presbyterian, both these ecclesiastical polities being democratic and strongly anti-episcopal. Among the so-called Episcopal organizations are included 27,019 belonging to the Methodist denomination, and 4,224 belonging to the Protestant Episcopal; but the authority of bishops in these two bodies is of a very mild type, and closely limited. A Methodist bishop is, moreover, an officer elected by the General Conference, a democratic body. It clearly appears from these figures that the great majority of American churches are real nurseries of democracy. They contribute to the instruction of the people in the wise conduct of its own affairs. It is natural that the Christian Church should at length prove itself the nurse of democracy, for all the principles of modern democracy are tersely and persuasively stated in the Gospels.

The religious and social work of churches in the United States has been and will be modified by a new sort of competition which the freedom of association existing in the United States has created. This competition, being undoubtedly one of the results of our democracy, must be taken into account in considering the working of our voluntary method in religion. It is supposed that in the American population two out of three persons are not really members of any church at all, altho the churches have many adherents who are not members. A considerable proportion of the unchurched population has found some substitute for a church in the mutual benefit societies, the lodges of Odd Fellows, Masons, Knights Templars, Knights of Pythias and so forth, and the granges. Many of these secret associations have some form of mutual insurance as their real bond—insurance against sickness, accident, burial expenses, or death; some are temperance societies, and some are intended to promote the interests of special occupations, like farming, for example. Nearly all of them have a social object, and many of them have from time to time political or industrial objects. These societies enlist many millions of American men and women, and answer for their members some of the objects which formerly the Church alone answered. They are a legitimate fruit of a genuine democracy. To be sure, they use elaborate and very undemocratic titles for their numerous officers, titles drawn from armies ancient and modern, from royal and imperial courts, from the Church itself, from medieval guilds and from Greek and Roman religious and civil institutions; but these officers with high-sounding names are in the main elected, and their titles, which are not for public use, die with them. As a rule, membership in these associations is more accessible than church membership usually is; and to some minds it involves no apparent assumption of superior piety or excellence, and therefore seems a more modest and co-operative, or less selfish, undertaking. Obviously there is a good co-operative purpose in membership in an insurance arcanum, or a grange, or a temperance lodge; whereas church membership has in the past been too often represented as a measure taken to secure personal participation in future advantages accessible only to a select few. Nowadays, church membership is

distinctly in competition with membership in these various societies, and its terms and conditions have been and will be modified to meet this competition. Its co-operative and universal purpose must be emphasized, and the intimate connection between church membership and the sincere intention to render social service in this world must be made clearer. Any one who has taken account of the revived and developed social activities of all branches of the Church will appreciate the full significance in American life of this new competition to which the Church has been of late exposed.

Finally, let me briefly indicate three evils which have resulted from the voluntary method in a democracy. One evil attending the voluntary system is the very uneven distribution of opportunities for religious culture. In a single village there may be half a dozen ill-supported churches, belonging to as many denominations; but in a whole township of fifty square miles the great majority of the population may have no convenient access to any church. This is the gravest difficulty attending the voluntary system; and no clear remedy for it has as yet been found. In one place there is an excess of provision; in another a dearth. It is the rural districts which suffer dearth; if well-to-do families take up country life for the greater part of the year—of which there are some signs—this evil may be somewhat mitigated.

Secondly, the voluntary method leaves millions of persons wholly outside the Christian Church; whereas compulsory legislation can force the entire population into nominal connection with an established church, or with one of two or three established churches. The result of such legislation has a systematic, uniform and comprehensive appearance which is agreeable to some minds, like the sudden kneeling of the Austrian regiments at word of command whenever the Host is elevated in the streets of Vienna during the parade of Corpus Christi. The result is, however, not a religious result. It may be obtained to perfection under an autocratic government; and yet, membership in the established church, or in one of the established churches, may be only a matter of hereditary classification. It no more makes a population religious than compulsory chapel makes students religious. After all, the only religion worth having either for nations or individuals is the religion of a soul which feels itself free.

Thirdly, there is much wastefulness of expenditure both for construction and for maintenance under the voluntary system, because no experienced and permanent bodies of men direct or supervise the expenditures. This evil affects the Protestant denominations much more deeply than the Catholic; because in the Catholic Church an experienced hierarchy exercises some control over church expenditures and investments. Accordingly, the financial management of the Catholic churches in all parts of the Union has been much more successful than that of the Protestant churches. This is notably the case in some of the great Western cities, where the investments of the Catholic Church have been made with consummate skill. This evil is, however, characteristic of democracy in general. Expenditure in every department of our democratic government is wasteful, owing to the frequency with which officials are changed, to the inexperience of legislatures, and to the impatience or misdirected desires of the body of the people. But in the Church, just as in the State, the immense benefits of freedom of association and personal initiative and of the individual growth which results from these free conditions altogether outweigh the incidental disadvantages which freedom brings. So greatly do the advantages in our American system exceed the disadvantages that none of us can conceive of the future beneficent career of the total American church, or even picture to ourselves the elements of its future greatness. Of this we may be sure: the general atmosphere of American society and American constitutional government is the most favorable one for true religion that has ever existed in the world.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Politics of an American State

[Some of the facts embodied in the article which follows are commonly known throughout the State of Pennsylvania; others are not matters of popular knowledge. The article has been prepared by a Pennsylvanian who has observed conditions in that State for many years.—EDITOR.]

IN the State of Pennsylvania there are 6,301,365 people, of whom a small minority are acquainted with practical politics. In the entire State there are about one dozen men who are politicians of the first class. Of this dozen, some six control the political forces, within and without the State, of the six millions who constitute the population.

Until recently, with fortunes varying slightly during succeeding years, one man laid down the law in practical politics in Pennsylvania. He was Matthew Stanley Quay. Now United States Senator, as his habit is, he may be regarded as leader emeritus, with a possibility of renascence of power in those dexterous old hands of his until death takes hold of him and ends him finally. The Pennsylvania taxpayer may rest assured that, like his taxes, his Quay will remain always with him.

But other leaders, in the past two years, have risen up. They have risen in the way that Quay rose—through adroitness, far-seeing shrewdness; through loyalty to ruling politicians in the beginning, and through the measurement of strengths with their patrons when crises came; and through, also, that growth of reputation for power which begets more power, until the ambitious politician stands up, strong and influential, the factor to be reckoned with.

To lay upon these men, or to lay upon Senator Quay, any wholeness of blame for the putrescent condition of politics in the State of Pennsylvania would be unjust to these leaders, and would be too kind to the population whom they control. Every political evil finds its origin in the body politic, not in the politicians; in the electorate, not in the functionaries. One must look into the industrial and political status of the Commonwealth for the underlying causes which have made possible the conditions that prevail.

There is no dire poverty on a scale so extensive as to become of political importance in the State of Pennsylvania. In 1896 the Republican plurality was 304,944 votes; in 1900, this plurality was 288,433. This was the strength of the Republican party; and, all other issues notwithstanding, it was the strength of the policy of protection among the electorate of the Commonwealth. Rock-ribbed, iron-bound, unshakable in its confidence that its prosperity was dependent upon the power of the Republican

GOVERNOR STONE

party, the State became a community where the Democratic minority had little voice. Whether or not the State's prosperity be dependent upon the policy of the Republican party is here a matter of no moment. The major consideration is that the State is prosperous, that the population is content with its political tenets, and that it pays to the full the penalty of indifference to the details of party management. Were the popula-

tion driven by the spur of necessity, or were the two parties evenly balanced in numbers, every citizen would feel either a sharp need of concerning himself in practical politics, or would be imbued at least with some active interest in recurring political disputations.

But in Pennsylvania the average citizen has absolutely no real care for the welfare of the State. He eats well enough, he sleeps well enough, he dresses well enough—and he does not, in the smallest degree, comprehend how much better he could eat and sleep and dress if the resources of the Commonwealth in which he lives were honestly administered, or if its truly great possibilities for power in the Congress of the United States were commensurately utilized. He calls himself a citizen; he is, in effect, a drone. Industrious the average Pennsylvanian is, and fairly law-abiding and moral. But an entire generation has grown up and waxed prosperous since the passionately loyal days of the Civil War, and has learned to take its politics ready made.

The consequences in the past fifteen years of an attitude such as this toward civic duties on the part of the great majority of the entire electorate have been as deplorable in their results as the results were discernible to thinking men. There was, besides, a reflex action upon the minority. Hopeless of ever attaining any real strength, the Democratic party became in effect an element more indifferent to the common weal than were the Republicans; and speedily from a quantity negligible as a party it came to be a body purchasable, through its leaders, by the factions among the opposition which from time to time required its aid.

THREE-CENT FARE WALKS THE GANG PLANK
From the *Philadelphia North American*

Throughout the entire State the true spirit of civic duty has long been dead. This spirit, which is an active thing, has manifested itself from time to time in States adjacent. In New York, when really grave danger threatened the municipality, or when abuses became too flagrant, corporate bodies of men joined in protest, in cash outlay for campaign funds and in active personal opposition to dangerous party methods. In the

State of Delaware, during the Addicks strife, the Democracy fought its fight fiercely, wholesomely, and with every attribute of true political honor. In Pennsylvania, whenever either faction of the Republican party needed comfort or assistance, arrangements were made with the Democratic leaders, were divulged in the open, public prints and were carried out with as much complacency as if the transactions were the most commonplace barter.

A sturdy, honorable, unpurchasable Democratic party in Pennsylvania at any election where national policies were not directly involved could have served as a rallying corps for all self-respecting Republicans. But the Democratic party, spiritless, could be no more than a mere agent for evil in the hands of its self-seeking chiefs.

The name "politician" became a byword with a singular meaning. With resources of power in legislature and in Congress, he was a man to be dreaded. With no voice raised to call him sternly to account, he was a man to be treated with respect. With favors—corporate and political, if not social—he was a man to be cajoled. And with almost any unconvicted thief able to influence him, he was a man to be despised.

For years few citizens in Pennsylvania have coveted the political honors the Commonwealth afforded.

The Republican party itself, and the factions controlling it, became repeatedly topheavy. Leader after leader felt that the time had come for him to aspire to a successful opposition to one or the other of Quay's lieutenants; and leaders, joining forces, sought the veteran's overthrow. The struggle was invariably a conflict of individuals, with the electoral body standing idly by, its own duty wholly forgotten and its most profound emotion a cynical amusement.

As events have shaped themselves the political power of the State is vested, apart from the greatly lessened influence of Senator Quay, in a contractor, two officials of the Commonwealth, a professional politician and the Mayor of the metropolis. The contractor, James McNichol, had the ordinary political beginnings and succeeded other contractors, who had been powers in the ordinary political way. The State officials were the Attorney-General, John P. Elkin, and the Governor, William A. Stone—men whose affiliation with the dominant faction of the party gave them their positions and, through their positions, genuine patronage and influence. The politician was Israel Durham, who, steadily climbing from the post of leader in his ward in the city of Philadelphia, fought for a long time the battles of Quay, grew to be the Quay representative in Philadelphia politics, and at length was able to meet his old chief on terms of equality as a ruler of the Republican masses. The Mayor was Samuel H. Ashbridge, Executive of the city in which two of the others had their political growth, and a personality at present of more than passing interest.

MAYOR ASHBRIDGE

For many years he was coroner in Philadelphia. He was endowed with a rich tact, unbounded confidence in himself, invincible resolution, shrewd foresight, steady patience and a knowledge of human nature peculiarly his own. Of mediocre education originally, he possessed for his amendment a memory astonishing for its retentiveness, a concentration rare even among trained intellects, and an ambition that was boundless.

His disposition was kindly; his temperament was imperious. He relied solely upon himself, and he never failed to repay a political obligation. He was so much of the practical politican that he knew by name every division "worker" in the city; and he was so much of the statesman that he recognized the value of an unblemished reputation. He was known generally as a stanch Republican, as an extremely popular official and as a party man who had never been rewarded according to his deserts.

It is impossible to recount, with large facts pressing for narration, the details of the elevation of Ashbridge to the mayoralty. Betrayed by David Martin, who was the anti-Quay leader in the municipality, after he had sacrificed himself to the interests of the party, he resolved to compel his own nomination. He set to the securing of signatures for popular indorsement of his candidacy a young, well-liked and faithful *attaché* of his office—Abraham English, who was his chief clerk. When the local leaders met and Martin repudiated the pledges he had made, Ashbridge was able to announce that he had been indorsed, on his personal merits, by 200,000 electors—and that Durham, the leader of the numerous Quay element, was his ally. The nomination was made, and the nominee was Ashbridge. His election, a foregone conclusion, was followed by the appointment of English as the Director of Public Safety, a post of advantageous cash emolument and of immense force in the influencing of the local electorate when main strength was the means necessary.

Those who have been most condign in their criticism of Ashbridge concede to him a certain excellence of intention upon his assumption of office. His ambition for the governorship of the State—now necessarily abandoned—was a legitimate desire. But he found himself, for the first time in his career, confronted with the stern necessities of factional politics, beside which the exigencies of straightforward political contests are simple and of facile management. Relying upon his popularity and urged by a disposition whose tendency toward domination had for years been repressed, the Mayor of the metropolis undertook to be its politi-

THE PHILADELPHIA SITUATION
From the *Philadelphia North American*

cal ruler down to the most unimportant divisions, whose workers he could call his friends. Sage lookers on said that he was mad—that his ambition had ruined his judgment. But in the end he proved his force, perfected his control, extended his influence by combination with others into the State, and forced from all portions of the party the acknowledgment of his rank as true leader.

The grand larceny of franchises recently consummated was no thing to be surprised at. A voting population which had for years been supine, was not expected to make the protest which the larceny has called forth. It was notorious that such portions of the legislature as were purchasable were, with some few individual exceptions, completely under party direction. The councils of the city of Philadelphia, again with some few exceptions, were as venal as the legislature. A portion of the electorate—which had continued for years to regard the administration of affairs as a matter quite apart from its province—astonished itself greatly, and astonished the party leaders mildly, by the vehemence of its objection.

That the vehemence has not passed into the general body politic is a matter for discernment and for regret. Even those who took most active part in the public meeting which was held in the city of Philadelphia calculate upon a long and arduous campaign in order to elect a decent District Attorney. Political observers are fain to believe that this one official will secure an elective majority; but, if it be secured, it will come through the aid of a number of practical party workers over whom the Juggernaut of the regular machine has passed, slightly mangling without wholly crushing them.

The intent of those in the metropolis who have been moved to the energy to speak out loudly for reform is to organize a working committee which shall meet practical party machine methods in a practical and vigorous way. It is well to wish them well; but the inertness of the body politic, its utter unconsciousness of the magnitude of the interests involved, its complete lack of comprehension of the opportunities which await a powerful commonwealth which is resolute to assert itself for its own particular welfare in national politics, narrows the arena of conflict to the locality of a city where the animating spirit of the fight is to administer rebuke to the Executive.

A feature noteworthy in all the phases of the published references to political conditions in the State and in the metropolis has been the bitterness of com-

BILL SIKES' TERRIER
From the *N. Y. Journal*, by permission of W. R. Hearst

mentary on the part of some of the daily journals, and the character of their cartoons, which have shown a ferocity of attack rarely equaled and never surpassed. The men whom these cartoons have assailed to the utmost limits of the libel law, if not beyond the boundaries of its exculpating clauses, have never dared display resentment formally and legally. And in the metropolis, where the conditions which warranted the pictured metaphors—if warrant they afforded—were best known it is a curious commentary upon the attitude of the public mind that they have served to arouse sympathy for the men impugned.

Development of Our Possessions in Samoa

By Lieutenant-Commander B. F. Tilley, U. S. N.

Governor of Tutuila

[Lieutenant-Commander Tilley, it will be remembered, contributed a somewhat exhaustive article on Samoa to our columns a little over a year ago. He is now on a vacation in this country and has kindly summed up in the following brief article what has occurred in American Samoa during the past year. America can well be proud of such a representative as Governor Tilley.—EDITOR.]

THE United States Government, as is generally known, does not own or control the entire Samoan group, but only that part of it that lies to the eastward of the one hundred and seventy-first meridian of longitude, comprising the fertile little Island of Tutuila and a group charted as the Manuas, consisting of the islands of Tau, Olesinga and Ofu. Tutuila has about 4,000 inhabitants, and the Manuas 2,000, nearly all native. Germany owns and governs the rest of the group. The treaty annexing our parts of the collection was ratified February 16th, and the American flag raised on April 17th of the same year.

Progress in the American islands has been most gratifying. The natives, naturally docile and easily ruled, are happy and contented, and as an expression of good will to me when I left for home a number of the principal men boarded the steamer "Ventura" before departure for the mainland, and presented me with a "sieva," or Samoan floral offering that is intended to denote affection and esteem. Small boats followed the steamer out of the harbor, and we were treated to songs, also music from "mats," that take the place of the drum, and are beaten with sticks.

No effort was made to make any radical changes in the long established customs of the natives, but in some instances it was necessary to institute reforms, especially in the matter of matrimony and divorce, as the natives had only a vague idea of morality as we understand it, and while not vicious in their habits it would not have been good law to have allowed them to continue certain well-grounded methods of living and ruling.

Owing to my remoteness from the central United States Government, I was obliged to take considerable responsibility upon myself with regard to adjusting codes. I was supreme lawgiver as well as State officer. We found that the native would have to have some protection in dealing with the whites. An order was made prohibiting the sale of lands to whites and contracts between the two races were limited, and in some cases declared illegal. Then came the task of dividing the possession into counties and districts for the purpose of establishing a systematic form of government. Each county was given into the control of an intelligent native official selected by the American commander, and the plan worked very successfully.

The natives are religiously inclined, and soon after American rule was established the native authorities at Fago-Togo offered a big tract of water frontage to the United States, and announced that if the deal were made the money secured by the sale would be used in build- a church. In the religious teaching of the natives at present the London Missionary Society seems to be the most active factor in the group. All of the natives are Christians, and many are very devout. The greater part of the population go to church every day.

Commerce is bound to increase in the next year. Already the stimulus of American rule is having its good effect. Copra is the stable product, and cocoa and tobacco have a foothold. New plantations are being tilled, and as there is regular communication with California and the Antipodes by mail steamers a fair trade may be looked for in the very near future. Continuous warfare was making trouble for the natives before the management of affairs by the Americans, and consequently the natural products of the islands were depended on most to sustain the lives of the population. The soil is very productive, and it was an easy matter for the native to keep from being hungry without working. This has naturally imbued the men and women with

laziness that may, however, be overcome in time by proper training. When our Government first took the islands in hand the warriors were suspicious and restless, but after a few months they commenced to see that the whites meant to be honest with them. They then proceeded to levy a copra tax to assist in the payment of the expense of sustaining the native government.

Temperance laws are strictly maintained in the American islands, and the Samoans are not permitted to import intoxicating drink. There is not a great deal of necessity for these laws, as the native is not a lover of liquor and he is easily kept sober.

As an example of the childlike simplicity of the race, it did not require much persuasion to get them to give up their weapons, in spite of the facts that these were dear to them and that war had been a favorite pastime for the men prior to foreign control. They are brave, and seem to delight in serving in the capacity of seamen and guards in the American employ. About sixty are employed as part of the guard of the marine barracks and gubernatorial buildings ashore. For this service they are paid from $16 to $25 per month, and to them this is a fine salary, much envied by those who have not been fortunate enough to enlist. They are quick to learn tactics and become expert with the rifle. No marine or sailor is more proud of his uniform and his flag than the man of Samoa.

The commerce of the Samoan group can never be a very great factor in the business world, as the place is not extensive enough and the population too small. As a port of refuge and naval station, tho, the possessions are of value to the United States. The harbor is safe from storms. The Government is increasing the coaling capacity of the station to 10,000 tons, which will enable a large fleet of war ships to secure fuel if the emergency arises. The Germans have only inadequate shipping facilities at Samoa, but their possessions are doing well under the management of Governor Solf, who is an able, broad-minded man.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

My First Book

By a Cub Author

"You published your paradoxes; well, and what did the learned world say to your paradoxes?"
"Sir," replied my son, "the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes; nothing at all, sir."

—VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

I WAS not so green as young Mr. Primrose, for I had been through the mill and was quite well acquainted with the texture of the upper and nether stones; nevertheless, I had pleasant anticipations on the subject of my first book.

One of these was in regard to my friends and acquaintances.

"As soon as it is advertised," I said to myself, "my friends and acquaintances will make haste to acquire it, for they will all desire to see what manner of work it is. There may be some, of course, content to borrow from libraries or from each other, but these will be offset by the generous enthusiasts, who will rush in and purchase a dozen copies each in order to aid my success. Therefore it is reasonable to estimate that if I have fifteen hundred friends and acquaintances they alone will, in the first month, purchase fifteen hundred copies of my book, and being pleased with it will recommend it to all their friends, so that the second month ought to see the sales rise to three thousand copies, and this process being repeated in the third month I will have a sale of six thousand copies," and so forth, and so forth, till the figures of sales loomed so large that, being modest, I was afraid to consider them.

Well, the book came out some months ago, looking very bright and pleasant. It was certainly well launched by most respectable publishers; it was finely illustrated and fairly advertised. The public began to buy.

But my friends!

Alas!

I met Adamson, Benson, Cuthbertson,

Dodson, Ferguson, Gibson, Henderson, Johnson and all the others, in Park Row, in Broadway, in Nassau Street, in various offices, houses and places, and they had never heard of my performance.

It took me some time to discover that, and still longer to get used to it.

I had not seen Adamson in months when I met him in Broadway. He darted at me in very cordial fashion and linked his arm in mine.

"Ah!" I said, "he's going to congratulate me, and tell me how he purchased fifty copies of my admirable production and bestowed them on delighted friends and relatives."

But this prognostication was not strictly accurate. What really agitated Adamson was the fact that he had patented a new plumbing device and hoped that I could get some newspapers to print cuts and eulogiums of it.

I thought he would come round to my book presently, and therefore humored him to the full on the subject of plumbing and his particular contribution to it. But after he had finished with that, and had insisted on equipping me with pictures of his invention in sections, he suddenly seemed to lose interest in my society, and remembered an engagement with a man who might take a half share in his patent.

And away he shot, leaving me to wonder at his strange omission.

And just so it was with Benson. We met on a bridge car and, securing the seat beside me, he discussed the Philippine situation with great vigor. But never a word did he say about my book.

Cuthbertson, Dodson, Ferguson, Gibson, Henderson, Johnson, *et al.*, acted in a similar manner.

Slowly it was forced upon me that these companions of my daily walks were entirely unaware of the fact that I was an author. It seemed incredible that they had missed all the publicity on the subject, but either they had done that or else had imagined that some other Brown wrote the story.

For a long time I was inclined to rebel against Fortune on this account.

"Was ever any one so strangely unlucky?" I asked myself one time, when I was mentally discussing the situation. "Here are fifteen hundred good friends, who would work for the success of my book, absolutely ignorant of the fact that it exists, tho advertisements and press notices have certainly not been spared."

Ah, reader, how seldom we recognize what is for our good, and how often do we unjustly rail at Fortune. She knew, good dame, what was best for me, and that I soon discovered when, tiring of waiting for my friends to find me out, I revealed myself.

"A book!" cried Adamson, shaking my hand most heartily; "then you must send me an inscribed copy. I will read it with great pleasure."

I promised Adamson a free copy, and kept my promise.

He spoke of my gift to others, and to my astonishment I found Benson and Cuthbertson quite cold. It transpired that they thought I had neglected them. So I had to bestow more inscribed copies.

Now it got about in my immediate circle that I had written a book, and Dodson, Ferguson, Gibson, Henderson, Johnson and all the others smote me on the back and demanded free copies. They got them, and the mischief spread, for these books retailed at $1.50, and cost me ninety cents less fifteen cents for royalty.

But my friends were unanimous on several heads: First, that I had an unlimited supply of copies, which cost me nothing; secondly, that it gratified me to give them away; thirdly, that they were particularly entitled to this bounty; fourthly, that their number was legion—even mere strangers cordially asked me for presentation copies.

The good Vicar of Wakefield's son did not know when he was well off, or he would not have complained of the neglect of the London public.

It was, therefore, with many an inward groan that I complied with the demands upon me, but still I consoled myself with the thought:

"After all, this is a fine investment. These people are genuinely interested in my production, or they would not have asked for it. They will read it eagerly, make a point of recommending it, and perhaps end by imitating my good old bachelor friend B., who really did buy a dozen copies and distributed them."

Never was there a greater mistake. In Adamson's office, at the present time, my book is still in the pigeon hole where he put it when first received from my hand.

It is wrapped as I wrapped it. He has not even undone the string. Just so with Benson, Johnson and the others. Months after he had received his copy a college president who had in other matters strikingly shown good feeling toward me, wrote that he had not had time to read the book yet, but would do so soon; and a dear and revered relative sent me his acknowledgments, saying that in his opinion the book was "beautifully bound and illustrated."

Even the worm will turn, and I replied with some asperity: "Your praise is about on a par with what mine would be if you had asked me how I liked your sermon and I had replied with a compliment to your surplice."

Another of my brightest anticipations indulged in at the time my book came out concerned the reviews.

"If Stubbs or Scrubbs were publishing this," I said to myself, "the literary editors might give my creation to the office boys, with directions to write a stick of notice from the advertisement, but with such a firm as mine behind it the book will certainly receive the highest consideration. The literary editors will read it through with the greatest care. They will analyze it; they will study all its various qualities, and as they are most intelligent in such matters their comments cannot fail to be of great service to my future work, for being human I probably have faults, and the discerning critics will temper their praise with wholesome admonition."

But I was as much mistaken in this matter as I had been in regard to the conduct of my friends.

The first newspaper notice that came to hand from the clipping bureau that I patronized was culled from the columns of the *Banner*, a daily paper that made a feature of its book department. I knew the book editor, but esteemed him a very dull person, and therefore I was astonished and grateful when I found that he had given me a quarter of a column of unstinted praise, something after this fashion:

"The lightsome creations of Mr. Brown's airy fancy cannot fail to fascinate old and young. His book is fragrant with the scent of meadows and melodious with the tintinnabulation of brooklets. His characters are drawn to the life, and will be instantly recognized by those who are familiar with the part of the country that he writes about. He tells truth, and tells it with power——" and so on.

"Verily," I said to myself, "the literary editor of the *Banner* is not such a fool as I thought him. He knows a good book when he sees it, and can contrive a flowing period. He is generous, too, or he would have remembered that I have not always been entirely respectful."

I sent a message of obligation and thanks.

Next morning my mail contained another envelope from the newspaper clipping bureau. It brought me half a dozen press notices, long and short, all from important daily papers. Here were what purported to be the opinions of literary editors in Boston, Buffalo, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Cincinnati and New Orleans.

I glanced over them, and was surprised. "Why," I said, "with very slight changes of verbiage these are precisely the same as the notice in the *Banner*."

Yes, there they were; "lightsome creations," "airy fancy," "tintinnabulation of brooklets," and all the other earmarks in all the notices. Some were copied without the slightest change.

"Of a truth," I remarked, when I saw this, "the *Banner* is a great paper, and its literary editor is an authority of weight. See how these others accept his dictum as final. How lucky that he took a favorable view of my book."

The arrival of more clippings strengthened this impression.

Papers North and South, East and West, took the *Banner's* notice of my book, and either printed it entire or printed characteristic portions of it; there was no mistaking the tintinnabulating brook or the fragrance of the meadows. The *Banner* appeared to be the source of almost all the praise which my book was getting from the press. The exceptions were old fashioned daily papers, like the *People's Representative* and the *Pillar*, and stiff-backed weeklies that hug their own opinions on all sorts of subjects.

"By the dolphin that rescued Arion in such a remarkable manner!" I ejaculated, "this is indeed wonderful. Who would have imagined that the *Banner* had such a circulation, or that literary

editors all over the United States held its judgments in such deference!"

One reviewer in Boston, however, moved, I suppose, by dyspepsia, began to growl at my book. He said it was arrant nonsense, but something (?) quickly stifled him, and the very next evening his paper printed entire, and without giving credit, the laudatory notice that had first appeared in the *Banner*. The influence of the *Banner's* dictum seemed to have crushed him.

I visited my publisher soon after this, and in the course of conversation remarked: "The papers have been giving us pretty nice notices. I suppose you get clippings?"

"Yes," he replied, and touched an electric button. "John," he said to the boy who appeared. "Bring the press notices of Mr. Brown's book."

The book was brought, and I glanced over the notices. They were much the same as mine.

"By the way," I asked, "Do you advertise much in the *Banner?*"

"Why, no," he replied, "I did not think it worth while. It's an obscure publication, and we give it only a few lines occasionally."

"I'm sure that's an error," I remarked. "The *Banner* is the most remarkable literary authority in the country. Other papers, from one end of the land to the other, echo what it says about books."

He stared at me till I told him of my discovery made from an analysis of the press clippings. Then he indulged in a superior smile and touched the electric button again.

"John," he said to the boy, "bring a copy of the press notice that we send out with Mr. Brown's book."

It was brought, and there I saw it, word for word as I had first seen it in the *Banner*.

I groped my way out from the publisher's office, and it was not until I reached home that my benumbed mind recovered from the shock sufficiently to enable me to understand the full meaning of the disclosure.

Not one in ten of the literary editors who so kindly noticed my book knew anything at all about it.

NEW YORK CITY.

Girl Slavery in China

By Dr. Ida Kahn

[The following article, written by Dr. Ida Kahn, was read the other day by Dr. Mary Stone before a woman's conference in Shanghai. Dr. Kahn and Dr. Stone were the first two Chinese young women to receive an education outside of their native country. Dr. Stone's parents were both Chinese Christians. Dr. Kahn was selected to be married to a little boy, but the betrothal was inauspicious, as the boy's character represented a dog and the girl's a cat. When one of the missionaries found out that the marriage was a cause of anxiety to the parents of Dr. Kahn she prevailed upon the Chinese father to let the little girl be educated at the mission. Both children, therefore, grew up under Christian missionary influences. When an opportunity offered for a college education they came to this country and went through the Medical School at Ann Arbor, Mich. During the four years' course neither of them were conditioned. Both took some practical work in the Chicago hospitals after graduation and then returned to their native country for their life work. They were well received by the Chinese upon their return, being escorted by their friends from the steamer with the booming of huge firecrackers. They began their work by giving out medicines from a dispensary and later from a hospital largely built by the Chinese. Friends in America have recently built them a hospital in Kukiang, which was not injured during the Boxer insurrection. Drs. Kahn and Stone drew the plan of this building and when given to an architect in Chicago it was difficult for him to believe that so good an idea could have originated in a Chinese brain. During the past year the Doctors have treated hundreds and hundreds of patients and have raised over one thousand dollars for general medical work.—EDITOR.]

SLAVERY exists in China, and that to an appalling extent. So far as my observation goes, the girls of China furnish the victims, and the boys but very seldom. A cry is suppressed until it is only a groan, or it would be heard from the millions of oppressed ones throughout the length and breadth of this land.

True, the little slaves are not often obtruded upon your notice. You may gaze up and down all the streets without seeing one. Should you chance to be waited upon by one in a wealthy friend's home your mental reservation might be that the poor girl had fallen upon rather easy lines. However, come with me to the back streets and alleys of the tene-

ment houses—even here in the Model Settlement of Shanghai—and you will see everywhere the patient little ones toiling with all their might—at least with all the might the mistresses can succeed in getting from them—at their daily tasks of sweeping, washing, scouring and what not. Then let us drive through Su Ma Loo and you will see the slave girls in their gilded cages—but does the sight pain you less than the previous one?

Who are the people that use slaves in China? I may answer, the rich people who regard them as indispensable as so many pieces of furniture. Accordingly they furnish them to each daughter of the house in quantity and quality corresponding to the length of the family purse. The daughter carries them to her future home as part of her dowry. If the slave girl should be ugly looking and awkward, as she has every reason to be, then the more blows and scolding will be her lot. Such a steady course of treatment for years will not tend to brighten her intellect and sweeten her temper, so that she will almost invariably become stupid and sullen. On the contrary, the menial may be bright and pretty, and then, alas! she will doubtless find favor in the eyes of the master and perhaps become peer with the rich man's daughter.

The middle classes use the slave girls because they cannot afford to have servants, and the poor people use them as a means of getting rich. Shall I say it? Some of our Christian Chinese keep slave girls. I think they hardly realize the wrong involved. I may add that they do endeavor to ameliorate their condition in many ways.

So the system of slavery permeates our social fabric, and how much it detracts from the social virtues we may well imagine. I need not moralize upon the influence of it all upon the character of the mistress and her children, boys and girls. If slavery could produce such a character as Uncle Tom with a saint as mistress, it is still answerable for a Mrs. St. Clair and a Legree.

Interested in knowing approximately how many slaves there were round about me in Hangkau, I looked through one of the tenement houses immediately in our vicinity. The general entrance is rather imposing, and you see in front of you a wide alley. Then turn to the right or left, you see opening from this about five or six short rows of little houses with a narrow alley running between the several rows. On an average such a tenement place would contain two or three hundred residents. Taking one of these places at random I made inquiries and found within between thirty and forty slave girls. Just think of there being such a large percentage of slaves in even a tenement house!

Somehow the idea was suggested that a paper was to be written. Then information was given with reluctance. The people said, "You ought not to make public the shame of our China." I do not believe that our dear China will be benefited by concealing her ulcers, but rather by cleansing them and allowing them to heal. I do believe also that there is a power to respond to remedies for moral evils. We of the medical profession have been gratified to find this in the case of physical disorders. In these days the collocation of the facts of experience is the scientific method of procedure with both physical and moral problems. I will not, therefore, be deterred from my purpose even to save the "face" of my beloved country, and will give a few of the instances within my knowledge.

My first painful contact with the system of girl slavery ocurred in far off Szechuen. One of my schoolmates there was little Winnie. She was not pretty, but she was at least sweet and amiable and she sang with an almost phenomenal voice. Our teacher would often smile and say, "Ah, how people would appreciate Winnie's voice in America!" Unfortunately, she had no mother and her father was an opium smoker. One day, finding himself without the means of indulging his appetite, what did he do but sell his mere slip of a girl! How well I remember the consternation among us when one of the schoolmates came in haste to tell us that she had seen Winnie's father carrying her off to her master! A messenger was dispatched, and you will be glad to hear that means were found for her rescue. Alas! her respite was short, for like a thunder clap came the riots of 1886 and all foreigners were driven away from Chingking. When

we heard from that place again we learned that Winnie had been resold. Somewhere she may be still living.

My sorrow for Winnie's lot cannot be compared with what I felt for my classmate, Lin Si Chen, on hearing that she, too, had been sold by an opium-smoking father. She was my best friend in school, and her mind was as beautiful as her person. We were baptized together, and she confessed to me that she would like to devote her life to Christian work, adding, so sadly, that she must try to first help her father. Where were gone her longings and aspirations when she became the concubine of a man sixty years of age? Surely, on this eve of China's regeneration, we, the more favored ones, must plead with all our might that all these unnatural customs shall be swept away with the last relics of our country's barbarism. The laws, too, which recognize these evils by levying taxes on the export of slave girls should receive attention. Just now the newspapers in Japan are struggling valiantly to uphold the law for the protection of girls from servitude. We may at least be striving for the law.

As I grew older I was none the less haunted by the sorrows of these little outcasts of society. There is no time to recount all their tales, but I will refer to a few of those more recently brought to my notice.

Directly opposite our home at Kiukiang dwells a woman fairly well to do in the world; she kept two slave girls, one above and one under ten years of age. Her treatment of the two poor creatures became a neighborhood scandal. The younger of the two, being weaker and less useful, suffered the more. Rarely did they have enough to eat, and my sister as well as the other neighbors tried sometimes to give them a full meal, but they needed to be exceedingly wary or a harder beating than usual would be forthcoming. No bedding was furnished them, only a heap of straw, and often the younger one was made to sit on a bamboo chair all through the night. Being but scantily clothed, you can imagine how the child would shiver through the cold wintry nights. As she grew weaker she must have suffered more without any outsiders knowing it, and evidently her shivering angered her master, for he made her tramp up and down the room, saying, "The foreigners tell us exercise stirs up the circulation and makes people warm." One morning, sleepy and weary, she was perhaps a little more stupid than usual and did not heed her mistress's commands fast enough, so a quick blow came and she was stretched upon the hard stone floor. This time she did not rally. Later on a Christian neighbor came asking if we would not try and see if anything could be done to help the child. We found her thrown on a brush heap in the back yard. There was no roof anywhere to cover this child of God except the pitying heavens. She was in terrible convulsions, so we asked hurriedly if we might remove her to our hospital. "You do not think she will live, do you?" was the query. "No, we do not think she will, but we wish to do our best for her any way." The permission was grudgingly given and we took her in. After a while the heartless woman came to look at her property. Seeing the child lying quietly in a bed and surrounded by every comfort, she asked again, "Is she going to live?" "No," we sadly replied. "Then when she is at her last gasp just throw her out into your front yard, and when she is cold I will send a man with a sack for her." How indignant we were, but we only said, "What harm would she do us if she did die in the hospital." So, all unconscious, she passed away. Let me mention another case.

A little slave girl was carried to our hospital in a serious condition, the result of ill treatment at the hands of her mistress, who belonged to one of the richest families in the city. My colleague spoke kindly to the suffering one and said she would be glad to take her in, but the servants who brought her could not give a guarantee that they left her with us for better or worse. As her condition was critical the doctor did not feel she could take her in without such assurance. While the servants returned to ask the mistress, the wounded child brokenly replied to our sympathetic inquiries. We learned that her mother's brother, who was addicted to opium, had stolen her away from her widowed mother in the far away home in Szechuen and sold her as a slave. So it is that opium and slavery, like two sworn brother robbers, sup-

port each other in their evil course. If one could be captured the other might more easily surrender. The servants returned unsuccessful, and with sorrow we saw them pick up the little bruised body and not too tenderly carry it away. The Roman Catholic hospital also refused to take the child in. Somehow, after her return, a vague idea seemed to form in her mind that if she once got to the hospital she would be all right. So she managed to get up and started out to find us. Here and there she wandered and asked the way, but her pursuers overtook her and carried her back. Her mistress, in a fit of anger, on seeing her brought back, actually beat her to death on the spot.

Do I need to ask if it remains our duty to keep quiet and calm as to this system of girl slavery in China? If so, I turn and appeal to the higher court where our narrow judgments will so often be reversed.

KUKIANG, CHINA

Lion and Eagle

By the late Joseph Cook.

AN International Colloquy in the earliest broad daylight of the dawning twentieth century, after the South African and the Chinese war, and the formation of an International Permanent Tribunal of Arbitration by twenty-seven signatory Powers at The Hague, Belgium. Overheard in Boston, in memory of the Seventh Annual Arbitration Conference, Lake Mohonk, N. Y., 1901:

LEO: *loquitur.*

EGO terrarum Pontifex!
My lands and seas the globe enclose:
All I adjoin I would annex;
My Empire through the ages flows.
Its neighbors wane. IT grows, IT grows.
One tongue, one throne gives earth repose.
I burst the gates which trade perplex;
I cut the cords that commerce vex.
By magic of the open door,
The world, mine oyster, I explore.
At my fierce roar and swingeing tail,
The brightest tropic stars grow pale.

AQUILA: *loquitur.*

Hush, Leo! Thou hast many foes;
The love of fairness world-wide grows.
Boast more of Light and less of Might,
Confederate, they the Globe enclose,
Who stand for Law and Holy Right
And Arbitration's Banners white.
The Golden Rule is Market Law,
Of which the shrewdest stand in awe;
The Golden Rule has Market worth,
Men of Good Will have peace on earth.
Predacious swagger thou must drop,
Vast shaggy mane and hirsute crop.

LEO: *loquitur.*

Cease, Aquila. Thou art but young:
Thy greatest gifts are Eye and Tongue.
Thy land is large; thy people small,
As yet thou hast enough for all;
But when the rich thy poor devour,
Lo, then will come thy bitter hour.
Once, thou hadst Freedom; with it, slaves;
Yet honor, thou, thy martyrs' graves.
Thy wings that skirt the sun, behold,
Are flecked with flagrant love of gold.
Thy talons hurl Heaven's thunderbolts—
But only when it rules thy votes.
Thou art not changeless. Who knows when
May blaze disunion's fires again?
Grant thou lovest Light and Right,
Fierce faction chiefly loveth Might.
Thou art not ripe yet. Who can tell
If thou in Time wilt ripen well?
Opposing force must not escape
My roads (Rhodes) from Cairo to the Cape.

AQUILA: *loquitur.*

From East to West, from palm to pine,
The Earth is God's—not thine or mine;
His Purpose conquers. With him I
All men would lift toward his sky.
All men with tintings myriad
Are men—white, black and brown and red;
One holy right is manifest,
Each soul's full right to do its best:
Beware who fetters natural growth,
To slay such Heaven is never loath;
Firm law and freedom earth adorn,
Tho Freedom yet hath many a thorn.
Thy strength is great and yet is weak,
Unless of God thou armor seek.
Let Naboth's vineyard not have name,
As ancient symbol of thy fame.
Thou tak'st thy path and I my own,
And each will reap what he hath sown,

The Real Aguinaldo

AN INTERVIEW AND AN ESTIMATE

By James A. Le Roy

"IT is to laugh," said a Hindu, struggling with his feeling of mirth and the inconsistencies of the English language at the same time. Both his mirth and his difficulty in expressing himself properly are shared by Americans in the Philippines who read, from ten thousand miles away and after a month's lapse of time, learned disquisitions printed in the United States as to one Aguinaldo. At this distance and after this interval even the jokes about that worthy Filipino seem to us amusing.

We discover that his services, thanks first to Funston and second to the oath of allegiance, will be of the highest value in working out a full civil *régime* for the Philippines; unfortunately, this anticipation is shattered by the discovery that he is not fitted to be an ordinary clerk. He is, it would seem, the popular idol, a statesman, a patriot, a man who should fill the best office available; and yet he has demonstrated himself to be a mere figurehead, a dullard, a cruel tyrant and a man too tricky to be trusted. We are reminded of the distracting efforts of a gentleman who examined minutely the written estimates of the Filipinos by those who have seen them, at rest and in action, and who gave his composite opinion somewhat thus: "They are crafty, sly, deceitful, ungrateful, cruel, vengeful, lazy, superstitious and ignorant; and still they are delightfully hospitable, gentle-mannered, open-handed, very fond of their children, truthful, temperate, patient workmen, eager for education and quick to learn."

Now it may be somewhat difficult to catch all the Filipino people in repose and record a faithful composite photograph; we always reject the efforts of ambitious sojourners among us from Europe who try to do this for us Americans. But Aguinaldo, thanks to General Funston, is now a stationary character, a sort of lay figure in the Philippine landscape; and it would seem as if better results might have been achieved in putting him on paper for transmission to the mind's retina.

The fact is that it needs but the slightest acquaintance in Filipinodom with those who knew Aguinaldo for what he has been and what he is, to place him properly. Señor Don Emilio Aguinaldo y Famy, as he stands among his people to-day, is not poet, nor philosopher, nor friend. And if things are allowed to take their natural course, it is hardly probable that he ever will be.

Whence have come, then, these widely differing estimates as to his deeds, his ability and his future? A great many appear to have had no other source than a lively imagination. The best way of placing Señor Aguinaldo properly would seem to be to state the facts about him. Who is he? What is he? And why is he?

Who is he? He was born in Cavite province thirty years ago. His mother is pronounced by all who know them to have the "brains of the family"—a thing, by the way, far from uncommon in the Philippine Islands. She, it is stated by a man who does much of her business for her, has some Chinese blood. His father is dead. Despite the tales that have been told as to his college education in Manila he was limited to the schooling he got under the Spanish system in the Cavite village in which his boyhood was spent, and to more or less tutoring at the hands of a friar. His career as a school-teacher has figured very much more on paper in the United States than it did in the life in Cavite province.

What is he? Here, again, facts serve best—facts based on the statements of reliable Filipinos who have long known him and on personal conversation with Aguinaldo himself.

In personal appearance he is undersized even for one of his race. His appearance is neither prepossessing nor unattractive. His face has its counterpart by dozens in the population of Manila, and has some of those characteristics inseparable from the Malay with Chinese blood. His chin and mouth are characterless. A pair of bright eyes alone re-

lieve his features from absolute mediocrity. His pompadour springs up from a rather low forehead, lower than it seems to be in his pictures.

His manners are courteous. He eyes a stranger talking with him keenly, as if searching for some hidden motive. He is reticent, or ignorant—which? An incident may shed some light on the question.

After declining to talk to me on political matters, "because of the circumstances in which I find myself placed," he did venture upon the assertion of his belief that "America could only rule successfully in the Philippines by ruling strictly under the Constitution."

"But would you, Señor Aguinaldo, consider it advisable to establish trial by jury in these islands?"

Tho the question was repeated several different times, in as many different ways, the only answer was the stereotyped: "America can rule successfully here only by ruling strictly under the Constitution."

The incident was repeated to a prominent Filipino, who knows Aguinaldo well through having been connected with him in the days when his "government" was being constructed, and who is often consulted by Aguinaldo since the latter's recent return to Manila. His prompt explanation was:

"He got that idea literally from Mabini, and he gave it back to you just as a parrot would. He did not meet your question as to trial by jury because he does not know what that means; he has never learned it by study, and he is incapable of appreciating it any way. The talk about his great familiarity with the Constitution of the United States is all nonsense. Ideas of that sort which you may hear him give out are simply repetitions of what Mabini drummed into his head. Mabini became infected with French socialism, and he inoculated Aguinaldo with some of the same notions; but, while Mabini may have some idea of the broader principles underlying the socialistic doctrine, or any other of his abstractions, Aguinaldo has no comprehension of them at all."

Aguinaldo has the education of the ordinary *escribiente*, or clerk, among the people here. He speaks Spanish with considerably less readiness than the average *escribiente* of Manila, and the Spanish that he speaks is frequently incorrect, in grammar, in choice of words, etc. His knowledge of the language is not sufficient for him to understand a foreigner who speaks it with any considerable amount of accent, unless the speaker goes rather slowly. When it is reflected that, altho Spanish was far from being the language of the common people, yet by nearly all Filipinos who laid claim to any degree of education or prominence in the old days it was spoken almost as readily as their native dialect, this fact becomes instructive as relating to Aguinaldo. Probably there has been no man of prominence in connection with the insurrection who did not converse in the Spanish language more readily than Aguinaldo. Almost every Filipino of any position at all in Manila speaks it constantly, and some have difficulty in conversing in Tagalog. One of the latter, who never speaks in Tagalog when he can avoid it, states that he prefers to talk to Aguinaldo in that language rather than in Spanish.

With the assistance of two gentlemen Aguinaldo wrote his manifesto to the Filipino people, advising them to seek peace under the form of government America is ready to offer them. How about the numerous proclamations that have emanated from him as nominal head of the insurrection during the past three years? But two or three, if any, were written by him. Since Mabini ceased to be ever at his side others have taken up his work in this line.

Articles may shortly appear in the United States, signed by Aguinaldo, but it may be set down as a safe statement that they are not the product of his brain and hand, tho they may bear his signature and have received his approbation.

Of course, this is no more serious an accusation than might be brought against many of our public men in the United States. However, there are other things that go to show that the Filipino insurrection was not entirely carried around under Aguinaldo's hat.

Sixto Lopez has been figuring rather prominently in the United States for some eight months past as the "representative of the Filipino people and their

cause," and has presumed to speak for their great chief, Aguinaldo, etc. Asked as to Sixto Lopez, Aguinaldo shook his head and said:

"Sixto Lopez? I don't know of any such man; never heard of him."

"But he has been in the United States now for some time, and is advertised to be the authorized agent of the insurrection, sent there by Agoncillo in Paris.'

"Oh, well, what Agoncillo may have done, or who may have been sent out by him, I don't know."

When you come to think it all over it seems rather rough on Señor Lopez.

Among the great majority of the best informed and most intelligent Filipinos in Manila (including in this array *Americanistas* of long standing, ex-officials of the insurgent Congress and Cabinet and ex-insurgent officers in the field —business men, physicians and lawyers) Aguinaldo is set down as an ignorant man, by some of these as an "ignoramus." The most favorable estimate of him, made by but two or three of the

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These pictures were furnished Mr. Le Roy by Aguinaldo himself. They are his latest and are considered the best he has ever had.

number canvassed above, is this: "He is a man of fairly good capacity, a bright man, but uneducated, undeveloped."

When it comes to settling the "why" of Aguinaldo, we are entering more upon the ground of suppositions. It would be foolish to say that he is without his following and his admirers among the Filipino people, tho it would be still more foolish to maintain that he has anything like the following that he used to have or that there is any such infatuation cherished for him among the masses of the Tagalogs as there once was. His following now comes from a certain class, very well-defined in the circles of Manila and some of the other towns, and characterized by the best educated and most intelligent Filipinos as "*Superficiales.*"

To Aguinaldo's admirers he is still, of course, more or less of a chosen leader. The view of his career entertained by the more prominent Filipinos mentioned above—the view which is borne out by the character of the man himself and a look at his record for the past few years—is perhaps well summed up in the statement made by the Filipino before quoted:

"Aguinaldo was first made somebody when, as Katipunan leader in his vicinity and the head of a small body of townsmen in league with the Katipunan movement of 1896, his forces had the boldness to stand against Spanish troops and defeat and capture them. They were native troops, to be sure, but they were led by a Spanish officer, and it seemed a great thing for the Filipinos that their race had once stood up and even got the better of a force under the Spanish flag. Nothing so bold as this had ever before happened, and Aguinaldo became a little god among the Cavite peasantry. The leaders of the Katipunan movement promptly availed themselves of the prestige of this success, and Aguinaldo's name was taken and used by them to spread the revolt elsewhere, and infuse confidence into the people. As the movement broadened, Aguinaldo's reputation broadened with it. When it was terminated by the treaty of Biac-na-Bato, his name and reputation faded.

"An American 'made' Aguinaldo the second time. When Dewey got him from Singapore and brought him back to Cavite, putting him at the head of his people, as it were, and providing him with arms, the people naturally flocked to his standard, and in a way that they had never done before. As the months

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went by and ambitions shaped themselves into a separate government and great careers were dreamed out at Malolos, Aguinaldo's name became the instrument through which the real leaders of the insurrection worked, and they used him as they chose, first with and then against America. But everywhere Aguinaldo's was the name to conjure with, and his prestige with the masses, of Tagalogs at least, was at top-notch. When the insurgent movement 'fracased' and disaster succeeded disaster, until all the leaders of the movement were under pledge of loyalty to the United States, or else in prison or fugitives, Aguinaldo's prestige vanished; his charm, which had been only the charm of success, or seeming success, ceased to bind the crowd. Things were sinking back, and being worked back, gradually to their normal course, and his name was no longer spoken, except in reminiscent or joking way, in the Tagalog home. Many of those who thought about him at all believed him dead.

"It seemed to some of us, after General Funston captured him, that the American Government was about to make another mistake with him. He was taken to the old Governor-General's Palace at Malacañan, and treated as no other insurgent politician or general had been treated. Had the policy of treating him as a great man, greater than any other of his people, been continued, and had he, for instance, been taken to America as the representative Filipino, it would have been a serious political mistake for the United States Government in the Philippines. It would have 'made' Aguinaldo for the third time."

Aguinaldo, as he sits in his house today, is in a quandary. Persuaded by that great Filipino, Chief Justice Arellano, to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and to issue his proclamation for peace under American sovereignty, and assured by those of the leading Filipinos in whom he has any faith at all that this was the only course to take, he yet does not fully trust them. It is all very splendid to proclaim that he has been converted, heart and mind, into an *Americanista;* but men of any decision are not given to such lightning changes as that in their sentiments, and Aguinaldo is a man of some firmness, tho one who has never been able nor been accustomed to making up his own mind unaided in such a crisis. Not that it is to be inferred that he has been making any deep "heart-searchings." He is simply puzzled as to "which is the best course for me." In plain English, he has not yet been convinced which way the cat is going to jump, tho doubtless he will not need to live much longer in Manila to make up his mind about that. He proclaims to you his belief that "all will be tranquillity and calm in a very little time now," and that civil government under American methods will be a great thing for his country; but the phrases ring hollow.

Paterno has sought desperately to restore himself in Aguinaldo's confidence since the latter arrived in Manila. Paterno wants to use him and his name for the launching of a "Pedro A. Paterno party;" but Aguinaldo is shrewd enough to know that he will do better evading that influence, and furthermore, he has no inclination to play second fiddle, but wishes to be the head of any party which is to contain him. Efforts to get him into the Federal party have proved unavailing. And Mabini is in Guam.

But it may be urged, what about the friendly, even enthusiastic, phrases of Aguinaldo's proclamation? For warmth, glowing rhetoric and enthusiasm they do not for one moment compare with the proclamation signed by Aguinaldo in praise of Spain and her generosity, etc., and issued to his people on the eve of his departure for Hong Kong after Spain had closed out the revolution of 1896-7 with the Treaty of Biac-na-Bato, and had paid over part of the shekels.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Presbyterians and Their Creed

By Benjamin B. Warfield, D.D , LL.D.

Professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology in Princeton Theological Seminary

WHEN Robert Burns expressed a longing for some power to give us the gift of seeing ourselves as others see us, he had had no experience with The Independent. The revelations made by the mirror so assiduously held up by it to the astonished denominations are often as startling (and as mortifying) as that which Burns wished to be made to the lady in church. Here are we Presbyterians for example. We appear to ourselves a not altogether unintelligent folk; a not altogether dishonest folk. But this is not how others see us—or, at least, not how The Independent sees us. We have just solemnly reaffirmed our hearty and unabated faith in the system of doctrine set forth in the Westminster Confession as nothing other than the Gospel of Christ taught in the Holy Scriptures; and declared afresh our settled purpose to maintain this system in its integrity. The Independent steps forward at once in an authoritative editorial (issue of June 6th, page 1329) to tell us that only stupidity can still pretend to believe this system and doctrine. It is kind enough, it is true, to add a word of excuse for the Presbyterians for thus "lagging behind Christian thought." The highest court of that Church, it seems, is a body totally incapable of passing upon "difficult questions and technical and speculative scholarship," and is inevitably determined "by traditions, prejudices and fears" rather than by reasons—since in such a body the "reasons are unknown or misunderstood." Only on such grounds, it appears, can Presbyterians be acquitted of dishonesty. For in spite of all our professed faith in it, we do not really believe in the Calvinism we publish. In repeating its formulas we are paltering in a double sense. "The actual working creed of Presbyterians is no longer that of the Westminster divines;" and, at least "in all enlightened communities, differs from that of the Westminster fathers as much as the creed of the Andover or New Haven faculty differs from that of Cotton Mather." This is certainly not a very engaging portrait to have held up to us. May we not cherish some faint hope that The Independent's mirror is a somewhat cracked one?

It is certainly sincerely to be hoped that the Presbyterian Church is honest in its expressed adherence to the Calvinistic system, and does really believe that "Calvinism is the Gospel," and does loyally purpose to maintain this Gospel in its integrity. Otherwise it would be indeed a thoroughly dishonest Church, and would richly deserve all the scorn which The Independent now so unjustly pours upon it. Did The Independent remember, as it brought its railing accusations, that every office-bearer in the Presbyterian Church has voluntarily stood up in the sight of God and man and solemnly affirmed his belief that the system of doctrine embodied in the Westminster Confession is the system of doctrine taught in the Scriptures —is, in a word, not something to be set over against the doctrine of Christ, but the very doctrine of Christ itself? He holds his office only on the faith of that declaration. And that is the reason why the Presbyterian Assembly not only did, in the case of Prof. Henry P. Smith, maintain "unblushingly," as The Independent says, but always will, we hope, maintain equally "unblushingly," that the truth or falsehood of novel views announced by its office-bearers is not the primary question to engage its attention, but rather "whether these views agree with the Confession of Faith." The Independent will not find—we believe it has not hitherto found—Presbyterians particularly unwilling to discuss the claims of Calvinism to be the truth of God. So little are they careless of the truth or falsehood of their professed faith that (rightly or wrongly) they have acquired some little reputation for polemic zeal. But they desire to deal with all things decently and in order. And when one of their office-bearers seems to assail the very truth to which he is publicly committed by the most sacred act of his official life, their first care, very prop-

erly one would think, is to ascertain whether he has really assailed it. It is hard to discover any inherent dishonesty lurking behind this.

But Presbyterians must nevertheless decline to have their reputation for honesty saved at the cost of their intelligence, as THE INDEPENDENT so kindly proposes. It is only on the hypothesis of gross ignorance of the present state of religious thought that THE INDEPENDENT can account for the persistence of even the modified Calvinism it will accredit to Presbyterians. There is, however, another way of accounting for it. It is not because they are ignorant of recent theological thinking that Presbyterians continue Calvinists. It is, briefly, because "harmony with present Christian thought and scholarship" is not with them the test of religious truth. They make no pretention of being in harmony with these things. What they pretend to be in harmony with, and what they purpose to remain in harmony with, is the teaching of the Scriptures. "Present Christian thought and scholarship" is, after all, nothing but a high-sounding name for current opinion. And current opinion is a sorry substitute for the revealed word of the omniscient God as the test and name of truth. Presbyterians have no wish to anchor to the "winds of doctrine" that blow up and down in the barren spaces of the so-called "scholarly" world. Their ideal of Christian living and teaching is not to have

> "A creed for every clime and age,
> By mammon's touch new moulded o'er and o'er;
> No cross, no war to wage."

They are content even in this age to bear the cross of the world's scorn, and to wage as faithfully as God grants them ability to do so the war of revealed truth. It is the old mystic's motto which they would adopt for their own—tho, of course, not precisely in the old mystic's sense, since their eye is primarily on the written word:

> "Blest are the ears that catch the throbbing whisper of the Lord,
> And turn not to the buzzings of the passing world."

No, this is not the glorification of obscurantism. There is a difference which it would be well for THE INDEPENDENT to mark between ignorance of what is going on in the world and helplessly dancing like a feather in the wind raised by the ever-changing hypotheses of what arrogates to be the world's thinking. If we are to infer ignorance of all that is not "swallowed," we might even accuse THE INDEPENDENT of ignorance of Calvinism. On this, however, there is no need to dwell; let THE INDEPENDENT square its accusations of lack of intelligence among Presbyterians with its own conscience and the Ninth Commandment —if, indeed, that Commandment can be thought to be in "harmony with present Christian thought and scholarship," according to which (in THE INDEPENDENT'S sense) it is, at least, not the direct word of God which Presbyterians think it. It is of more interest to remark that by their continued adherence to the system of doctrine embodied in the Westminster Confession Presbyterians do not imply that, in their view, no advance has been made in Christian knowledge during the quarter of a millennium that has intervened since the formulation of that Confession. Of course there has been advance, and Presbyterians have borne their full share in making it. But not all the theological movements of our day run in the direction of advance, nor have the real advances that have been made crumbled the foundations. The science of mathematics, too, has made great advances in our time; but the multiplication table stands firm, and it is not the Sylvesters and Earleys that propose to abrogate it. We must really learn to distinguish between advance and retrogression. And the astounding fact about the present day impatience with the old formulæ of faith is that they are not in the interests of advance, but of retrogression. Let THE INDEPENDENT search and see: it will find that no one of the objections it is accustomed to urge against the Calvinistic system has the slightest claim to novelty—that there is no one of them that is not a resurrection from the dead and decayed past, the validation of which now would be the rehabilitation of a transcended stage of religious thinking.

The fact simply is that teaching "present Christian thought and scholarship" is caught in a powerful, backward eddy, and it has fallen to the lot of Presby-

terians again, as so often before, to resist this retrogressive flood in order that advance may be possible. All the hope of progress in Christian thought lies today, as it has often lain before, in the hands of the Augustinian hosts. The question which is really raised by the present assault on the Westminster Confession in fact is just whether that advance post shall be held in order that we may go yet forward; or whether those who have been elected to march in the advance of Christian thought shall be forced to retire from their hard-won position and commit it to the future to recover again the ground thus given up. Presbyterians are determined to preserve in its integrity the system of doctrine embodied in their Confession of Faith, not because they are afflicted with the disease of dead conservatism, nor because their eyes are below that they should not see what is going on in the world about them, but because they find themselves immersed in strong currents of restless thought beating aimlessly back and forth, through the tangles of which they know that they know the way, and because they feel the burden of the world upon their shoulders, and have settled it with themselves that they will not sink beneath the waves, but will bear that burden safely through and carry it up the slopes beyond.

That is how Presbyterians see themselves.

PRINCETON, N. J.

A Soul Above Leather

By Edward Boltwood

WHEN Henderson asked for a place on the *Open Air Magazine* he was just out of college and wanted to be a literary man. With engaging frankness he told this ambition to Mr. Bland, the proprietor, and Mr. Bland smiled indulgently and said that his editorial positions were filled. The publisher did not add that there was only one desk in the editorial room, and that the *Open Air Magazine* was to be conducted chiefly for advertising purposes.

Henderson had read about the value of determination, and so he clung faithfully to Mr. Bland's side, and became a nuisance to the promoter of the new magazine. In order to be rid of him, Bland turned him over to Colonel Terry, the head of the advertising department.

Mr. Bland had often done this sort of thing before, and Colonel Terry was mad.

"The old man has shoved another kid onto me," growled the Colonel to Jimmy Tate, his lieutenant, "and I'm good and sick of it. He'll ruin what little chance we've got to make this sheet go. He will be no more use in here than a piano player."

The Colonel was about right. Henderson knew nothing of advertising and cared less. Indeed, Mr. Bland had hinted something about the position being merely temporary, and so, when Henderson took his desk, just outside Colonel Terry's gorgeous private office, he determined to spend his time there in writing stories and not to bother much about the sordid business going on around him. He was awarded the task of checking space and seeing to the proofs, but in a few days he succeeded in mixing things up in such a marvelous fashion that his duties were transferred to an aspiring stenographer. The ignominy did not disturb him in the least.

"This dude is too good for his job," said Colonel Terry.

Mr. Tate winked approvingly.

"Guess we'll have to send him out on the street," the chief continued. "That'll take it out of him."

"Sure," assented Jimmy, grinning.

"Boy!" roared Colonel Terry. "Ask Mr. Henderson if he will be good enough to step this way."

Mr. Henderson *was* good enough, and stepped accordingly.

"Mr. Henderson," began the Colonel, with impressive condescension, "now that your time permits you to take up more responsible duties in this department, I have decided to intrust you with an urgent mission."

Jimmy Tate gazed with evident admiration at his superior. Such a command of language!

"We are anxious," said he, "to secure some large advertising from the leather trade. I want you to go through the district and interview the leading firms."

Henderson's wandering eyes became focused on the Colonel's diamond scarf-pin. "What shall I say to them?" he asked.

The manager coughed to conceal his mirth, and Tate chuckled behind a blotter.

"I leave that to your good business judgment," replied the Colonel, solemnly.

The young man bowed. It was plain to him that, if he was willing to stoop to such prosaic duties, he could be a great advertising man.

"How many pages shall I get, sir?" he inquired.

"Twenty," answered Terry, explosively. "That is all we have room for. You might tell them that we shall have twenty leather pages in our October number."

"Good-morning," said Henderson, and walked out.

Jimmy Tate was slapping his leg in a mute agony of merriment.

"There ain't twenty lines in the whole Swamp," he gasped. "I've raked it four times."

"I know it," said Colonel Terry. "We've got nothing to lose in sending that young jay around. In the meantime I'll speak to Bland, and have him fired. He's useless. 'What shall I say? How many pages shall I get?' Great Scott, what do you think of him, eh?"

"Say, but this will tickle the boys," exclaimed Jimmy, and he went out to spread the Colonel's wit among the other solicitors.

Henderson, unsuspecting and innocent, was on his way to the narrow, evil-smelling streets of the leather district. He comforted himself by reflecting that he might find some material for a story, and he went into the office of Wallace & White with the utmost unconcern as to the result of his visit there

Young Henderson looked like anything but a canvasser. To the clerk he presented his personal card, having no other, which gave his address at the Harvard Club. He was promptly ushered into the presence of Mr. White, who had a son trying for the football team at Cambridge, and was exceedingly proud of it. Henderson shook hands cordially and sat down.

"I am on the *Open Air Magazine*," said he, with an apologetic smile.

Mr. White nodded politely, "Indeed," he said. "You write up athletics, I suppose—rowing, football, and so on?"

"Oh, yes!" replied Henderson. This was splendid; the old gentleman regarded him as an author.

"And you've come to me for material," went on Mr. White.

"Yes," said Henderson. "But not exactly about athletics, this time. You see we're going to have a lot about leather in the October number, and——"

"Oh, advertising, eh? You're an advertising man, eh?"

"Well, not exactly," explained Henderson, eagerly. "I'm only an advertising man temporarily. My real place, you see, is in the editorial rooms."

"And they send an editor out to get advertising?" Mr. White laughed, and young Henderson looked wearily at the tips of his shoes. The merchant touched a bell and sent for Mr. Struthers.

"Mr. Struthers," he said, "this is Mr. Henderson, of the editorial department of the *Open Air Magazine*—Bland's new paper. They're going to print a long article about the leather houses in the October isue. Do we want to take any advertising space?"

"Sort of a special trade number, Mr. Henderson?" asked Struthers.

"I suppose you'd call it that," Henderson answered. "We shall have twenty leather pages, at least."

Mr. Struthers opened his eyes.

"Twenty pages? That's a great write-up. Let me see—what's your rate?"

Henderson considered. Terry had said nothing about the rate. He made a hurried calculation.

"Oh, about thirty dollars," he faltered. "Thirty dollars a page, I guess."

Mr. Struthers opened his eyes still wider.

"That's cheap enough, isn't it?" suggested Mr. White.

"Why, yes," said Struthers. "Tate was shouting for fifty."

"Oh, if——" began Henderson, but Mr. White interrupted him.

"I presume this is a special thing, coming, as it does, from the editorial room," he said. "What do you think, Mr. Struthers?"

"I should say we might take a page, sir," replied Struthers. It was apparent that the "old man" wanted to try it, and policy dictated acquiescence.

Accordingly Henderson produced a contract blank, and the bargain was concluded.

"Does Bland ever send you to Cambridge this fall?" inquired Mr. White, as Henderson rose to go. "Keep your eye on my boy there. He played end two weeks against Dartmouth."

"I shall be glad to," said Henderson, in utter ignorance of what the gentleman meant.

He stood on the curbstone and heaved a sigh of relief. "Come," he reflected, "that wasn't so hard. Who's the next?"

The next was the Joseph Becker Company, just across the street. In a special line of the trade they were the bitterest rivals of Wallace & White, but Henderson did not know about this.

And there was another thing which he did not realize. By writing old Mr. White for a page he had "broken in"—any advertising man could have told him that. The firm of Wallace & White was termed "the hardest proposition" in the business. They advertised very seldom, and when they did it meant that there was something especially valuable in the medium.

So the mere exhibition of the Wallace & White contract was sufficient to convince young Amos Becker. Henderson repeated what Colonel Terry had told him about the twenty pages, and Becker misunderstood him, just as Mr. White had done.

"I don't see," said Amos to himself, "why a paper like the *Open Air Magazine* should print such an article. But Bland is up to anything, and I don't propose to be left out in the advertising space, if old White is going in."

It would be idle to follow Henderson's triumphal tour thereafter through the Swamp. The other dealers fell in like a flock of sheep behind the Beckers and Wallace & White. When it was lunch time Henderson returned to the *Open Air Magazine* office, and sat down at his desk to finish the sonnet. Mr. Bland and Terry were in the Colonel's private room, and he was summoned to an interview.

"Mr. Henderson," said the publisher, gravely, "Colonel Terry tells me that you are interested in this sort of work."

"Not at all, sir," replied Henderson, promptly.

"Well, I'm afraid—of course, we shall be sorry to—ahem, Colonel, is Mr. Henderson engaged at present in anything important?"

The Colonel hesitated, pretending to consider.

"I have not quite finished what you gave me this morning, Colonel Terry," said Henderson, gazing meekly at the carpet. "I have three pages to fill yet."

"Sir!" exclaimed Terry.

Henderson was now ashamed of his negligence, but quite honest in confessing it.

"I could get only seventeen pages," he said, desperately, producing the contracts. "After lunch, I hope——"

Henderson's voice died away. He was much frightened. The Colonel took the blanks, and stared at them in astonishment. Mr. Bland, who knew a joke when he met one, hastily left the room.

"What—what did you say to these people?" inquired the Coloned, clearing his throat.

"Only what you informed me regarding the twenty pages, sir."

"Young man," ejaculated Terry, "you're a wonder!"

"Thank you, sir," said Henderson.

The next week Henderson was sent upstairs to the editorial rooms. "I want a man with business instinct there," Mr. Bland said; "I think you'll do."

It is not recorded what Mr. White and others thought when the October number of the *Open Air Magazine* appeared, with an article on the leather trade conspicuously absent, and seventeen pages of leather advertising printed in the supplement. Perhaps they reviewed Henderson's language in their minds, and decided that it was best to laugh and say nothing. But years afterward Henderson wrote a story about it. This is the story.

New York City.

LITERATURE

A Statesman of South Carolina*

An English periodical of some note has recently made the gracious admission that we Americans have now "a considerable past." The patronizing airs of the English have ceased to be offensive to us; have become simply amusing, a sign, probably, that our provincialism has begun to disappear; and so we can afford to consider such a statement suavely and gravely. It is true.

True it is, also, that besides being considerable, it is being considered more and more every year by ourselves. Proof of this manifests itself in several things. The recent sudden supply of "historical" novels (mostly poor, to be sure, in execution, but not without gleams of promise to a critical eye that dares to look largely as well as minutely at contemporary performance) is one flight of straws which indicates the set of the breeze. Another much more "significant sign," to adopt an odd pleonasm of which George William Curtis was the sire, is the increasing output of solid works of history, not only by regular historians, but by the unprofessional.

In some cases undoubtedly family pride incites to such work—and such pride is by no means necessarily unbecoming or unproductive of great general benefit. A case in point is presented by the publication through a well-established firm of Boston publishers of "The Life and Times of William Lowndes of South Carolina" (1782-1822), written by Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel, the granddaughter of this remarkable man, who was called by Benton "the brightest of the galaxy" that represented South Carolina in the famous Twelfth Congress; who passed away before his cloudless morning had reached the blaze of noon; and who, as a Pennsylvanian panegyrist in Congress remarked, "was ignorant only of the magnitude of his own powers."

Mrs. Ravenel, tho hers is a 'prentice hand in literature, has told his life-history well, with a candid, unbiased presentment of contemporary facts, with a proper amount of citations from documents and letters and with enough of personal anecdote to throw light on her grandfather's private, as well as public, character.

The cause of her lack of bias may be, of course, temperamental; or it may be traceable to the fact that her two grandfathers were political opponents, tho warm friends. Whatever it spring from, it is one of the striking characteristics of her contribution to American history and renders her book peculiarly valuable.

In the space editorially allotted for review it is impossible to cover even the chief points of interest in a work such as this. One can only seek to stimulate the intelligent and patriotic reader—who feels him-or-herself deficient in a knowledge of our country's great men—to get the book itself and study it carefully. But, at least, a single of the many impressions made on a reviewer's mind should be stated, because a fact of the following kind is of wide general importance by virtue of its unifying influence on the national mind and heart.

The evidence presented by Mrs. Ravenel shows—what is far from being generally known or appreciated by Americans, both Southerners and Northerners—that South Carolina was never a one-minded State—that is, her people and her statesmen were never unanimously dominated by a political idea or political coterie. The reign of Calhoun unquestionably tended to fasten this mistaken opinion on the popular mind. But the truth is that in South Carolina, from the beginning, there has been, and is to-day, an impressive opposition; impressive not merely from the social status of its members, but by its weight of intellectual ability.

Moreover, in considering the various historic positions into which a State—or large body of people—may have been led, or dragged, one must give due place in the mind not only to small facts, but to purposes and aims which failed of becoming actualities from extra-territorial as well as internal causes. For an example of the latter suggestion, let us ponder

*Life and Times of William Lowndes. *By Mrs. St. Julien Ravenel.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50

the fact that one of Hayne's pet projects was the institution of a railroad directly connecting Charleston and Cincinnati. Had this gone through in the early fifties, as a distinguished Carolinian lately remarked, it is probable that there would have been no such thing as Secession and the overt act of firing on Sumter. The commercial link would have been added.

In St. Michael's churchyard, side by side, repose the bones of Hayne and his life-long rival in South Carolina affections, James Louis Petigru, the Unionist. This was the man who, when publicly asked what he thought of Secession, said: "Well, my State has voted to go to hell, and I suppose I must go with her under protest;" the man who said later, with contemptuous wit, when told exultantly that Louisiana had just joined the hell-bent procession of Secession, "Louisiana seceded? What shadow of right can she have to secede? Damnation, sir, I thought that we, the Union, *bought* Louisiana."

Over the graves of these men three beautiful magnolias *unite* their grateful shadows. In the spirit of such a spot our country's history should be studied. Mrs. Ravenel's life of her grandfather, while illuminating especially that important period of our "considerable past" which deals with the second war against British aggression and the economic conditions that grew out of it, casts rays whereby the Civil War can be clearlier understood, lights up also the immediate present, and modestly, doubtless unintentionally, hands on a torch of benevolence for the future.

A Novel of New York*

Mr. Townsend's *Days Like These* is another annoying example of what has come to be the rule in American fiction. Putting aside the stories that are mere trash one might divide the output of recent novels into two pretty clearly defined classes: Those which display a laborious artistic design, but lack vivification, and those which are instinct with life, but are without seriousness of intention. Of the first class "The Crisis" is a good specimen—leaden, laborious, serious, dull. There is in it all the conscientious desire of art without the genuine inspiration of art. Mr. Townsend has added another example to the other class of books already made conspicuous by "David Harum" and "Eben Holden." Needless to say that *Days Like These*—a cynical satire on New York, vacillating between Hickory Street and the Avenue—has in one sense little in common with such up-state tales as "David Harum." But from another point of view the two books belong together; they both manifest a wonderful familiarity with some phase of American life; they both contain characters racy of the soil (or of the asphalt, it may be) and abound in native wit; while, on the other hand, they are both utterly innocent of any observable, artistic guidance. It is for this reason, because it combines so much originality and genuineness of inspiration with such complete lack of artistic conscience, that the epithet "annoying" may be applied to *Days Like These.*

No one knows his New York better than Mr. Townsend. Whether his story carries us to the sweltering rush of Printing House Square on a hot summer evening, to a wretched flat on Hickory Street, to a ward saloon, to the Waldorf-Astoria, to the Black and Tan, to Wall Street, or the Avenue—wherever it carries us, we know the author is at home with his subject. So, too, in characterization, it seems perfectly indifferent to Mr. Townsend whether he is speaking for a ward politician, for Mr. Croker and Mr. Platt, for a great financier, for the leaders of society, for a poor woman who sells papers at the Bridge, a prize-fighter—they all live, they all breathe the atmosphere of New York and speak the language of Manhattan.

There is abundance of wit in the book: Polly Foster's letters from Europe, for example, are about the cleverest reading of the season; there is satire of the keenest sort, and so thinly disguised are some of the characters that their portrayal is almost a scandal; there is a touch of human nature, pure and sweet, the whole family connection of Polly Foster being of the kind that charms while it amuses. There is every element here of a genuine book, excepting only one, the artistic sense. This fatal lack shows itself most

* Days Like These. *By Edward W. Townsend.* New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

clearly in the inability to construct a story; the characters rattle about in a loose, haphazard manner that finally becomes exasperating; powerful scenes are lugged in without exerting any corresponding influence on the course of events; chapters of wit intervene which are but comic paragraphs (excellent in their kind) from a newspaper. It is a pity, it is almost a disgrace. Why should not Mr. Townsend, with his superabundant knowledge and cleverness, look a little more seriously to his art? Let him go to school humbly to the great masters, let him submit his untrained cleverness to the severe discipline of study, let him realize the littleness and, in the end, insincerity of such crude productions as he has so far given us, and he may in the end write a book that is really literature.

Unfortunately, however, the difficulty lies as much with the public as with the artist himself. There is not sufficient sincerity of artistic taste among his readers to brace him against the temptation of following the easier path. So it is that in the case of "The Crisis" earnestness of intention has not saved the writer from flatness and conventionality. In *Days Like These* all the cleverness and, it must be said, all the shallowness and worldliness of the American spirit speak. Mr. Townsend chooses as the motto of his tale these words from Tennyson:

"What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys."

When the novelist is permitted to write of a society that is truly representative and comprehensive, and at the same time free from this taint of commercialism, he may, if he has the ability of Mr. Townsend, create literature.

South America*

Sir Martin Conway is the greatest living mountain climber, and his book will therefore be welcomed by every lover of "the most dangerous sport in the world." It is more than this, however. It is a very delightful book of travels for that great host of readers who have graduated from the novel into biography and the story of personal achievement.

Sir Martin begins at the beginning and leaves Southampton with the reader, and his two Alpine mountain guides in July, 1898, for Colon, Colombia. En route he stops for a short visit at the black Republic of Hayti, "whose birth was watched with an ill founded enthusiasm and whose history is a tale of steady decadence." At the Isthmus of Panama the author has an interesting chapter on the present condition of the Panama Canal route, which, despite the vast fortunes already sunk in the enterprise, the miles and miles of abandoned and rotting machinery along the route and the general prevalence of yellow fever, he thinks should be completed by the United States. While in that country the subject of revolutions naturally arises, and, as Sir Martin was an unwilling participant in one of these, his observations are of particular value. Instead of two small bodies of opposing troops coming in sight of each other, firing their guns into the air and then running away in opposite directions, he found regularly drilled forces fighting most stubbornly against each other for days and even weeks at a time. The field after the battle is generally strewn with the dead, who are never buried, but become the food of vultures. These revolutions, it may be added, despite their bloodiness, are factional in origin and are never fought for a great principle.

Crossing over to Panama Sir Martin took the boat to Peru, and then went overland to La Paz, the capital of Bolivia and the headquarters from which he was to climb the two great peaks of the Andes, each about 25,000 feet above the sea level. We are not going to tell how he got to the very topmost peak of Illimani, or succeeded in ascending to within a few hundred feet of the summit of Sorata; of the difficulties he and his two intrepid guides underwent; the treachery of the Indian allies, or the extreme physical suffering that every one must undergo in high latitudes. All this is told at length and delightfully in the book. Suffice it to say that Sir Martin was the first man to reach the top of Illimani, and he broke the way for those who are to fol-

*The Bolivian Andes. A Record of Climbing and Exploration in the Cordillera Real in the Years 1898 and 1900. *By Sir Martin Conway.* Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. $3 00.

Latin-America. *By Hubert W. Brown, M.A.* Illustrated. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.20.

low him up Sorata. Altho the book is mostly taken up with the ascent of these two mountains there is a great deal told about the physical and social conditions of South America. The fabulous undeveloped resources of the country (once the seat of an ancient civilization whose traces and descendants are still to be seen) are most intelligently discussed.

The book will prove interesting alike to all mountain climbers, to all capitalists seeking new worlds to conquer, and to the general reader.

The title of Mr. Brown's learned but somewhat dull book is a misnomer, for the volume deals almost exclusively with the religious history and the present religious condition of Latin-America. It is a reprint of "The Students' Lectures on Missions," delivered before Princeton Theological Seminary. The author is a Presbyterian missionary from Mexico, and his brief is to show the necessity of Protestantizing Latin-America by enlisting young American theologs in the work. He euphoniously alliterates the titles of his chapters as follows: The Pagans, The Papists, The Patriots, The Protestants and The Present Problem. These chapters discuss with emphasis the failures, past and present, of the Roman Catholic Church, whose moral corruption and general inadequacy are sketched with unsparing but convincing power. The author seems to be more of a partisan advocate than a calm spectator of religious conditions. But as this was probably his purpose he should not be blamed. The book, however, will give a comprehensive and not unfair account of the religious condition of the Indians, the half-breeds, the Spaniards and foreigners in Latin-America, whether they are "Pagans, Papists or Protestants."

The Christian Church*

Bishop Hurst is to be congratulated on the completion of his noble history of the Christian Church. It is a work whose catholic character, freedom from denominational narrowness and positive Christian character will be recognized in all parts of the Protestant Church. The previous volume ended when the medieval darkness and corruption were deepest. The new volume begins with the heralds of the coming dawn, and has for its brighter themes the development of the new and reformed Christianity. Part I takes up directly "The Heralds of the Better Church." Part II develops the story of the Reformation under two heads, (1) On the Continent, and (2), in the British Isles. This division between British and Continental Christianity is maintained in the following parts on the "Intermediate Period" from the establishment of the Reformation to the middle of the seventeenth century, while the extension of Christianity in America is treated briefly in forty-three pages of the Third Part.

The work has the strong attraction of being written from a warmly Christian and Protestant point of view, and with no assumption of the indifference which passes with many for impartiality. The author's purpose is to make his readers acquainted with the fruitful life and work of the Church militant through all this modern period of its history. He sets forth the different forms its great problem of life, work and confession has assumed, in peace and war, in martyr-testimony and missionary devotion, in Pietism and Puritanism, in evangelical zeal, in its students, its scholars and its theologians. The result is singularly inspiring.

Some critics, who love to represent the renaissance as the central stream of which the Reformation was but an eddy, may feel that the treatment of this subject is meager. The reactionary movement of the Roman Catholic counter-reformation is not treated with as much fullness as its importance demands, nor is the relation of the more enlightened Spanish prelates, with the Emperor Charles V behind them, to the Council of Trent and its scheme of reform brought out as fully as it would probably have been on a somewhat different plan.

The work as a whole, however, deserves the praise we have given it on the ground of its positive merits, and especially for its vitally appreciative presentation of modern Christianity since the Reformation.

* History of the Christian Church. *By John Fletcher Hurst.* Vol. ii. New York: Eaton & Mains. $5.00.

THE DISCIPLE. *By Paul Bourget.* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.) To judge from M. Bourget and other eminent Gallic psychologists, the Frenchman appears to be a man who does not require the services of the devil. He manufactures his own evils, and invents his own torments with astonishing skill. But since Rousseau set the fashion he is continually engaged in disinfecting himself spiritually with confessions to the public. In these he shows a native depravity that is abnormal and powers for revealing it that are revolting. The philosopher whose disciple confesses in this story denies the existence both of God and the material universe, and holds only to the entity of mind without the embarrassment of personal responsibility. The effect of his teaching is to destroy the moral sense in his pupil, leaving him astutely intelligent, void of conscience, and fiercely adventurous for psychological experiments. Under these conditions he becomes that curious paradox, a criminal, whose motive is scientific rather than vicious, and who, after committing the grossest crime, puts away the instinctive remorse of his soul as unphilosophical. The philosopher himself is represented as an innocent idealist, whose theory renders him inhuman, and who is only awakened to a proper conception of his diabolism on the last page of the story. For artistic purposes at least, this final *dénouement* is not sufficiently developed.

A DREAM OF EMPIRE. *By William Henry Venable.* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.) Mr. Venable has been more fortunate in selecting the characters for this historical romance than in the writing of it. Aaron Burr, a man famous still as much on account of his fascinating wickedness as for his splendid gifts of courage and intelligence, is the hero of the story, while Blennerhassett, the unfortunate Irishman who once lived an almost enchanted life on the island in the Ohio River since named for him, is made the contemptible victim of Burr's chicanery in his efforts to dissolve the Union and establish an empire in the South. But the fact that a man can write an excellent history is almost conclusive proof that he cannot write a romance. As he is accustomed to dealing with facts, his imagination refuses to respond to the spur of the novelist. In this *Dream of Empire,* Burr is made to appear, accurately, as a rather sorry hero, and only a half-hearted villain, which is an historically correct impression of the man; but novel readers care less for facts and more for the bright blaze which genius kindles above them. This illuminating spark is what Mr. Venable lacks. And if we are to credit the statements of a real live Blennerhassett, recently published in *The Century,* he has even been inaccurate in his historical basis. But to those of us unprejudiced by relationship to the famous Irishman, it appears that this kinswoman of his has more cause to complain of the general dullness of the story in which he figures so lamely than of Aaron Burr's gallantries to Madam Blennerhassett, which, if they were no more skillful than Mr. Venable represents them, must have been harmless enough.

MONONIA. *By Justin McCarthy.* (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.) Mr. McCarthy's heroine, Mononia, is the daughter of a noble family living in the south of Ireland in 1848. The story, of course, plunges *in medias res,* the first few chapters portraying the imminent collapse of the Desmond fortunes and a couple of proposals for the hand of Mononia, who is so warm hearted and cool headed, so altogether to be desired that the reader would make a third if possible. But the other characters as a rule leave no distinct impression. They are people whom we hear of often and pass occasionally, but after all a face to face interview counts more for acquaintance than much hearsay. There are several love affairs with various issues, an incipient rebellion and a patriotic devotion to the cause of Ireland's freedom that narrowly escapes being martyrdom. The author has chosen a people, a period and, above all, a place, full of romance, but in the last point especially he has made the least of his opportunity. The story is so localized that we are disappointed in the lack of local coloring. What might not Stevenson or Hall Caine have done with this wild, sad environment? The summer reader who expects a narrative that shall hurry him along breathless to the finish at the pace set by Mary Johnston and the younger generation must go further; but no one who

has an acquired or inherited sympathy with Ireland and her traditions can refuse a welcome to *Mononia.*

God's Puppets. *By Imogen Clark.* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.) This story of old Dutch New York is to be reprinted in England under the far more appropriate title of "The Dominie's Garden." It is a delightful love story of that period when the antagonism of women to men was grandly feminine, rather than masculinely intellectual, and when to woo one was an art requiring more courage and skill than it does nowadays. The atmosphere of the book is wholesome, notwithstanding the numerous Dutch matrons who gossip their way through it, and in spite of the heroine's vixenish manners. The hero is a vain and engaging young English soldier, accepting, like the average man, more than he deserves from one woman, and suffering like a martyr the torments of spite and caprice for the favor of another. Just what impression the author may have intended to convey by the title of her story is uncertain; but from the course of events recorded is appears that God's puppets fare very well till they fail to bear in mind the caution of personal responsibility, in which case evils befall the man, and the deeps yawn for the woman. Nobody is damned that is really innocent, but all suffer the consequences of weakness and indiscretion. The author has a stimulating style that brings a lively color to the cheeks of her women and gives her heroes good lengthy strides.

The Cruise of the Petrel. *By T. Jenkins Hains.* (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.25.) A story of whaling and privateering during the war of 1812, from which the boy to whom the book is dedicated may learn much of the hardships of sea-faring life a hundred years ago. The narrative detaches the reader from land utterly and carries him, with storms bellowing in his ears and the salt spray dashing in his face, far away into the vast spaces of the South Atlantic. The seas rush over us perpetually, and the land becomes almost a dream. The description of storms and battles is marked by a restraint of language and manner almost stern. And there is an iron simplicity in the epithet that drives it home like chain shot. Strange to say, the hero, an altogether possible person, gets soundly whipped in nearly all his rencounters, and even loses his sweetheart—a set of circumstances contrasting him so uniquely with the average hero of an historical romance as to make him really interesting.

When Eve Was Not Created. *By Hervey White.* (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.) What purpose inspires Mr. Hervey White to write is really a question. His style is morbid, colorless and never illumined by a flash of humor or penetrated by a beam of hope. In these stories, as in his recent novel, "Quicksands," he shows a moral untidyness. His vices are crude, too gaunt and apparent; and his mind tends to disaster. He is the enemy who invariably dashes the hero of the tale to pieces between the Scylla and Charybdis of his malicious imagination. His rule is to begin with a clean, normal character, whom he beats down, distorts, snares and tempts with a chicanery that is diabolical. In the interest of good literature we suggest that Mr. Hervey White should be caught and made to dig sanely in the earth and perspire freely for such a length of time as he might require to raise a stalk of wholesome ideas, instead of these poisonous weeds of an unhealthy genius with which he afflicts us now.

Theology at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century. Essays on the Present Status of Christianity and Its Doctrines. *Edited with an Introduction by J. Vyrnwy Morgan, D.D.* (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.50.) Of the thirty or more chapters by various writers of which this book is composed one or two have already appeared in The Independent. The range of selection of authors is very wide; for example, Frederick Harrison treats of "Christianity at the End of the Ninetenth Century," and Rabbi Hirsch of "Evolution and Its Relation to Man and Religion." Future punishment is discussed by three writers holding different opinions, and the Atonement by as many, while Christian Science is both attacked and defended. Modern views and conservative views are given with equal charity by their defenders. Mayor Jones, of Toledo, discusses the "Religious Condition of Working-

men in America;" a Salvation Army brigadier "The Effect of Recent Theological Discussion on the Lower Classes," while Archdeacon Farrar discusses its effect on the upper classes. Naturally there is a difference in the value of the essays as there is in the views presented, but many of the writers are men of much ability, and the book will set its readers a-thinking in many ways.

THE AMERICAN HUSBAND IN PARIS. *By Anna Bowman Dodd.* (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.00.) This little drama excites so much contempt for the American wife in Paris that there is scarcely enough mental zeal left in the reader properly to appreciate her paragon of a husband, whose distinguishing feature appears to be that he is about the same in Paris as at home in New York—a shrewd American business man, with rather more dignity of character than grace of manner, who really likes to be deceived, cajoled and imposed upon by his women folk. The author only reminds us in her little book of a fact with which we are all familiar—that the American man does not know, and will never know, how to match the self preserving wit of the American woman. His political economies extend no further than the art of governing members of his own sex. He lacks that quality of Oriental brutality, so necessary in the management of women.

THE BOOK OF GENESIS IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN KNOWLEDGE. *By Rev. Elwood Worcester, D.D.* (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $3.00.) The topics in this book were prepared as addresses at St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, by the rector. They cover a discussion of the story of Genesis from the creation to the Tower of Babel, as illustrated by modern discoveries. Dr. Worcester has had the counsel of such good scholars as Professors Jastrow and Barton, and has had access to English, German and French authorities. He has shown great diligence and good sense in the collecting of his data from excellent sources. In such a chapter, for example, as that on the Chaos Monster in the Old Testament, he has made full use of Gunkel's studies. In the same way Zimmern is drawn upon for the story of Enoch. The biblical story of the Flood is not only carefully studied by comparison with the Babylonian account, but in the appendix there is a very full statement in tabular form following Schwartz's "Sintfluth" of the traditions relating to the Flood. We can heartily commend the book for popular reading.

KING'S END. *By Alice Brown.* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.) King's End is "a straggling village under a hillside," where poverty, thrift and cleanliness all suggest the hygienic atmosphere of New England. The author brings her people in and out of this hamlet with a power of walking remarkable even in the energetic romances of that section. The characters all have a hard ethical quality and a few honest doubts for the sake of variety. With them silence is sympathy; and love is a joy which the women accept only after repeated attempts to sacrifice themselves to unreasonable duties. In the end everybody's sorrows are spread out in the spring sunshine, where they appear to melt into blessings as naturally as frost changes to dew.

THE CRIMSON WEED. *By Christopher St. John.* (New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.) Mr. St. John's genius consists in spreading an epidemic of evil among the people in his story, which to begin with is based upon an immoral episode. Nothing fortunate happens, no man retrieves himself. The plot involves too much clear predestination, and not enough honest liberty of the human will. The author's impressions are vivid, but not always connected, or even logical; and there is throughout the volume too much rag weed sentimentality. In short, the story's popularity will depend upon its evil, rather than its good qualities.

A QUESTION OF SILENCE. *By Amanda M. Douglas.* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.) One of those trivial romances so dear to the novel reader, in which mysteries abound and the author shows her genius by snatching her characters one after another from a sort of hereditary doom. Little pin points of tragedy stick out on every page; and, cupping her hand over the reader's ear, she tells everything in a confidential whisper which is meant to string him up by the nerves and actually does secure his atten-

tion by that law of curiosity which whispering always excites.

Literary Notes

THE American Revision Committee have completed their work of Revision of the Holy Bible and it will be published by Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York, in August. The Committee state that they have, besides incorporating the Appendix in the text, bestowed much time in rectifying the errors, inconsistencies, oversights and infelicities which have been detected. Moreover, inasmuch as the American revisers, in preparing the Appendix of 1885, aimed to reduce the differences to the lowest limit, they waived the larger part of their preferences, many of which they regarded as of decided importance. This new edition will embody a considerable part of these emendations, which represent the deliberate preferences of the whole American Committee, but which were not put into the Appendix. Furthermore, carefully selected marginal references and concise topical headings have been added.

....That Harnack's *Wesen des Christentums,* which has proved to be the theological sensation of the past twelve months, would call forth replies was self-evident. Already four of these have appeared or are announced in Germany. Pastor Lasson has issued his "*Das Unwesen des Pseudochristentums,*" and Albrecht has published a pamphlet against the Berlin savant, both of which writings are pronounced in their opposition. The best counterpublication is no doubt that of Professor Walther, of the University of Rostock, entitled Harnack's *Wesen des Christentums Geprüft,* while a further reply is to come from the pen of the indefatigable protagonist of orthodoxy, the veteran Pastor Rupprecht. All these replies agree in claiming that Harnack has eliminated essentials of Christianity in his picture of what Christianity originally and historically was. Evidently a protracted discussion of the problem will be the order of the day.

....A recent *Circular* of the Johns Hopkins University contains the address delivered by Professor Gildersleeve in December at the Philological Congress. The closing words of the paper are at once encouraging and depressing,—encouraging because so minute a scholar as Professor Gildersleeve should see the arid wastes in which classical philology has lost itself, depressing because he sees no way of escape. "I would reiterate," he says, "the confession of my faith in the formulæ of my youth, my belief in the wider conception of philological work, in the necessity of bringing all our special investigations into relation with the whole body of philological truth, the life of the world, the life of humanity. This said, I have freed my soul, I have delivered my message; and at the next Kalends, like the usurer Alphius in Horace, I shall doubtless hie me back to my decimal tables, my syntactical statistics, the handicaps of the prepositions, the tensile strength of the cases, and the spectrum of the moods."

Pebbles

A WAG, who had lent a minister a horse that had run away and thrown the clergyman, claimed credit for spreading the gospel.—*The Monist.*

...."Wouldn't you like to be an author?" "Oh, it takes too long to become an author; but, say, I wouldn't mind being a literary fad for a while."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

...."When I started into business I made my motto, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'" "Were you successful?" "Well, there is nothing like a clever backer."—*Yale Record.*

....*Teacher:* "Edmund, define the words refuse and refusal." *Edmund:* "Refusal is what a fellow finds in a summer girl, and refuse is what he finds in the streets of Chicago."—*Chicago News.*

....The cobbler does not die, forsooth,
When all his years are past,
Because it is impossible
For him to breathe his last.
—*Cornell Widow.*

...."Ma," said a little four-year old, "I saw something run across the kitchen floor this morning without any legs. What do you think it was?" The mother guessed various legless worms and things, and then gave it up, when the little fellow said: "Why, ma, it was water!"—*The Contemporary Review.*

....A young negro recently applied for a place in the Treasury Department. "What can you do?" asked one of the secretaries. "Anything, sah, anything." "What State are you from?" He drew himself up proudly. "I'm from the first State in the Union, sah." "New York?" "No, sah; Alabama, sah." "But Alabama isn't the first State in the Union." "Alphabetically speaking, sah; alphabetically speaking."—*The New York Age.*

LEARNING CHRISTIAN WAYS.

To the Editor of The Evening Post:

SIR: The refusal of the Empress Dowager to return to Peking, notwitstanding the solemn promises of the Christian Powers, lends color to the report that the old lady has been reading the Teller Senate resolution and the Platt amendments. J. W. BELDEN.

New York, July 2.

....In the horse car. A little boy whispers in his mother's ear something to which she says no. The child begins to whine and repeats his request, which is again unfavorably received. Thereupon there is crying and sobbing enough to terrify the whole car. The gentleman opposite, a gentleman whose every feature beams with good nature and good fortune, and all the better that his teeth are enshrined in the purest gold, thinks he ought to interpose. "Dear little angel," says he in a paternal tone, "why not give him what he wants? Is it impossible?" "Absolutely impossible," replied the mother. "And what was it, then, he said?" inquired the good man, unmasking still more of his ivories. "He said: 'I want Monsieur's teeth to play with.'"—*The Paris Figaro.*

EDITORIALS

The Rogers Bequest

If a man has no very near relatives, no children, no brothers, no dependent connections, why should he not give the bulk of his large property to the public? This is what Mr. Jacob S. Rogers, the wealthy Paterson, N. J., manufacturer of locomotives, has done. He has distributed two or three hundred thousand dollars between his nephews and nieces and servants, and bequeathed the rest, supposed to be from five to eight million dollars, as an endowment of the Metropolitan Museum, of this city. They say he was an eccentric man; we see nothing eccentric about this, only what is very sensible.

If we had been making a list of the worthy, the imperative public objects, neglected by rich men making their wills, one of the first to be mentioned would have been the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and similar museums of art and science elsewhere. Take, for example, this museum. The city provides the building and pays the salaries; but private gifts, largely by the trustees themselves, supply the exhibits. The city gives nothing beyond the housing and guarding of what is presented by private individuals. These gifts, from living donors and by the bequest of collectors, are now valued at $12,000,000, all gathered since (with the nucleus of General di Cesnola's Cypriote collection and some loans of the Castellani and Prime pottery, and a few old paintings) the Museum found room enough not twenty-five years ago in an old residence on Twenty-third Street. Since that time our rich specialists have learned that the Art Museum was the proper place to which to leave their fine collections of paintings, jewelry and faience; and occasionally one, like Miss Wolfe, has left a moderate bequest to care for or even increase a collection, but the total endowment thus received has been less than $700,000. When it would buy any rare object offered for sale, the Museum has had to depend mainly on the generosity of its trustees and the annual dues of its ten-dollar members, of whom Mr. Rogers was one. Immense praise and gratitude are due to a few public-spirited men who have managed the Museum and given to it largely, such as the President, Mr. Marquand, whose gifts of pictures have been most remarkable, Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. William E. Dodge. But not least praise is due to the Director, General di Cesnola, whose enterprise, when United States Consul in Cyprus, gathered its first archeological treasures, and whose intelligence and energy have been of priceless worth in building up its wonderful collections and seeing that they were worthily housed. No one can tell how much this bequest may be due to General di Cesnola; for Mr. Rogers, whom the Director knew only as an annual member, and from whom he expected nothing, frequently visited the Museum, not to see the art objects, but to inquire about its financial management, always wanting to see the Director, who thought he had got, in time occupied, the full value of his ten dollars a year. The Director did not know that his visitor was a rich man, and no one suspected that he had such a bequest in mind.

A Museum such as this in New York, which has received its treasures mainly from collections, necessarily lacks completeness of balance. It will be rich in some things and poor in others. There will be great gaps that cannot be filled. This collection is rich in Cypriote antiquities, thanks to the intelligence and enterprise that secured General di Cesnola's finds, and also in Chinese pottery collected by Mr. Garland, and in paintings of the Dutch school given by Mr. Marquand. A fine collection of casts has been presented to it. There is the magnificent collection of musical instruments made by Mrs. John Crosby Brown, and we might mention the special collections received by bequest or gift from Mr. Moore, Mrs. Coles, Mr.

S. P. Avery, Mr. H. O. Havemeyer and J. Pierpont Morgan. But in other things in which the British Museum, or the Berlin Museum, is rich, it is very poor. The Boston Museum has a larger fund, and in some respects is better furnished. It has been better able to compete in the late sales of famous collections, where the New York Museum has been shut out by its poverty. But this bequest, if it materializes, will make the Metropolitan Museum the best endowed in the world, and it will be able to begin to do what is worthy of the metropolis of the continent. To be sure it will not give it resources like those possessed by the British Museum and the Louvre, with their annual subventions from the Government. The British Museum spent $635,000 last year in purchases. The things that a museum of art wants are necessarily very expensive, often unique, such as only a rich man can buy. One picture may sell at auction for even hundreds of thousands of dollars. The success of a museum of art depends on its possession of large funds, and then in the special breadth of wisdom of its Director and his advisers in selecting, and his courage in quickly buying what happens to come to the market, as well as in keeping in touch with private collectors of wealth who may be willing to leave their paintings, their armor, or their jade for the instruction of the public. Let no one think that this bequest, should it be received, will make it unnecessary for others to enrich this Metropolitan Museum. As much money could be profitably given to endow a single department of it, such as painting, and an endowment of some millions could be profitably given to Oriental archeology.

We would have this bequest made an example for others of the same sort for this Metropolitan Museum of Art or Science. New York will have, and ought to have, in its Museum of Art and its Museum of Natural History, the central collections of the country; but every city ought to have a museum on the same lines, of more modest proportions, for the instruction of its citizens and youth. We shall be glad to see, not less given to institutions of learning and to hospitals, but more given for libraries and museums.

A True Prophet

A CERTAIN class of unattached and malattached women will find a lot of neurasthenic satisfaction in Mr. H. G. Wells's "Anticipations" in the *North American Review* of July. Men and women of sense will find some things in that same article to think about.

Mr. Wells turns the achromatic lenses of his scientific imagination down the long perspective of the twentieth century, and calmly tells us where we shall all "be at."

Population will contine to gather about urban centers, but electric roads will distribute it somewhat widely over suburban areas. Enormous wealth will be held by a vast shareholding class, which will have little care and less work. Business will be managed by experts, and the owners of property may live as they like. "The share-holding rich man of the new time is in a position of freedom almost unparalleled in the history of men."

An experimental and imperfect creature, urged by imperious passions, weak in imagination and feebly controlled by reason, this rich man will receive his freedom at infinite peril. It "will mean vice, the subversion of passion to inconsequent pleasures." In the old days nearly every court, little or great, was a center of depravity as well as of enlightenment and refinement. In the coming days every idle rich man will play to a certain extent the moral *rôle* of a court. And the class of idle rich men will be widely diffused. A vivid journalism will record all its doings, and every scandal will be made over to an enormous reading public of the common people, to be thought about and more or less thoroughly discussed.

Co-operating with the freedom secured to idle rich men by their wealth will be the freedom secured to women, both rich and poor, by a growing avoidance of the responsibilities of motherhood, and of the cares of housekeeping. Millions of people will live in hotels and flats, without domestic duties of any description. For those who dwell in detached suburban houses engineering ingenuity will have abolished all drudgery and need of servants. There will be no dust to remove, because walls will be heated as

well as lighted "over the wire," and air, mechanically as well as hygienically sifted, will be introduced through accurately controlled pipes. Dishes and windows will be washed mechanically by turning a tap-cock, and cooking with scientific and artistic appliances will become a favorite pastime of invalid ladies. Children will, of course, now and then get born, but they will no longer "infest" the domestic *ménage*. Now and then a baby may be kept as a pet, like a canary or a poodle, but as a rule it "will be nourished, taught and built up almost as though it were an orphan; it will have a succession of bottles and foster mothers for body and mind from the very beginning." This "assistant mother" business will be carried on by unmarried girls and women who "from emotional fastidiousness, intellectual egotism, or an honest lack of passion, have refused the common lot of marriage."

In view of all these changes it is foolish "not to anticipate and prepare for a state of things when not only will moral standards be shifting and uncertain, admitting of physiologically sound *ménages* of every variable status, but also when vice and depravity, in every form that is not absolutely penal, will be practiced in every grade of magnificence and condoned." Under such circumstances there will no longer survive any one universally accepted morality of the sexual relations. There will be, instead, a great number of moralities, just as in religious matters there are innumerable sects. A man or a women will associate with those who defend and practice the moral cult that he or she prefers, just as either associates according to liking with Methodists or Baptists or Presbyterians. And just as it is improper in good society to discuss religious differences, so it will become highly improper to talk about private morals or the marriage relation.

Among such conflicting moral creeds and corresponding segregations of people there will naturally be one that will perpetuate the old fashioned standards, the cult of monogamy and the home. This home-maintaining sect will in reality be the core of the population, "the custodians of the human succession," and its properly nurtured children will be the inheritors of the future. Now it is in what he has to say of this core of the population, this plain-living, sound-thinking monogamic sect, that we discover the scientific sanity of Mr. Wells's anticipations and a deliciously sardonic humor which, we fear, some of the advanced and neurasthenic ladies who preach affinity, flats and emancipation will miss.

The whole idle share-holder class, as Mr. Wells clearly sees, is on its way to perdition. Kindergarten boarding schools conducted by "assistant mothers," and childless *ménages*, will not perpetuate the race. The enormous complex of bachelor establishments and "family" hotels, of sterile households and flats, is merely a part of "the elaborate furnishings and appliances of a luxurious extinction."

Who, then, are to be the people of the human core? The sect that nature has marked for survival, whose healthily nurtured children are to be the inheritors of the race? It is Mr. Wells's answer to this question that is, after all, the most interesting item in his anticipations. Their most typical representatives he finds in the engineering and medical professions. They are men who have mastered the secrets of nature, and mastered themselves. Men of intellect and control, they have thrown over the superstitions and the mysticisms of a credulous past, and have opened their eyes fearlessly to the facts of life. They "will become more and more homogeneous in their fundamental culture, more and more distinctively aware of a common general reason in things." In their positive science they will have "a common ground for understanding the real pride of life, the real reason for the incidental nastiness of vice." Not from mere animal instinct, but from a sense of duty and in a full appreciation of the highest ideals of life, they will be "a sanely reproductive class, and, above all, an educating class." To such men and women, developed by the scientific professions, and made sound and pure by wholesome methods of scientific thought, the best of the wealthy and the best of the poor will gravitate as to attracting centers "Unless some great catastrophe break down all that man has built," these great, kindred groups of capable men and educated, adequate women must be the

element finally emergent amidst the vast confusion of the coming time.

These are sound and sober words. In the future man will try, as in the past he has tried, every possible way of going wrong. The wrong ways will look fair; the thoughtless and the gay will throng their pleasant places. But nature, who forgives not and forgets not, to whom error is sin and sin is error, by her remorseless law of selection and survival, will still conduct along the straight and narrow path of duty those manly men and womanly women for whom, and for whose children's children, her predestined rewards are reserved.

The Shame of New Orleans

Some months ago a frenzied mob burned the public school building which was the pride of the negroes of New Orleans. It had been built by the benefaction of a wealthy negro who left his property for the benefit of white and colored youth alike, and whose portrait hangs in the City Hall. It has not been rebuilt. To this failure is added a fresh positive injury in an act done by the city authorities which, we think, can hardly find its parallel in the whole country since the Reconstruction legislatures inaugurated a public school system in the South. This act abolishes all but the lowest grammar school grades in the colored schools of New Orleans. It does not affect high school grades, for there are none, and have never been any. But by a late vote of the School Board, all instruction above the fifth grade has been suspended in all the negro schools. Think of a great city like New Orleans, metropolis of the South, providing neither high school nor grammar school for half its children!

The excuse given for this act was that it was desired to make increased provision for the primary grades, and to introduce mechanical drawing and manual training; but this has not been done, and there has been no increased attendance in the lower grades. The real reason must have been something different; and we shall not go far astray if we assume that it is a feeling that it is not desirable to give negroes more than the barest elements of education. As to mechanical drawing and manual training, every teacher knows that they are of little value unless continued through the seventh or eighth grade.

We know perfectly well that there are three or four private normal schools, absurdly called universities, in New Orleans, intended for colored youth. But these are all pay schools, and they can take only a limited number of pupils in the classes below normal. They were already overcrowded, and can take no more pupils. It is the city's business to provide free education, and equally for all, white or black. This act of the City School Board proves the need of such institutions as Straight and Leland Universities, which do for the negro what the city refuses to do. Northern benevolence in this direction is not misplaced.

Of course the negroes of New Orleans are indignant, and have presented their protest to the School Board and to the Mayor. Here they were met with the surprising statement from the Mayor that he was not aware that the upper grades had been suspended; and, indeed, some of the city papers denied the fact. But fact it is, and a very disgraceful one; and the Mayor did not know of the city's disgrace. This shows how little the white people care for their colored fellow-citizens. If it had been the white schools whose upper grades had been suppressed —but we cannot conceive such a thing possible.

According to conservative estimate the school children of color in New Orleans number more than twenty thousand, of whom only about eight thousand were in school last year, two thousand of these being in private schools, which partly supply the lack of provision by the city, and whose support proves the desire of the colored people for education. But the enormous proportion of colored children out of school and unprovided for, twelve out of twenty thousand, shows the serious nature of the problem which confronts the people of New Orleans. The alternative for any population is, either the full school or full jails and workhouses.

We believe that Mayor Capdenelle is a worthy man, who is in sympathy with the appeal for the restoration of the suspended school grades; but the School Board would hardly find the white sentiment—which is all that has influence—strong

enough to reverse the injustice. Indeed, the people have been too busy confessing the sins of reconstruction and carpetbag government to observe their own worse offenses. To the raw period, which supplied the new constitutions and established the free school system, some mistakes can be forgiven. There is less excuse for mistakes now. Possibly the condemnation of the country may open the eyes of the New Orleans School Board to their error.

John Fiske

It is not without a certain propriety—if propriety there can be in so sad an event—that John Fiske, the most popular historian of America, should have passed away on the nation's birthday. On July 3d Mr. Fiske left his home in Cambridge to escape the intense heat, but his system could not rally from the depression. He was carried from the boat to the Hawthorne Inn at Gloucester, and there died early in the morning of the fourth, at the age of fifty-nine.

John Fiske was born in Hartford, Conn., March 30th, 1842, and bore the name originally of Edmund Fiske Green. After his father's death his mother married Hon. Edwin W. Stoughton, a well-known lawyer of New York, who was at one time United States Minister to Russia. The boy's name was now changed to that of his mother's grandfather, John Fiske. The stories of his precocious youth remind us of the good old days when children were fed on intellectual meat. When only seven he was reading Rollin, Josephus and other historians of the sort. Before he had reached nine he had read much of Milton and Pope and nearly all of Shakespeare, and at thirteen he had studied in Livy, Cicero, Ovid, Catullus, Juvenal, Virgil and other Latin classics. Greek followed, and then came Hebrew and Sanskrit, not to mention all the modern languages. It is said that when only eleven he filled a quarto blank book of sixty pages with a chronological table, written down from memory, of events from 1000 B. C. to 1820 A. D.

It is this astonishing breadth of reading and grasp of memory combined with philosophic reflection that give a unique character to Mr. Fiske's historical works. At first indeed his writing was of a technically philosophic nature, and his early books give us what is probably the most lucid and agreeable exposition of evolution yet written. He was an avowed disciple and interpreter of Herbert Spencer, but brought to the task of interpretation the qualities of imagination and grace so conspicuously absent in the master. Later he became interested in American history, and formed the plan of writing the annals of the country from the discoveries of Columbus down to the present day. In discharging this task he did not work out the scheme chronologically, but took up whatever period attracted his attention at the time. Fortunately his work is complete from the discovery to the adoption of the Constitution, with the single exception of the period of the French and Indian wars, which has been treated by Parkman with even greater brilliance and learning than Mr. Fiske could have brought to its exposition.

Apart from ease of style and skill in narration, the chief characteristic of this series of studies is the frank and unreserved adoption of evolution as the key to open the meaning of the mysteries of historic succession. In this way a certain consistence and simplicity are given by the historian to the most bewildering complication of facts, and the mind is carried easily from event to event and from age to age. There is undoubtedly danger in such a system; when the theory of evolution has become antiquated, as all human theories must, the historian's philosophy may seem no longer to illuminate, but rather to obscure his narration. Yet it must be admitted, on the other hand, that the great histories, whether of antiquity or of modern times, which are memorable in literature, have commonly held their place more by reason of some such peculiar philosophy of life than on account of mere skill in assembling details of fact.

Mr. Fiske's humorous description of how he regulated his life—his large endurance of work and his no less remarkable capacity for drinking beer, his scorn of all hygienic laws and his robust health—has been widely quoted, and need not here be repeated. Hardly less interesting is this account of his literary career once given by him to the reporter of a Boston newspaper. When asked

whether he had been able to cultivate literature upon a patrimony, he replied:

"Oh, no; it has always been necessary to earn money. I have had a use for every dollar I have earned. I have always written to support myself and my family from the time I graduated at college and looked about me for a profession. I wrote at first for the magazines and newspapers, for the *North American*, the *Atlantic*, the *Nation*, the *Fortnightly Review*, of London, and the *World*, of New York, which was then edited by Manton Marble and was conducted upon large and legitimate journalistic lines. Indeed, all our Eastern newspapers, including the Boston ones, were more significant then than they are to-day, and were edited by men of considerable attainments and wide, sound sympathies. I wrote upon science and philosophy and literature in the *World* in that day, and I sometimes wrote political leaders for it. But I see that the sort of writers with whom I was more or less associated in those days are crowded out of journalism to-day. I earned more by my review work and historical and literary studies than I thought was possible when I stood trembling on the brink, but an intellectual revolution will be necessary before my experience and that of my generation generally can be repeated by the young men who are looking toward literature to-day."

The Work of the Grange

THE best influence of the Grange has always been educational. The New York State Grange laid out courses of home reading as long ago as 1892 or 1893. Full instruction was given as to forming Reading Circles and securing text-books. Among the books offered from time to time have been "Plant Life on the Farm," by Professor Masters; "Spraying of Plants," by Professor Lodeman; "Working Principles of Political Economy," by MacVane. Based on experiments at Cornell and Ithaca, courses of study were laid out in soil culture and dairying. The National Grange has strongly indorsed these lines of work, saying:

"The products of the earth are subject to the influence of natural laws, invariable and indisputable; the amount produced will consequently be in proportion to the intelligence of the producer, and success will depend upon his knowledge of the action of these laws, and the proper application of their principles."

Excellent monographs have been issued, from time to time, by the State lecturer, John Andrew, giving analyses of milk and its products, and similar experimental bulletins.

To be a better farmer, and enable farmers to do better work, has become the password of the Grange. It took up promptly and advocated the institute plan. At present a large part of institute work is done under Grange patronage. The regular meetings of the Order are also largely educational in character. There are libraries in nearly every subordinate lodge. One of the recent programs of study recommends entomology as all important—suggesting the Manual for the study of insects by Professor Comstock, of Cornell. The domestic economy course is an excellent exploitation of Professor Atwater's remarkable investigations in food products—their nutrient value and cost. It is largely due to the work of the Grange, also, that a demand has been created for the horticultural books of such men as Professor Bailey—which have recently culminated in the masterly "Cyclopedia of Horticulture."

The program of a single Grange, for a single year, includes discussion of taxation, forestry, dairying, gardening and readings in history. Still the State lecturer complains that there is a great lack of readiness to respond to systematic work. He complains that there is a tendency to spend money among politicians, to secure legislation supposed to be favorable to farmers, rather than spending it on internal progress. This, however, is a limitation which is to be found in every progressive movement. It seems, superficially looked at, that more can be accomplished by laws than by study.

It is probably little known that the Grange has, as a part of its working system, a sort of arbitration court. The members are expected not only to develop friendliness and good will, but to leave petty disputes to be settled within the Grange. It is said that this principle has very greatly lessened lawsuits among Grange members. Much of this pacific spirit is due to the fact that the women and the men meet together in counsel and for all lodge purposes. Or to state it more specifically, the lodge meetings are gatherings of families. There is little likelihood of quarreling being carried to extremes under such circumstances.

The Grange is, in no sense of the word, a political organization, altho it originated with the same order that gave birth to the Populist Party. It has never hes-

itated to state its views strongly on political questions. It has pronounced for postal savings banks, for pure food legislation, against the Ship Subsidy bill, but generally lets alone questions not directly affecting the farm and the family. Cranks do not like it, because it has so little tendency to pick up transitory hobbies. Its opposition to the Ship Subsidy bill had much to do with the death of that pernicious measure; and its strength was cast for the Coughtry bill, in the New York Legislature, allowing producers to deal directly with city consumers. On the whole, the Grange is conservative, without hesitating to act in any direction in which it believes a blow can be struck for the interests of agriculture. Among the most notable achievements of the order have been the establishment of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, and the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Experimental Stations also owe their inception to the same influence. Some of us have not forgotten how the Grange fought against the scandalous robbery sought to be inflicted on the people by the driven well and sliding gate patents. In many other ways quite as notable results have been achieved—which would have been impossible for individual influence.

The Grange has done its most permanent work in solidifying the agricultural people socially, and infusing them with the idea that farming is not inferior to other employments. The farmer, and especially the farmer's family, have heretofore lacked social organization. They have lived so far apart that it was not easy to act together for any specific social purpose. The Grange has done a great service in this direction. Who now has a better association, with a better lodge, and a better program of co-operation, than the farmer? Others can have their clubs, but none more full of social good will and intellectual pabulum than the Grange.

Yet we are inclined to believe that the Order has only begun its good work. It is just now rapidly increasing in those States where it is most needed. The Order of Patrons of Husbandry was organized in December, 1867. The first State Grange was formed February 22d, 1869. Since that about thirty thousand subordinate granges have been organized. At present the Order is strongest in Maine, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York and New Hampshire; with Michigan not far behind the others named. In most of the Southern States membership has been declining, even in South Carolina, where at one time it held great power. In the Southwest there is a revival of interest, with considerable growth in Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska. In the Northwest there is decided activity. The membership in New York State has been recently announced at sixty thousand; but from reported assessments it must be considerably below that figure.

We are glad to see an essentially American organization built up that has based itself squarely on the family; that has created social co-operation between the sexes; that has held so closely to the amelioration of rural conditions; and has in all ways shown a tendency to refuse to build up agriculture at the expense of other industries. But we especially congratulate the Grange that it is an organization which knows no North, no South, no East, and no West, and thus becomes a bond of union between all parts of the Republic. No one can say of it that it is local in sentiment, or tends to the special exaltation of the interests of any section of the country. It is doing a great deal to bind together the various disseminated elements which constitute the agricultural industry of the United States.

"The System of Doctrine"

Dr. Benjamin B. Warfield, Professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology at Princeton Theological Seminary, the head authority on theology—and that "Polemic" theology—in the chief seminary of the Presbyterian Church, takes umbrage at The Independent because we said:

> "The actual working creed of Presbyterians is no longer that of the Westminster divines. . . . In all enlightened communities it differs from that of the Westminster fathers as much as the creed of the Andover or New Haven faculty differs from that of Cotton Mather."

He does not like it that we think the General Assembly a body incapable of passing upon "difficult questions of technical and speculative scholarship." After reading his spirited reply we see no reason to withdraw or modify our language.

If we think the General Assembly an unfit body to try heresy cases, we are not alone, for Presbyterians agree with us. Indeed, is there not now a well supported proposition to withdraw such trials from the Assembly and refer them to a special judicial court?

Professor Warfield is indignant with us because we seem to him to declare his Church either dishonest or stupidly ignorant. We do not say so, have not said so; for we believe that a Church is neither dishonest nor ignorant which has voted that its confession of faith needs serious modifications. Having thus voted, if it does not go farther and somehow relax the grip of the subscription to the confession required of all office-holders, it might be argued that the Church was dishonest, certainly not ignorant. Yet we would not so argue, for the acknowledgment, by vote of presbyteries, that the confession is unsatisfactory might be generously regarded as itself a relaxation of the binding force of the subscription.

We did say that "the actual working creed of presbyteries is no longer that of the Westminster divines," and we hold to it; for did not the General Assembly last May vote just that thing? Did it not vote to have the Committee on Creed Revision prepare a short statement of faith, couched in modern language, which should be given to the world as the actual working creed of the Church? Professor Warfield knows this to be a fact, and why does he find fault with us for stating it? He utterly ignores what has been declared on this subject of the confession by the presbyteries, and what was done by the General Assembly not two months ago. Has he forgotten it?

Ah, but he says the Presbyterian Church has "expressed adherence to the Calvinistic system." Of course it has, to the "system," while declaring that the Westminster confession is unsatisfactory and should be amended. Much depends on that word "*system.*" Professor Warfield reminds us that "every office-bearer in the Presbyterian Church has voluntarily stood up in the sight of God and solemnly affirmed his belief that the system of doctrine embodied in the Westminster Confession is the system of doctrine taught in the Scriptures." There it is again, "system," "system of doctrine"—what does the word mean? How much does it include? This is where the confession comes in. A conservative may put in the word "*system*" every odious statement in the confession, while a liberal will mean by it nothing more than the general evangelical faith. When Professor Warfield answers "yes" to the ordination question,

> "Do you sincerely receive and adopt the Confession of Faith of this Church as *containing the system of faith* taught in the Holy Scriptures?"

does he imagine that the words have conveyed just the same meaning in the response of the new Professor of English Literature in Princeton University? Of course the confession "contains" "the system of faith" taught in the Scriptures, and it "contains" a good deal more.

Now that "more" or some of it is what makes up the Calvinistic system, for there is some of it that is not particularly Calvinistic. It is that "more" that the Presbyterians are now trying to get rid of. It is the actual working system of faith that is wanted, and the Presbyterian Church has now honestly said so. Professor Warfield seems determined to identify the "system of faith" to which office-holders subscribe with the confession which contains it, and contains considerably more.

When Professor Warfield requires a young theolog or a grizzled elder to subscribe to the "system of doctrine" "contained" in the confession, does he, for example, understand him to subscribe, and does he himself subscribe unreservedly to the following statements?

> "By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death. Those angels and men thus predestinated and foreordained are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished."

Or this about the sin of Adam and Eve?

> "They being the root of all mankind, the guilt of this sin was imputed, and the same death in sin and corrupted nature conveyed to all their posterity. . . . From this original corruption, whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled and made opposite to all good, and

wholly inclined to do evil, do proceed all actual transgressions."

Is that all part of the "system?" And this?

"Man, by his fall into a state of sin, hath wholly lost all ability of will to any spiritual good accompanying salvation."

And this?

"Elect infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit, who worketh when, and where, and how he pleaseth. So also are all other elect persons [idiots], who are incapable of being outwardly called by the ministry of the word. Others not elected, altho they may be called by the ministry of the word, and may have some common operations of the Spirit, yet they never truly came to Christ, and therefore cannot be saved: much less can men, not professing the Christian religion, be saved in any other way whatsoever, be they never so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature, and the law of that religion they possess; and to assert and maintain that they may is very pernicious and to be detested."

And is this subscribed to as part of the "system of faith?"

"The Pope of Rome . . . is that Antichrist, that man of sin and son of perdition, that exalteth himself in the Church against Christ and all that is called God."

We do not suppose that a sensible Presbyterian, when taking the ordination vow, understands that all this, some of which, if not all, is "Calvinistic," much of which is untrue and all of it objectionable in its language, is part of the "system of doctrine" to which he subscribes. This, and more, is dropped from the "actual working creed of Presbyterians," and in so declaring we make no reflection on either their honesty or their intelligence.

Suffrage in Alabama

The Committee on Suffrage has brought in to the Alabama Constitutional Convention its plan to eliminate the negro vote, and it has the merit of some originality and some shrewd boldness. It has two plans, one temporary and the other permanent. By the first, which lasts only till January 1st, 1903, the promise will be kept to take in all white people, and leave out as many negroes as possible. Three registrars are appointed for each county, who must register all old soldiers and their descendants, and all others who show good character and understand the obligations and duties of citizenship under a republican form of government. The registrars are the judges of who are fit to become voters, and will use their white discretion, and the list they make is the permanent one, so long as a man pays his poll tax. That will take in all white people now living, whether they can read or not. The negroes can be kept out because they are not competent. After January 1st, 1903, the ability to read and write the Constitution is required, also that the applicant has been engaged in some lawful occupation for a year, and can show who have been his employers for five years. If he owns forty acres of land or pays taxes on $300 of property he can vote even if he cannot read. The right to vote lapses if one does not pay his poll tax. The purpose to shut out the negro vote and nullify the constitutional amendments is confessed, and it will doubtless be carried out. It will work for a dozen or twenty years, perhaps.

Secretary Long's Fourth of July Address

We are not sure that there was not some contradiction in Secretary Long's Hingham address when he said that our national independence came not because of any particular hardships, but because the apple was ripe to fall; that the "boy became of age, with no ill-will to the parent," and that it was "not always the leading people, not always the most influential" that rebelled; while yet but for the mistaken policy of the British Government we might have remained Britons. If so the apple was not ripe. We think it was plucked off with some violence. But we heartily indorse what he told the Hingham children, and their parents:

"We never have yet applied to political corruption, to fraud or legislative meanness, one-thousandth part of the care we apply to private affairs. . . . . I undertake to say that if in these matters of political evil we should give them anything like the attention we give to private affairs we could cure them almost instantly. . . . . If the men intrusted with the care of the great banking institutions would give some care to the Legislature and its members you would find any evil that arose almost instantly met and corrected."

Surplus and Debt Attention is called to the fact that the surplus in the United States Treasury for the year ending June 30th, amounting to $75,000,000, is larger than the combined surplus of all other civilized nations put together. Our expenditures were $505,000,000, about the same as those of Great Britian, but nearly $200,000,000 less than those of France. While we are now again reducing our debt, France is increasing hers by about $100,000,000 a year. We have taken off $40,000,000 of taxes with July 1st, but the army will cost perhaps $30,000,000 less this year than last, and we may expect another surplus of $70,000,000 to reduce our debt still further. Some people think a debt a good thing for a nation, as providing a safe investment for trust funds or a backing for the solvency of banks. But what is good for an individual is good for a State, and it is good to be out of debt. We do not deprecate a rapid reduction of national debt, and the nations envy us which are, as most of them are, adding to the burdens of their people. Possibly thirty years may see us without a debt; even less time, with the natural reduction of pensions.

Christian Science From the office of the Christian Science Publication Committee for the State of New York, Mr. W. D. McCracken writes what he regards as a correction of statements made by us derogatory to Christian Science, so-called, in which cult he is a believer and a healer:

I desire to correct two unintentional mistakes made in an article on Christian Science in your issue of June 20th: (1) Christian Scientists are not taught "to imagine themselves well." They strive to have that mind "which was also in Christ Jesus," and to "know God," even if only a little. This knowing, or Science, heals the sick. Thinking good thoughts drives out evil ones; thinking Love banishes fear; thinking Life tends to destroy the concept of death. (2) Mrs. Eddy, and no one else, is the author of "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures." An attempt having been made in 1883 to infringe upon her copyright, the Circuit Court of the United States, District of Massachusetts, issued a decree on September 24th, enjoining a would-be plagiarist from his attempt. The defense alleged that Mrs. Eddy's works were not original with her. No proof of any kind was presented, but the falsehood having been circulated, Mrs. Eddy, on May 21st, 1887, issued a card in the *Boston Traveler,* offering to publish the manuscripts of the alleged originator at her own expense, in order to show the falsity of the insinuation. This offer has never been accepted.

Pronunciation of Latin Some people seem to imagine that there are just two styles of pronouncing Latin, one Continental and the other English. This is not true, for the French and German and Italian pronunciations are quite diverse. This was amusingly evident at the meeting of the Vatican Council. For a year before the meeting a stenographic corps of young priests was drilled in the pronunciations of different countries. When the Council met, no one bishop was able to understand all the other bishops. The French bishops were the despair of the Italians, and there were some Irish bishops that might as well have spoken Chinese, for all that the Spanish and Italians could understand. The Italian pronunciation is by no means as our schools teach it. Thus *cedo* is *tchaydo; excelsis* is *exshelsis; cognosco* is *conyosco; mihi* is *meekee,* and *nihil* is *neekil;* and *oratio* is *orahtsio.* We laugh at "*Waynee, weedee, weekee,*" for Cæsar's "*Veni, vidi, vici,*" but the English dean was scandalized who, visiting a girls' school, listened to a class which he heard in Latin construe "*Vicissim,*" as "*We-kiss-him, by turns.*" A standard pronunciation of Latin is of great importance, and is now talked of in Catholic circles.

The Baptist denomination has, or used to have, the reputation of being theoretically about the narrowest of all denominations, in that it does not accept the baptism or church membership of other bodies. Yet as Mayor Norman Fox, D.D., of Morristown, N. J., shows in *The Examiner,* no other denomination is freer of its criticisms or charier of its discipline in the case of those of its members who hold to liberal views. Dr. Behrends, Dr. Bridgman and many others have left the Baptists for a wider theory of fellowship, but they have not been forced out, as were Professors Briggs and Smith from the Presbyterian body. President Harper's higher criticism has been termed Nationalism and President Strong's Monism has been denounced as Pantheism, but no ecclesiastical action has been taken against them.

A committee of the Conference of American Rabbis, after considering for a year the question whether the doctrines of Jews can be taught in Jewish schools, reports that the pivot on which Christianity revolves is the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth, which has no place in Jewish theology. His significance in the history and development of religion are, they say, matters for individual view; and so individuals can properly show how the beautiful moral teachings attributed to him are related to Jewish doctrine, but these cannot be incorporated into any official statement of Jewish belief. Of course they cannot. The Christian faith and the Jewish faith are not the same, however they may approximate in the sphere of morals.

The Independent hails with pleasure the rapid fulfilment of its prophecy made some years ago that the time would have to come when every State would organize its schools to teach agriculture. The latest word is from Missouri. That State proposes to introduce the elements of agriculture into all its rural schools. Dr. Charles Thom has been engaged to prepare a teacher's guide for plant study. Professor J. M. Stedman will prepare another for the study of animals and insects, which will be followed with other outlines for agriculture and horticulture. The State Board of Agriculture will publish and distribute this literature among teachers.

It is especially desirable that the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations should have a good chairman, and the country can be well satisfied to let Mr. Frye have it, who holds the right of succession. The talk about its going to Mr. Lodge, who in order of service falls behind both Senator Frye and Senator Cullom, is without basis. Senator Lodge has talked unwisely, of late, about Germany in South America, trying to scare our people with the bogy of a war with Germany in defense of our Monroe Doctrine. We fear he would not be a quite safe chairman for this important committee.

Commander Tilley's excellent report this week of the conditions in the American Samoa shows that we are not quite failing in that part of our new colonial possessions. We observe that Secretary Long, to whose department the Government of Samoa belongs, has imposed absolute prohibition of intoxicating liquors, and it works well. It is curious that what works so well in such extremes as Cambridge, Mass., and Tutuila, Samoa, should be declared a failure in some other places.

In his able paper on "The Voluntary Church in a Democracy," President Eliot recognizes a great difference between the European and the American Catholic priest, and attributes the change in the latter to the fact that he receives his income from his flock. This hardly explains the fact in the case of the "regular" clergy. We have been inclined to suppose that the influence of the dominant Protestantism was not small.

In our issue of June 27th Mr. Elbert Hubbard made a statement in reference to the refusal of a degree to a student of Chicago University. President Harper writes us:

> "I wish to say that his statements concerning myself are false in every particular."

We regret that they were published without verification.

Bowdoin College has done itself honor in conferring the degree of Doctor of Letters on Sarah Orne Jewett. The honor must be specially valued because Miss Jewett's father was for years a professor in what was Bowdoin's medical department. We offer our congratulations to Sarah Orne Jewett, Litt.D.

As the result of the Fourth of July vote of the Porto Rican Legislature, approved by Governor Allen, that island will soon enjoy free trade with the United States. We seem to see Porto Rico a full-fledged State before long.

In our issue of June 27th there was a strange confusion in designating by letters the leading Greek manuscripts of the New Testament. The Alexandrian is A; the Vatican is B, and the Sinaitic is Aleph.

FINANCIAL

Buffalo Bank Failures

THE failure of the City National Bank in Buffalo surprised many persons, because of the prominence of its president, William C. Cornwell, as a speaker and writer upon questions of banking policy. It was followed, on the 2d inst., by the failure of the Niagara Bank in the same city. This was a State bank, and was closed by Superintendent Kilburn, the City Bank being in the hands of Comptroller Dawes. While it was said at first that the bad condition of the City Bank was due to large loans on inadequate real estate security in connection with speculative ventures near the Pan-American Exposition, other explanations were given after the failure of the second bank. The President of the Niagara was Vice-President of the City. He was deeply interested in several manufacturing concerns, and these had borrowed $400,000 from the City and $160,000 from the Niagara, whose entire capital was only $100,000. The Niagara had also loaned considerable sums to directors of the City Bank, and these loans were secured only by stock of that bank, which, of course, had little value as collateral after the bank had failed. It was due primarily to the discovery of these loans upon City Bank stock that Superintendent Kilburn closed the Niagara Bank.

Depositors and innocent shareholders ought to be protected from the dangerous operations of officers who risk the resources of a bank in supporting real estate speculation, or who make the institution merely a convenient agency for the use of needy manufacturing companies. There are laws, it is true, which forbid such ventures as are said to have wrecked these allied banks; but the injury is done before the violation of the laws is discovered. Vigilance on the part of National or State officers, with frequent inspection, is required for the protection of those who become the innocent victims of such failures. But even the greatest vigilance and frequent examinations cannot always prevent an unlawful and dangerous use of a bank's resources. A corrective and deterrent influence may be exerted by prompt and vigorous prosecution whenever the fact is manifest that laws have been broken.

Western Rate-Cutting

THE large open reduction of rates on eastbound traffic from Kansas City points by the Atchison Company confirms the recent statement that Mr. Harriman's plan for controlling traffic rates was designed for use west of the Missouri River. To carry out that plan Mr. Stubbs, vice-president of the Southern Pacific, was made traffic director for the Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Oregon Railway and Navigation, and Oregon Short Line. At the same time it was understood that Vice-President Darius Miller, of the Great Northern, would have charge of the traffic of the Northern Pacific, Great Northern, and Burlington, and that some one would exercise similar powers in the Gould system. Thus the rate-making power for the transcontinental lines west of the Missouri, and for the Southwest, would be vested in a very small group of men, who would be expected to act harmoniously.

The Atchison was not provided for in the official published descriptions of this plan, and its place in the scheme for general control by community of interest has not yet been pointed out. Now it takes a step that threatens to bring on a general rate war east of the Missouri, and especially with respect to traffic between Kansas City points and Chicago. In its own defense it asserts that its business has been seriously reduced by secret rate-cutting on the part of its competitors. Some of the latter are prominent in support of the plan for harmonizing rates west of the Missouri. As they promptly announce an intention to meet the cut, it may be that difficulties encountered in harmonizing the Atchison west of the Missouri were the original cause of this disturbance east of that river. The incident is very interesting, not only because it may cause a deplorable rate war,

but also for the reason that it may disclose the attitude of the only transcontinental road not yet placed in the community scheme toward the project for grouping and controlling the railways between the Mississippi and the Pacific.

Financial Items

JAPAN has 3,638 miles of railway, of which 832 miles are owned by the Government.

....Emil Carlebach, Albert Strauss and Frederick Strauss have been admitted as members of the firm of J. and W. Seligman & Company.

....The New York Stock Exchange took a long holiday last week, being closed on Friday and Saturday, as well as on Thursday, the 4th.

....Gordon Macdonald, who for many years has been Vice-President of the Continental Trust Company, is authorized to sign for Speyer & Company.

....The American Linseed Oil Company has announced another sharp advance in prices. The wholesale price of oil is now 80 cents a gallon, and the increase since June 1st has been 15 cents.

....The reports of R. G. Dun & Co. show that the commercial failures for the first half of 1901 were 5,804 in number, with liabilities of $71,644,244, against 5,362 in the same months of last year, with liabilities of $100,570,134.

....Having bought the stock of the United Glass Company, the American Window Glass Company, of Pittsburg, now controls the manufacture of window glass in this country. The United Glass Company owned about twenty factories, and had a capital of $6,000,000.

....The American Cereal Company, capital $3,400,000, is to be reorganized with a capital of $13,000,000; and it is reported that the ten leading independent companies, combined last spring under the name of the Great Western Cereal Company, will be controlled by it.

....The United States Steel Corporation declared its first quarterly dividends last week, 1¾ per cent. on the preferred and 1 per cent. on the common. As a little more than $500,000,000 of each class of stock is outstanding, these dividends call for the payment of nearly $14,000,000. The quarterly interest on $304,000,000 in bonds being $3,800,000, dividends at these rates require a total annual disbursement of more than $71,000,000 to holders of the Corporation's bonds and shares.

....For the fiscal year that ended on June 30th the Government's receipts were $585,848,309 and the disbursements $509,983,310, leaving a surplus of $75,864,999. Receipts from customs amounted to $238,786,740 (an increase of $5,600,000), and the internal revenue was $305,514,410, an increase of $10,000,000. At the close of the year the public debt, less cash in the Treasury, was $1,044,739,120. During the year the National bank note circulation based upon United States bonds was increased by nearly $50,000,000, or by about 18 per cent.

....The Cramp Steel Company, which offers for sale at par $1,000,000 of its 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock, has a capital of $5,000,000 ($2,000,000 in preferred and $3,000,000 in common shares), and owns in addition to its plant at Collingwood, iron and limestone mines in Ontario and large deposits of coking coal in Virginia. With each share of preferred stock subscribers will receive without additional cost one share of the common stock, fully paid and non-assessable. The Board of Directors of this new company includes Charles D. Cramp and William M. Cramp, of the well known Cramp Shipbuilding Company in Philadelphia; Dr. W. Seward Webb, so long associated with Vanderbilt railway interests; Sir Charles Tupper, the veteran Conservative leader in Canada, and President Chandler of the Postal Telegraph Company. The Collingwood site is convenient for transportation by rail or water, and the company will receive the Dominion bounty on steel (now $6 per ton), with the Ontario bounty of $1 per ton on pig iron. The town of Collingwood gave the company $115,000 in cash and a site of 80 acres.

....Dividends announced:

East River Savings Bank, 4 per cent., payable July 10th.

Leather Manufacturers' National Bank, 5 per cent., payable July 1st.

Citizens' Insurance Co., 4 per cent., payable on demand.

Riverside Bank (quarterly), 2 per cent., payable July 1st.

INSURANCE

A New Insurance Subject

THE stockholder in any corporation is necessarily its creditor to the amount of his stock, and since his claim on the asset is subordinate to that of the creditors at large he is at all times exposed to the chance of a failure which shall leave nothing for him—corporate stock must always face the possibility of being wiped out. When the national bank system was founded, nearly forty years ago, one of the features designed to make it attractive was a provision making the stockholder liable to assessment up to the par value of his stock. Noteholders were amply secured by the original deposit of bonds, and now that circulating notes have virtually disappeared the recourse to stockholders remains as a security for depositors.

A comparatively small number of national banks fail, but when they do the stockholder is quite likely to find this recourse unpleasant. According to a recent statement in the Springfield *Republican,* in case of the four failures which have occurred in Boston the stockholders of three had to meet a call for the full 100 per cent., and in case of two of the four which since the beginning have failed in Massachusetts outside of Boston the same occurred, the full demand thus being made in five out of eight cases. The liability is several and not joint, each stockholder being subject to call on his own holding and not concerned whether others respond; the "responsible" stockholders are naturally most interested, and in Massachusetts the savings banks are said to hold one-fourth of the national bank stock in the State, this being explained by the narrow range which the law allows them in respect to investments. The savings banks do not like this exposure to assessment, and they suggest that the national banks in the State unite to insure their stockholders against it.

The risk is clearly an insurable one, but the feasibility of putting it into working operation is not so clear. A mere agreement among the banks would have too much of the assessment-association character, and would hardly suffice. There is a quasi-insurance in operation here, for the clearing house banks almost always relieve any of their number in temporary trouble, provided the disturbed institution is really sound; but they do not attempt to protect insolvency, and whether they would undertake to insure against one result of it we cannot assume to say. If such a scheme is undertaken, it is the business of some insurance company, existing or special. Banks might be willing to pay a small premium, and it is claimed that a five per cent. appreciation in bank stocks would suffice to pay all assessment demands for 50 years in Boston and for 300 years in Massachusetts outside Boston, according to past experience.

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THE consumer pays all expenses. The property-owner and property-user (only another term for the public at large) pay for all burned property and for all expenses of carrying on insurance. The body of persons who hold life insurance policies make up all that is paid out for loss claims and for all the varied costs of transacting the business. Of course they do, for there is nobody else to do it—You knew this before? You did? Yes, but legislators, professing (and in many instances really intending) zealously to execute the popular will and guard the property and liberties of the people (with a large P, if that suits better) periodically enact or propose all sorts of taxes, restrictions and interferences as to insurance, the inevitable effect of which must be to increase the cost of doing the business. Is it a bright thing, a sensible thing, or anything but a piece of quackery, for a legislature to try to dispose of the disagreeable subject of taxation by assuming that the accumulations of insurance companies belong to nobody in particular and can be depleted disproportionately without hurting anybody? That such quackery can be practiced without arousing public indignation or much notice is unfortunately true, and to this extent the timeserving legislator is shrewd in his day; for the clamor about trusts and corporations keeps people from readily perceiving that an insurance corporation differs from all others, and then, too, the people who knew all the time the elementary propositions with which this paragraph began also forget them all the time. Since you, the people, must pay all the bill, why act so as to make that bill heavier?

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Survey of the World

Silver and Bryan Avoided in Ohio

The most significant act of the Democrats of Ohio in their convention, last week, was an emphatic rejection of a resolution reaffirming last year's national platform and expressing continued confidence in Bryan. This resolution was offered by a delegate named Finley as an amendment or addition to the platform, in which no reference was made to silver or to the party's candidate for the presidency in 1900. The convention was controlled by the friends of John R. McLean, of Cincinnati, and Col. James Kilbourne, of Columbus. In the early proceedings the delegates who were in harmony with these leaders united to defeat the purposes of Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland; but after the nomination of Colonel Kilbourne for Governor was assured there was little opposition to the friends of the Cleveland Mayor, who succeeded in inserting in the platform the Mayor's resolutions concerning municipal franchises, the taxation of railroads, and the publication of full reports by public-service corporations. The chairman, Mr. Salen, in his address, declared that the leading national issues were "trusts at home and the subject colonies abroad." The trust, he remarked, "stands like a dragon in the path of American progress, and must be destroyed." Steam railroad companies in Ohio, he asserted, were paying less than one-fifth of their just proportion of the taxes. Col. James Kilbourne, of Columbus, who was nominated for Governor, is sixty years old, a veteran of the Civil War, a lawyer and a manufacturer. The platform demands that in the cities no franchise, nor any extension or renewal of one, shall be granted except upon vote of the people. Steam and electric railroads and other corporations possessing public franchises, it continues, shall be assessed in the same proportion to their salable value as are farms and city real estate. Public officers who accept passes or other favors from railroads should be removed. All public-service corporations should be required to make public reports and be subject to examination by public officers. The platform also calls for tariff reform, the suppression of all trusts, the removal of tariff duties from trust products, an adequate navy, and election of Senators by direct vote. It opposes "any extension of the national boundaries not meant to carry speedily to all inhabitants full, equal rights with ourselves." If the inhabitants are not fitted to be formed into self-governing territories, eventually to be admitted as States, then they "should be permitted to work out their own destiny." The vote against Mr. Finley's resolution, mentioned above, was 944 to 6. There was no portrait of Bryan displayed in the hall, altho those of some other Democrats were to be seen there. While a delegate was carrying a portrait of Bryan up the central aisle, there was a sudden tumult over the entrance of Colonel Kilbourne, and the portrait was trampled under foot and destroyed. This was not intentional, but when the fate of the picture was discovered there were no expressions of grief. The avoidance of silver and of Bryan in the platform has already been approved by many prominent Democrats in other States. Mr. Bryan says that the colonial policy will be the paramount issue in 1904, but he wants it distinctly understood that he "intends to fight to the

bitter end every effort to force the abandonment of the Chicago and Kansas City platform."

Strike Against the Steel Corporation

At the end of a three days' conference, last Saturday night, no agreement having been reached between the General Executive Board of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers and the officers of the sheet steel, steel hoop and tin plate branches of the United States Steel Corporation, a strike was ordered that may be one of the greatest in the history of labor controversies. On the 7th inst. the announcement was made by the New York press, apparently with authority, that a settlement would surely be made before the 10th. It was supposed that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, just returned from Europe, had used his influence for conciliation. The conferences were not resumed until the 11th, but then there was a general expectation that harmony would soon be restored. After long sessions had been held on three successive days, however, there was a final adjournment and President Shaffer at once issued an order declaring a strike, to begin on the 15th, in the mills of the American Sheet Steel Company, the American Steel Hoop Company and the American Tin Plate Company. This order affected 75,000 men, 49,000 of whom were members of the union. The only question at issue was whether the three companies would sign the union scale and agreement for all their mills, several of these not having been under union control. The union insisted that all the mills should be "unionized," and would accept no compromise. On the other hand, the companies offered to sign for five mills which had not been under union rules. Because there were in some of the mills men unwilling to enter the union, however, the companies declined to take action that would practically compel these men to join. President Shaffer said that the strike, at least for a time, would be confined to the three companies, but gave warning that if no settlement should be reached he would call out the union men in all the mills of the great Corporation, and also prevent the sale of material to the Corporation by the independent manufacturers whose employees are union men. The Corporation has in its service 218,000 skilled workmen, 83,000 of whom are known to be members of the union, and the number of members may be larger. A general strike might stop work in all the Corporation's mills, and would be a contest of a very serious character. The strike of the machinists is virtually ended, and in most places the men have suffered defeat. It has caused a suspension of work for more than a month in great shipyards, where new battle ships for the navy were being constructed. Many injunctions have recently been issued for the restraint of disorderly strikers. In Paterson twelve strikers have been fined for contempt of court, and two have been sent to jail. In York, Pa., three officers of a union have been required to pay fines of $250 each. Judge Wing, while granting an injunction in Cleveland, said that even the persuasion of union pickets, if long continued, might become unlawful. A strike of the stationary engine firemen of Pennsylvania, ordered for this week, may prevent work in the coal mines.

Intense Heat in the Central States

Altho the prevailing temperature has not been oppressive in the Northeastern States since the week ending on the 6th—the week during which 989 persons died of heat in the several boroughs of New York City—the States of the Central West and Southwest have continued to suffer from very hot weather and drought. The temperature was high in the upper Mississippi Valley during the last week of June; it was high there and throughout the country east of the Rocky Mountains, while hundreds were dying of heat on the northeastern seaboard; and after relief had come to the East there was no change for the better in the Mississippi Valley, but the temperature became even higher there and in the States of the Missouri Valley. Throughout last week the maximum each day ranged from 100 to 108 degrees in Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska and Southern Iowa. The mercury rose repeatedly to 104 at St. Louis and the cities of Eastern Kansas. The same temperature was reached in Southern Iowa. At St. Joseph on the 13th,

100 degrees was recorded at half past nine in the morning. Records were broken in New Orleans, Birmingham and other cities of the South. Press reports do not show, however, that many deaths were caused by this heat. In Missouri and Kansas there had been scarcely any rain for three months, and before the end of the week in both States there were church services of prayer for rain. Owing to heat and drought the corn crop in Kansas and Missouri appears to have been seriously injured. Reports from these and other States in the corn belt depressed the prices of securities on the New York Stock Exchange. All fodder crops and vegetables suffered in the two States just named, and cattle died in the Texas pastures. The high temperature was maintained at the beginning of the present week, but there were heavy rains in parts of Texas, with some indications of approaching relief in the Mississippi Valley.

Cuba and Porto Rico

No agreement as to an electoral law has yet been reached by the Cuban Constitutional Convention. The report of the committee that has been at work for several weeks upon this subject was submitted to the Convention on the 9th inst. and rejected by a vote of 13 to 12. Because it provided for no interference with provincial or municipal elections by the central government, it was regarded as too radical by the Conservative delegates, who pointed to recent events as showing that in some places elections could not be conducted fairly without the exercise of some restraining power. A new committee of five was appointed, and a majority of the members of it are on the Conservative side. It is now said that there is in the Convention a majority for the proposition that additional votes shall be given to professional men and owners of property, and that candidates for office shall have either an educational or a property qualification. General Gomez has returned to Cuba. If reports of his remarks in conversation while in New York are true, he expects that the island will "gravitate" to the United States after its people shall have enjoyed independence for a time. At Washington it is thought by some that the new government will not be set up before March next. It is not known whether the Cubans intend to create a regular army and to provide for the defense of Havana and other ports. The Commission appointed by General Wood to frame a new tariff will finish its work in a month or so. The power of this tariff to produce revenue (about $15,000,000 is needed) ought to be measured, it is said, by the use of the proposed duties for a few months before the transfer of authority. Changes may be made, of course, by the Cubans, but it is hoped that they will retain the law soon to be completed. General Wood is recovering from an attack of typhoid fever. There has not been a case of yellow fever in Havana since March 16th, and for the first time in a hundred years the city has been entirely free from the disease throughout the month of June. It is now proposed that Havana shall be protected by quarantine against smallpox in New York and New Orleans.—Governor Allen sailed from Porto Rico for Boston on the 13th, and it is admitted that he will not return. Secretary William H. Hunt (whose father was Secretary of the Navy in President Garfield's Cabinet, and who was a judge in Montana before he took office in Porto Rico) may be appointed in place of the retiring Governor, who feels that now, when the island has become self-supporting and has applied for the promised free trade with the States, he may turn once more to his private affairs, which demand his attention. During the first full year under the Foraker act, which cut off 85 per cent. of the Dingley tariff, the imports into the island from the States rose to $7,100,000, against $3,719,000 in the year preceding, and the exports to the States were increased from $2,218,000 to $3,827,000. About 80 per cent. of the island's trade is now with this country.

The Philippine Islands

H. Phelps Whitmarsh, Governor of Benguet Province, has been ordered to Manila by the Commission in order that he may defend himself against the charge that he has used his authority to his personal advantage in acquiring lands and mining rights. The charge is said to have been made not only by military officers who preceded him in control

of the province, but also by the natives. Mr. Whitmarsh published in New York last year an article criticising certain statements made in the public prints by General Otis. Afterward he was made Governor of Benguet (in Northern Luzon) because of his familiarity with the customs and language of the Igorrotes; and there is said to have been some friction between the civil and the military authorities in the province. It is now made known that an attempt was made by agents of Aguinaldo during last year's national campaign to reach an understanding with Mr. Bryan. Two representatives of the insurgent leader sought an interview with Mr. Bryan in New York, not long after he had been nominated. He declined to see them, but they were so persistent that one of his friends received them. To him they said that, if Mr. Bryan's approval could be obtained, Aguinaldo desired to issue a proclamation promising that if Bryan should be elected the Filipinos would at once surrender to the United States and then rely upon the incoming Administration for the establishment in the Philippines of a satisfactory government in accord with the principles of our Constitution. They also said they were authorized to offer a contribution of $100,000 to the campaign fund of the Democratic party. To this the reply was given that the party would have no dealings with men in arms against the United States, and that the question at issue was one to be settled by the American people at the polls without such interference as had been proposed. They were also advised to leave the country at once. The money was offered again, but they were told that the proposition would be regarded as offensive by Mr. Bryan. Thereupon they went to Toronto, and there reported by cable to Aguinaldo the result of their mission. Two friars who visited Calistao, 150 miles north of Manila, a few days ago, to attend a festival, were attacked by the people and driven from the place. Whereupon the Federal Party (of which Señor Tavera, who will become a member of the Taft Commission in September, is President), issued a circular letter, expressing approval of the expulsion of these friars and urging the people of other towns to follow the example of the inhabitants of Calistao if friars should appear among them. Official correspondence published last week shows that while General Otis was in command at Manila the suggestions of General MacArthur to him were not always thankfully received. For example, when General MacArthur suggested that amnesty should be offered to all Filipinos who should surrender, there was a curt reply, ending as follows: "No further advice on this subject desired by the commanding general." The new tariff received from the Commission, having been revised and modified at Washington, will now be sent back to Manila and published there for enforcement.

Latin America

The crisis at Buenos Ayres is over for the present, tho martial law is still in force. The Government sent to Congress a message saying that while it cannot withdraw the bill for the unification of the public debts, because the measure has been passed by the Senate, yet in view of the situation so obnoxious to the populace the administration advises the Lower House not to support it. Whether this yielding on the part of the administration is of a temporary character or not, no one in authority has stated.—President Frederico Errazuriz, of Chile, died last week, and his brother-in-law, Señor Resico, will take the vacant office next September, to which he had already been elected. President Errazuriz was the son of one of Chile's most illustrious statesmen, who was also President of the Republic. He was a Liberal in politics, and during his term of office steadily increased in popularity and influence—a rather unusual course for the average South American President.—Venezuela is watching with interest the movements of several of her exiled citizens who are now supposed to be "hatching" revolutions in this city to overthrow President Castro. These exiles declare they are here on innocent purposes, but "suspicious" circumstancs seem to indicate that they have some things "up their sleeves."—There is no longer any uneasiness in Washington as to the forthcoming Pan-American Congress, to be held in Mexico City this autumn. As Chile and Peru were at loggerheads over the question as to whether the Congress should consider in its arbitration discussions questions of past or present, and

each refused to enter the Congress unless this question was settled, the State Department has sounded all the Latin American foreign offices, and it finds that each American republic will surely send its delegates in response to the kind invitation of President Diaz.

The Sultan Pays

At last the Sultan Abdul Hamid II has paid the indemnities claimed by the United States. Mr. Hay at Washington has received a cablegram from John G. A. Leishman, Minister at Constantinople, to the effect that the Sublime Porte has deposited $95,000 in the Ottoman Bank subject to the disposition of the State Department. The amount does not entirely cover the claims, but the State Department is satisfied and regards the settlement as a diplomatic victory. The indemnity was demanded for damages inflicted on the American College at Harpoot, Armenia, for injuries suffered by persons of Armenian birth, who had been naturalized in the United States, and for the murder by Turkish soldiers of Frank Lentz, of Pittsburg, while making a bicycle tour through Armenia for *Outing*. The claims were first presented by Minister Terrell under President Cleveland. After him Dr. Angell, of Michigan, went to Constantinople expressly to collect the money, expecting to be there only a short time. He passed several years in Turkey, and returned home unsuccessful. His follower, Minister Straus, of New York, obtained a definite promise of payment from the Sultan, but still the money was not forthcoming. Mr. Griscom succeeded him, and then Mr. Leishman, to whom the indemnity has at last been paid. It is a victory for the State Department, but the chief credit in the transaction is undoubtedly due to the intelligent persistence of Mr. Straus. To wring anything from the perplexed and perplexing Abdul Hamid II is a great achievement, especially as several other countries have large claims against Turkey and looked with suspicion on any payment promised to the United States.

South African War

Continued reports come of small engagements in South Africa, none of which have decisive influence on the general situation. So, on July 8th, Scheeper's commando entered Murraysburg, Cape Colony, and burned the public buildings and residences. Murraysburg is itself a place of no special importance, but it lies within fifty miles of Graaff Reinet, one of the oldest cities in South Africa and, by reason of its position and wealth, one of the most important strategically. Graaff Reinet is the terminus of a railway from Port Elizabeth, and is a place of great beauty and natural advantages. To counteract this victory of the Boers, comes Lord Kitchener's dispatch from Pretoria, dated July 14th:

> "Broadwood's brigade surprised Reitz, capturing Steyn's brother and others. Steyn himself escaped in his shirt sleeves, with one other man only. The so-called 'Orange River Government' and papers were captured."

Private news dispatches state that General Broadwood here took twenty-nine prisoners, including several men of considerable influence. As regards the general losses of the Boers in recent months, Lord Stanley, Financial Secretary to the War Office, has reckoned the total number of killed, wounded, or captured as follows: March, 1,472; April, 2,434; May, 2,640, and June (incomplete), 1,538. Far the most important phase of the war at the present moment is the disturbance it is making in English home politics. The Liberal party is divided over its attitude to the war, and cannot decide on any definite course of action. Neither Mr. Asquith nor Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is able to carry the party, and Lord Rosebery, who it is thought might bring unison into the camp, refuses to say the decisive word. Just now the bitterest hostility to the Government finds expression within the Government's own party. It has come to light that the full story of the British defeat at Vlakfontein (May 28th) was withheld, and that the newspaper dispatches in regard to it were mutilated by the censor. In that battle it is known that some 174 of the British were put out of action by the Boers under General Delarey. In the night following the British found their camp was being surrounded, and were compelled to retreat, leaving their tents standing and their wounded behind them. Rumors reached England that the Boers murdered the

wounded in cold blood. July 11th, Mr. Brodrick, the War Secretary, read before Parliament the telegraphic correspondence of Lord Kitchener on the subject. Kitchener had at first declared the reports of the outrage unfounded, but afterward telegraphed the statement of a wounded Yeomanry officer corroborating them. Finally on July 9th he informed the Secretary that he had the testimony of seven men that they had seen the Boers shoot the wounded. The withholding of the full reports of the battle has roused Parliament to excited resentment.

Results of the War

Much information has recently come to light in regard to the results of the battles and campaigns in South Africa. A Parliamentary Paper (C d 582) has been issued, which contains the correspondence between the Commander-in-Chief and the Boer generals in regard to the destruction of property. It is impossible here to print this correspondence at length, but the two following extracts may give some notion of the subdued rancor of the situation. On August 3d, 1900, Lord Roberts wrote from Pretoria to Commandant De Wet as follows:

"Latterly many of my soldiers have been shot from farm houses over which the white flag has been flying, the railway and telegraph lines have been cut, and trains wrecked. I have therefore found it necessary, after warning your Honor, to take such steps as are sanctioned by the customs of war to put an end to these and similar acts, and have burned down the farm houses at or near which such deeds have been perpetrated. This I shall continue to do whenever I consider the occasion demands it. Women and children have thus been rendered homeless through the misdeeds of the burghers under your Honor's command, but your Honor has been misinformed as to these poor people having been badly treated, as everything possible has invariably been done to lessen the discomforts inseparable from such evictions."

The other side of the question is seen in a letter of General Botha, dated August 15th:

"On inquiry I have discovered that it is a fact, which I can have supported by affidavits, that well-disposed families living on farms are driven from their houses and all their property taken away or destroyed. In every case the private conveyances are taken away, so that there are instances where women with their children who, deprived of their property in this manner, were obliged to walk for miles in order to seek for food, shelter, and protection from our burghers. I cannot here refrain from remarking that in such cases the action of the troops under your Excellency's command very much exceeds the teachings of civilized warfare. I bring these facts to your Excellency's notice, because I cannot believe that they are your Excellency's instructions, and as it is done by the troops under your Excellency's supreme command I expect that your Excellency will make an end to these atrocious deeds and barbarous actions."

And so the question is tossed back and forth between the armies. More conclusive as to the general state of affairs is the information given by several English ladies, who have gone to South Africa for charitable purposes. So at the Master's Lodge, Balliol College, Oxford, Miss Emily Hobhouse, who has recently returned from the seat of the war, spoke with definite knowledge about the condition of the camps. According to the report of this address in the London *Times* what she saw had a double effect on her. A good deal of it shocked her, but on the other hand she was rather surprised to find how very much was being done, or was being contemplated, for the people. The difficulties that had to be contended with were very great, and she had returned to England to find that a very erroneous view prevailed in the country with regard to these camps. She found it continually stated in conversation, in the newspapers, and even in the House of Commons, that the camps were voluntary, that people went to them of their own free will and went there to receive protection, and were free to go away when they chose to do so. Now that was not in accordance with the facts as they existed at this moment. She found there that people were compelled to go to the camps from force by armed troops and against their will, and that they had not the least desire for British protection, nor did they require it in any way. She quoted letters in proof of this, and pointed out that it was a great trial to these women to be prevented from going to their relatives or to seek for their children. It was also a great mistake, because the camps were very crowded, and if they were allowed to go it would relieve the pressure very much. About 12 months ago farm-burning began, and increased in severity all through the autmun months, and had hardly stopped now. With that farm-burning

there was the beginning of the sweeping up and the carrying off of the women and children throughout the country. When that began to take place it was to the people of the country a most terrible upset of their ideas. To them it was a shattered idol of what England was. She did not think the English people understood what a fearful blow that was to the Boers, and that had gone on increasing in severity ever since. She thought the sooner England knew the attitude of mind of the Boers, the better it would be. Nothing would move them or alter their attitude.

New Light on Babylon

For two years and more the German *Orientgesellschaft,* with Professor Fried. Delitzch as leading savant, in conjunction with the Berlin Royal Museums, has been conducting important archeological researches on the site of ancient Babylon, the work itself being in charge of the experienced Dr. Koldewey. Interesting finds have been made, the latest being that the historical estimate of the size of the ancient city based upon the reports of Herodotus must be materially revised and reduced. According to the account of that historian Babylon must have covered a square from 65 to 90 kilometers, or the equal of Paris and London put together, or five times the size of Berlin, with city walls as high as the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church tower and fully ten meters thick. The diggings of the German archeological expedition have shown that a careful tracing of the ancient walls reduces this phenomenal length to about 15 kilometers, or a space considerably smaller than the city of Berlin alone. Paul Rohrbach, who in a recent issue of the *Preussische Jahrbücher* has described these matters in detail, declares that the remarkable thing is not that accurate investigation has made this change of estimate necessary, but that the wild statements of Herodotus have so far been blindly credited. The two most important finds made on the ground have been in the "Kasr," or Castle, and the *Amram ibn Ali* mounds. The former includes the remnants of the great palace of Nebuchadnezzar, in which also Alexander the Great died. The whole is a citadel, and is mentioned frequently in Babylonian texts as Shu-ana. It was from its gates that each New Year's Day the great festival procession, in honor of Marduk, proceeded, in which the kings also had to participate, unless he was willing to forfeit the right of being called "The King of Babylon." In *Amram ibn Ali,* no doubt, is to be found the main temple of Babylon, Esagila. What is called Babylon in the inscription of Nebuchadnezzar is evidently not the city of that name but the Acropolis together with the palace and the fortifications. It is now thought that the mound *Babil* comprises the ruins of the so-called hanging gardens of Semiramis, and that the "Tower of Babel" stood near to the Marduk temple is Esagila. The investigations so far justify the hope that further diggings will lay bare at least in outline the foundations of many or most of the great structures in Babylon, and the city with the magnificent buildings of Nebuchadnezzar will be partially restored to the scholar of Orientalia. Of Kasr it can already be stated that it was one of the grandest buildings the world has ever seen, the thickness of its walls being from 11 to 13 and even 17 meters, and the great eastern wall being even 41 meters in thickness. Specially significant are the extraordinary inner decorations, consisting of painted and glazed tiles, the fragments of which are still found in great abundance, representing a kind of work that can no longer be reproduced or imitated.

Korea

Reports come from Yokohama that Korea has requested Japan to close the Japanese post offices in Korea, and to withdraw the Japanese officials. The newspapers of Tokyo naturally attribute these unfriendly acts to Russian intrigue. From Yokahama also comes a confirmation of the atrocities of the Quelpart massacre. The Japanese Legation at Washington has received advices containing the report of the captain of the Japanese man-of-war "Senyen," which arrived at the island, June 2d, just after the massacre. He declares that two hundred converts were killed by the insurgents. The *Japan Weekly Mail* publishes this curious explanation of the disturbance sent by the Quelpart officials to the Government in Seoul. According to this story the peaceful people

of the island had assembled in conclave to consider the best method of putting an end to certain abuses connected with Roman Catholic propagandism, when a body of three hundred Christians, led by two French priests and partly armed with rifles, arrived upon the scene and fired upon the people, killing one. They also arrested five men and carried them off to the church, and they subsequently broke into the arsenal, stealing arms and injuring several persons. It was in consequence of these outrages that the people rose and killed two hundred and fifty Christian converts. The editorial comment of the *Weekly Mail* is of interest, as coming from the same Oriental part of the world:

"The disturbance was purely of an anti-religious character. There is confusion as to the party originally responsible, some reports alleging that the Christians were the first to resort to violence, others that the anti-Christians were the assailants. However that may be, it is impossible for any impartial onlooker to deny that some fault must have rested with the Christians. The *emeute* was not the result of a sudden and unprovoked ebullition of religious fanaticism on the part of the Koreans; it must have been caused, to some extent at any rate, by procedure on the part of the Christians which exasperated the people at large. In this case the scope of the inquiry is narrowed by the fact that Roman Catholics only are concerned. Now it is against the Roman Catholic fathers that all the complaints have been made, especially the French fathers."

Indian Education

A correspondent of the London *Times* gives a long and interesting account of the present state of Indian education. He thinks the work accomplished by the three Indian universities since their foundation in 1857 is of a mixed character. The present day Babu is in many ways an improvement on past generations, and this improvement is due, in large measure, to his college training. But in spite of his virtues it is difficult to regard the Babu in a very serious light. He passes examinations, acquires a plentiful command of literary verbiage, and has a lofty sense of superiority to the uncultured part of mankind. But in another aspect he appears as a political nuisance, thrusting himself forward without any apparent sense of incongruity, as a natural leader and representative of the Indian people. His usual role is that of a factious malcontent, who decries as loudly as he dares all that is English. His general attitude is unmistakably one of petulant antagonism. English education, then, has created a disaffected class and politically has been a failure, while it is not easy to see in what way it has contributed to the moral and material progress of the Indian Empire. For this reason many Englishmen in India disbelieve in educating the native at all, while others are anxious to modify this education so as to get better results. Some change is certainly necessary. The university training which culminates in a Calcutta degree seems elaborately devised to exaggerate the natural weaknesses of the Bengali intellect and character. The examinations are such that only the most superficial methods of study are likely to lead to success; the curriculum is absurdly ambitious, whereas the standard required for passing is ridiculously low. The student who can commit to memory most of his texts without understanding what he has studied is pretty sure to gain the mark (a very low mark is sufficient) required for a pass. The more the student learns by heart the higher his place is likely to be on the list. The organization of the Calcutta University itself is strikingly deficient. The Senate consists of the chancellor, vice-chancellor and nearly 200 fellows; and of these fellows only 53, of whom a large proportion are absentees, appear to be connected with education, while the remainder is made up of all classes of men. In the councils of the university practical and expert educational opinion is accordingly hardly to be expected. The general dissatisfaction with this state of affairs has found recent expression in a memorial to the vice-chancellor of the university, which is signed by 32 gentlemen, including men of influence both native and European. Lord Curzon himself has recently spoken with masterly acumen on the subject of education, and has raised the hope that the necessary reforms may in due time be carried through. The reforms to be efficient must be of a trenchant character. The management of the university must be given to persons who have professional knowledge, and the curriculum must be altered so that the understanding is more thoroughly trained.

The Society of the Future

By John B. Clark, LL.D.

Professor of Political Economy in Columbia University

IF the goal toward which progress is tending is not socialism, what is it? It must be good or we shall not believe that we are moving toward it. Optimism is the faith of healthy humanity. Without making assertions as to anything that is very remote, we may say that certain changes are undoubtedly going on; that they are taking us in a certain direction and toward a nearer goal that we can define. We shall reach it if economic laws continue to work and the general course of events continues unchanged.

The term "goal," indeed, scarcely describes what is thus before us; for it designates a stopping-place, whereas what is before us is a perpetual movement. The halting place of yesterday is the starting-point of to-day, and that of to-day is to be the starting-point of to-morrow. The state that we shall reach in two or three centuries may contain within itself all the gains that we can now easily imagine; but it will only be the beginning of acquisitions that are beyond the range of our present imaginings. It is easier to define intermediate states. What will society be after fifty years shall have passed and toward what state will it then be tending? To such a question as this economic movements afford a fairly confident answer.

In the first place, competition will survive. Trusts will not destroy it, and it may even become more effective than it has been. The race for the profits that are to be gained by invention, by chemical discovery and by business organization will make the work of the world so efficient that its present power of production, great as it is, will, in the retrospect, seem like rude first steps in material civilization. We shall improve agriculture and get our living more easily; but we shall make larger gains in producing comforts and luxuries. More and more readily will the earth yield raw materials, and more easily will industry fashion them into fine commodities. We shall surround ourselves with a profusion of useful things, and so small will be the labor that many of them will cost that it will seem as if genii had a hand in bringing them to us. Machines will become more deft, powerful, rapid and automatic. They will get their motive power from cheap and abundant sources, and there will be little left for the workers who use them except to touch the buttons that set them moving. Dwellings and furnishings will improve, and vehicles will multiply till the amount of labor that is now the equivalent of a nickel will give a poor man a longer and more interesting drive than a costly equipage now gives a rich man. It may be that the wages of a day will take him to the mountains, and those of a hundred days will carry him through a European tour. With the powers in his hands which mechanical invention will confer the typical laborer will, in due time, attain the scale of substantial comfort on which well-to-do classes are now living.

If this is to be the fact, however, it is necessary not only that an abundance of products should be created, but that they should be created by and for the workers themselves. The distribution of wealth must be as satisfactory as the production of it is fruitful. It will be so if progress makes labor itself, and not merely industries in which labor is one agent, more and more productive. The empty-handed worker of the future, when he offers himself to an employer for hire, will carry in his hands a potential product for sale, and this product must be larger than the one that the worker of the present tenders. Improvements in method and in organization will enable him to do this. When a man works with a long lever the general result is larger than it is when he has a short one; but the important thing is that *that part of the result which is due to labor alone* is greater. A man and a modern machine create a larger product than did a man and an old fashioned tool; but the essential fact is that what the man himself can claim as his own and actually get is larger than it was in the days of hand labor. When the world shall be filled, as it were, with "genii of the lamp," the man who can call them into action will

be a more important factor than is the man of the present, and he can himself create more and get more than can the worker of to-day.

This means, however, that the struggles of classes that will go on will give them their fair portion of the rich results of industry. In the period that is coming massed forces are to contend with each other. Every occupation, as a whole, will contend with every other occupation: each business will want a high price for its particular product, and can get it only by taxing all who buy the product. Within each business there will be a further struggle, and massed labor will contend with massed capital in the effort to adjust wages. In each line of production both labor and capital will strive to become monopolistic. Capital will try to drive other capital off from its field, and labor will try to drive off other labor. These attempts cannot fully accomplish their objects. Here and there consolidations of capital will have limited success, and will make the position of competing capital perilous. Here and there also labor will have the same partial success in guarding its field against the intrusion of competing labor. The effect will be to favor some union laborers at the expense of others, and to make the democracy of labor imperfect. Workers will be ranged in strata, representing gradations of well being; but there is nothing in this that will prevent them all from rising together. They may keep their relative positions and all move upward.

This again requires that the principle of monopoly should everywhere be held in check. The influences that obstruct competition are themselves to be controlled, and if natural tendencies have their way they will be so. When a trust exacts too much, competitors will appear, in spite of all perils that may threaten them. When laborers in any occupation exact too large a premium over ordinary wages, workers will force themselves into their territory in spite of all that can be done to stop them. The imperfections of competition will put some workers into favored classes, but the competition which survives will be dominant, and will bring gains to all classes.

That this may be true the State at least must be democratic. Government by the people must not be allowed to vanish, and those who are ruled must nominate, elect and control their rulers. If we keep the representative principle at all, as for convenience we must, it will have to be attended by an immense increase of actual self-government. I chance to believe that we are to have the referendum, or what amounts to the referendum, in municipal, State and federal affairs. The difficulties in the way of this are not trifling, but they weigh far less than the evils that are in store for us if we do not have it. At the bottom it is for the rescue of competitive industry that we need it. Very insidious is the power that massed capital knows how to use in controlling the so-called representatives of the people, who are often rather the conscienceless substitutes for the people in the work of ruling. Labor should be able to do better than to compete with wealth in this direction. It should have open and honest ways of influencing the acts of the Government.

But shall we not, in this political sphere, have too much democracy? Clearly not, and that for several reasons, the chief of which is that the *demos* that will rule will not be the typical one that we think of in connection with the history of democratic States. It will not be a proletariat, but will be a body of workmen, most of whom will have a large stake in the industrial order. Their savings will grow and make them conservative wherever the security of property is in question. Their wages will enable them to make accumulations, and the Government of the future must be efficient enough to give them safe investments. Land, under one or another form of title, now affords to laborers their principal medium of investment; and there is little doubt that, for laborers, it will continue to be a favorite form of property. The confiscation of rent will not be popular with the coming democracy. Bonds and, in the end, even stocks must also be made available for a similar purpose. If tunnels and canals are dug by means of public funds, the bonds which States will issue will be available as far as they will go; but the society of the future will fall far short of what it ought to be unless the securities of corporations can be safely owned even by the poorer classes.

The world of the near future will not be one with inequalities leveled out of it; and to any persons to whom inequality of possessions seems inherently evil, this world will not be satisfactory. It will present a condition of vast and ever growing inequality. With a democracy that depends on a likeness of material possessions it will have nothing in common. The rich will continually grow richer and the multi-millionaires will approach the billion-dollar standard; but the poor will be far from growing poorer. They will surely and not always slowly recede from the poverty line, and rise toward the present standard of wealth. As the typical rich man enlarges his holdings—as his fortune increases from one million dollars to ten, from ten to a hundred and from a hundred to a thousand—the typical laborer will increase his wages from one dollar a day to two, from two to four and from four to eight. Such gains will mean indefinitely more to him than any possible increase of capital can mean to the rich.

If an earthly Eden is to come through competition it will come not in spite of, but by means of an enormous increase of inequality of outward possessions; but this very change will bring with it a continual approach to equality of genuine comfort. The capitalist may become too rich to sleep, while the laborer becomes so relatively rich that he can live in comfort and rest in peace. Near to the line of maximum happiness may be the lives of the better paid workers.

The most alluring possibility concerning the democracy of the future lies in the diffusion of culture. The well paid worker may have any amount of it for himself and his children. No tendency of the present is more marked than that which is slowly obliterating the differences in education which formerly prevailed; and with higher pay and easier labor the worker can more and more avail himself of the new condition. Refinements, as well as comforts, are to be included in the list of cheap things that can be had as the reward of common labor.

There is a moral effect of progress that is even better. A fraternity of the highest type is among the gains that are well within sight, and unlike fortunes, so far from perverting it, will bring it to perfection. Brotherly feeling is a weak thing, indeed, if the condition of its existence is that men shall be equally well off. Communism does not develop the finer sort of brotherhood; but inequality may develop it, if the moral fiber of the race shall grow strong. When men can regard each other with respect and affection in spite of enormous differences of wealth there will be some virility in their fraternal feeling. Well within sight is such a condition. As the prizes of political leadership and of social and intellectual eminence shall fall even more often to the man of labor than to the man of mere capital it may be that very few persons will see in the change any vulgarization of State or society. The *demos* of the future will not win such prizes unless it continues to develop in intellect and character; and if it does so develop, this fact will give it a clear title to any outward prizes it may win. If out of the democracy that is defined by mere possessions there shall come an aristocracy of personal quality, the result will be the best that evolution can give or that imagination can picture.

New York City.

Why?

By Robert Haven Schauffler

IF the wren can cling
To a spray a-swing
In the mad May wind, and sing and sing
As if she'd burst for joy;—

Why cannot I
Contented lie
In His quiet arms, beneath His sky,
Unmoved by Life's annoy?

Princeton, N.J.

The First Phase of the Transvaal War

By General Count Luchino Dal Verne

[General Dal Verne, was recently Assistant Secretary of War in Italy. He is considered one of the best military critics in Europe.—EDITOR.]

HOW was it that powerful England, accustomed to make colonial expeditions with a smaller body of men, in general, than that opposed to her by the natives, was obliged in this case to put in the field an army of over 200,000 men, such as she would never have thought of sending to a war on the continent of Europe, an army superior in number to the entire Boer population? This is a question that we cannot fully discuss here. Military reasons and political reasons not made known up till now necessitated this movement on such a large scale, and perhaps the safety of the Empire itself depended upon it.

But it will not be out of place to make a few comments on the way the whole campaign has been conducted.

It was not to be wondered at, it was foreseen, in fact, that the beginning of the campaign would be unfavorable to the English, who were then fewer in number than the enemy, and separated by 6,000 miles of ocean expanse from home supplies, both as regards ammunition and other necessities. But what surprised every one is the fact that when the reinforcements arrived things did not improve, but went from bad to worse.

Even before the arrival of reinforcements the disaster at Nicholson's Nek had surprised the military world, accustomed to recognize in the British soldier such tough fiber, as to understand with difficulty how it came about that eleven companies and one battery should have surrendered in broad daylight, without having at least made the enemy pay dearly for their audacity. It is evident that in this, as in other similar cases about that time, the defect lay in the scout service. And this carelessness was so much the more disastrous in its results as the enemy, natives of the place, were always perfectly well informed as to the movement of the English, and enjoyed the further advantage of their wonderful mobility.

The Boers, in fact, were all mounted, without, however, constituting real bodies of cavalry, and without detracting from their excellent qualities as good shots on foot. Their requirements were of the most simple kind of pasturage wherever found. The English, however, hampered with an enormous quantity of baggage to supply the comforts and wants of officers and men, were forced to move very slowly. Their horses, moreover, collected here and there, were not accustomed either to the climate or the pasturage, and died by hundreds in consequence.

The service for transporting such enormous quantities of material of every kind across the immense stretches of territory of South Africa had not been organized beforehand; nor had the English army had any experience in matters of this kind, the great maneuvres being always held at Aldershot. It is one thing to organize ordinary small expeditions, which can be done in a short time with a result quite equal to the requirements, and it is another to transport a real large army to a distant land. Consequently the same thing happened to the English as happened to the Italians on the high lands of Ethiopia in 1896—that is to say, the continued embarking of men and arms was not followed up by any previously organized service for transporting necessaries, such as food and ammunition. In this way months were lost before the transport service began to work in anything like an efficacious manner in South Africa.

This is a matter of the greatest importance. A large number of men, even of good fighting men, is not sufficient to insure victory. They must always find not only provisions and ammunition in the field and ready to hand, but everything that is indispensable for the soldier in a campaign.

The War Office at London, however, waited until hostilities broke out, and then gave orders for the purchase of 20,000 mules and the construction of 800

wagons. The result was that the reinforcements arrived at the Cape almost before the mules and wagons had started; and when the latter arrived naturally they were not sufficient, and a great amount of stores, ammunition, mules and wagons had again to be sent out.

When we take into consideration the fact that the transport service for a single division in South Africa requires no less than 200 large wagons and 2,400 mules, we can understand how this enormous difficulty in supplying an entire army so far away from the mother country might have been fatal to the outcome of the war.

It came about consequently that the different bodies of English soldiers at the three different theaters of war had to depend too much on the railway lines for their requirements, and kept clinging to them. This accounts for the constant inroads of the Boers upon the railway stations, and the fact that the engagements were always fought in their neighborhood under conditions always unfavorable to the English.

In 1896, when the Italian troops were on the move for the relief of Adigrat, General Baldissera, who had been given full power to advance when and with whatever force he chose, decided to leave Adi-Caje with 16,000 men only, while he had at least 25,000 at his disposal, because he foresaw the difficulties of the transport service, as all the supplies had to be carried on mules or camels eight or ten days' march from the base of operations.

The only conclusion then we can come to is that in the case of the war in South Africa it would have been better to have provided in the beginning, and still better beforehand, by the aid of the local authorities on the spot for the different necessities rather than undertake a transport service from home on such an extensive scale.

In order to give greater mobility to the troops attempts were made to form new bodies of cavalry as much as possible after the fashion of the formidable adversary—that is, as mounted infantry. But the difference was too great between a Boer of the mountains and a cavalry soldier of the Volunteers, or Imperial Yeomanry.

If in the Continental armies the infantry soldier is overloaded the contrary is the case in England. The English soldier carries very little, and that little very unwillingly. At the battle of Spion Kop there were too many men on the flat summit of the hill. The only way to remain there was to dig trenches. The trenches were not dug and the position had to be abandoned. Why? For the simple reason that the spades, etc., which the soldiers ought to have carried were all packed on the wagons and the wagons had to remain as usual in the rear.

We have already alluded to the difficulties which arise from the necessity of providing for the various comforts required by officers and men. Now just to show what is considered a great hardship to which the troops were forced to submit on difficult occasions during the campaign, we quote the words of a correspondent at Jacobsdal, who, alluding to the privations endured by the troops while marching across the Orange Free State, telegraphed: "The men had nothing to eat but boiled beef and biscuit!"

With regard to the long marches, we have the opinion of a well-known English military critic, who considered it quite an extraordinary deed for French cavalry to have got over 70 miles in five days. Only fourteen miles a day! It is difficult to understand how in a country where every kind of sport flourishes there should be such aversion to accustom infantry troops to long marches.

This was the reason why General Gatacre, when he wanted to surprise the Boer camp at Stormberg, put his soldiers in a train. He knew that if they marched, altho the distance was very short, they would have arrived unfit for fighting. But as the train would not hold them all, he sent only 2,200 men, too few. So after leaving the train they were surprised on the march, defeated, and a third made prisoners.

If the principal reasons of the unfortunate results of the first part of the campaign must be attributed to the lack of organization, it must be admitted also that the tactics were not altogether sound. If the bravery of the men compensated in some cases for the unskillfulness of their leaders, we can but marvel at the fact that, after so much experience, battalions in column should have been

sent to attack intrenched positions. It is not necessary to be a military man to understand that the enemy's fire decimates the men in such deep formations; while if they advance in a line according to the modern formation the shot misses them more often than not. Those splendid battalions who were marched to the attack at Modder River and Magersfontein, compact and in column, almost as tho they were at drill, left officers by dozens and soldiers by hundreds on the field.

The artillery has also been much criticised. It is but fair, however, to state that the same artillery, well mounted, well served and of great nobility, did its duty thoroughly, and often prevented severe disasters. It did not always, however, choose the best positions, for the very good reason that it was unacquainted with the ground; as in the fighting from February 17th to 24th, when General Buller's five batteries, concentrated at Three Trees Hill against Spion Kop, did not succeed in producing the slightest effect.

If we pass from the question of tactics to that of strategical action we must repeat that the chief error—namely, that of dispersing the troops to obtain secondary ends, such as the relief of Ladysmith and of Kimberley, in a territory as vast as that of Central Europe—can be put down to public opinion, and the influence of the Government, either local or at London, or both together, in disregard of the opinion of the Commander in Chief. The Italians learned the effects of similar influences in the war of 1896 in Abyssinia and the Spaniards in the Cuban war.

If then the first period of the war was an almost continuous succession of disasters it is not to be marveled at. Given the circumstances, it was to be expected that even England, the first colonial Power in the world, who spends 320 millions a year to keep up her army and her fleet, and who is considered an authority in colonial warfare, could not do better.

A leader was wanting, a man with the experience of years of warfare, supported by a capable and energetic chief of staff in order to form a real army that could move independently of the railways and direct the operations according to the immutable rules of strategy, without caring for those secondary objects which must be obtained by the carrying out of the principal strategical plan.

Lord Roberts deserves the gratitude of his country, not so much for having decided on the invasion of the Orange Free State, which was already in the first plan of campaign, as for having carried it so rapidly into effect in a more rational manner than in that same plan; taking advantage of all the reinforcements which had arrived, without dispersing them either to the East or to the West, and taking with him the intelligent and capable General French, whom he ordered up from Cape Colony without asking anybody's permission. In this way he obtained indirectly the relief of Kimberley as a first and easy result, quickly followed by that of Ladysmith, around which a preponderant English force had remained so long immovable in the obstinate but unfruitful determination to relieve it.

If General Buller then gave great proofs of firmness and perseverance he was pursued later by bad luck when surprised by General Botha in a narrow pass on the way to Lydenberg, and he could not have got out of his difficulties but for the movements of General Roberts. And if General White and his soldiers offered to the whole world an admirable example of courage and military skill, what shall we say of the Boers, who, with a far smaller number of men, hemmed in between the besieged and those who had come to relieve them, held those passes for an entire four months, and effectually prevented any kind of aid being sent to the besieged?

These peasants, soldiers between the age of 15 and 60 years, kept up the siege of three strong fortresses for a long time, defeated the English regulars in several encounters, and it was not until the Government at London had finished pouring into South Africa a torrent of armed men, collected from all parts of the Empire, and not until a general appeared who knew how to carry the war into the open plains of the Orange Free State, that the Boers were forced to retreat. Once only were they defeated, on February 27th, at the fort of Wolveskraal; and even that time, tho a great deal was made of this defeat, which was

in fact of considerable moral importance, it was of very little importance from a technical point of view, nothing more than the loss of a division, not even the twelfth part of the whole contingent. In fact, if Cronje had escaped with all his men, the presence alone of Lord Roberts's army on the road to Bloemfontein would have sufficed to clear out Cape Colony and relieved Ladysmith. But the Boers did not escape and were defeated, one against fifteen, after having held their ground for months against the entire British army, four times their superior in numbers.

The iron fiber of this brave people has been tempered and its self confidence strengthened by being accustomed to endure fatigue and danger in those vast regions by religious feeling and by their patriarchal constitution of family and State. This struggle of giants with which the nineteenth century closed will remain noted with indelible characters in the history of heroic peoples. The Boers may be quieted for a time by superior force of arms; attempts may be made to merge them into new currents of colonists, but, considering that they are an exceptionally prolific people, strongly attached to the soil where they are born, and of a warlike spirit, we can but recognize the possibility of their rising again at some near or distant future.

ROME, ITALY

The Literary Sweatshop

By a Humble Brother of the Writing Craft

"O that mine adversary had written a book!"

THACKERAY'S raw and untried heroes go to London, and are eagerly seized upon by editors there and installed as book reviewers; and all through modern English fiction we find men taking up editorial writing with as little previous preparation and as much success as Nicholas Nickleby had when he became an actor in Crummles's provincial temple of the drama.

The natural inference to be derived from such reading is that any young man with talent can be a successful writer, book reviewer or editor, even tho he is quite inexperienced.

Nor is this all, for the emoluments named in the books are almost invariably liberal. The young man from the country in a couple of hours dashes off a leading article for a great newspaper or magazine, collects six guineas or so for it, and during the remainder of the day disports himself as he listeth in the society of admiring friends.

In the French plays, too, when the author or journalist comes on the scene his breast is starred and beribboned, his raiment outshines that of Solomon, he takes the center of the stage and the incidents of the drama revolve around him as the planets revolve around the sun.

Thus the argument is, that tho literature and journalism are easy, their powers and rewards are great.

Very attractive, truly, and calculated to make the barbarians of the outer world honor and reverence literature and journalism and those who profess them —and, in so far, good!

But there's another aspect of this matter. Outside the pale which separates us professional writers from other folk there are all the countless thousands of the unemployed, and when our land is pictured as one flowing with milk and honey, where all the pebbles in the brooks are nuggets of gold, an immense number of these unsettled ones is persuaded to invade our territory and struggle with us for the sustenance we find there.

The dwellers on the literary hights who work this mischief are not affected by it, as they are far above the reach of crowding, but we who live in the lowlands suffer, because the newcomers trample upon our toes and steal our loaves of bread.

And so I would say to Mr. Robert Barr, "Please, when tempted to picture another newspaper woman, don't make her like the one in 'A Woman Inter-

venes;'" and I would add to my friend, Mark Twain, "If you have any more reminiscences concerning country editors paying you $100 a column special rate—in addition to the ordinary rate—for a 'beat,' for the sake of your humbler brethren of the craft keep them for private narration."

Robert Barr's newspaper woman is sent on an assignment to Europe to find out the price at which an obscure Canadian mine is to be bought by an English syndicate. The managing editor gives her $500 for new dresses and unlimited money for expenses. Without consulting the office she hires a duchess to introduce her in London society, and spends a month or two there in the pursuit of her own pleasures.

Oh, Mr. Robert Barr—dear Mr. Robert Barr! I am sure that what you did was done in innocence and not in willful wickedness. You probably believe that there is some New York paper, such as the one you describe, but I assure you there is not—not one that would spend $20 to learn.

Perhaps you were thinking about a certain great daily which did send a young woman on extensive travels—very much after the fashion of an express package. If so, your picture is all out of drawing. Her traveling dress cost about $4, and she paid for it herself, while the railroads and steamship companies carried her free in return for the advertising they obtained.

And the trip was disastrous to the young woman. Having much the same sort of conscience as Mr. Barr's heroine she coolly informed her employers when she returned to them that she could not write about the journey for the *Planet*, as she was under contract with another publisher to make a book.

The astounded managing editor expressed himself with great force and clearness of diction. The young lady, nothing daunted, remarked that it was she who had made the *Planet*.

She was then cordially invited to go elsewhere, and make another *Planet*. She went, her book fell flat, and she disappeared completely.

And I do assure Mr. Robert Barr that the *Planet* is not sending young women on such trips in these days.

Or perhaps he was thinking of the *Luminary*, which is fair to all its writers, but not more than two women are among them, and they get $8 for a column containing nearly 2,000 words—and when they want new dresses they have to buy them.

As to the *Announcer*, it has spent many thousands of dollars on expeditions, but they were always in regard to something on which the eyes of the whole world were fixed, so that the advertising returns were enormous. And it does not send young women to do anything more important than obtain interviews at New York hotels—and these young women pay their own carfare and receive $8 a column for matter when printed.

As to the *People's Representative* and the *Present Day* their women writers who average $25 a week are doing extremely well. Money allowed them for expenses is not worth mentioning.

Oh, Mr. Robert Barr—dear Mr. Robert Barr! why set more young women scribbling when the majority of those who are now so engaged cannot hope to earn as much money as shop girls receive.

Sweet girl graduates and high browed intellectual giants whose friends think you are the coming American novelists, don't believe what you see in the books about the good times enjoyed by us professional writers. There were good times in the days when the *Announcer* was in Ann Street, and when a fellow had to climb nine flights of stairs to reach the editorial rooms of the *People's Representative*. But they have fled.

A few reporters in those old times averaged $90 a week, and it was seldom that one made less than $30 a week.

In regard to reporters' expenses, too, the newspapers in the old days were very liberal. Some of the bills rendered were great masterpieces of fiction, and in them was displayed a wealth of imagination not to be found anywhere in contemporary literature now. Those good old managing editors paid wine and gambling debts—everything.

I remember one clever youth who charged $70 expenses for a week at Fire Island during the cholera scare. It could not have cost him $10. I myself, working for the *Planet*, ran up expenses at the rate of $200 a day for a brief pe-

riod. But that was a case in which we were after the "beat" of the century, and had to hire an eminent lawyer, a corps of detectives, suites of hotel rooms and a large number of cabs.

Some of the papers were so liberal in those old times that their men got far in advance of their salaries. I remember one who became displeased with the journal that employed him, and ostentatiously shook its dust from his feet. The cashier seeing the gesture, asked him to repay the $600 he had borrowed. "You owe me that," he replied, "I asked for a raise a year ago and didn't get it."

Another editor on the same paper walked out owing $1,200 which he had borrowed in advance on account of salary and never paid a cent.

In those days any one who could write at all could sell special stories and verse to the Sunday papers, and some of those Sunday papers, then, like the *Messenger,* paid $15 a column for ordinary matter.

In those days if you had a good exclusive newspaper story there was a fine market for it. The *Luminary* or *Announcer* would give you treble rates, or you could manifold it and sell to all the New York papers.

In those days if you wrote some clever verses and took them to the office of the New York *Account Book,* the editor and proprietor laid everything aside to read them immediately. If they suited he shuffled out to you in his office slippers with his spectacles on his nose, a smile on his face, and a new $10 bill held up, full length, between his thumb and forefinger.

Ah! old comrades of the craft, don't you remember how new and pretty those $10 bills of Mr. B—— used to look?

Excuse these tears.

But those good old times are gone forever. Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek have had their fling, and Malvolio reigns now and holds the purse strings.

There are still cakes and ale here and there, but they are up in editorial rooms where even the ablest newcomers cannot possibly get at them except they have influence or experience.

A great news agency has a dozen good reporters who do not average over $6 a week. The most they can make is $2 a night. *The Planet, The Announcer, The Day Book,* and all but two or three of the New York papers have reportorial staffs that are, in large part, made up of young men, who receive only $8 and $10 a week, while their expenses are kept down to an average of less than $1 a week.

I know an editor of a woman's page—on a weekly newspaper that formerly was great—who receives $12 a month for her services, tho she works every day at the office. She has a husband, and it pleases her to occupy her time to make a little pocket money, pose as a person of importance and see her name in print.

But that is not the cheapest labor obtained by the newspapers. Some have editors of departments to whom they give no money at all—the face powder lady and the athletic gentleman, the actors and actresses, etc. These work in return for the advertising they get.

I know magazines that pay about two cents a line for verse, and ever so many that pay nothing at all, and yet have a great abundance to choose from.

A Philadelphia magazine astounded me not long ago by sending $1 in payment for five verses. The editor was quite surprised by my demand for return of my manuscript.

I remonstrated with an amateur writer one time. I had been looking over a book of stanzas and sketches (which he had printed at his own expense), and, finding considerable promise in places, I asked him why he did not adopt literature as a profession instead of writing for nothing. He tossed his long hair back from his massive brow, and, thrusting his left hand into the breast of his waistcoat, told me that he considered it wrong to barter the products of God-given genius for base lucre.

On my saying that I considered Pegasus's first duty to be to earn his oats, and that in order to that end I would put him to the plough if necessary, he became disgusted with my brutality and we parted. Two months later, however, he took my advice, and two years later I met him chasing an ordinary little "scrub" item. When I made some allusion to "bartering God-given genius," he groaned and begged me not to remind him of his amateur views. He was not

the success that I hoped he would be. When his conceit was broken down his courage seemed to go with it, and also his originality. He failed as a reporter, and just fluttered on the outer edge of literature, making quatrains and jokes, and realizing about $7 a week from the sale of them, and yet you've seen his signature often enough, I dare say, and think him one of the fortunates. But, my dear reader, he only gets $1 a quatrain in the most celebrated of the comic papers, and from twenty-five to fifty cents a joke.

I called the other day upon a literary man who is very widely known as a lecturer, and who is also the author of five or six books. During the course of conversation I asked him how he was doing aside from his regular editorial work. He told me that he had not made a cent from his books, as he had to advance money to get them published.

"How about short stories?" I inquired. "You write good short stories."

He pulled out a large drawer that was on the left hand side of his desk, and showed me that it was filled to the brim with short stories.

"There," he said. "During all last year I only made $2 from this source."

"You don't persist," I responded.

"Don't I," said he, bitterly. "Those have been all over the country."

I am sure that he was telling me the truth, and yet no one who knows him—except a few most intimate associates—supposes otherwise than that his books and literary sketches and short stories bring him in about $1,500 per year, in addition to his editorial salary, for he is a man of exceptional attainments and reputation, and his work is certainly good.

So my dear would-be literary recruit, bethink yourself! You may have the marshal's baton in your knapsack, but there's a weary multitude of chances against such a happening.

And don't envy men who have published books unless you know *how* they have published them and what sort of contracts they have, and whom the contracts are with.

Many poor fellows believe so earnestly in their literary work that they do the publishing themselves, or pay hundreds of dollars to a publisher to do it. After the books are out they find that publishing is only a part of the business. The greatest difficulty is in regard to distribution and sale.

One author of my acquaintance became tired of waiting for publishers to give his work to the world. So he paid for the printing and binding himself.

Now he wears a haunted expression. When the volumes were brought home they filled an entire room at his boarding-house, and the landlady charges him $1.50 a week for it. He can't sell them, and does not know what to do.

Another author in the same predicament has become so desperate that he goes out each day with a number of his books and sells them among his friends and acquaintances, or even among strangers for any price he can get. He does not hope now to regain what he expended.

About a year and a half ago when the excitement over "The Man Who Labors" and "The Man Who Doesn't Labor" was so widespread, a Connecticut lawyer (I am disguising the facts a little in order to save feelings), living in a small town, thought that it would be a fine thing to collect and publish in book form all the essays and poems then being written concerning the nobility of labor. I sent him something of my own on the subject, and he communicated his entire scheme to me. I did not like it, but did not feel at liberty to say so, he being a stranger, a man of mature years, and one who was looked up to by his townsmen as a local literary light. He corresponded with me very freely, and I thought I could detect the gradual failure of hope as he encountered, one after another, difficulties that to him were quite unexpected. I knew that he had laid aside his business in order to follow this will-o'-the-wisp, and I was genuinely anxious for him.

Finally he sent me all the manuscript—about 100,000 words in all—asking me for criticism and advice.

I looked the matter over, and found it full of glaring defects. It contained only one idea, and this was dished up by scores of writers in different forms with a result that seemed to me infinitely tedious.

I thought plain speaking was the only friendly thing, so I pointed out the de-

fects, advised great pruning and the elimination of a large number of the articles, also the cutting down of the introduction (which my correspondent himself had written—it was very long and heavy).

I also advised him not to pay for publication, but to tell publishers what he had in hand and drop the matter if they would not assume the risk.

He took my advice, and escaped with the loss of a few hundred dollars cash and some sacrifice of business, but he has never written a reply to my advice and criticism, and I am afraid he has not forgiven me for destroying the delusion that was ruining him—tho, I judge, from all his actions in the matter, that he is a noble and high spirited gentleman. The surgeon's knife hurt.

I tell these things to point the fact that many writers are actually losing money on their labored productions.

Then there's another large class of workers in the literary sweatshop who, even when successful in disposing of their wares, make less than day laborers.

I met, not long ago, a Chicago man of one of the best Western publishing houses. He told me that during the previous year his firm had received and examined 1,700 manuscripts of books, and had accepted only one.

"What do you think we paid for that?" he asked, grinning triumphantly.

"How many words?" I inquired.

"About 80,000," said he.

"Did you buy outright?"

"Yes."

"About $500?"

"No, sir. We paid only $80."

And the Chicago publisher's reader grinned again when he thought of the vain hopes with which those 1,700 authors had been entertaining themselves.

A fortnight ago I was in an editorial office whence much of the blood and thunder literature that small boys read issues, and where, also, the shop girl books are published.

I asked a casual question concerning rates, and said that I heard they paid $5 a thousand words.

"Jumping Jupiter!" screeched the editor, clutching wildly at his hair. "Don't say that again! Five dollars a thousand words! Why no writer for any of our publications gets so much as that, except Lulu John Elizabeth, and she has an old contract. Why, we only pay $50 for the manuscript of a book when accepted."

"But the authors hold copyright, and collect a royalty?"

"Indeed they do not. We buy outright."

"How many words in a book?"

"Thirty-two chapters, of about 1,600 words each—over 50,000 words."

He then showed me some of the manuscripts.

"Here," he said, "look at this story. It has a good title—very attractive to boys. The author knows how to handle his pen, and the typewriting alone is worth more than $30; yet here is his letter agreeing to wait till September for us to decide as to whether or not we want his book, and then to accept $50 if it is our good pleasure to give it to him."

And it was the "successful" man that the editor was talking about, for one hundred manuscripts are rejected, even here, for every one accepted.

Oh, sweet girl graduate, go take in washing, and, oh! youth of giant intellect, go labor in the coal mine sooner than come in our field!

We are dreadfully overcrowded, overworked and underpaid in literature and journalism now, and if you don't take my advice and stay away, it is more than likely that the sweatshop management methods and morals will break your heart.

The books don't tell you that the $10 a week reporters on many papers work from eight o'clock in the morning till eleven o'clock at night, six days in the week, and sometimes Sundays also.

But that is the truth.

How a Southern City Abolished Mosquitoes

By the Hon. N. T. Barton

Mayor of Winchester, Virginia

[The city of Winchester is the first American city to make an official and systematic effort to exterminate mosquitoes As Mayor Barton was instrumental in making the attempt a success, we are glad to give an account of the attempt in his own words. Editor.]

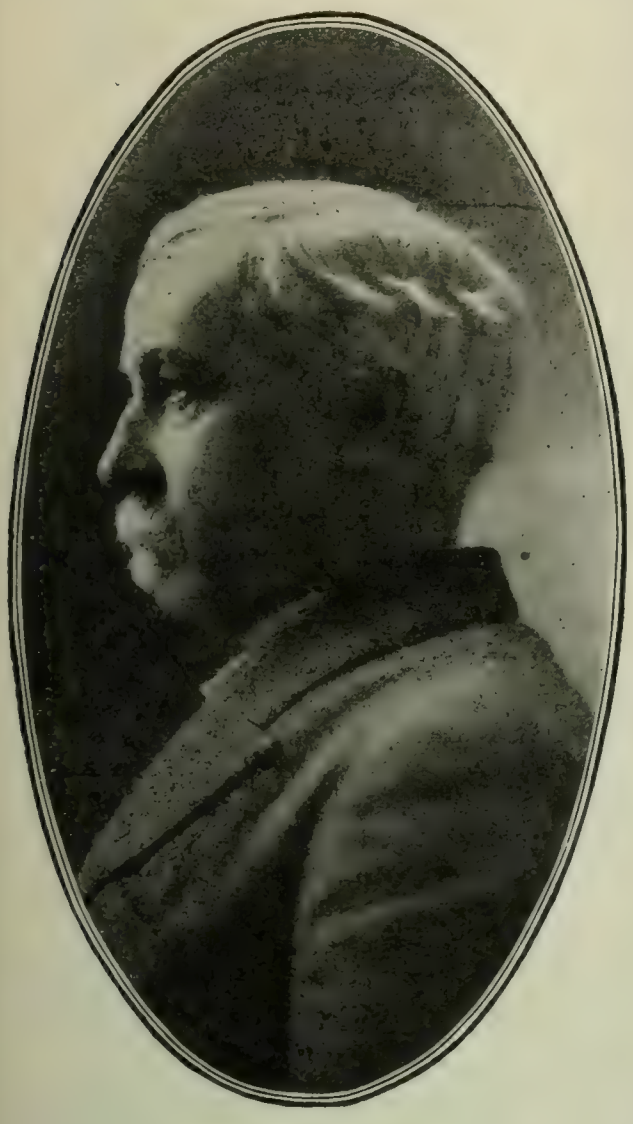
By way of introduction I should make a brief statement of the causes that led to my connection with the attempt to exterminate mosquitoes in Winchester. While Mayor of the little city in which I live I dabbled in entomology in an amateurish sort of way, using the microscope and looking into the habits of bugs and insects, both because of the recreation thus obtained, and because I have a small boy of a biological turn, whose education is one of the chief pleasures of my life. In my official capacity, therefore, I was enabled to make a practical application of my technical knowledge.

When the mosquito first thrust itself upon me (really and metaphorically) I obtained some information about the insect from observation, but my main reliance was upon Dr. L. O. Howard, the distinguished head of the Entomological Bureau of the Agricultural Department at Washington, who has also been deeply interested in our work in Winchester and our experiences with the mosquito.

The fact that ten years ago a mosquito was as rare in Winchester as a horse is in Venice, and that a mile from Winchester there are no mosquitoes, would seem to prove that there is merely a local cause for this infliction; and this being so there must be a remedy for the trouble. While a friend was making a visit at my house two years ago his little son was a victim of the pests which now afflicted us. Naturally this prejudiced him against our pet insect, and the cause of its existence and the possibility of its eradication were constant subjects of conversation between us. Impressed with his mosquito experiences in Winchester, after he left our house, he visited the Entomological Bureau of the Agricultural Department at Washington and procured from Dr. Howard certain valuable information which I decided to give the public, so that possibly the Common Council might take hold of the matter and put these suggestions into practical operation.

The female member of the mosquito family, as is not uncommonly the case in the human family, is the head of the house. She does the buzzing and biting, and she also lays the eggs to the number of from 200 to 400 in each mass. The eggs are deposited in boat-shaped masses on the face of any fairly still pool of water. The eggs may hatch in sixteen hours, and the larvæ (the first stage of mosquito life) live beneath the surface of the water, popping up from time to time to breathe. This state may be completed in seven days and the pupal state may last twenty-four hours, so that an entire generation in summer time may be completed in ten days. I say "may," because if the weather is cool the time between commencing the mosquito and fully equipping her for business may be indefinitely prolonged. When cold weather comes the adult mosquito, still on the wing, hibernates in the cellars of our houses, or in some other retired spot, and is thus ready when spring comes to renew business. No degree of cold will kill it. While partial relief may be obtained, of course, by screens, nets, by burning pyrethrum and by catching the mosquito in blacking box tops smeared inside with coal oil, these methods are only temporary. The mosquito may be driven away from towns on marshes, bays and even on the sea-shore. But our experience in Winchester has been that the best of all the wholesale remedies is to apply kerosene to the breeding pools. Experiment shows that about an ounce (a tea cup full) of kerosene to each fifteen square feet of water surface on small pools will effectually destroy all

the larvæ and pupæ in the pool, and that the adult female who comes to the pool to deposit her eggs will either go away, or if she alights, will die and her eggs will perish with her. Nor need this inexpensive application of kerosene be renewed more than once a month. It need not be sprinkled. If simply poured into



HON. N. T. BARTON

the pool the oil will reach all parts of the water's surface.

Pits or vaults under or behind water closets are favorite places for the mosquito to breed. This has been especially observed in Winchester. Rain barrels are prime places for them. So, too, are the pools left in streams, which are not included in the regular current. The rain barrels should be covered and the water drawn from near the bottom by spigots.

I addressed a communication to the Common Council, based upon these facts, proposing the adoption of an ordinance providing for the methodical application of kerosene oil to all the possible breeding places of the mosquito. This suggestion the Council adopted, and then came a storm of ridicule from the newspapers. But I had the law with me; and the people generally carried it out, tho it was voluntary, no penalty being attached for failure to comply with its provisions. The result was immediately and wonderfully successful; even the newspapers changed their tone. In many parts of the city the pest wholly disappeared, and in all parts it was greatly reduced in virulence; nets were taken down; and piazzas and lighted rooms at night again became comfortable and habitable. It was very evident, too, that the continued existence of the mosquito in a few parts of the town was due to the failure of the residents there to obey the ordinance. Where it was observed the mosquitoes were practically annihilated. The result has been that we have adopted an amended ordinance that provides a penalty for not complying with the original ordinance, and an inspector who sees to its enforcement. It is being now very generally enforced, altho early in the season our citizens from immunity from the plague were neglectful about using the means prescribed.

So far this year we have been able to find but few mosquitoes, while at this time, in the years gone by, they were swarming about us. We are persuaded that a few years more of persistent application of the remedy will either rid us entirely of the insect or reduce its numbers to innocuous scarcity. Inasmuch, however, as every cattle car that stays at night at a seaboard stockyard is apt to import new mosquitoes all along the railroad line, and as mosquitoes breed very rapidly, we are always liable to their reappearance. But the first sign of their approach should call for a repetition of the remedy. A modern system of sewerage will empty the pits and waterpools—the chief breeding places of the mosquito—and that being done, the kerosene applied even to a limited extent, I think the American people will be masters of the mosquito situation.

WINCHESTER, VA.

Excommunication

By Count Leo Tolstoy

[Felix Volkhovsky, the translator of this article (Tolstoy's reply to the Synod which excommunicated him), is one of the most able of the many clever Russians exiled for political reasons. He is a writer and speaker of more than average talent, and above all enjoys in a high degree the confidence of the community in which he lives.

George Kennan was the first means of drawing attention to the tragic element in the life of this patriot - and he was the principal agent in rescuing from Siberia the little daughter of Volkhovsky, after the father had made his almost miraculous escape over Japan and the Pacific Ocean to America. The sad story is told in detail in Kennan's excellent book, "Siberia and the Exile System."—EDITOR.]

> "He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth, very soon proceeds to love his own church or sect better than Christianity and ends in loving himself better than all."—*Coleridge.*

I WAS at first disinclined to reply to the Synod's decision concerning myself, but that decision has called forth a great many letters. Some of these correspondents unknown to me abuse me for rejecting what I do not reject, others exhort me to believe in what I have never ceased to believe, while others again express an agreement with me in thought which in fact hardly exists, and a sympathy with me which I can scarcely claim fairly. So I have decided to reply both to the Synod's decision, to point out what is wrong in it, and also to the letters of my unknown correspondents.

The decision of the Synod has, speaking generally, a great many drawbacks. It is either illegal or intentionally ambiguous. It is arbitrary, groundless, untruthful, and in addition it contains calumny and incitement to bad feeling and bad action. It is either illegal or intentionally ambiguous, because, if it was meant to be an excommunication from the Church, it does not correspond with those Church rules according to which such an excommunication may be pronounced. If, on the other hand, it is but a declaration that he who does not believe in the Church and its dogmas does not belong to the Church, as this is manifest of itself, such a declaration can have no other purpose than to seem to be an excommunication when it is not so in fact. And this is the case. It has been understood as an excommunication.

It is arbitrary, because it charges me alone with not believing all those points enumerated in the decision of the Synod, while in fact not only a great many but nearly all educated people share in this non-belief and have constantly expressed and still express it, in conversation, reading, pamphlets and books.

It is groundless, because as the main reason for it is given the wide circulation of my false teaching which is leading men astray, while I know for certain that there are scarcely one hundred people who share my views, while the circulation of my writings on religion is, owing to the censorship, so insignificant that the majority of those who have read the decision of the Synod have not the slightest idea of what I have written on religion, as is clearly shown in the letters I have received.

The decision of the Synod contains manifest untruth, as it asserts that attempts to bring me to reason were made by the Church, which, however, were not crowned with success. Nothing of the kind ever happened.

It also presents what in juridical language is called slander, because it contains unjust statements, knowingly made, calculated to injure me.

And lastly, it is an incitement to bad feeling and bad action, since it has, as might have been expected, called forth among unenlightened and unreasoning people anger and hatred toward me, which go so far as threats of murder. These are expressed in letters I have received. One of these correspondents writes:

> "Now you have been anathematized and will after death go to eternal torment, and die like a dog. May you be anathema, you old devil! May you be damned!"

Another reproaches the Government for not having yet incarcerated me in a monastery, and fills his letter with invective. A third writes: "If the Government will

not get rid of you, we will ourselves force you to be silent;" and the message ends with maledictions. "I can find means," writes a fourth, "to exterminate you, you blackguard!" and indecent abuse follows. I noticed some signs of the same bitterness after the decision of the Synod in my personal encounters with some people on February 25 (O. S.). The very day on which that decision was made public I heard when passing through a public square the following words: "Here is the fiend in human form." Had the crowd been composed of different people very likely I should have been beaten, as was a man several years ago near the chapel of St. Panteleon.

So that in every way the decision of the Synod is far from being good. And if the people who signed it are so sure of being right that they pray God to make me for my own good like them, this does not improve it.

This is what may be said in general. As to particulars, the ecclesiastical decision is wrong in the following respects. It says:

"The universally known writer, Count Tolstoy, a Russian by birth, orthodox by baptism and training, seduced by pride of intellect, has insolently rebelled against God and his Christ and all his inheritance, and has openly before the whole world forsworn the Orthodox Church, his mother, which nurtured him and brought him up."

That I have abjured the Church which terms itself Orthodox is quite true, but this I did not because I rebelled against God, but on the contrary because I wished to serve him with all the powers of my soul. Before abjuring the Church and unity with the people, which unity was inexpressibly dear to me, I devoted several years to the investigation of the teachings of the Church, both theoretical and practical, as certain indications led me to doubt the righteousness of the Church. So far as theory is concerned, I read all I could on the teachings of the Church. I studied and critically analyzed dogmatic theology. As to the practical sphere, I followed for over a year all the ordinances of the Church, observing all the fasts and all Church services, and I became convinced that the teaching of the Church theoretically is an insidious and injurious lie, while practically it is a collection of the grossest superstitions and sorcery, which entirely obscure all the teachings of Christianity.[1]

True, I have abjured the Church. I have ceased to observe its rites and give instructions in my will that my near ones should not allow the servants of the Church to come near me when dying, and that my corpse should be as quickly as possible taken away without any conjurations or prayers over it, just as any objectionable and unnecessary thing is taken away so as not to be in the way of the living.

Now as to my having "dedicated my literary activity and the talents with which I have been endowed by God to spreading among the people teachings opposed to Christ and the Church," etc., and that "I preach with the fervor of a fanatic in my writings and letters, which are circulated in great numbers by myself and my disciples throughout the world, and especially within the precincts of our dear fatherland, the subversion of all the dogmas of the Orthodox Church and of the very essence of the Christian faith," that is not true. I have never been careful to spread my teachings.

True, for my own need I have expressed in my writings my understanding of Christ's teaching, and I have not concealed those writings from men who desired to become acquainted with them, but I never printed them of my own accord. I have also spoken to people concerning my understanding of Christ's teaching, but only when I was asked about it. To such men I have spoken what I think, and have given them my books if I had any myself.

It is also said that I

"disown God, the Creator and Preserver of the world, worshiped in the Holy Trinity, also the Lord Jesus Christ, the God-Man, the Redeemer and Savior of the world, who suffered for us men and our salvation, who rose from the dead, and the immaculate conception of our Lord Christ in his humanity and the

[1] It is sufficient to read the Mass-book, and to follow the rites which are incessantly performed by the Christian clergy, and which are considered to be Christian worship, to see that all these rites are nothing but different processes of witchcraft intended to apply to every imaginable circumstance of life. To enable a child in case of its death to go to paradise it is necessary to know how to smear it with oil, and to bathe it while uttering certain words. That a woman delivered of a child should cease to be impure it is necessary to utter certain conjurations. That the inmates of a new house may enjoy a quiet life in it and be successful in business, to insure a good crop, to stop a drought, to be cured of a disease, to lighten the position of a deceased person in the other world, for all these cases and a thousand others there are certain conjurations which are made in a certain place by the priest in return for certain offerings,

virginity, before and after the birth of Christ, of our most pure Lady."

That I reject the inconceivable Trinity and the fable of the fall of the first man, a fable which has no sense in our times, the sacrilegious story of a God born of a virgin and redeeming mankind, is quite true. But the God-spirit, God-love, the One God, the source of everything, I not only do not reject, but, on the contrary, I do not acknowledge anything really existing besides God, and I see all the meaning of life in the fulfilment of the will of God as expressed in the teaching of Christianity.

It is also said of me: "He does not acknowledge the future life with its rewards and punishments." If the hereafter is to be understood in the sense of the second Advent, of hell with eternal torment and devils, and a paradise with constant bliss, then it is quite true that I do not acknowledge such a future life. But eternal life with reward and punishment here and everywhere, however, I do acknowledge to such an extent that standing as I do at my age on the verge of the grave, I must very often make efforts not to wish to die in the flesh, that is, to be born to a new life, and I do believe that every good action increases the good of my eternal life, while every evil deed diminishes it.

It is said that I reject all the sacraments. That is quite true. I consider all sacraments mean, gross magic, inconsistent with the idea of God and Christian teaching, and being in addition an infringement of the most direct indications of the Gospel. In the baptism of children I see an obvious perversion of the meaning which baptism might have had for grown up people who consciously became Christians. In the sacrament of marriage knowingly performed over persons who were in certain relations before, as also in divorces and in the solemnization of marriages between the divorced, I see a direct violation both of the meaning and letter of the Gospel. The periodical pardoning of sins at confession is to me a pernicious trick, which only encourages immorality and undermines the fear of sinning. Extreme unction and the chrism are to me injurious, fraudulent magic. The same applies to the worshiping of icons and relics, as also all those rites, prayers, conjurations of which the Mass-book is full. In the Eucharist I see the worship of the flesh and a perversion of the Christian teaching. Ordination I believe to be, besides a preparation for further imposture, a direct violation of the words of Christ, who categorically forbade the calling of any one teacher, father or master (Matt. 23:8-10).

It is put finally as the last and highest point of my guilt that I, while reviling the most "sacred matters of faith, did not shrink in horror from scoffing at the most sacred of sacraments, the Eucharist." That I did not shrink in horror from a simple and objective description of what the priest is doing while preparing for that so-called sacrament is absolutely true. But that this so-called sacrament is something sacred, and that to depict it in all simplicity as it really is performed means scoffing at sacred things, is absolutely untrue. Scoffing at sacred things consists not in calling a partition a partition instead of ikonostasis, and a bowl a bowl instead of chalice, and so on. No, the most horrible never ceasing scoffing at sacred things consists in this, that people using all possible means of fraud and hypnotism assure children and simple-hearted people that if bread is cut into little pieces while certain words are being pronounced, and those little pieces are put into one then God enters into those crumbs, and that the person in whose name such a crumb may be cut, if he is alive, he will have good health, while if he be dead he will be better in the other world, and that person who eats up one of those pieces will be visited by God himself.

That is really horrid.

Understand Christ's personality as you will, still his teaching, which abolishes the evil of the world so simply and easily and gives good to men so undoubtedly if only they will not pervert it—that teaching has been hidden, turned into coarse magical manipulation of bathing, smearing with oil, making certain gestures, conjuring, swallowing little pieces of bread and so on, and so on, so that, after all, nothing remains of the teaching itself. And then when a man tries to remind people that Christ's teaching consists not in this sorcery, masses, tapers, holy images, but in men loving one another, never returning evil for evil, never con-

demning others, never slaying one another, then those to whose interest it is to deceive raise an indignant clamor. With unintelligible insolence they talk loudly in churches, print in books, newspapers, catechisms that Christ never interdicted the taking of oaths, murdering (executions and wars), that the doctrine of non-resistance to evil has been invented with fiendish craftiness by the enemies of Christ.[2]

What is particularly horrible is that men whose interest it is deceive not only adults, but, profiting by their position, deceive children as well, those very children of whom Christ said, "Wo to those who deceive them." It is horrible that people to satisfy their little advantages commit such a crying evil, holding back from men the truth manifested by Christ that gives blessings to men that cannot be counterbalanced a thousandth part by any advantages they may derive from their action. They act like the burglar who murders a whole family of five or six people and then carries away an old coat and 40 kopecks in money. Why, they would willingly give him all their clothes and all the money provided he would not kill them, but he cannot act otherwise. The same is the case with the religious impostors. They might be maintained ten times better than they are —nay, in the greatest luxury—provided they would not ruin people by their deceit. But they cannot act otherwise. That is what is horrible, and that is why it is not only permissible but a duty to expose their deceit. If there is anything sacred it is certainly not what they call a sacrament, but the duty to expose religious fraud when one meets with it.

When a Chouvash[3] smears his idol with sour cream or flogs it I may dispense with offending his religious feeling and pass him by with indifference, because he does it in the name of a superstition which is alien from me, which has nothing to do with things sacred to me; but I cannot look with equanimity on the deeds of men, however powerful, who preach coarse magic in the name of the God by whom I live and that teaching of Christ which gave me life and can give it to all men. And if I call their deeds by their proper names I am only doing what I am bound, what I cannot refrain from doing if I believe in God and the Christian teaching. If, however, these people call the exposure of their fraud sacrilege, that only proves how great is their deceit, and must spur the efforts of men who believe in God and Christ's teaching toward stopping that deceit, which conceals the true God from men.

No doubt they spoke of Christ when he expelled the cattle and sheep and traders from the temple as committing sacrilege. If he came now and saw what is being done in churches in his name he would with still greater and as legitimate anger cast out all these horrible communion cloths, lances,[4] crosses, tapers, holy images, and all those things by means of which, while manipulating their magic performances, they conceal God and his teaching from men.

So that is what is right and what is wrong in the decision of the Synod concerning myself. It is quite true that I do not believe in what they profess to believe, but at the same time I do believe in a great many things in which they wish to convince people that I do not.

Here is what I do believe: I believe in God, whom I understand as Spirit, as Love, and as the source of everything. I believe that he is in me, and I in him. I believe that the will of God has been expressed in the clearest and most intelligible way in the teaching of the man Christ, to conceive of whom as God and to pray to him I consider the greatest sacrilege. I believe that the real happiness of man consists in the fulfilment of God's will, while the will of God consists in men loving one another, and therefore acting toward others as they wish that others should act toward them, as it is said in the Gospel that in this consists all the law of the prophets. I believe that the meaning of every man's life thus consists in increasing love within himself; that that increase of love leads the individual man to greater and greater happiness in this life, and will give after death the greater happiness the more love there is in the man. At the same time it helps on more than anything else

[2] The discourse of Ambiosius, Bishop of Kharkov.

[3] A Finnish tribe, some sections of which still maintain idolatrous practices. F. V.

[4] A special knife used in the Greek Church for cutting the bread for the communion. F. V.

the establishment in the world or kingdom of God, that is such a structure of life that discord, deceit and violence which now reign will be replaced by free consent, truth and fraternal love among men. I believe that there is only one means for the progress of love—prayer, not that public prayer in temples which was directly forbidden by Christ (Matt. 6: 5-13), but the prayer the example of which was given us by Christ; prayer in solitude, consisting in the renovation and strengthening in our consciousness of the meaning of our lives, as also of our dependence on God's will alone.

Whether these my beliefs offend, grieve, or are a cause of stumbling, whether they are in the way of anything or any one, or displease any one, I can change them as little as I can my flesh. I have to live by myself and by myself I must die (and very soon), and therefore I cannot believe in any other way than as I do believe while preparing to return to that God from whom I came. I do not say that my religion is the only one true for all times, but I do not see any other one more simple, clearer, more responding to the requirements of my intellect and my heart. If ever I should learn of such an one I should immediately adopt it, because truth is the only thing God desires. But I cannot return to what I have emerged from with such sufferings, as a winged bird cannot return to the shell of the egg out of which it has come. "He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth, very soon proceeds to love his own Church or sect better than Christianity, and ends in loving himself better than all," said Coleridge. I went the opposite way. I began by loving my orthodox faith better than my own peace, then I began to love Christianity more than my Church, now I love truth more than anything else in the world. So far this truth coincides for me with Christianity as I understand it, and I profess that Christianity, and in the measure in which I profess it I live peacefully and rejoicing, and as peacefully and rejoicing am nearing death.

Moscow, Russia.

At Kerf Hawar

By Clinton Scollard

At Kerf Hawar, at Kerf Hawar,
We watched the lustrous evening star,
When day had sunk to sudden doom,
Flower like a lotus bloom afar,
Above great Nimrod's crumbling tomb.

Through the blue darkness Hermon's crown
Of spectral snows looked coldly down;
And from some distant desert vale
The jackal's barking seemed to drown
The passion of the nightingale.

Then rose the Syrian moon, and oh,
The wondrous glory and the glow!
The poplars waved in silvery sheen;
The fountain in its pallid flow
Became an opalescent green.

And dim, draped figures, one by one,
Halted its bubbly brink upon
To dip and fill the water-jar,
As tho to some low antiphon
From Arab lutes at Kerf Hawar.

And distant but a little span
A tented pilgrim caravan
Lay slumber-bound as in a spell;
A camel, straying from its clan,
Tinkled a melancholy bell.

Around was a mysterious waste:
And as we paused, or as we paced,
Ours was a draught of pure delight,
And all our senses seemed to taste
For once a real Arabian night.

The moated glamour of the past
Was like a veil about us cast,
With naught to trouble or to jar;
And so from dreams we turned at last
To sleep and dreams at Kerf Hawar.

Clinton, N. Y.

The Burden of Negro Schooling

By W. E. Burghardt DuBois

Professor of Economics and History in Atlanta University

THE last report of the United States Bureau of Education (1898-99) estimates that the sixteen former slave States have spent $546,630,246 for public schools since the war. It assumes that negroes have received about 20 per cent. of this, and that consequently the South has spent on negro schools $101,860,661. Much praise has rightly been given the South for this expenditure, but in the distribution of praise the negro has received almost no share, it being tacitly assumed that his contribution to this hundred millions was insignificant.

W. E. B. DUBOIS

The Sixth Annual Negro Conference, held at Atlanta University, took up the question of the negro common school this year, and among other things studied the matter of negro contributions to their own schooling. The conclusions of the conference are so remarkable that I think the public is entitled to a statement of its methods of reasoning and the results arrived at.

The starting point of the main discussion was a very interesting paper presented by the Rev. L. B. Maxwell, a field secretary of the International Sunday School Union. Mr. Maxwell showed that in 1899 the negroes of Georgia paid the following direct school taxes:

Direct State property tax for schools	$26,347.43
Negro poll taxes,* actually paid in	89,003.00
Direct negro taxes for schools	$115,350.43

But the Georgia State School Fund consists of various indirect taxes in addition to the above: the income from convicts, from certain liquor licenses, from the rental of a railway owned by the State and built largely by slave labor, from taxes on circuses and certain fees for inspection. Mr. Maxwell argued strongly that the method of apportioning indirect taxes was in proportion to population. He therefore claimed 48 per cent. of the indirect taxation, or $176,898.24, as the negro's share, making the negroes' direct and indirect contribution to the school fund, $292,248.67. The expenditure for negro schools, including a pro rata share of the cost of superintendence, was about $288,128.

The conference turned from Georgia to other States. Here it was for the most part difficult to extract from the school reports the contributions from negroes and the expenditures for negro schools. In Florida, South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana the negro poll taxes had to be estimated. In Mississippi and Louisiana it was especially difficult to estimate expenditures. Nevertheless, making what I consider liberal allowances, the balance sheet for the four States mentioned, and the State of Georgia, is as follows:

Negro direct taxes	$339,585.59
Negro indirect taxes*	925,204.65
	$1,264,790 24
Cost of negro schools	1,243,925 63

There are, of course, many elements of uncertainty here, which can be corrected only by more careful and clearer State reports. I am satisfied, however, that the above is approximately true. The only debatable question of procedure is the apportionment of the income from indirect taxes.

From this point the conference proceeded to estimate roughly the total contribution of negroes to these schools since the war. It was frankly admitted that such an estimate must be based largely upon general knowledge and present conditions rather than on exact statistics. Still even the figures referred to, of the Bureau of Education, are similarly derived.

In the five States mentioned the negroes pay over 25 per cent. of the cost

* The poll tax in Georgia goes to the school fund.

* This includes the negro's *pro rata* share according to population of school funds based on national land grants, taxes on railroads, income from criminals, fees, licenses, etc.

of these schools in direct taxes. This is also true in North Carolina, where the negro schools have hitherto received fairer treatment than in some of the Gulf States. In Texas, where the negro schools are probably best off, the bulk of the income is from the land fund, to which the negro has without doubt a pro rata right. Moreover, as the expenditure for negro children has increased from 49 cents per capita to $2.27 since 1870, and negro property holding in somewhat similar proportion ($5,000,000 to $15,000,000 in Georgia) the conference assumed that from 1870 to 1898 the negroes had paid about $29,539,591 in direct school taxes. Nor is this a large estimate when one remembers that in one private school alone, Atlanta University, black students have in 30 years paid nearly a quarter of a million dollars in tuition. When we remember that, in the early days right after the war, before the close of the Freedmen's Bureau the negroes had given $750,000 toward their education,* this estimate of thirty millions in property and poll taxes for public schools seems below rather than above the truth.

Of the total five hundred and fifty millions spent in public education in the South since the war, at least two hundred millions came from land funds and indirect taxation. It is difficult to see how less than fifty millions of this could by any process of reasoning be apportioned to the negro. On the other hand, a share, according to population, would give the negro about seventy-five millions; if this be granted, we have:

Negroes' contribution to negro schools, 30 years	$104,539,591
Cost of negro schools, 30 years	101,860,661

I remind my readers again that the preliminary statement of the results of the conference is simply a careful estimate. Nevertheless, it is an estimate worth attention, and we believe it to be approximately true.

If it be true, then the conclusion is not that the South has not worked heroically in many directions since the war to undo the work of slavery, but rather that the true burden of the Southern people is not negro education, but negro pauperism, crime and inefficiency; that a dollar spent for a schoolhouse is worth two spent for jails. People in this land continually forget that not one negro child in three is to-day attending school, and not one in ten is getting an eight months' training during the year. The white South is straining itself in many ways to aid education. The negro is doing all he can to educate himself. The efforts of both are not adequate to the task. There is but one remedy: *Government aid to Southern education.*

ATLANTA, GA

*Cf. Reports of Freedmen's Bureau, especially that of 1869.

Blind Prophets

By John Swinton

A LITERARY scrap-gatherer of this city has spent a great part of the first half of the first year of this century in collecting hundreds of the predictions that were made in the second half of the past century—predictions relating to events that were declared to be sure to occur before the end of the nineteenth century. He has collected nearly a thousand of them. He found them in newspapers, magazines, books, sermons, "scientific" essays, almanacs, pansophistical speeches, and elsewhere. He has discovered that in many cases their authors boasted of divine or biblical guidance (ask Professor Totten), while in other cases the predictions were given out by editors, astrologers, hierophants, spooks, learned persons, bigwigs, sages, modern saints, navigators, and other people not to be easily classified. He has confined his researches within the half century for the reason that it was just the span of his own life, and for the other reason that positive predictions had seemed to him unusually plentiful during that brief span.

The literary scrap-gatherer here spoken of says he is now prepared to prove that in the years of the last half of the nine-

teenth century numberless persons of repute and distinction have made numberless predictions that were not verified within the time set for their verification. As he made this remark he pointed to his piles of memoranda.

It would, of course, he impossible in this place to speak of all the proofs of the truth of his remark that he had at hand; but it may be edifying to the blind prophets who are yet alive to refer to a single score of them:

1. The world was not destroyed by fire or otherwise before the end of the nineteenth century, tho there were innumerable predictions that it would be.

2. The second advent of the Messiah did not then take place, tho the Millerites were far from being the only prophets who gave warning that it surely would take place.

3. Wars had not come to an end, nor had the reign of universal peace been brought in.

4. The progress of invention had not enabled people to travel over sea and land, or around the world, by balloon.

5. The Pope's temporal power had not been restored, nor had the Pope been driven out of Rome.

6. We were not able to hold intercourse with the inhabitants of other planets—if inhabitants they have—or even with those of the moon.

7. The restoration of the Jews to the Holy Land did not occur, and but few of them took up their abode in Jerusalem.

8. It was not put beyond doubt that the spirit-mediums could hold converse with the dead.

9. Anarchism had not gained the ascendancy, nor had labor played the mischief with capital.

10. The Church was not extinguished, nor were paganism, Mohammedanism and Buddhism.

11. Neither New York City nor Chicago, neither London nor Paris, had suffered the doom of Sodom and Gomorrah.

12. We had not got an explosive for military use that would at once destroy a whole army or navy.

13. The American Union had not been split into fragments, nor had an American monarchy been set up.

14. The Gospel had not been accepted by all mankind.

15. Canada and Mexico had not been annexed to the United States.

16. Darwinism had not destroyed all faith in the Scriptures, or put an end to religion or to theology.

17. We did not see a great war between the whites and the blacks in the Southern States.

18. The "yellow peril" did not appear in the expected shape, and the predictions of Sir Robert Hart were not fulfilled.

19. The Nicaragua Canal had not been constructed.

20. All the governments of the civilized world had not fallen into bankruptcy.

But reference can be made here merely to a few of the thousands of positive predictions published during the second half of the nineteenth century that had not been justified when the century ended six months ago. And so it happened that very many blind prophets and other people were disappointed after the clock had struck twelve on the night of the 31st of December last. They had expected to see things that never came within sight.

The literary scrap-gatherer now brought under notice here has unmasked a horde of modern prophets during the past half year. And if, in these days, any wiseacre makes a prediction in his presence, he is apt to say, "Tell it to the marines," or "Credat Judæus Apella," or "In the name of the Prophet—figs!"

At the same time it is a positive fact that plenty of wonderful things that were not the subject of prediction at any period of the half century under review occurred during the course of it. It would take all the pages of the week's INDEPENDENT to tell of the wonders now in sight that the modern prophets never thought of until they saw them. For example, nobody seems to have predicted the discoveries of Edison or Marconi, or, if any one did foresee them, he refrained from telling the results of his foresight. For example again—but, as a thousand examples could here be given, it were all the better if every reader of these lines should recall such of them as may be within his own knowledge.

The prophets of the twentieth century ought to take warning from the bad luck of those of the nineteenth.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Palingenesis of Billy Merriwether

By Mrs. L. H. Harris

THE hero of this story was the only distinguished man ever born in Brasstown Valley. He became a great preacher and a greater man, known far beyond the blue hills that cupped in his native valley. He was never married; and in the prime of life, he suddenly turned his back upon the honors of this world, and came home to the mountains ("for the good of my soul," he explained, simply), where he lived for many years in faithful and unostentatious service to the people who had cared for him in the days of his necessity. As a man who had something to do with forming the creeds and inspiring the hopes of his generation he has an honored place in the ecclesiastical life of America. But since history has never reached so far as this remote valley, it is our purpose to throw some light upon the singular youth of this man, and more particularly on the process by which he arrived at that faith in God which distinguished him ever after as a person of extraordinary power and sincerity.

There is no record of his birth; he owed his very existence to the vagrant impulse of primitive conditions, and it was decidedly in defiance of some Mosaic laws governing virtue. Thus the Bible with its register of births and deaths had been shamefacedly omitted from the cabin where he was born. But he was of noble origin—the mountains were his ancestors; such parents as he had being only instrumental in getting him born. There is, however, on the top shelf of the school library at Brasstown an old dog eared copy of Webster's blue back speller. At regular intervals throughout this dingy volume occurs the name, "*William Parks Merriwether, D.D.,*" written in tottering chirography and with undue flourishes. This is the earliest documentary evidence of his existence; and while he never grew up to the full sonorous sound of his name in the valley (where he is called Billy Merriwether with affectionate familiarity to this day), yet in after years the bombastic letters at the end of his signature had a prophetic significance to those who believed in his genius. The truth is, the whole signature was a sort of pompous forgery, for at that time he had scarcely outgrown the diminutive, "Willie," was then passing through the "Billy" stage, could only look forward to the superlative "Bill," and was a very long way indeed from being the William Parks Merriwether, D.D., that he then signed himself. But it was one of his youthful peculiarities that Billy never diminished his own importance, even in the writing of his name.

The tradition is that the first four years of his life was nature's secret alone. The frail young woman who proved to be his mother was occasionally seen in the valley, where she was looked upon as one of those sadly broken creatures wandering in from the terrible world outside; but that she actually had a child was never suspected. He was a secret sin, to be dandled in private, and not to be confessed, even to God. Thus, during his babyhood Billy scorched and reddened far up on the sunshiny shoulders of the mountain—a little round ball of happy dust, drifting silently, meditatively, into the creature life of the woods, when the stars discovered him and changed his horoscope. One morning the mother's protracted feebleness suddenly ended in death. Billy sat upon the door step, unmindful of the tragedy within, apparently fixing the angle of a new perspective which reached into the valley below. Up to this time he had always seen life across the bowl of milk provided for him, but his instincts warned him of a change. The milk was not forthcoming, and his mother was strangely abstracted, lying with her face to the wall. He took instant advantage of these circumstances to organize and project himself into a new and distinct personality. The stars were still faintly shining through the blue dawn of the naked winter morning when he stood up on his sturdy legs, put his little past be-

hind him, left the dead to bury their dead, and without so much as a backward glance trudged off down the dim mountain trail into the future.

These are the circumstances under which he is said to have made his advent into Brasstown Valley, where he was successively adopted by half a dozen different families without being domesticated by any; for Billy showed early the migratory instinct. The restless young wings of his spirit were forever stretching in tentative flights. He would choose a home with precisely the same instinct as that which guides the sparrow in selecting a protecting eave for his nest; and usually he remained in it about the same length of time. There were days when he turned his back upon his own race and lived again with the creatures on the mountains, eating sparkle berries and sleeping in some lonely sheepfold at night, side by side with the lambs. Some people thought his influence over animals was uncanny, and smacked of the conjurer's art; but the explanation is simple, he was aboriginal in his instincts and never outgrew as others do his sense of kinship to any fellow creature, whether man or beast.

To describe him as he must have appeared in those days is a task fraught with many difficulties. No two will agree in their representation of this matter. Some thought his ugliness centered in one feature, some in another, and one old lady declared with a degree of asperity that she " had knowed handsomer lads as warn't nigh so good looking as Billy Merriwether!" Poor soul, she had been blind for many years, and in her darkness the ideal Billy had a comeliness which nature denied him. As the years passed he grew so lithe and thin that his very spirit seemed to show through; and he was possessed of a merry, whimsical homeliness over which the very freckles seemed to dance. His hair was of a brazen red hue, and sat upon his head of its own accord, which added an electric shock to the impression that he made upon strangers. His mouth set in a straight line across his face, and his nose had a humorous, upward tilt, selected by Billy from some Irish progenitor. But the eyes were his charming feature. They were quizzical and blue, with gray mountain shadows in their depths, and they never on any account revealed what was going on in the head behind them. Perhaps it was these shadows hanging like a veil behind the blue that enabled him to keep his own counsel so long.

Returning to the documentary evidence in the old spelling book, and, glancing at each page, past *ba-ker,* past *in-ter-mi-na-ble,* on to the boy stealing in the old man's apple tree (where from the dislocated and toilsome appearance of the page it is evident that Billy tarried long and thoughtfully), the fact that so many of the leaves are clean and crisp is noticeable. For he was averse to labor as such, whether mental or physical, and his conscience lay beyond the reach of any teacher's birchen rod. Life was a gift to him as it was to the birds; and he derived the same irresponsible pleasure from it that they do. He accepted poverty cheerfully, never for a moment becoming the victim of a work-a-day existence. He was an orphan, in spite of all that the valley could do for him, wandering gayly from season to season, without a tradition behind him, nor an ambition before him. But somehow he had looked up and caught from the face of God the primal instincts of his race, so that he was no more a child than he was a creature.

In those early days his genius showed a primitive, backward turn; and there is somewhere among the sacred relics in the Brasstown library a reed flute fashioned by Billy long ago, with which he charmed the birds. Pappy Carn, a grim old Baptist deacon, who, more than any other man was Billy's Boswell in the valley, and who could never deny him any grace or virtue, was sensitive about his hero's musical quality, and was wont to grow eloquent when he described these rude concerts.

" The tunes he played were his own," he would explain, " I never heered him call the name of them, nor I never saw the man as could play them but him. Why, I have knowed him to set here in this door of nights and start half the mocking birds in this valley singing fit to kill! First, he would call l-o-n-e-some and sad, like he was lost somewhere in the dark, and away over yonder on Double-Knobs the answer would come back, then another from down here in the val-

ley, and may be two or three from toward Track Rock. Oh, he knowed well where they all was! And when he had got the roll called, he'd begin a sort of slow minuet, gittin' faster and faster till it would be, 'Hop light ladies!' and them birds following right along, singing like they was possessed. Then, again, I have seen him set there under that red oak and plague a blue jay the way he knowed how till you could mighty nigh see the rascal lay back on his tail feathers and swar!

"One day when he was little," contined Pappy, with a keen smile, "he yanked a handful of feathers outen Mandy's big rooster, right under his craw, and when she boned him about it 'lowed that there was a par of tomtits down there on the poster fence as was having trouble gittin' lining for their nest, and he laid off to scatter them feathers convenient down there for 'em. Hit warnt that he keered so much for tomtits in general as it was that he had the mind to understand. That was Billy. Ef there was anything in creation he couldn't understand I never heered of hit!"

One thing Billy did understand with the profound intuitions of royalty, and that was the art of government. Whether it was with man or beast, the record is that he never failed of supremacy. Among the lads in the valley he was the most admired and respected of all; not so much because he was the only free moral agent there, but because he made a majestic use of his liberty. He did well when he chose, and never on any account repented when his deeds were evil. This has constituted majesty in all ages. And thus early in life he acquired a reputation for infallibility, which was a burden born with some misgivings in his sober after years. But at this time his principles were merely honorary. He never outraged them, neither had he felt the need of them. He was living strictly in his little pound of flesh; and he had a wild wisdom of his own like the creatures.

The first important foreordained event in Billy's life was his conversion, which occurred during his fourteenth year. Up to this time he had been the author of his own fate, so far as his consciousness could determine such a matter. He had always gone to church with impunity. Revivals never "touched" him. Even the preacher would shake his head, and intimate darkly that "blood will tell." In fact, it will—he did not know that this little lad, as spare as a reed, had mountain peaks in his soul, wild and innocent hights, easier to reach by the song of a bird than with the stupid words of a mere man. That was the trouble—tho a man of reputed "power," he could not preach up to Billy's essentials. For the boy was not fashioned to fit a creed in those days, and it was not possible for him to surrender to a mere theory of salvation. Thus, he stood by in dubious but unrepentant silence while one after another of his companions was baptized and stalked into the fold of everlasting grace. You will remember that he had never been domesticated, and wild things are not credulous of mere words. When he was warned that his salvation depended upon prayer, he refused to pray, not feeling the need of anything, least of all salvation. He was not worldly minded, and he had as many homes as there were houses in the valley. The earth and the sky were his. The future did not owe him, since the past had not damned him. He had a certain faith in God, based upon the fact that he fed the young ravens and took note of the sparrow's fall. The lilies of the field had a peculiar significance to him. And his sense of security was not based upon the hypocrisy of personal virtue, but upon experience; he had been fed yesterday, therefore he would not starve to-morrow. His life was a part of the natural order of the universe. Many theologians are less logical. Yet those who believed in predestination were already inclined to consign Billy to the powers of darkness.

But at the critical moment God always intervenes between the man and the pit. He who breaks away into the outer darkness does so with every voice in heaven sounding in his ears. In any case, Pappy Carn, by the divine order of the universe, bestirred himself about this time in Billy's behalf, and made him the object of "special prayer." Now it was well known in the valley that God answered Pappy Carn's prayers. Who else got the shower of rain in the nick of time the year the drought was so cruel? And you must not forget when old Mrs. Polly

Strut's cow was taken down with the hollow tail, how fervently Pappy prayed the Lord to spare the widow's cow. Billy was there, and ever afterward regarded the beast with awe, for she was really spared to a green old age; indeed, outlived the widow herself, who was taken off the following spring during huckleberry time, in spite of the deacon's most earnest petitions. That was what puzzled Billy—why the cow should live on, never again showing a symptom of the dreadful malady, while the widow died. He even approached Pappy on the subject. But Pappy was a man who did not like to be reminded of his failures, and he never could recall the widow's death without a pang of mortification. He told Billy in confidence that "if the widow had had nigh the grit that the cow showed she'd have got on her legs again. Besides," he added, as a further explanation, and in order that Billy should have no possible occasion for doubt, "she'd outlived her usefulness anyhow and the cow hadn't!"

In those days it appears that Billy spent much of his time at Pappy Carn's little cabin, that hung like a crow's nest against the mountain side, and much above the surrounding valley. Also, Pappy was congenial, his attitude to life being more peaceful than energetic. And here, of evenings, while he would be whistling bridal music with the mocking birds, or chirruping impudent rejoinders to wondering katydids, Pappy was beseeching the Lord fiercely to send the arrows of conviction to his prideful heart. By intercession he drew taut the mighty promises of God around the graceless lad, who sometimes fell asleep during these periods of devotion, a little unregenerate slip of humanity, lying across the doorsill with abandon faith in the stability of all things, while his flute sagged between grimy fingers and the moonlight made his bright head shine like gold.

But there came a solemn hour, when Pappy prevailed with the Lord, and the angels were given charge over Billy, and the very hairs of his head were numbered.

The last night of the greatest revival ever held at old Hebron Church was at hand. The preacher was to make a final assault upon a few hardened spirits in the back of the house. Among these sat Billy Merriwether. He had traversed the whole length of the church in one week—from the front bench, where he usually sat in state surrounded by his lesser mortals, to the darkest corner by the door. Sometimes he dropped back as many as four benches in one day; and now he was in his last ditch, vaguely restless, but with the blue battle-lights flaming in his eyes, and the notch in his chin looking severe and unyielding. There was something alien and mysterious in the person of the preacher as he brushed past and strode majestically up the long aisle to the pulpit and began to read the opening hymn, not a cheerful one. As the awesome strains swelled through the gloomy church Billy felt for the first time in his life a sense of enmity to a fellow creature. And he gave attention to the sermon which followed with the air of a brave man watching the details of his own crucifixion. The silence was depressing when the preacher stood up and looked solemnly at the back bench before he read his text: *The soul that sinneth it shall die.* A woman sighed softly, and Pappy Carn, sitting in the "amen corner," groaned aloud.

The fame of that sermon remains fresh in the minds of the older people in the valley to this day. By the standard of it they crucify every other preacher. And he is a lucky man whose effort is even compared with that sermon of Fletcher Broyles, "preached here in time of the big meetin' thirty years ago." He may infer that he has at least approached the highest standard of excellence held in that community.

There is a horror of the mind, formless and voiceless, yet reeking with death and mouthed with despair. It comes upon the soul slowly, like the asphyxia of death, in that last hour of spiritual darkness, before the veil of the temple is rent and God speaks to the naked trembling soul and bids it live. Such a horror took possession of Billy now. The mountains, *his* mountains, seemed to rumble their direful echoes as the preacher uncovered the abyss of eternal death. And these awful deeps cast up their livid dead upon Billy's shores. Involuntarily he recalled a miserable drunken wretch whom he had seen brought in from a mountain still one winter evening, the

victim of the most hideous hallucinations. Now, this man, who had died some time during the night alone in the Brasstown jail, seemed to typify the torments of that dark region. Horror bound him. Suddenly the man sitting beside him started up with a frightful cry, sped down the aisle, and fell prostrate before the "mourner's bench." (Conviction for sin in the mountains is a fearfully real experience and frequently takes a man off his feet.) Others followed, till only one boyish figure remained sitting straight and stiff against the wall. There are people, only a very few, who never surrender to mere fear, because it is, in its very nature, less potent than the quality of courage with which they are endowed. Billy was one of these rare spirits. Fletcher Broyles could make him quake, but he could not scare the wild bird from his perch with threats, nor snare him with theological popcorn. Besides, Billy was dying hard to his innocent world of the flesh. And, after all, it was not forgiveness he needed so much as it was a father.

The preacher, who was about to conclude his exhortation, cried out hoarsely with ever increasing emphasis, "*The soul that sinneth it shall die!*" The wind swept in through the open windows and tossed the flames of the candles about. There was a fleeting moment when the man and the child faced each other in a mighty struggle of spirits. Billy had the expression of holding fast his integrity at any cost; and the eyes of Fletcher Broyles were so fierce with condemnation that the fires of the pit seemed already burning therein for the brave little sinner on the back bench. Then, like an arrow, Billy sped through the open door, out into the sheltering darkness, leaving Pappy Carn to face a fresh mortification, for the fact that Billy was the particular object of his prayers had got abroad among the brethren.

Billy became a man before he ever could put into words the solemn experiences of that eventful night. He had spent the whole of it in a deserted sheepfold far up on old Bald. To his excited mind, nature, that had always felt so near and kin to him, seemed withdrawn and alien to his sorrow. Far into the night he lay, a lonely exile upon the barren sod, despairing, listening, praying. At last a cricket beneath a neighboring stone began to chirrup a tune, and he was grateful for the merry sound. Then a star beamed through the thatched roof, and looked down upon him with a friendly light. Nothing is accidental to a soul in the dark awaiting the coming of its Lord. Every earthly thing has a dear significance. The violet is foreordained, and the trees grow up by the will of God. So Billy accepted his star thankfully. And now the air seemed to throb with a thousand softly tremulous sounds. The great life of the universe was crowding in upon the beating heart of this child. Finally, there was a sound of many feet upon the gravel outside. Then, with stately assurance, through the open door an old ewe advanced, touched his brow with her tongue, and laid herself gently down beside him. A long procession of sheep followed her into the fold. Billy's presence was accepted as a matter of course, as, one after another, they lay down in the space about him. But why had they come all the way up out of the valley on a warm July night to this old winter fold? He could think of but one explanation—God sent them because he was so frightened and lonely! Then Billy laid his head over on the bell-ram's shoulder and wept. If an angel's wing had cleft the darkness then he would not have wondered. . . .

* * * * *

. . . Brother Allen, from time immemorial, had conducted the last morning service of the revival seasons at Hebron; not because he could preach, he was too old now, but it was a rough courtesy that the mountain folk paid an old and faithful man, who in the past had baptized most of them, buried their dead, and held a good father's place in their affections. He was the pastor emeritus of the valley. And so it happened, on the morning after Fletcher Broyles's remarkable sermon, that Brother Allen stood in the pulpit, holding the Bible tremulously with palsied hands. The congregation was large. Some of the men who sat on the back bench last night were now under the very drippings of the sanctuary, their faces distorted by gross and fanatical joy.

For old men childhood has a peculiar significance. The accumulated wisdom and reflections of a lifetime settle in old

age beneficently about the way of the untried youth. Brother Allen had this kind of wisdom, that he never saw a child or young lad but his heart would stir within him. He had been heard to say that the Church did not make enough of her children, and whenever he was permitted to conduct a service it was done with especial attention to them. This morning he took his text from the second chapter of I John: "*I write unto you little children because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake.*" And whoever John may have included under the term "little children," Brother Allen had in mind more particularly these young mountain lambs whose sins never progressed beyond the primitive age of man. Hardly had he read the words before Billy, damp with the night's dew, disheveled, and with the odor of the old bell-ram clinging to him, stalked in through the open door and down the aisle. Every eye was riveted upon him as he took his accustomed place on the front bench. A flutter of excitement ran through the congregation. Fletcher Broyles readjusted his spectacles as if he could not believe his own eyes. He mistook the expression of extraordinary solemnity upon the thin, boyish face for something else, and thought that he had never seen such hardness in so young a person. Billy had never suffered from self-consciousness, and he was unembarrassed now as he gave his attention to the preacher.

With many a quaint phrase the old man built up his annual sermon to the children. It was the same one, of course, that he had been preaching for the last ten years, but he sometimes changed his text and sometimes began at the other end for the sake of variety. If not asleep, the congregation was at least in a comatose state, and no one but Billy noticed that he put in a spurt of old time eloquence now and then. In the closing exhortation he pottered inside the altar like a hen to her wayward brood. He stretched his old arms out like yearning wings. The rheum of age passed like a mist as his dimmed eyes rested now and then upon some young abandoned head. Once Billy felt them keenly, and raised his own tearfully to meet their tender gaze.

The "mourner's bench" was full of small, wriggling penitents—little maids that clung to it like pink calico locusts, their soft noses pressed hard against the back of it, while they sobbed gently on account of their infantile wickedness; and rough boys who stared solemnly through their berry-stained fingers into eternity. But Billy kept his seat upon the front bench. He was trembling and wore the extraordinary expression of light shining from within upon his face. Suddenly, as he regarded the boy's agitation, Brother Allen had an inspiration of supernatural intelligence. He perceived that Billy's wings were preened for the last, long flight home. There is a telepathy of the spirit which communicates the news of such victories to the angels of God. The old man waited while over the congregation swept the silence of intense attention. Even the little penitents stole curious glances over their shoulders, wondering in a sort of pious terror if the awful stillness meant that the Lord God had indeed come; and, if not, what ailed Billy Merriwether, that he should stand like that, listening? For indeed Billy had risen, stood a moment in rapturous silence like a child who had always been lonely, and now, at last, heard his father's voice; then he advanced and bent his shining head before the old preacher, who laid his trembling hands upon it, and blessed him while the tears ran down his face. In the rejoicing which ensued the little penitents on the "mourner's bench" were overlooked and slipped noiselessly back to their places. Once a bird lit for a moment upon the window sill and regarded Billy gayly out of the tail of his eye; but this was the only frivolous incident of the day. And Pappy was in high feather when he was duly baptized. You might have inferred that God could not have redeemed him without Pappy's co-operation. And never so long as he lived did he confess how he gave the lad up that night when he fled from the fiery tongue of Fletcher Broyles's eloquence.

How Billy was converted without sitting for even one night upon the mourner's bench is a matter of astonishment till this day in the valley. And it was equally characteristic of him that he never "backslid." Neither was he ever quite the same afterward. His newly awakened conscience was like a delicate

child that had to be watched and tended. It condemned him to hard labor, to continual service. It demanded extraordiany tasks of him at school. There were no more clean pages in his texts. They were all scarred with the evidences of his struggles. But, on the whole, he had less to discard and pack away than most people who start on so long a journey—a journey that carried him far beyond the mountain, by long and devious ways, into the highest walks of life, and, finally, home again to the quiet valley, a gray but cheerful man with tender eyes, to finish his days in a ministry to those who had followed him over the long, long way with their prayers and love.

College Park, Ga.

An Art Impression of the Exposition

By Sophia Antoinette Walker

THE trolley-brought crowd must enter by the western gates, whereas the curving carriage drive from the south through the portion of the park appropriated to the Exposition affords the intended approach, gradually disclosing its beauty in hints and glimpses from the lake level and above trees and shrubbery. But the visitor who enters by the Elmwood gate can get the same effect by a slight detour along the front of the marble "New York Building" at the right, the one destined eventually to the use of the Buffalo Historical Society, reaching by bridges still unfinished the shaded carriage way. Soon one of the four noble pylon horses rears at dizzy hight above the green curtain of trees, and there, over the shrubbery binding the beautiful Park to the Rainbow City, appears the Triumphal Causeway which they guard.

If you are so fortunate as to enter by early evening and see from that appointed vantage the buildings in cruciform about the central axis of fountains silhouetted in soft gray against the evening glow in gay, encircling roof-line, and follow the Electric Tower from its base lost in mists of spray to the gilded pinacle—Statue of Light now darkening against the sky—if you stand then between the shield-hung pylons to watch the first soft reddening of the tiny bulbs clustered like chrysanthemum petals on low lamp-posts and see the glow spread, drawing the architectural features of the buildings and invading the broad basins in circles of lotus colors—if you hear the subdued "Oh" from a thousand awed voices while the band begins "The Star Spangled Banner" and, as the selection ends and dawn is grown into full electric day, applause rounds into a great sphere of rapture and patriotism—you have laid up a life treasure of memory. Or if, coming by railway, you are left at the north and you enter the gay Plaza by the stately Propylæa and are carried by the elevator to the lantern platform of the Electric Tower, two hundred and fifty feet above what was a meadow twenty months ago, and you turn away from the dying sunset to watch the birth of a quarter of a million earth-stars, you have an impression hardly second in softened beauty to the architect's primary effect.

In the day time, too, there is no doubt that a magnificent result in beauty has been achieved by effort co-ordinated as never before. How the board of eight architects planned the whole before a part was assigned, and drew upon paper every base for a statue and every lamp-post as it stands to-day; how the sunken gardens were suggested by the necessity of filling a grade by ten feet to the culminating site of the Electric Tower, and the canal is a device for separating the buildings carefully co-ordinated in effect from those which sprung up about them; how the eight-candle lamps, which do not dazzle the eye, are so grouped and placed as to illuminate absolutely and leave no shadows; how the plans of Master Sculptor Bitter and Master Colorist Turner have intended to suggest the Development of Man in sculpture and color scheme, culminating near the tower named from his crowning achievement in light—of all these things we

have had full foreshadowing and knowledge through the press. The prime agents, from Chairman of the Board of Architects to the Supervisor of Gardens, have set down the history of their efforts and intentions in a charming little "Art Hand Book," * which we should suggest might be read before going to Buffalo and consulted constantly by the aid of its picturesque pen-sketches while in the grounds.

In what have they succeeded and where failed? The general plan of the buildings may be counted a success; the contemplated unity in the style of Spanish-American Renaissance has not been possible, the range being from the Pompeiian trellis through the majolica style of Northern Italy to pure modern French Renaissance. But the purist in applied historic styles has had his day. The Electricity Building by Greene and Wickes seems to us delightful, also Mr. Cook's Plaza and Stadium and Mr. Howard's Tower. In fact, the building for which we care least, the Hall of Music, suffers its slight eclipse rather through overloading ornament (and that too much picked out in color, as will be seen when it is reduced to monochrome by the electric light) than by failure in general lines. Mr. Turner, charming colorist as he is, giving heart and soul to a new problem, has ended miles away from his ethnological scheme of progression from the barbarous primitives to the subdued tints of the electric tower, as any one might have prophesied who remembers what an incubus is a literary idea. One general tint for the buildings varied to suit their expression might have secured more unity to the whole; where that has been most departed from, as in the Music Building, the effect is least pleasing. And the lightest general tone might have been still lighter as you count it with the white of the sculpture and with the asphalt and the sky. If the sculpture succeeds better with its literary idea, it is because the isolated units are not grasped in one *coup d'œil.* It adds greatly to our pleasure in its masses of white with the landscape gardening and blending with the water reflections and the aquatic plants, but little beside Mr. Grafley's, of that which was commanded expressly for the Exposition, has vital original quality. The educational value of the reproductions from the antique, terms, statues and vases, numbered like the modern sculpture for reference to the hand book, is great, and our people who have not seen European formal landscape gardening with pointed evergreens, basins, fountains and trellises, will not soon forget Mr. Carrère's Louis XIV terraces with "Embroidery Gardening."

One should approach the Art Gallery by the same detour described from the Elmwood Gate, passing on the way "The Chariot Race," by Mr. Roth, and Mr. D. C. French's "Washington," and Mr. St. Gaudens's "Sherman," which won them Medals of Honor at the Paris Exposition, and he should be there when the doors open at half-past eight, for it is insufferably hot or close at noon, being only a temporary building, since the Albright Gallery failed of completion. The Art Director, Mr. Coffin, secured his collection, selected from the work of the past twenty-five years, for the larger building. Paintings went up before the doors were hung, and the first of July saw some of the sculpture unplaced. Altho the effect is ruined by overcrowding and the hot red walls and the elegant taste of the Paris-American arrangements is not approached, the seventeen hundred and fifty exhibits evidence splendid achievement in fields of painting, sculpture, illustration, engraving and architecture. Here is the opportunity to see masterpieces of Messrs. Whistler, Sargent, Vedder, Alexander Harrison and his less brilliant but perhaps equally staying brother, Birge, Winslow Homer, Ben Foster, La Farge, Ryder, Shannon (of London), Abbey (who is to paint the Coronation pageant), Alexander, Weeks, Brush, Cox, Weir, Horatio Walker, Twachtman, Ranger, Tanner (son of the colored Bishop), Minor, Volk, Chase, Peter (the young Californian), Dannat, McClure Hamilton (the last portrait of Gladstone), and Messrs. Beaux and Cassatt; the works of our classic landscape painters, Inness, Wyant and Martin; and groups by Messrs. Dewing and Tryon, and single canvases by Messrs. Blackfield, Simmons, Davies and Dangerfield, names not on the Paris list, but among our best. Hardly one in the

* Art Hand Book of the Pan-American Exposition. Buffalo: David Gray. Paper, 25 cents; boards, $1.25.

thousand selections is to be passed over; neither can one go amiss among the miniatures. Tho the miniaturists who excel also in other fields, like Miss Hills, Mrs. Lucia F. Fuller and Miss Huger, appeal to us most by breadth of treatment. In sculpture one cares especially to see the St. Gaudens reliefs and medals, and a smaller replica of the "Lafayette," by Mr. Bartlett, unveiled at the Louvre the 4th of July last. Mr. Adams's experiments in color sculpture, cases of vari-colored patines in bronzes, the animal sculpture by Dalin, etc. In the black and white room there is a capital selection from Darley to Whistler's lithography, Pennell's and Abbey's pen drawings and wood engravings for our best magazines.

The "Pan-American" idea, alas! is not a success here, a solitary from Peru and one from Chili accepting our invitation against a round hundred at Paris!

In closing we would suggest that more decorum in dress and attitude among the attendants would add to the art atmosphere. A collarless, Bowery-shirted youth displaying stretches of magenta stockings from a settee of a room in which the elegant refinements of Mr. Dewing and Mr. Tyron are to be appreciated makes one long for something *not* Pan-American, and recalls the "Short Sermon for Sightseers" in the "Art Hand Book," ending "Please remember when you get inside the gates you are part of the show."

BUFFALO, N. Y.

A Tomb of a Prophet

By Sam Walter Foss.

THE exalted hero of my rime
Lived back in the abysm of time.
In those far days was none so wise,
So sound and sane beneath the skies;
And I am proud, you may divine,
Of this transcendent sage of mine;
For all the lore the young world prized
Within his brain was focalized;
In his distended skull was curled
The gathered wisdom of the world;
For all that earlier men had known
He learned himself and made his own
Until no more his wit could grow—
For he knew all there was to know.

This lore he taught his children then,
The wisest of the sons of men;
He taught it all that they might be
As wise and full of lore as he;
And when he'd taught them, satisfied,
Serene and full of years, he died.

His sons then builded him a tomb
To last until the day of doom,
And henceforth tried to learn no more
(For he had learned all truth before),
But spent their lives to laud his name
And spread and magnify his fame.
They taught their sons what he had taught,
The very letter of his thought,
And emphasized with zealous care
There was no other truth elsewhere:
And they transmitted all he knew,
There was no more that they could do,
There was no more to give beside,
And when they'd given this they died,
And rested in the shadowed gloom
Around their father's towered tomb.

Their sons in turn received this lore,
Just as their fathers had before,
And taught 'twas sin to add one new
Auxiliary thought thereto.
So thoughts were strangled at their birth
That should have lived and cheered the earth.
No flower of human thought could bloom
Whose roots sprang not from that old tomb;
So all their minds in one mold ran
Of just one mind of just one man:
And so they fed their children naught
But just the lore this father taught.
And so the shadow of his tomb
Did darken all their land with gloom.

And so one tribe, age after age,
Learned but one wisdom of one sage;
And far these feeble echoes spread,
The children of a Voice long dead;
They spread o'er many vales and hills,
A growing race of imbeciles;
A people mindless as their herds,
Babbling traditionary words;
Slight men and weak in heart and hand,
Weak men who tilled a blighted land,—
A land long blighted by the gloom
And shadow of an ancient tomb.

And now a race of men came forth
From out the mountains of the North,
A race of rude, half-savage braves,
A race whose sires had dwelt in caves;
Down on this mindless nation came,
With barbarous shouts, with sword and flame.
These men, whose sires had dwelt in caves,
Made our wise sage's children slaves;
And from the site where rose in gloom
Their great ancestor's ancient tomb
This conquering people razed each stone
And built their capitol thereon.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

LITERATURE

Substitutes for the Saloon *

THIS compendium of common sense deals with the saloon in its social aspects. In a broader aspect it is a discussion of the best methods of improving the condition of the poor, and should be in the hands of all legislators, ministers, reformers, editors, and especially Prohibitionists.

The book, however, has no thesis to prove. It is founded on the single axiom that "no attack upon the saloon can hope for permanent effectiveness that does not take into account the satisfaction of the social instinct." Methods of satisfying this social instinct, therefore, are the problems to be solved. The author and his collaborators have not ventured beyond the collection of accessible and verifiable facts. They wisely attempt little in the way of homily, leaving that for the reader and the final volume of this series.

The Committee of Fifty (organized in 1893 to secure a body of facts which might serve as a basis for intelligent public and private action in regard to the liquor problem) has already besides the present volume published "The Legislative Aspects of the Liquor Problem" and the "Economic Aspects of the Liquor Problem," and these are to be followed shortly by "The Physiological Aspects of the Liquor Problem" and "The Ethical Aspects of the Liquor Problem." The last book will contain a brief and general summary of the four others (each of which is prepared by a sub-committee), and in this the authoritative views of the Committee of Fifty, as a whole, will be given to the public. We have no hesitation in saying that if the forthcoming volumes are as meritorious as the three already published, the whole series will be the best contribution yet made to the study of the liquor problem.

The saloon exists primarily to satisfy the craving for alcoholic stimulants, and those who use it for such purposes only are not to be reformed by any substitutes. These habitual alcohol drinkers must be fought face to face with other weapons. The book, therefore, is not especially concerned with them, tho it maintains that before any real reform can be safely started the saloon must be confined to its normal function of the distribution of liquor, and that consequently all such side issues as free lunches, games, theatrical performances, card tables, loafing rooms, and the like, must be abolished. It is calculated that about fifty per cent. of the patrons of the saloon would go elsewhere if other agencies would supply as well their social and economic demands. Therefore, any general public sentiment that should cause the municipality or private philanthropist to furnish the right kind of substitutes would reduce the saloon's influence by one-half.

These substitutes are discussed at length with admirable knowledge of the sociological conditions of the poor and with a sanity that wins over the reader to every proposition advanced. We have not space to give the arguments and facts by which the social value of each substitute is calculated; but these substitutes are in the main as follows: All sorts of clubs, athletic, social and political; cheap rents for club rooms; peoples' institutes; night schools; public recreation parks and playgrounds; university extension lectures; open libraries and reading rooms; branch and traveling liraries; free reading and combination smoking rooms; Young Men's Christian Association buildings; university settlements; missions; sailors' institutes; dancing halls; open air and indoor gymnasiums; public baths; theaters for wholesome theatrical performances; art galleries; museums; free musical concerts; suburban picnic grounds easy of access, etc. There should also be cheap dining-rooms and food depots established everywhere throughout the city, especially near factories, where hot and cold luncheons and dinners can be had at prices equal to those of the competing saloons, or still cheaper. Such eating houses for the present at least will have to be more in the nature of a philan-

* SUBSTITUTES FOR THE SALOON. *By the Rev. Raymond Calkins.* An investigation made for the Committee of Fifty under the direction of Francis G. Peabody, E. R. L. Gould and William M. Sloane. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.30.

thropic undertaking than a business venture, as experience has shown that little or no profit can be made out of food that is sold low enough to draw patrons away from the saloon. The English coffee and temperance houses might well be used as models in this country, while the plan of lunch wagons, which is already adopted in some of our cities, can be extended almost indefinitely. To sum up in a sentence, then, the conclusions of the book, at least one-half the power of the saloon comes from catering to wholesome social and economic wants which have no inherent connection with the selling of liquor; and until these wants are satisfied by other agencies it will be impossible, if not cruel, to suppress the saloon in our large cities.

We cannot close this brief review without a word of praise for the forceful and attractive literary style of the author. He has made the book as interesting as it is important; and higher praise than this can hardly be given.

The Philosophy of Religion*

PROFESSOR CALDECOTT'S work is something better than a history of the philosophy of religion in England and America. He starts with the assumption that the root of all religious philosophy lies in the conception or definition of God, so that the types of theism which prevail in a country tell the story as to its religious philosophy. Accordingly he begins by identifying in the theistic thought of these two countries sixteen different types, and for his first step he defines and describes these types.

The main problem of the work attacked in Part II is the historical and critical illustration of the whole process of theistic thought in England and America by the systematic criticism and exposition of these different types of theistic opinion. Some of the sixteen might possibly be combined, as for example No. I, "Intuitional Theism," with No. X, "Intuitivism or Mysticism." But what was gained in brevity would be lost in accuracy of definition and in the critical value of the book. Some of his arguments suffer from the obscurity which general readers are sure to complain of in such brief expositions of abstruse and difficult subjects. He is, however, fuller in handling the more important writers and thinkers; at all events, where he has any strong point to make he is full enough to get it out forcibly. For example, in speaking of Theodore Parker, he describes his theism as "the most confident intuitionalism since Lord Herbert, so confident that it led him to reject revelation as unnecessary." Following this lead he ascribes to Parker the confidence of the orator rather than of the thinker, observing somewhat tartly that this accounts "at once for the extent of his influence in his lifetime, and its cessation when his personality was removed." Dr. S. T. Harris of Yale is treated with more consideration, tho still with too much brevity.

Some of these critiques are done with more expansion, some with more brevity, all with enough fullness to bring out the characterizing point. Nothing in the book shows evidence of more sympathetic appreciation than the chapter on "Types of Intuitivism or Mysticism," beginning with the Cambridge Platonists and including a splendid study of Coleridge. No one has attempted such a service as this before, and much as we may feel that the book has suffered by the necessary limitations of the author's plan, it remains a work of high usefulness, a work which no one before has achieved on such a scale or with such critical ability.

* THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA. *By Alfred Caldecott, D.D., Professor of Logic and Mental Philosophy in Kings College, London, Formerly Fellow and Dean of St. John's College, Cambridge.* The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Truth Dexter*

WITHIN recent years we have been overwhelmed with a sort of photographic literature, representing different sections and different phases of American life. From the little frosty New England romance with the inevitable prayer meetings and stone fences in it, to the short winged epics of the West with their monstrous vulgarities and hideous tragedies, we have suffered everything from our enemies who write books. And all this while *Truth Dexter* has been folded away sweetening between magnolia

* TRUTH DEXTER. *By Sidney McCall.* Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

leaves somewhere in the South. Precisely why a man (or is it a woman? we have not learned) should write such a story and then wait four years to publish it, does not appear. But at last we have something better than a sectional romance; it is almost national, reaching North and South, with Mason and Dixon's line running through it like a charm to divide the glory, energy and wealth of the North from the sunshine, roses and patriotism of the South, so accurately and with such poetic humor as to suggest that Sidney McCall lives near enough the tragic line to smile across at either section.

But in the presentation of his characters and situations he is more of an artist than a literary photographer. He combines the keen analysis of the Northern mind with that curiously irresponsible inspiration of which the South gives more evidence than of systematic intelligence. And whether the scene is laid North or South, it is never a stage affair. In Boston, there is a unity of purpose, a passion for progress and development which catches the reader like a leaf in a whirlwind, and spins him dizzy with proverbs and philosophies. But with the turn of a sentence he can change his day into night, draw his reader forth from the cold, crisp winds of the North, set his face toward the South, and, in a paragraph, stir up blossoms out of the warm sod. He conspires with the climate to work miracles and fetch dreams. He pieces together the scattered faculties of the South so as to produce a uniform impression. And he has that power of illusion by which the reader may look through the printed page and see the forlorn cabins, the poverty and mullin stalks in the abandoned Alabama farm. His trees put forth leaves that actually tremble in the passionate Southern air; and we are given to understand that somewhere in the depths of their green solitudes little blue eggs of sentiment are lying cloistered, ready to feather forth into a love song at any moment. His interpretations of nature are simple, poetic rather than symbolic or ethical. He has a spiral imagination which comes up from the fairyland of youth and love with a directness that must try the patience of those hybrid philosophers who cannot behold the face of the simplest daisy without comparing it to a psychological phenomenon.

Any man, properly managed, may become the hero of a romance, but to find a woman equal to the exigencies of a heroine's career is a far more difficult matter. Sidney McCall's way of discovering a heroine for his story is unique. He looks for a locality fit to produce her; and, once he has conjured up the right spot, he finds her as logically as if he had plucked a white lily in a Southern garden. She is indigenous to that section, sharing the honest beauty and indescribable charm of Southern women, which is personal rather than spiritual—a quality inherited as much from the earth and skies in the South as from their ancestry. What she is, and not what she aspires to know or accomplish, makes the beauty of her character. Only once are we made anxious lest she should become a little graven image of virtue. But the transplanting in the Northern ice really increases by contrast her charm and vitality. She wings forth from the chrysalis of Southern maidenhood, magnified with all the subtle graces and sweetness of a remarkably fertile nature. In the last chapters of the story, showing the final development of her character, the author achieves his crowning success. He intimates for the first time in literature certain traits of character peculiar to Southern women—their ignorance, innocence, and, finally, their instinctive reserve concerning the privacies and mysteries of life, all of which traits they are taught to carry to the extreme. Their disposition is, therefore, to approach the crucial instances of life alone, in silence, like a nun in her cloister.

Other important characters are introduced—the hero, for instance, is a moving figure, and invariably assumes the responsibility of issues presented with the steady gravity of a real man, and shows at the same time unblushingly the average weaknesses of his sex. And the exposure made of the "married belle" is notable. The author deals with her from the enemy's standpoint, displaying a miraculous insight into malignant femininity and indicating definitely how such a woman may live a moral, intellectual and spiritual diabolism, so as to become a constant menace to the sensitive masculine morals about her. His keen analysis

of this unwholesome character is decidedly instructive.

That such a book as this should show an egregious error in construction is deplorable; but the political discussion between Craighead and Lord Gayrock, which occurs near the middle of the volume, is as much out of place as a prosaic statue of liberty would have been in that grove where Rosalind whispered her love confidences. The fact that it actually does take place in the sparkling atmosphere of Boston intelligences hardly excuses it. Four years ago, when these chapters were written, the material in them would have made an excellent magazine article, but its appearance here is so evidently a "show off" of political pride in the author that it is almost ridiculous. It is certainly regrettable that the story should be marred by so unnecessary an intrusion.

An Epic of Manners *

Long ago, in the early twilight of civilization, Plato, by a reach of divination that still amazes and confounds the reader, declared that cookery and rhetoric were sister arts under the supreme, all-embracing art of Flattery. It was a prevision, charitably granted to that heathen philosopher, of what in the fullness of time was to be. At last we see, not merely cookery and rhetoric allied in sweet ministration to our wants, but the whole domain of elegant living moving hand in hand with the graces of literature.

Think you that the true joys of literature are to be found in stories of bloody wars and fierce hates, in the wanderings of an exile seeking to establish an empire on savage shores, in the pilgrimage of a weary soul through the horrors of hell and the illusive delights of paradise? What are these idle imaginings to us? Rather in this latest and greatest epic of manners is the true function of literature made manifest, and here at last shall a man find the profit and pleasure of reading. Here you shall peruse the record of dinners so richly appointed and served that the gluttonous feasting of Achilles becomes a distress of memory; of balls so harmonious and elegant that the dancing of the saints in paradise seems but a country romp; of visits so well ordered and so wise that the conversation of the sages is made antiquated and rude.

Let example be added to exposition. We quote under the following heads:

Calls.

"The American man, because of the exactions of his business, is allowed to utilize the evenings and Sunday afternoons for paying his social calls.

"Where the unfortunate necessity arises for intimating to a man that even his calling acquaintance is not desired, it is all-sufficient for the servant to beg at the door that her mistress be excused. The dullest man should understand what is meant.

"*How do you do, Mr. Blank, or Mrs. Brown, I am delighted to see you,* spoken in a cordial tone and accompanied by a firm pressure of the hand, is an appropriate expression of welcome.

"The acknowledgment of introductions is by a bow and a slight smile.

Dinners.

"A fortnight is the usual notice given in sending out dinner invitations, although some persons extend it to two weeks (*sic*).

"If during a dinner a guest meets with an accident, such as overturning a plate or breaking a glass, the hostess should smile amiably.

Table Manners.

"The knife is invariably held in the right hand and is used exclusively for cutting and never for conveying food to the mouth.

Balls.

"But under any other circumstances a man must submit to the bondage of gloves; and at large fashionable dances, where there is danger of the smooth white kid growing soiled before the end of the entertainment, a careful and considerate man carries an extra pair as religiously as he stows two handkerchiefs in his pockets.

Weddings.

"The father, advancing between the bride and groom, takes his daughter's right hand, lays it in that of the groom, bowing his acquiescence as he murmurs, *I do.*

"A genuinely considerate man does not, when an elaborate ceremonial has been arranged, attempt to see his bride on the wedding day."

Marcus Whitman, and the Early Days of Oregon. *By William A. Mowray.* (New York: Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.50.) A highly creditable contribution to the history of the Northwest, the fruit of researches carried on for more than twenty years. The controversy over the claims made in behalf of Whitman is ably, and we believe justly, summed up in the missionary's favor. To Dr. Mowray it appears conclusive that the saving

* Encyclopædia of Etiquette. *By Emily Holt.* New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $2.00.

of Oregon, Washington and Idaho to the United States is due almost wholly to the representations made by Whitman to President Tyler and Secretary of State Webster in the early spring of 1843, and to the aid and guidance which he gave to the Oregon emigration in the summer of that year. Whitman, acting under the control of the American Board of Missions, had crossed the continent and established a mission among the Cayuse Indians at Waiilaptu, in Southeastern Washington, in 1836. His knowledge of the beliefs current in the East as to the worthlessness of the Oregon country, and his daily experience with the encroachments of the Hudson's Bay Company, and with the work of French priests among the Indians, prompted him in 1842 to undertake a journey to the capital. Perhaps a more remarkable journey has never been attempted. Starting from the Columbia, October 3d, with two mounted companions, he struck out for the Southeast, traversing practically unknown regions and suffering incredible hardships. He reached Santa Fé about the middle of December. From Santa Fé he made his way to St. Louis, and thence to Washington, where he arrived about the end of February, 1843. The result of the ride is to be found, as Dr. Mowray so conclusively shows, in the treaty of 1846. The author vividly reproduces the scenes and incidents of sixty years ago on the frontier, and has given a verisimilitude to his own descriptions by republishing a number of contemporary documents. Among these are several accounts of the frightful massacre of November 29th-December 6th, 1847, in which Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and twelve others lost their lives.

Races and Peoples. *By Daniel G. Brinton.* (Philadelphia: David McKay.) This reprint of the late Dr. Brinton's Lectures on the Science of Ethnography is both timely and useful. In paragraphs singularly clear and simple the book presents a summary of what is known in regard to the physical and mental traits of the various human races, and expresses the prevailing theory of racial migration. As an example of lucid and sound characterization might be quoted the few lines in which Dr. Brinton describes the Chinese. The weakness of the Chinese character he ascribes to "insufficiency of development," as illustrated by the little use they have made of important discoveries. Thus, among other things, they manufactured powder long before the Europeans, but used it only for fire-crackers; they discovered the magnetic needle, but made of it merely a toy; they invented movable type in the eleventh century, but never adopted the invention in their printing offices. Of more general interest are his deductions in regard to acclimation, the amalgamation of races (miscegenation) and survival. In all these questions he stands strictly with the scientist as opposed to the humanitarian; that is, he dwells on the sharp distinctions of race character and race destiny instead of merging mankind in one idea of universal progress. Thus he adduces statistics to prove that true acclimation, where the native vigor remains unimpaired by translation, is possible only within very narrow limits; and healthful miscegenation, he maintains, can continue only between specific races. The union of whites and negroes must result in debasement and sterility, whereas the amalgamation of Semites and Aryans is in every way desirable, since, according to Dr. Brinton, these two races were originally one. He accepts frankly, almost brutally, the theory of the manifest destiny of the higher races. In this connection he adduces strong arguments against accepting the Government statistics which tend to show that the Indians have actually increased in number since the advent of the white man.

Things Seen. Impressions of Men, Cities and Books. *By G. W. Steevens. Selected by G. S. Street, with a Memoir by W. E. Henley.* (Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.) A collection of miscellaneous papers from *Blackwood's,* the *National Observer,* and other publications. That Mr. Steevens was clever, even brilliant, the reading world is generally agreed. That he had the sounder and deeper qualities which Mr. Henley claims for him is not to be so readily conceded. The graphic touch—the power to make vivid—was peculiarly his; but too often the Thing Seen was a mere illusion. His "Land of the Dollar," for instance, was packed with absurdities. In his youth he won school prizes with marvelous facility, and he

went from the schoolroom into journalism almost at a step, making his way and holding it among a host of competitors. Such ready success bred in him a self-confidence that often played him sad tricks. Tho personally shy and diffident, there was nothing shy about his judgment; and his opinions and pronouncements were sometimes put forth with a jaunty assertiveness in fine disregard of a basis of actuality. "Honesty, a radiant sincerity, straightness of mind and temper and tongue—these were George Steevens," says Mr. Henley. And we can well believe it, his faults of judgment notwithstanding. The memoir is a good example of Mr. Henley's later vein, sturdy and rugged in manner, and checkered with sound sense and unsound crotchets.

Pleasures of the Telescope. An Illustrated Guide for Amateur Astronomers, and a Popular Description of the Chief Wonders of the Heavens for General Readers. *By Garrett P. Serviss.* Illustrated. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.) The general work of Mr. Serviss in popularizing the study of astronomy is well known. He writes with charm, tho it is to be suspected that in method he is sometimes inclined to follow the fanciful Flammarion rather than the soberer Lockyer or Newcomb. Yet his solid attainments in his chosen science are not to be disputed; and his new volume will be found a valuable handbook for amateur star-gazers. It is intended for those who are the possessors of a three-inch or five-inch telescope. The constellations—generally those visible from the United States—are grouped and mapped in seasonal, instead of alphabetical, order, and a running commentary is given of the characteristics of their component stars. The various nebulæ are also pointed out and explained in the light of the latest researches. An introductory chapter deals with the selecting and testing of a glass; there is a chapter on the planets, another on the moon, and the concluding chapter deals with the hypothetical existence of planets among the suns. It is a book well worth having.

Robert Annys: Poor Priest. *By Annie Nathan Meyer.* (New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.) A tale of the English peasants' rebellion of 1381. Annys is one of Wiclif's "russet priests," a high-souled enthusiast in the cause of Christ and of the common people. Temptation, in the guise of a beautiful girl, swerves him from his duties and his vows; an agony of repentance flings him into the bosom of the Church, and a tragic incident in the course of the uprising brings him again to the ranks of the popular movement. William Morris's "A Dream of John Ball" has been levied upon to a considerable extent for material, and the author amply acknowledges her indebtedness. Yet the story is anything but a pale reflection of Morris. It is originally and in parts strikingly told; and the reader will be tempted to finish it at a sitting. Whatever may be said for some of the other characters, Annys himself is made real and vivid. The diction of the speakers is the least satisfactory feature of the book.

The Prince of Illusions. *By John Luther Long.* (New York: The Century Company.) Not one in this collection of short stories comes up to the standard of Mr. Long's best work. "The Prince of Illusions," from which the volume takes its title, is a positive disappointment. This blind boy, who imagines himself a prince, is as unnatural and depressing as those poor waifs in Dickens's novels, who always suffered so unreasonably. The child who properly makes his way in modern fiction is a jolly little savage, whose original mind expresses itself in innocent atrocities and in prayers to the particular gods of childhood, rather than in maudlin sentimentality. However, the other stories in this volume show more of the author's charming delicacy of expression; yet all lack that peculiar poetic lisp which is the distinguishing feature of his Japanese stories.

Australasia: The Commonwealth and New Zealand. *By Arthur W. Jose.* The Temple Primers. (London: J. M. Dent & Co. 40 cents.) An admirable little manual, brightly written and packed with information. The history of the islands, their physical character, their present political mechanism, their social development, are treated concisely and entertainingly. Nowhere else will be found so compact a treasury of information regarding these islands.

REMEMBRANCES OF EMERSON. *By John Albee.* (New York: Robert G. Cooke. $1.25.) It is good now and then to read pages like these, and so to renew our wavering faith in the mission and efficacy of books. We are not so much concerned with Mr. Albee's revelation of Emerson as in the story of his own fine enthusiasm. Not that the critical part of the book is valueless; more than once we meet with sentences which crystallize an old thought into memorable language. So, for example, he says of Emerson's style: "It goes like a bird from one tree-top to another." That is good, but still better is the picture of the restlessness and expectation of mind that prevailed among young men to whom Emerson's message came. "They were in the plastic stage, tormented by spirits of discontent and fascinated by visions of high ideals of life. They were like a flock of birds which a gun has startled from an old haunt and who hover uncertain, perplexed where next to alight." Mr. Albee's description of this state of expectancy does much to explain the hold Emerson took on the young men of this country. We could wish that the writer's memory had permitted him to tell with fuller details the story of his visit to Concord when he first met Emerson and Thoreau. Emerson, he says, "seldom looked the person addressed in the eye, and rarely put direct questions. I fancy this was a part of his extreme delicacy of manner." But much the most interesting part of the book is the story of Mr. Albee's own enthusiasm. To read how he first became acquainted with "Representative Men," and how he visited the sage at Concord, and how his life was molded by the wise man's words, is an inspiration to those who have grown skeptical of hero-worship and dulled to literature.

NEWYORKITIS. *By John H. Girdner, M.D.* (New York: The Grafton Press.) Probably the most fetching thing about this book is its title, and that is a curious solecism to be made by a physician. Peritonitis, the doctor explains, is an inflammation of the peritoneum, and Newyorkitis is an inflammation of the New-York; but just what part of the human anatomy this New-York forms he does not explain. Newyorkitis is a disease in which the mind, soul and body of a man have contracted the peculiar abnormal diathesis due to life in a crowded city. Dr. Girdner has written about this disease and its cure with a good deal of cleverness, and some of his anecdotes are catching, but the general effect of the book is commonplace.

THE INLANDER. *By Harrison Robertson.* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.) "A suspicion of the fact that so supernal a creature as a woman was hampered by the necessity of walking with legs like common men, had never entered his brains"—that is, the brains of Paul Rodman, the inlander. Therefore we are not surprised that Paul first loved a false woman who deceived and jilted him, and afterward doubted the faithful woman whom he married. But his stupidity is not the author's fault, for Mr. Robertson's women are drawn with a nice appreciation of human values. His men friends also ring true. The breezy narrative of *The Inlander,* its tonic sentiments and wholesome art, make it good reading for vacation days.

THE RELIGIOUS SPIRIT IN THE POETS. *By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, D.D.* (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.) The sort of book that comes from England, and perhaps nowhere else in the world—certainly not from America. The author, who is Lord Bishop of Ripon, is obliged to spend some forty or fifty hours every month in the train, and this time he has taken advantage of to write the series of literary papers here gathered into a volume. His work is replete with that fine classical training that becomes almost an instinct with the best of English university men. There is no originality in the book, nothing that specially needs to be said, yet as a whole it is readable and elevating. The definition of the religious element in poetry, as something distinct from direct or formal theology, is well made and is kept clearly before the mind throughout.

THE STORY OF BURNT NJAL. From the Icelandic of the Njals Saga. *By Sir George Webbe Dasent.* (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.) Sir George Dasent's scholarly and clean translation of this famous Saga was originally published in two handsome and expensive volumes, and the present reprint has been

made with the express purpose of bringing the story within reach of a larger and more popular audience. Like all Northern works these sagas are loosely strung together and lack form, but there is a fresh current of life and manly doing in the *Burnt Njal* which carries the reader through to the end. To the scholar, of course, it has manifold interests besides that of the mere story.

We are glad to see the steady progress of Dr. Rodkinson's translation of *The Babylonian Talmud.* (New York: Talmud Publishing Co.) It has reached the Twelfth Part, and the last volume received covers a section of "Jurisprudence" (Damages) of Tract "Baba Metzia." This includes regulations concerning usury, hiring laborers, responsibilities of laborers, hiring of animals and rules concerning houses, partnership and what may be done in thoroughfares. A second edition is published of Volume I and of the Tract "New Year," enlarged by the addition of historical legends and facts. This tract was published before any of the volumes of the Talmud and has been re-edited. Volume I was also out of print. This translation of the Talmud is of great value to biblical and Jewish students.

Under Tops'ls and Tents. *By Cyrus Townsend Brady.* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.) A sprightly account of the author's experiences in the army and navy, to which is added a number of short stories. Appointed to the Naval Academy in 1879, young Brady finished the course, graduating in 1883. The youthful pranks of the cadets, their manners, customs and studies are entertainingly told. A chapter is given to the life-story of Philo Norton McGiffen, who was with our Brady at the Academy, and who afterward distinguished himself as commander of the Chinese vessel, "Chen Yuen," in the desperate battle of the Yalu. A considerable portion of the book is taken up with the recital of episodes connected with the First Pennsylvania Volunteers during the Spanish-American War. Of the short stories there is nothing that need be said. They are "short stories" —and that is all.

Old Bowen's Legacy. *By Edwin Asa Dix.* (New York: The Century Company. $1.50.) This story might have been expressly designed for Sunday school libraries and similar eleemosynary institutions. It is a "good" book, not only ethical, but orthodox, in which sinners repent and the righteous, after many tribulations, flourish like green bay trees. The wit in it is like the cracked smile on an old man's face, virtue as strangely marked as the rigid brows of a Presbyterian elder, and the innocence of it is as wholesome as the brown cheek of a country girl. Given so much excellence and the atmosphere of a religious community, and such a story is the logical result.

Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. *By Mabel Osgood Wright.* (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.) Mrs. Wright seems to have taken a thousand eyes into the haunts of the wild flower, and the pages of her book fairly overrun with notes of what she has seen and appreciated. She does not pick or transplant, but enjoys the scents and images of each nook she explores, and teaches and gossips in a delightfully bright and instructive way. Notwithstanding its limitations, the camera helps out the letter-press generously and suggestively.

Mistress Nell. *By George C. Hazelton, Jr.* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.) This story was written after the play of the same name was produced. It is a picture, drawn with a light and skillful hand, of life in the dissolute court of Charles II of England. The author's own phrase fitly describes it, "A merry tale of a merry time," when virtue was a joke and the king's honor could be bought with kisses.

Literary Notes

The *Edinburgh Review* contains an article on "Unimaginary Love-Letters," both timely and interesting.

....We mention the following noteworthy books from the monthly list of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.: "Magic and Early Religion," by Andrew Lang; "Bolingbroke and His Times," by Walter Sichel; "Last Essays," by Max Müller.

....A new edition of the poems of Alexander Smith is published. It looks as if there were to be something of a revival of Bailey,

Alexander Smith and other writers of that spasmodic, meteoric class.

....François Villon, edited by Gaston Paris, is the latest addition to Les Grands Ecrivains Français. M. Paris is almost the only living philologist who combines erudition with literary talent.

...."The Book of the Horace Club," Oxford, contains a witty epitaph on Dreyfus, the concluding lines of which we quote:

Τῇ δὲ πάτρῃ ζώων ποτὲ πράγματα πολλὰ παρέσχον
Οἰδίποδος τε τρίπους κλεινότερος γέγοι α·
πῶς δ' ἐθανον ; πατρῃ με παροξυνθεισα φόνευσε
οὔ τι κακὸν δράσαντ', ἀλλὰ μέτοικος ἐην.

....This old conception of poetry in new dress is taken from Stopford A. Brooke's essay on Religion in Literature: "But its main power is the power of creation—the power by which man draws nearest to the power of God—the making of a new thing in the world for the pleasure and praise of all the spirits of the universe."

....The Russians are making preparations to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of newspaperdom in that country, where the first periodical of this kind was published in 1702. The Bibliographical Society of the Empire is preparing a history of Russia's periodical press and a newspaper exposition will be held in Moscow.

....In the July *Cornhill* Miss Louisa Courtenay, an octogenarian, relates this anecdote of Macaulay's talkativeness and Sidney Smith's wit: "When Macaulay was ill with quinsy, Sydney Smith, who had been to inquire after his health, told us he was suffering most from 'suppressed conversation,' and that having 'talked for forty minutes the patient felt greatly relieved.'"

....Wishing to use the popular ballad,
"Oh, yes, I am a Southern girl,
And glory in the name,"
in his novel, "Stringtown on the Pike," Professor Lloyd made a printed request for the full poem and the name of its writer, offering a reward for the information. He received the names of forty-eight different authors; unimpeachable evidence, however, gave the credit to Miss Carrie Bell Sinclair, of Savannah, Ga.

....In his inaugural address at Oxford Mr. A. C. Bradley, the new Professor of Poetry, dwelt on the illusive power of art: "About the best poetry, and not only the best, there floats an atmosphere of infinite suggestion. The poet speaks to us of one thing, but in this one thing there seems to lurk the secret of all. He said what he meant, but his meaning seems to beckon away beyond itself, or rather to expand into something boundless which is only focussed in it; something also which, we feel, would satisfy not only the imagination, but the whole of us; that something within us, and without, which everywhere

'Makes us seem
To patch up fragments of a dream,
Part of which comes true, and part
Beats and trembles in the heart.'"

Pebbles

WHITE stockings are fashionable, but they should be clean.—*Atchison Globe.*

....The Larcenylature of Pennsylvania has adjourned.—*Memphis Commercial-Appeal.*

....As a rule, the only letters interesting enough to read are those that should never have been written.—*Atchison Globe.*

...."Pa," said Pet, "may I det up and twot on your knee?" "Certainly," was the ready reply, "let the little gallop."—*Sunday School Times.*

....Would it be contempt to allude to Justices Gray, Brown and White as the colored supplement of the Supreme Court?—*Washington Post.*

....A few millionaires chartered the whole promenade deck of a steamer in order not to be disturbed by the vulgar crowd. And President Hadley once had it in mind to punish these leaders of trusts with social ostracism! —*Indianapolis News.*

This rose may once have been a maiden's heart
That had its blissful beat, its bitter smart;
This thorn may once have been one of the teeth
With which she tore dry meat and bone apart.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

....The youngest daughter of Mrs. Walter Damrosch was about finishing her prayers the other night when she abruptly asked her mother to "please leave the room," as there was something for which she wished to give extra and special thanks. Her mother wanted to know what it was, but the child let it be understood that it was of too personal and private a nature for even a mother to know about. Her mother accordingly withdrew; but the next night, when the same request was made, she insisted upon knowing just what it meant. "Well," said the little girl, after much persuasion, "I just wanted to give fanks for bein' 'lowed to steal some sugar the other day!"—*Argonaut.*

PICNIC DAYS.

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The well-filled baskets stand;
Containing chicken, pies and things—
The work of Bridget's hand,
And way off in the distance there's
A blaring country band.

Dick battles with a bumble bee,
And Bob, with youthful zest,
Falls from the lofty chestnut tree,
And papa and the rest
Proceed to eat the lunch upon
A yellow-jacket's nest!

The gentle rainstorm rolls around,
And when the day is late
They homeward wend their weary ways
And turn inside the gate,
And lie in bed and wonder just
How many ants they ate.
—*Indianapolis Sun.*

EDITORIALS

Silver and Bryan Laid Aside

THE Democrats of Ohio have shown in their convention, by a vote of 944 to 6, that they have no further use for Mr. Bryan or the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. When there was laid before them a platform in which nothing was said about the national platform of last year, or of the candidate who made it and stood upon it, a benighted delegate was shocked by the omission. It seemed incredible to him that a convention of real Democrats should ignore the perennial candidate and silver. But for the resolution by which he sought to test the Democracy of his associates there were only 6 votes out of a total of 950. And when one of the faithful six was bearing to the elevated stage a portrait of Bryan, because no portrait of that persistent leader was to be seen in the great hall, a party of cheering delegates, excited by events of the day and hour, ran over him and trampled the precious picture in the dust. There is no evidence that the destruction of the portrait was mourned outside of the group of the loyal six.

Neither the candidate of 1900 nor that part of last year's national platform which he compelled the party to accept at Kansas City is regarded now as a valuable political asset by the Democrats of Ohio, who promptly disobeyed the following instructions, published by him in his paper three weeks ago, and addressed to Democrats everywhere:

> "Do not allow a man to be placed upon any committee—precinct, county, state, or national—unless he is a believer in the Kansas City platform. If a man opposed to the Kansas City platform is sent as a delegate to any convention, he should be bound by instructions, and should have associated with him a sufficient majority who are sound on the platform. If a man objects to instructions, leave him at home."

The vote of 944 to 6 at Columbus against a reaffirmation of the Kansas City platform was an answer to that. But the action of the convention thereafter proved that these Democrats were still loyal to the modern parts of the national platform. They were weary of what may be called the medieval passages concerning silver, and also of the candidate who clings to them; and they said so.

Thus a long step has been taken toward a general laying aside of the silver folly and the silver candidate by the party; for it may reasonably be expected that the Democrats in a majority of the other States will follow those of Ohio with respect to this matter. The effect of such action cannot now be clearly foreseen. Probably it will open the door for the return of those Gold Democrats who are still out and have not become Republicans. In the Columbus Convention many Democrats who have supported the gold standard were present and had places on important committees. The policy adopted there concerning silver and Bryan seems to promote harmony, for all the delegates (with the possible exception of the Bryan minority of six) were in substantial agreement.

But while this action may bring back all the Anti-Imperialist Gold Democrats, it may also prevent fusion with the Populists. Mr. Bryan has been more nearly in accord with the Populists than with the Democrats. He has by no means lost his influence with a large number of those who voted for him last year. Now that Ohio has pointed out the way for silently laying aside both silver and the silver candidate, the figure of ex-Senator David B. Hill begins to loom large upon the horizon of the Democratic party. We are told that Bryan will oppose the nomination of Hill with all the forces and weapons at his command, alleging that the ex-Senator represents the influence of corporations, plutocracy and monopoly. Possibly a considerable number of the Fusion Populists will stand with him, and possibly we shall see him the leader of a third party in which Fusion Populists and Middle-of-the Road Populists will join hands harmoniously. He gives notice that he "intends to fight to the bit-

ter end every effort to force the abandonment of the Chicago and Kansas City platforms," meaning the currency utterances of those platforms, for the Democrats who desire to get rid of him and of silver show no inclination to reject the other leading issues of 1900. In this fight he will encounter the hostility of both the East and the South, but in the West he may, as we have said, have a considerable Populist following. On the whole, the chances are that while the rejection of silver and Bryan will improve the quality of the Democratic party, it will cause a reduction of the vote for its candidates in 1904. But before that time new issues may arise and overshadow those which now seem paramount. Present conditions are a very unsatisfactory basis for speculation as to the alignment of parties three years hence.

The Democrats of Ohio ignore silver, but accept the other leading issues of the old platform—hatred of trusts and opposition to what they call imperialism. As to the second of these, it is quite probable that before the year 1904 it will cease to be useful in politics, owing to the establishment of peaceful civil government, with a large measure of home rule, in the Philippines. If the national party shall accept the declaration of the Ohio platform that all trusts should be suppressed, or that of Chairman Salen that "the trust stands like a dragon in the path of American progress and must be destroyed," it will exhibit an ignorance of ordinary business conditions and commercial events so dense and hopeless that intelligent voters will be repelled by it. All the so-called trusts are now legally chartered corporations. The evils attending them are to be cured not by the destruction of corporations, but by judicious restraint and regulation, publicity and the withdrawal of advantages unjustly obtained by railroad discrimination and tariff duties no longer needed for protection. Only by showing an intelligent familiarity with present conditions in this field can the party formulate a policy that will deserve the attention of men who have good brains and use them. We sincerely hope that the Democratic party, throwing off silver and its Old Man of the Sea, will grasp the opportunity to revise and improve its policy, bringing it down to date, and making a wise use of all legitimate arguments against the course and policy of its great and dominant rival. The interests of the people are served by an intelligent, alert and honest "opposition."

The Flying Machine

At last it has come, a flying machine that will fly, which can be guided, which will move against the wind, which will mount in the air and can be made to circle the Eiffel Tower; for it has been done. It is a great event, an achievement of transcendent importance, worthy to crown the opening year of the new century.

And we are glad that it is an American, a Brazilian of South America, who has achieved this first success. And it is a happy circumstance that the scene of this first flight should have been Paris. It will justify the pride of the French people. We give all honor to the courageous inventor, Mr. or Señor, Santos-Dumont, who has made him a name that shall live with those of Stephenson and Fulton.

To be sure this is not a perfect, an ideal flying machine. It depends on a balloon; and the final air ship will not. It makes no great difference—only a few months—if the first air ship is full of defects; they will be corrected. It is the first step that counts. The creation of a dirigible flying machine has been proved possible, and improvements will speedily be made. Now a multitude of inventors will bend their energies to the problem. Just as the first locomotive, and the first steamboat, the first bicycle, and the first automobile, were miserable affairs compared with the creation of a thousand brains which is now the finished product, so this stumbling, wavering, weak flying machine is nothing in comparison with the grand, swift, commodious air ship of the future. The cumbrous and dangerous balloon will be reduced and finally be dispensed with. Very light and very strong engines, moving large fans, or screws, with great swiftness, will propel the air ship, which will be supported as a bird supports itself by its moderate propelling force and the shear of its wings on the air.

We can hardly expect the air ship to be a commercial success this year or next.

The automobile is yet scarce past the stage of an experimental luxury. But we are yet within measurable distance of the time when we must reckon with it; and it is not quite seventy-five years since the poet of "Locksley Hall"

> "dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
> Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonders that should be;
>
> "Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
> Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales."

Those bales we shall have to reckon with soon; they may yet perforce make free-traders out of Mark Hanna and Senator Aldrich, for who can collect tariff on goods that drop anywhere out of "the central blue?"

To Erasmus Darwin, author of "The Botanic Garden," who wrote over a hundred years ago, the air ship did not seem so distant a hope as it did to Tennyson:

> "Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar
> Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
> Or, on wide-waving wings expanded, bear
> The flying chariot through the field of air."

And it has not been long. The steam-drawn car is an old story now. Sixty years after "Locksley Hall" Tennyson wrote:

> "Half the marvels of my morning triumphs over time and space,
> Staled by frequence, shrunk by usage into commonest commonplace."

In a dozen years—who knows? we shall be as familiar with the air ship as we are now with the bicycle and hardly turn to look at it. Will its "airy navies" have place in war, as Tennyson anticipated; or shall not the better prophecy of the Peace Conference of The Hague be fulfilled, which forbade all such "grisly hail" from the skies?"

"Loot" Once More

NEVER again let us be told that a rose by any other name will smell as sweet—that is true of people only who understand what they smell. Call it carrion-weed, and the hypnotized crowd will sniff at it. The dog with a bad name is no longer honest Tray. They called it all *loot*—whatever was appropriated from the property of the Chinese after the siege of the Legations in Peking, whether rightful spoils of war, or robbery of thugs, or confiscated or commandeered for the use of soldiers or citizens, all was called *loot,* and so loot it was to the undiscriminating but eager moralist, and so all bad, because loot is bad.

And so loot is bad. But what Mark Twain was talking about in his hasty and blundering article was not looting at all. One would have thought it was so clear that it was not looting that one did not need to say so. Accordingly, in several articles and interviews certain missionaries used the familiar word in telling the part they took in the spoiling of the Chinese. Good old Dr. Martin, who yet loves a joke, told with a twinkle in his eye how he "looted." Dr. Ament did the same, in the same fashion, before he found that, in defense against slanderers, he had to take a soberer vein. And now the Rev. Gilbert Reid publishes in *The Forum* a defense of the ethics of "loot" which has quite startled the men who make it their duty to teach morals to the missionaries.

Looting is, properly, the unwarranted seizing by private individuals, soldiers or civilians, for their personal possession, after a victory, of the public or private property of the conquered. It is what was regarded as the legitimate spoils of war in old times, and is still so regarded where the law of nations is not accepted. The mother of Sisera told the story:

> "Have they not divided the prey; to every man a damsel or two; to Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil?"

The Iliad is full of stories of loot, such as is now forbidden by the civilized conscience. There is always some looting after a successful siege, but to do it is indefensible and outrageous. War is not carried on for the impoverishment of the enemy or for the enrichment of soldiers, but for national purposes.

Now commandeering, or the taking of the private property of the enemy for the purpose of carrying on war, such as horses, wagons or food, is not looting; it is perfectly legitimate, if the war is legit-

imate. The ethics of war carries with it the ethics of commandeering.

Nor is confiscation looting. After a successful battle it may be necessary to take possession of a private house for hospital purposes, and to use all its furnishings. Any quantity of provisions may be taken in the same way, no matter whose, taken by military orders. If Japanese or Russian or French authorities seized for purposes of State a quantity of silver belonging to the Chinese Government, that was confiscation; but if a private soldier had filled his knapsack with it, that would have been looting. If the authorities in charge directed Dr. Ament to seize and sell at auction the furnishings of the palace of a Boxer prince, and to use the proceeds to feed certain hungry Chinese, that was not looting; that was confiscation, and a humane and righteous act, perfectly lawful by all rules of God or man. If the confiscated goods were popularly called *loot,* that did not make them loot. They were spoils of war, taken and used in merciful support of the citizens of the country with which the allies were at war.

The Rev. Dr. Gilbert Reid, who is an unattached missionary, of good character, who has done excellent work in his attempts to reach the higher officials of the Empire, accepts the common use of the word *loot,* which has grown up this last year in Peking. He calls it all *loot,* whether it be real looting or commandeering or confiscating. Speaking of the seizure of food for the use of soldiers and Chinese immediately after the siege he says:

> "A clear case of looting is the taking of grain, rice, fodder, fuel and clothing from deserted houses and shops."

But that is not looting at all; it is old-fashioned confiscation. He says again:

> "Owing to the fact that two of the missions, both connected with the American Board, succeeded in occupying the palaces of two princes, there arose an opportunity—the only one of a life time—to put up for sale looted goods. It is this affair that has made the stir. One prince was of the number of the eight hereditary princes, among whom Prince Chuang was the most notorious. . . . The other prince was a Mongol, who lived adjoining the destroyed premises of the American Board, and whose palace had been turned into Boxer headquarters. Within a day after the siege was raised Rev. Dr. Ament boldly dashed into the palace and took possession. With the approval of the foreign authorities the property within was confiscated; 'shop' was open, . . . and the proceeds formed part of a fund to indemnify the native Christians."

But this is not looting; it is mere justifiable confiscation. If Dr. Ament had seized the palace and its contents for himself, or one single jade ornament, that would have been looting. But not a missionary whose name has been before the public can be named who has enriched himself with the robber's spoils of war.

There was looting, of course, and plenty of it. So there were murder and rape, for there were, and always have been, ruffians in the armies, and ruffians among the hangers-on. The real looting no one but a barbarian of the style of Sisera and Achilles can defend.

Woman and the Farm

Our discussion of the problem of woman's chances in agricultural pursuits and horticulture has called out abundant correspondence of a confirmatory sort. It is evident that the age begins to sicken with congested city life. No study of the situation from a single standpoint is quite satisfactory. Enormous masses of population, brought into close contact, engender not only danger of physical deprivation, and possible degeneration, but a change of social tone, involving a loss of individuality. The real advantages of the city belong to the fortunate few, while there is no escape from the smoke and ill odors and the herding for a large part of the concentered population. The desire to get into the country is a growing desire and it should be fostered by the press and by the Government.

So far as the problem concerns woman it is difficult to solve, because we must take into account the new individuality of woman which has developed within a single generation. It is not easy to say, out of hand, what a woman can do or cannot do in any profession or occupation. A Western correspondent takes exceptions to what we have previously said advocating market gardening and intensive horticulture for those women who have tired of city life and its special restrictions. He urges that woman

should secure a homestead in the West, and on a large farm, "where, instead of occupying herself with fruit growing, especially small fruit growing, she could raise cattle, hay, grain and supervise the work of a large number of men." We note that he speaks of hired men but not of hired women. The question still remains whether extensive farming does not involve, in the main, the work of masculine hands and muscles. The market woman and fruit grower who lives in the city outskirts, who has a hovel which is scarcely suburban, does not cover our idea of woman in the country. But the picture drawn by this correspondent serves to emphasize the fact that no one is going to live without work. If the effort to escape the city is to get away from work it will prove a failure. Probably no sort of healthy existence can be devised that does not tax the brain and the hands. It is no doubt true that extensive farming has its attractions and its possibilities for woman as well as man—that is, for some women. A few are likely to succeed with large farms; not many men do so at present. The following is an illustration of what may be done—but only by the exception. It is no guide or rule. A woman writes:

I am now 22 years of age. I was born in Canada in 1879, and came to Kansas in 1887. My mother died in 1889, leaving three girls and an eighteen months' old boy. My father had a stroke of paralysis in May, 1898, and as I was the oldest of the family. I have done the work. I have never seen any farm machinery I could not handle. I have run a McCormick binder for five harvests, and don't remember when I could not fix it. We sell $75 to $125 of apples from the farm each year. Last year, with the help of a brother aged twelve, I raised 900 bushels of corn from 35 acres of land. About 70 acres of our farm of 120 acres is in cultivation, and we children have made enough from that to support the family.

It will take a dozen generations to train the average woman to the physical condition suitable for this kind of work. And we still think that in most localities twenty acres out of the seventy could have been made more profitable with less labor, while the balance of the land was turned to pasturage and forest. The letter, however, goes to show that one rule cannot be laid down to cover all cases.

Individuality must be considered as well as cash in hand. A large farm, well stocked, and with houses equivalent to modern demands, still requires a very large amount of agricultural knowledge and experience. Without this a good deal of loss must be expected, for several years, if not final failure. Submitting the question to a very skillful horticulturist, he replies that when he retired from professional life to his farm it was with the advantages of birth and youth on a farm and a natural aptitude for horticultural.

"Yet for two or three years I lost money. I had so many new conditions to meet; and I found that some things were not suitable for my soil, while others were not adapted to my market. For instance, I must give up growing grapes as a market crop—just as my neighbor, with 120 acres, had to give up corn and wheat—because other sections could reach the market sooner, or could raise the article cheaper. At last I felt my way, found out the conditions, and knew my own adaptations. Then I cleared $7.00; the next year $120.00; the next over $500.00; and now my way is clear and sure."

This letter probably illustrates the conditions which confront nearly all, of either sex, who having been born on the farm, are now doing their work in the city. To return to the farm does not mean to return to the farm as it was. New conditions are constantly arising which require considerable study.

A letter from the Southwest speaks of goose-farming; and another of turkey-farming. The former must be carried on where there is abundance of water; and is suggested as a means of utilizing sections of semi-swamp land. Into Austin, Texas,

"A woman farmer drives her flocks of turkeys twice a year, and delivers them alive to her city dealers. She has made a nice fortune at the business. Riding a mustang of her own breaking, she does not hesitate to follow her flocks to market."

Does this free life tend to destroy feminine traits of character? This can be answered by asking if womanliness has been impaired by occupying the professions and by woman taking her place as clerk or lawyer's stenographer. This was the prejudged result—which has, however, not come about as anticipated. There is nothing essentially masculine about outdoor employment. There is in running a reaper nothing more to weaken femininity than in running a sewing machine. To drive a team of horses in a hay field will no more unsex

a woman than driving a fast team in a city park. To be compelled to drudge is as demoralizing in the kitchen as it is in the garden—no less, no more. It is high time the American woman got over the notion that her sex requires of her to be housed. There are good reasons why she should not be. "Healthy women make robust men. A nation of feeble mothers is essentially degenerate."

The question is a large one, and as it involves the diverse conditions of a vast country, it could not be easily discussed in the brief compass of an editorial. We have probably opened the topic sufficiently to make it intelligible and at the same time to quicken the aspiration of those who desire to escape the nerve wear and turmoil of city life for the more muscular labor of country life.

Tolstoy's Defiance to the Russian Church

Count Tolstoy says, in his reply to the Synod which excommunicated him, a reply which we are glad to give to the world this week, that he probably has not a hundred disciples in all Russia. His own family are not his disciples. It is so in this country; his disciples are few, even among those who admire his honesty and his genius. Mrs. Eddy has a thousand disciples to his one, and Dr. Dowie bids fair to have; but disciples are not what Tolstoy seeks. He has no sect to build up. All he cares for is to lay down principles, to announce them with all clarity of emphasis, and then leave to the future, and to the conscience and judgment of the coming generation, the application of those principles to the reform of State and Church.

We are not surprised that Tolstoy has been excommunicated. Such a Church as the Russian Church could not but excommunicate him, and he knows it. That Church believes in the efficacy of multitudinous rites and ceremonies and sacraments which he believes to be nothing other than silly magic. That Church cannot well retain a man who calls its sacraments an imposture. It must be understood by the reader that it is the Russian Church which Tolstoy has in mind, not the Christianity which we are familiar with. It is his disgust with the pretensions and corruptions and persecutions of that Church that has carried him to some extremes which he would not have had occasion to emphasize if he had lived under a freer and purer Church. He takes the position of what we would call an Arian, a worshiper of God, a disciple of Jesus Christ as a teacher of morals and religion and a revealer of God, but not as himself divine. He makes Christ's literal teachings his law, with all their non-resistance and voluntary poverty, and he carries them out to the extreme of the wrong of paying taxes, which Christ himself paid to Cæsar.

We are not sorry that Tolstoy has so few disciples; but we are positively glad that he puts such a ferment into the world's thinking. He sets us all to examining the bases of our beliefs and traditions. He asks us, What is truth? He makes us think what religion really is, and how much is essential to it; and what are the rights of the State, and whether war can be justified, or police control of public morality, or whether Anarchism is to be the last fruitage of Christianity.

The substance and essence of true religion, and the Christian religion as its best expression, Count Tolstoy holds fast. If he is a rebel against the Russian Church he declares himself no rebel against God, whom he desires to serve with all the powers of his soul. To his creed, which he gives with some fullness near the close of his reply, probably all our readers could give assent, always excepting his denial of the deity of Christ. The service of God, prayer to him, the teaching of Christ, and a life of love make his creed. It is a Christian creed, and is consistent with saintliness. It is a most pathetic sight, this of Count Tolstoy, the greatest prophet of Russia, and perhaps of Christendom, a very Elijah warning an Ahab Czar and a Jezebel Church, stricken like Elijah by Jezebel, and declaring that when dying he will have no servants of the Church allowed to come near him, and none of their conjurations or prayers muttered over his dead body. And yet he loves God, and loves Jesus Christ, and in his aberrations and extravagances he is probably not much more extreme than was that John the Baptist whom our Lord declared to be more than a prophet. It makes very lit-

tle difference to such men if they are excommunicated from the Church; they cannot be exscinded from the love of God, and it is such heretics whose sepulchers will be built by the children of those that slew them.

Bull-Fights in the United States

If any one had suggested twenty years ago that bull-fights could be naturalized in the United States it would have been regarded as an insult to the Anglo-Saxon conscience. Bull-fights—the cruel, decadent Spaniards might delight in them, but we Anglo-Saxons never! Have we not for generations boasted of our superior moral structure in this respect, and despised the brutal Spaniards who could gather by the thousands to see bulls pricked with javelins and horses gored and matadors tossed and killed, all for a Spanish holiday? We—why, we have banned the cocking mains of our ancestors, and have compelled our pugilists to put on gloves!

But we need to be a little chary over boasts. The bull-fight is now being introduced, if we can trust the printed reports, into so decent a State as Nebraska, and is advertised as an attraction in this Empire State of New York, at the Buffalo Midway. We do not say that any matadors or horses or bulls have been killed in these genuine or fake spectacles as yet, but bull-fights are openly advertised and offered to the public, and the managers are evidently waiting to see how much brutality our decent people will allow; for there is no doubt that there are men and women enough that will flock to see the worst, the most brutal sport that can be supplied. It is not the fear of not getting an audience that restrains the exhibitions; it is nothing else than the fear of the decent people who will not go, and who are puritans enough to hate bull-fighting as well as bear-baiting, both because it gives pain to the brute in the pit and because it gives pleasure to the brutes on the seats.

This is a case in which the warning, "Obsta principiis," "Beware of beginnings," is applicable. Anglo-Saxons can be just as coarse, as brutal, as any other people. They must be kept in check by laws and prisons which protect public morality. There ought to be no parleying with a pretense to give bull-fights or any other brutal exhibitions. The palate of public taste will be easily corrupted and worse things and worse will be demanded. We have a sad example of this in the Midway indecencies of the Chicago Exposition. The most vulgar contortions were shown as Oriental dances—the *danse du ventre;* and straightway they were offered in half the cities of the land. It was an abomination that they were allowed in Chicago; and now we see that the same bad things, or worse, in dances and moving pictures, are openly offered and cried in the Buffalo Midway. We need societies for the suppression of vice and cruelty to animals, with their Berghs and Comstocks to enforce the law, and we need them just now at Buffalo. We call on the authorities of the State to attend to these matters, the bull-fights and the indecent shows. It is amazing that the desire to make the Pan-American Exposition a success should make its managers and the public authorities heedless as to the corruption and brutalization of the public morals.

Down in Dixie

The following dialog is much nearer a literal conversation than a product of the imagination. It is an effort to digest several conversations into one. Those whose opinions and sentiments this editorial writer endeavored to condense were, among others, Col. William Lamb, LL.D., of Norfolk, Va.; Judge James F. Crocker, of Portsmouth, Va.; President Lyon G. Tyler, LL.D., of William and Mary College, and Rev. Dr. Wilmer, of Atlanta, Ga. They regard the negro problem as one of terrible purport socially, economically and politically. Let us be glad that it is not our own; and extend our sympathies to those of both races who are trying to make the South a land of progress:

"What is the proportion of whites who vote the Democratic ticket; and what the proportion of negroes?"

"Ninety-eight per cent. of negroes vote the Republican ticket; 95 per cent. of whites vote the Democratic."

"That constitutes a race struggle, aggravated at each election?"

"Yes, and it will continue as long as the negro has the franchise. Naturally

he hates the party that was identified with slavery; naturally he loves the party that destroyed slavery."

"Suppose questions arise of common interest; cannot the two races be brought to act together?"

"No; the negro vote is manipulated by those whose political interests require a solid negro vote."

"Is the negro vote freely cast, and generally counted?"

"In fact, it is seldom cast; and less often counted."

"Yet the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution is clear and decisive."

"We are being educated to a disregard of the constitutional law of the land. We do not wish to be law-breakers. The leaders are ashamed to face the fact; but face it we must. Something must be done for our relief."

"Do you desire to debar all negroes from voting?"

"Not at all. As soon as a negro has qualified we have no objection to his casting a ballot."

"How large a percentage would that be?"

"Look about you. Answer honestly for yourself how many of these people you would entrust with your social and individual interests. Tell me how many you judge are qualified to exercise political power."

"Will disfranchising work them intellectual or social harm?"

"I do not see how it can. On the contrary, an educational test will stimulate to an effort to earn the ballot. A property qualification will work in the same direction. Meanwhile, as industrial education advances the negro—as it is doing—the whites must keep pace. You can hardly appreciate the change that is going on in the industrial sentiment of the South."

"You do not consider suffrage so much a born right, as the reward of civic worth?"

"I think that after the war suffrage touched its low water mark. I do not question the honesty of those who used it to manacle the South; I do question the wisdom of the act. It put into the Constitution a new principle. Heretofore the Republic had been bound by intellectual fellowship. The ballot was suddenly given to a whole race—as a weapon of defense. It followed that two races were set in perpetual civic antagonism. For a few years the whites were practically disfranchised. Now the blacks are taking their turn. The question is, which one of two races shall have political control."

"Suppose the Southern States carry out the present policy to nullify the Fifteenth Amendment, what is ahead?"

"Well, it seems to me the gain will be much greater than any possible loss. It will have a tendency, all over the country, to restore the elective franchise to a basis of worth—at the North as well as at the South. There will be a greatly reduced amount of bribery."

"You are unwilling to consider the recent action of the South to be either a matter of prejudice or an effort to depress the negro?"

"On the contrary, our political position is kindly; it certainly is not vindictive. I will ask you what you believe any Northern community would do with these people as you see them in our streets? You would probably pass ordinances for a general reformation in the way of sanitation and industry. Where would you get your votes—if the negroes outnumbered you? Or how would you enforce laws if on the statute books?"

"Is not the only remedy education?"

"Assuredly, but will you tell me how soon the best efforts in that direction could bring adequate remedy? The present generation will not be appreciably affected by education. It will be twenty-five or thirty years, at the best, before any general change could be wrought. Nor must there be any mistake at this point. Five hundred years will not bring the two races into harmonious action. While a few of the negroes will be excellent citizens, there is no indication that the bulk of them can be transformed into Anglo-Saxons. Negro morals, I am sorry to say, are not improving. What else could be expected of a race never trained to self government? The industrial schools are working wonders, for both blacks and whites. I should not wonder, with this political problem settled, if we led the North inside thirty years."

"Is the passage of slavery regretted in the South?"

"I will tell you how we feel about

slavery. Rummaging my family papers I came on bills of sale of negroes. These I pinned on the wall, where my daughters would see them. Coming in, they exclaimed, 'Father! what are those papers?' I said, 'Read them.' They did so; and as quick as a flash tore them up, saying, 'Father! we never wish to hear again that we are the children of negro traders.' That is how we feel about it. We are not only glad to get rid of slavery from a business standpoint, but we detest the memory of it. The restoration of slavery could not get a thousand votes in all the South—unless possibly from the very element that will be disfranchised by our new Constitution."

The above conversation aims to give a fair report of the sentiment of a majority of honest and able white Southerners. Of course it is partial and one-sided. It would require interviews with other equally honest and earnest Southerners, such as Booker T. Washington and Professor DuBois, to give the argument proving that universal suffrage need be no greater danger in the South than in the North, and that the Fifteenth Amendment is good politics for the present day.

Harnack and Anti-Harnack

The discussions that have been called forth by the publication of the sixteen lectures on the "Essence of Christianity" (*"Wesen des Christentums"*) originally delivered before an immense audience of mixed students of the University of Berlin by the brilliant occupant of Neander's chair, Professor Harnack, have practically assumed international proportions. At present all Protestant Germany is divided into Harnack and anti-Harnack parties, and the issues and principles at stake are those which are in the forefront of theological debate wherever progressive investigation has gained a foothold throughout Christendom.

No religious or theological work since the appearance of Schleiermacher's "Reden," addressed to the "thinking" classes among those "who despise Christianity," at the beginning of the nineteenth century has received the attention on the part of the Christian Church that has been accorded to Harnack's small volume, which appeared at the close and which in the German original, notwithstanding its rather high price, has appeared in some twenty thousand copies, besides a number of translations. Not even Strauss's *Leben Jesu* can be regarded as a rival of Harnack in this respect, as this work was from the outset generally regarded and accepted as an attack upon Christianity, and not a reconstruction of Christian teachings, as was the case with Schleiermacher, and in a still higher and deeper sense is the case with Harnack. It is in this very fact that the representative significance of these lectures lie. It is a constructive and positive book, aiming to show just what Christianity originally was in the light of the modern criticisms of the sources. It is a modern critical view of the teachings of the New Testament, according to the light of the best critical scholarship of the day; and over against the preponderatingly negative and destructive positions of so much of modern aggressive theological research the impetuous, brilliant and warmhearted reconstruction of Harnack is decidedly refreshing, even for those who disagree with him in principles, processes and results. The picture he has drawn of Christ and his original teachings as of those of the Apostles is lauded or condemned, according to the dogmatical proclivities of the reader.

Especially has Harnack's refusal to permit the Fourth Gospel records to influence his conception of the person and work of Christ; his claim that the Gospels make God the Father and not Jesus Christ the center of their proclamation, and similar views antagonistic to what is currently accepted or fundamental to Evangelical orthodoxy, aroused sharp antagonism. Replies to the Berlin professor's picture of Christianity, as accepted by modern scholarship, are appearing in great number. The most scholarly is no doubt that of Professor Walthers, of the University of Rostock, entitled *"Ad. Harnack's Wesen des Christentums für die Gemeinde geprüft,"* which has already been issued in several editions, and is a fine specimen of able and objective polemics. More personal is the reply published by the veteran defender of the faith, Dr. Rupprecht, who has also published the only defense of the traditional views concerning the Old

Testament literature that the scholarship of Germany has produced for fifty years. Virtually every theological journal and periodical in the country is discussing the pros and cons of the problems, the general consensus of the traditionalists being that Harnack's lecture gave a most attractive but dangerous presentation of the best that the critical scholarship of the day could produce, but that they undermine the foundations of Christianity.

On the other hand, defenders have arisen everywhere, and in the "*Christliche Welt*" the influential and able exponent of progressive theology in the Fatherland, the volume is described as the "work of a Reformer." It cannot be denied that the contents of this volume have disappointed those who had been expecting a decided reaction in German theological thought in favor of the older views, especially as this hope was based chiefly on Harnack's later works, such as his "Chronology of New Testament Literature," in which he had taken a decided stand in favor of the traditional principle over against the subjective methods of the day, and had declared that the developments of the forty years after the death of Christ were sufficient to explain the origins of all the New Testament books. Harnack, who is easily the greatest and most influential theologian living, has kept Church people on the *qui vive* all along, as it was he who by his advice given to theological students started the great controversy concerning the Apostles' Creed and its adaptability to the needs of our times a decade ago. One thing is certain, he has again set the whole theological world a-thinking in a most vigorous manner, while he himself is absolutely silent amid the turmoil of discussion.

A Church Trust

President Francis E. Clark could not have brought to the twentieth anniversary of the Christian Endeavor any better lesson than what he embodied in the term, "a new century Church trust." The nineteenth century was a century of Church division. It produced fifty new sects in the United States, with thousands of starving local churches. Whatever may be said of the steel trust, the oil trust, and a multitude of others, there is no doubt that combination is the word for these denominations in the new century. Dr. Clark is wise, perhaps, in not asking just now for absolute corporate consolidation; but he wants at least what the steel trust provides, a combination of its still separate corporations, what he calls "a religious clearing-house," by which we suppose he means federation, which is the next best thing to corporate union, something like what has already been accomplished by the Free Churches of England. Why will not Francis E. Clark make himself a missionary of this cause? He has a unique position as president of a great union organization which made last year a net gain of two thousand societies and almost a hundred thousand members.

Universal Suffrage Tested

One year is not a long time in the history of States, not long enough to test anything; and yet we find a multitude of people who declare that "the folly of establishing a Territorial government with practically universal suffrage among a people untrained to the exercise of political power has been conclusively illustrated in Hawaii by the doings, this past year, of incompetent legislators and mischief-making demagogs." But twelve months is a very short time in which to test and condemn the wisdom of universal suffrage. Let us imagine that it is a Philadelphia paper from which we quote; is Mayor Ashbridge's town ready, after a century and more of experience, to give up universal suffrage? It has taken more than a year to make popular government a real success in Mexico, Chili or Argentina; was the experience of repeated revolutions any reason for being discouraged? By the end of a century, or less, we find them very decent republics. Give Hawaii the same chance to retrieve her blunders that we ask for New York and Philadelphia before condemning universal suffrage. The experiment of restricting the suffrage is not working with perfect beauty in certain of our Southern States.

Religious Freedom in Japan

During the late recrudescence of anti-foreignism in Japan, a rule was passed by the Department of Education refusing to admit to the higher schools of the Empire those who had

been educated in institutions which gave religious teaching. A number of missionary schools tried, or claimed, to obey the rule, so that their graduates might pass into the Universities, but the Doshisha, and two or three others, absolutely refused to give up, even in pretense, their religious character. The loyalty of these schools has been rewarded by a late change in the rules, which gives graduates of Christian schools the same rights as those of the Government schools. Now Japan shows no animus against Christianity, and the relation between private religious schools and the national high schools and universities is re-established on a basis which justifies the protests that have been made. We observe, what is natural, that with the effort for Church union in Japan, there has appeared also a remarkable religious awakening. Great meetings are being held in Tokyo and other cities, and the converts are already counted by thousands.

The statement is often made that the South has spent a hundred million dollars, since emancipation, for negro education. This subject of the negro common schools was the topic of discussion in the late meeting of the Atlanta University Conference, and the amount spent on negro public schools between 1870 and 1898 was reported by Professor DuBois as $101,860,661. But it must not be supposed that all this came from white taxation; indeed, $29,539,591 was paid by negroes in direct taxation, and the sum paid by the negro in indirect taxation is estimated by Professor DuBois as over $40,000,000 and less than $75,000,000. Careful figures seem to show that the cost of negro schools for the year 1900 in the five States of South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida was $1,264,785, of which the negroes paid $339,585 in direct, and $925,200 in indirect taxes for school purposes, or $20,860 more than he received. But these figures will be challenged and need full verification.

We were obliged to retract our statement that we did not know of one American Catholic foreign missionary in heathen countries, for we did learn of one such American woman in China. But American Catholics do give some little money for foreign missions. We believe they have no society for that work, but they send their contributions to the French Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Boston is the banner diocese, and sent $22,745 last year, which is more than a quarter of the whole amount given by all North America, $84,020. The rich Archdiocese of New York comes next to Boston, with a paltry $5,733. Do American Catholics care whether the heathen are converted?

Much was said of the division between the French and Russians and the sending to St. Petersburg and Paris of the magnificent bronze astronomical instruments made centuries ago by the Jesuits for the Emperor of China; but we have hardly heard of the capture by the Russians of the library at the old Manchu capital at Mukden, and its removal to St. Petersburg, filling as it did two railroad vans to their utmost capacity. We cannot complain when we remember that the Chinese themselves burned their magnificent library at Peking. It will be safer now, as the treasures of Phidias were safer in the British Museum than battered by cannon in the Parthenon.

Even the program of studies in a university circular may contain something startling. Thus we find that Professor Haupt, head of the Oriental department in Johns Hopkins University, offers instruction, for the next year, not merely in elementary Hebrew and Old Testament interpretation, but also in Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Ethiopic and Assyrian prose composition, and in translating from Hebrew and Arabic into Assyrian; and his associates in the department add about everything that can be thought of, even to the lately discovered Minæan, of ancient Arabia, and the modern Tagalog of the Philippines.

The second son of the Emperor of Korea, Euiwha, has been a student in Roanoke College, Virginia, since March, with two of his companions, and they are making good progress in English. America has been a favorite resort for Korean youth of high rank. That is because we have had able American missionaries in Korea.

INSURANCE

Coming Into Touch

In the perennial differences between underwriter and insured as to rates, and the perennial dissatisfaction because the latter are assumed to be excessive, one proposition ought to be recognized and remembered by both parties, to wit: that no intelligent and honest man wishes to pay a lower rate than the conditions necessarily require. There are many (in number) who do not hesitate to pay a fractional rate to any fly-by-night concern that will issue a piece of paper in form resembling a policy of insurance; then they praise themselves for their keenness at bargaining. The imitation policy serves—and so would a leaf torn from a newspaper—so long as fire does not occur; but the over-keen buyer does not reflect that this is self-insurance and could be better done by saving the whole of the premium instead of *part* of it. But those who are ready to sacrifice substance for low price need not be considered when we say that the public at large desire to pay for insurance whatever is necessary and do not desire to have underwriting done at a loss.

Insurance is essentially a tax, not a profit—this is another fundamental proposition. So long as there is reasonable competence and honesty in the collection, the cause and remedy for high insurance tax (as for any other) are to be sought in the conditions which require the tax, not in the tax collectors, who in this intance are underwriters. To effectually and permanently reduce insurance premiums, reduce fire loss—there is absolutely and necessarily no other method. Yet it is not more true that property-owners desire to pay what is necessary than that they desire to be shown what the necessary payment is. Neither reticence, nor inconsistency, nor seeming arbitrariness, on the part of underwriters will ever help the case. We therefore note with approval the contention of the President of the National Fire Protection Association, at its recent annual convention, that co-operation between underwriters and insured ought to assist in determining rates. The former must necessarily make the rate finally, but (in his words) "why should not the study of the causes of fires in certain classes of risks be carried on with the help of the insured, not in specific cases, but by classes; why should not the basis rate for a certain class be agreed upon by a committee composed of representatives of the class and the underwriter?" The difficulties always begin when ideas excellent in general come to be reduced to practice, and so it may be here; yet there can be no question that the underwriters should and could make some frank and intelligible explanation of rates—of their foundation and justification. This would be one step toward the coming together of the two parties in underwriting, and for it we have long contended.

Binding Contracts

Mrs. Rebecca T. McClain sued the Provident Savings Life on two policies which the company contested because certain answers made in the application and there warranted to be true were in fact untrue. In the Federal Circuit Court the plaintiff won, but this has been reversed in the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals by Justice Horace Gray. The parties to a life insurance contract, he said, may undoubtedly apply an absolute warranty to the literal truth of a statement or answer by the applicant, and thus they may make this a condition precedent to the liability of the insurer, whether the matter itself be material to the risk or not; they may, by agreement make a fact material which would otherwise be immaterial. The practical operation of literal warranties is so often harsh and unfair that courts require their existence to be established clearly and unequivocally; inference will not serve, nor do the courts incline to accept a mere verbal interpretation when a reasonable construction of the contract as a whole will authorize a different meaning. All reasonable doubts as to whether statements inserted in or referred to in an insurance policy are warranties or merely representations should be resolved in favor of the insured.

The courts have long held that the in-

sured shall have the benefit of all reasonable doubts in construing the language of an insurance policy, and this is reasonable; for, altho both parties "make" the contract, the company writes it (with considerable assistance from the statute, as should fairly be added), and hence if the company means a particular thing it should unmistakably say so. If the language can mean, or can reasonably be made to mean, more than one thing, the thing most favorable to the party that did not frame the language is to prevail; even if it is morally clear that the company meant to prescribe a certain condition, and has not so said it as to bar all escape its intent is overruled. To remark that "it is very warm to-day" seems perfectly non-ambiguous, and admitting only one meaning; but in an insurance policy (illustratively speaking) it has been sometimes held that the framer should have specified what that is which is asserted to be warm; and in some instances courts have written in between the lines and have built structures upon quibbles in order to find for the claimant. It is, therefore, interesting and notable to find Justice Gray laying down so distinctly the doctrine that insured can agree with insurer, and that if he does unmistakably so agree he is unmistakably bound to the thing agreed.

Insurance Items

Dr. William B. Lane, for twenty-nine years connected with the Manhattan Life Insurance Company, has recently been elected Second Vice-President. For ten years Dr. Lane has been its Superintendent of Agencies. His election is in accordance with the general policy of the Manhattan Life—the recognition of ability and long and faithful service. Dr. Lane is a graduate of Princeton University and a graduate of Bellevue and served in the army during the War of the Rebellion.

....Reference has already been made to the action of the Springfield Fire and Marine Company in converting surplus into stock instead of introducing it in cash. The company has issued a handsome quarto commemorative volume, as this year brings it to the close of a half century. The title-page calls it "a record of fifty years of prosperity," and, as a whole, the company's career has been exceptionally prosperous. The courage and faith of its officers and stockholders did not falter even in 1871, when an assessment of sixty-five per cent. was unanimously voted; the second heavy blow, coming in the next year, was met by a further assessment of thirty per cent., again without a dissentient—the case was hard, but the way was plain. The company was founded by Marvin Chapin, proprietor of the long-famous Massasoit House, and the moving idea was the familiar old one that insurance premiums ought to be kept at home; the idea is fallacious, but in this instance it led to happy results.

....A year ago—or perhaps longer—what was known as the "money mill" of one W. F. Miller flourished for a time over in Brooklyn. By some mysterious process which his flock did not even wish to understand, he was able to pay interest on deposits at the rate of 10 per cent. weekly; he did it, as there were proud and happy witnesses to testify, and therefore he must have been able to do it. But somehow these rainbow-bright things do not last. Miller suddenly disappeared, was found somewhere, and is now serving out a sentence. The money? The receiver of his estate found $24,000, against which claims of a million were filed, afterward reduced by order of court to some $287,000; a dividend of 6 per cent. on approved claims has now been ordered. This will take $17,641, and then there will be a possible $6,539 remainder, set over against $269,539 of proved claims. There are many persons who cannot afford to take out any life insurance, because it costs so much, you know.

Insurance Statements.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

We publish elsewhere in this issue the ninety-sixth semi-annual statement of the Home Insurance Company of New York, which shows that during the past six months the assets of the company have increased $768,617, the total assets July 1, 1901, being $14,406,450. The net surplus is $5,601,815, being a gain since January 1st of $304,317. The cash capital is $3,000,000. John H. Washburn is the President of the company. A seven per cent. semi-annual dividend has been declared, payable on demand.

FINANCIAL

Crops and Securities

Stock market values suffered from successive declines last week, and at the close on Saturday there was a considerable net loss throughout the list. The chief causes of the decline were the injury to the corn crop in several States, the order for a sharp reduction of rates by the Atchison road, and the controversy between the iron and steel workers and three of the Steel Corporation's constituent companies. On Monday, the 8th, when the sales were nearly 1,100,000 shares, net losses of from 3 to 13 points were recorded. After some recovery on the 9th, there was another break on the 10th, followed by further decline on the 11th (sales about 1,200,000 shares), with some reaction, and additional losses in the closing days of the week. The Atchison rate order was withdrawn on the 11th, but the effect of the intense heat upon corn in Kansas, Missouri and adjoining States was more clearly to be seen, and the labor situation continued to be unsatisfactory. Final disagreement at Pittsburg was not reached, and the order for a strike was not issued, until Saturday evening, but the attitude of the union leaders in the conference (which began on Thursday) had probably prepared some influential capitalists for the depressing result. Net declines for the week, with sales, for a part of the list, are shown below:

	Sales.	Net declines.
Amalgamated Copper	142,990	6⅝
American Car & Foundry	26,500	3⅜
American Smelting	22,310	4⅝
American Sugar	75,350	7¾
Atchison common	513,500	13⅞
Atchison preferred	163,100	7¼
Baltimore & Ohio	57,650	11½
Chicago & Alton	19,860	7½
St. Paul	334,300	17¾
Northwest	3,900	11
Rock Island	37,500	14½
Colorado Fuel	20,800	13
Erie	156,800	5¼
Consolidated Gas	15,650	7¼
General Electric	6,600	16
Iowa Central preferred	11,000	12¾
Illinois Central	38,460	5½
Louisville & Nashville	148,000	5⅛
Manhattan Elevated	92,900	7
Metropolitan Railway	27,340	7½
Missouri Pacific	116,600	9⅝
New York Central	31,370	6⅛
Pennsylvania	159,300	7
Reading	94,000	6¾
Southern Pacific	311,200	7⅜
Tennessee Coal & Iron	42,000	11⅝
Union Pacific	686,270	14⅜
United States Steel	544,600	5
United States Steel preferred	236,750	2⅞

The great wheat crop appears to be safe, altho heat and drying winds have affected a part of the standing grain in the Dakotas. A total yield of 704,000,000 bushels was indicated by the Government's report as to conditions on July 1st, and the shortage abroad makes a good market for our surplus. A crop of about 2,100,000,000 bushels of corn was promised on that date, but there have been heavy losses since, and this indicated total may have been reduced by 20 per cent. Oats also have suffered. At the end of the week the full extent of the injury to corn, oats and hay could not be closely measured, but the reports of continued high temperature and lack of rain pointed to a serious reduction of estimates made on the first of the month.

Financial Items.

An effort is being made to form a new combination including the sixteen independent strawboard mills now outside of the American Strawboard Company.

....Gross earnings of 106,000 miles of railroad for the six months ending with June show a gain of 9 per cent., following gains of 13 per cent. in 1900, 6½ per cent. in 1899 and 13 per cent. in 1898.

....The third monthly advance of 10 cents per ton in the wholesale price of anthracite coal was announced on July 1st. On August 1st and September 1st additional advances of 10 cents will be made.

....The Worcester Railway and Investment Company, having a capital of

$6,000,000, and backed by Vermilye & Co., of this city, has been organized to finance the new system of street railways which has been established in and near Worcester, Mass.

....The charter of the new American Plow Company has been filed at Trenton. This combination will include concerns controlling about 80 per cent. of the country's output of agricultural implements, and its capital will probably be $75,000,000.

....Comptroller Dawes has ordered an assessment of 100 per cent. on the capital stock ($500,000) of the Seventh National Bank, which recently failed in this city. Even with this assessment, according to the Receiver's preliminary estimate, the assets will yield only 80 per cent. to the depositors.

....Frank A. Vanderlip, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has been elected a Vice-President of the National City Bank, of New York, of which James Stillman is President. Mr. Vanderlip, a native of Illinois, went to Washington from Chicago in 1897 as Secretary Gage's private secretary. He is 36 years old.

....The New York Security & Trust Company, of which Charles S. Fairchild, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, is President, at the close of business on June 29th had assets of $37,035,316.69, and surplus and undivided profits of $2,579,162.72. The capital is $1,000,000. A quarterly dividend of five per cent. has been declared payable August 1st.

....The report of the United States Geological Survey, recently published, shows that this country's output of iron ore in 1900 was 27,553,161 long tons, against 24,683,000 in 1899, and only 19,433,000 in 1898, the increase over 1898 having been nearly 42 per cent. Germany's greatest output was that of last year, 18,667,000 tons, while Great Britain's was in 1880, when 18,026,000 tons were taken out.

....It was reported recently that arrangements had been completed for an international Salt Company, which would include the Salt Union of England, the Canadian Salt Company, and the National Salt Company of this country. This new international trust, it was said, would practically control the world's output of salt. The managing director of the English Salt Union says, however, that the Union is not connected with such a project and would not enter an international combination.

....The *Engineering and Mining Journal's* full estimates of the metal and mineral output of the United States in 1900 show a total value of $1,365,608,583, which exceeds that of 1899 by $147,000,000. The output of coal was 268,315,431 short tons, an increase of 6 per cent. Pig iron shows a total of 13,789,242 long tons, valued at $273,000,000. Among other items are these: Copper, $97,755,449; gold, $78,159,674; petroleum, $74,246,582; clay products, $78,704,768; silver, $36,576,900.

....Under the Gold Standard act of March 14th, 1899, and up to the close of the fiscal year, on the 30th ult., 624 new national banks were chartered, with an aggregate capital of $31,942,000. Of these 429 were small banks, having a capital of less than $50,000, the organization of which was for the first time authorized by the new law; and the aggregate capital of these is $11,157,000. Texas has 59 of the new small banks, Iowa has 40, and 50 have been established in Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

....Completed returns of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, published at the end of last week, show the following totals for the fiscal year: Exports, $1,487,656,544; imports, $822,756,533; excess of exports, $664,900,011. This excess is greater than that of last year by $120,000,000, and greater by $49,467,000 than the highest record ever before made. During the past year for the first time the exports to Hawaii and Porto Rico were not included with the exports to foreign countries. If they had been, the total would have exceeded $1,500,000,000.

....Dividends announced:

U. S. Fire Insurance Co. (semi-annual), 3 per cent., on demand.

Louisville & Nashville R.R., 2½ per cent., payable August 12th.

N. Y. Security & Trust Co. (quarterly), 5 per cent., payable August 1st.

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Survey of the World

Change of Democratic Policy

The laying aside of silver and Bryan in the Ohio Democratic Convention has been greeted with a great sigh of relief and gratitude in Democratic councils throughout the land. Commendation was to be expected in the East, but the expressions of approval are most hearty in the South and the upper Mississippi Valley. There is much talk in the Southern Democratic press about "the errors of the past few years" and an impending return to "the fundamental doctrines and time-honored principles of the party." Silver has ceased to be a live question, it is said; and some explain that it has been killed by the increased output of gold, due to the discovery of new mines and new processes for reducing ores. In Virginia, where ruling Democratic opinion can be procured from the Constitutional Convention now in session, the action taken in Ohio gives much satisfaction, one prominent delegate saying that Bryan ought to rest a while and write a book on the Civil War. In Massachusetts a member of the Democratic committee says he is tired of opposing wealth and monopoly. He thinks the party should turn about and try to get some of the wealth arrayed on its own side. There are signs of a very small revolt in Ohio, where the Bryanite president of the State's Association of Democratic Clubs has left the party and is talking about a third ticket. A conference of bolters will be held in Columbus on the 31st, and the Populists will hold a council there the day before. Mayor Tom L. Johnson heartily supports the platform and ticket. Concerning Bryan he says:

"He does not realize that the people of Ohio have lost interest in the things that interest Mr. Bryan. He is out of touch with things, and he does not know what he is talking about in his criticisms of the platform. Mr. Bryan is not up to date. The platform is."

Bryan's comments upon the action of the convention were, in part, as follows, after the remark that the resolution ought not to have included any reference to himself:

"The convention not only failed, but refused, to indorse or reaffirm the Kansas City platform; and from the manner in which the gold element has rejoiced over this feature of the convention one would suppose that the main object of the convention was not to write a new platform but to repudiate the one upon which the last national compaign was fought. The gold papers assume that the convention refused to adopt the Kansas City platform because it contained a silver plank. If so, it would have been more courageous to have declared openly for the gold standard. To ignore the subject entirely was inexcusable. The money question is not yet out of politics. Did the leaders ignore it to please those who had bolted? Or does Mr. McLean want to be left free to affiliate in the Senate with the Republicans on financial questions in case of his election?"

Charles A. Towne, who left the Republican party in 1896 on the silver issue, who was nominated by the Populists and Silver Republicans in 1900 for Vice-President, and is now getting rich in Texas oil, says silver as an issue is dead, and predicts the nomination of David B. Hill.

Strike of the Steel Workers

The orders of President Shaffer for a strike in all the union mills of the sheet steel, steel hoop and tin plate branches of the Steel Corporation were obeyed on the 15th inst., and less than 3,000 skilled men remained at work in the factories, about 74,000 becoming idle. A

majority of these were not members of the Amalgamated Union, but their labor depended upon that of the strikers. One effect was a sharp decline of values in the stock market. At the outset the strikers were cheered and assisted by the accession of the non-union or unorganized men in three large hoop factories; but at the end of last week no other considerable gains of this kind had been made. At one of the large tube factories 4,500 men were conciliated by an increase of 10 per cent. in wages. The strike reduced the output of sheet steel in the United States by 52 per cent., that of hoop steel by 73 per cent., that of tin plate by 94 per cent. and cut off the entire supply of cotton ties. During the week there was much controversy over the meaning and probable effect of the strikers' demand, representatives of the Corporation repeatedly asserting that signing of the scale for the non-union mills would have compelled the non-union men to join the union, while Shaffer contended that it would not have affected the freedom of these men, and declared that many of them had been required against their will to sign contracts binding them to keep out of the union. There was disagreement on other questions, which we have considered elsewhere. Offers of help were received by the strikers from the Federation of Labor and the Window Glass Union. Referring to indications that the price of the Corporation shares was artificially supported in the stock market, Shaffer asserted that in the conference at Pittsburg a representative of the Corporation had told him that there was an available fund of $200,000,000 to be used in this way. It was reported in New York that a part of the underwriting syndicate's fund was in use as a sustaining force. On the 19th J. Pierpont Morgan authorized the publication of a few remarks in which he declared that there could be no compromise, and that the position of the three companies had his unqualified approval. This caused some further decline on the Stock Exchange, but did not seem to affect the situation in the field, altho it stimulated President Shaffer to attack Mr. Morgan sharply in public addresses, and to make threats as to calling out more union men At a meeting in Wellsville he warned the strikers that they would be tempted to acts of violence, and urged them to make every effort for the preservation of order. The Corporation failed to open the mill at that place with non-union labor, but at Vandegrift 1,800 non-union employees in mass meeting opposed the union and declared their purpose to stand by the company. The cost of the strike is said to be about $210,000 a day for the Corporation, and $156,000 for the employees who are idle. On Saturday evening, in a statement given to the press, Shaffer attacked the Republican party and the administration, threatening to withdraw his support from the party if the Administration should "stand idly by and allow the combine to crush us out of existence."

The Canal Treaty

A significant interview with Lord Pauncefote concerning the pending negotiations for a new canal treaty was cabled to this country last week by the agent of the Associated Press. The British Ambassador, remarking that he was having conferences with the Cabinet about the projected treaty, went on as follows:

"We are now in the middle of the negotiations, which, altho they have not yet reached any tangible result, show good promise. Naturally, I may not disclose the details, but I may say that when I return to the United States at the end of October, I hope to take with me a Nicaraguan treaty that will meet the views of both President McKinley and the British Cabinet. It goes without saying that the President has made himself cognizant of the opinions of the Senate and of the Secretary of State. There is no use wasting time over treaties which the Senate is likely to refuse. I really believe that differences of opinion between the two nations are capable of settlement in an agreement fair to both. If I could finish my delightful labors in the United States by accomplishing this end I should indeed feel gratified. But the only way this can be obtained is step by step, with proposition followed by counter proposition, and eventually a happy medium. I happen to know that Mr. Hay consulted the Senate, both the section supposed to support him and the section credited with other motives. You may be sure that whatever may be agreed upon between the two Governments will meet with the approval of the Senate."

Lord Pauncefote is not accustomed to talk freely for publication. As it is understood that Secretary Hay ascertained that a treaty not embracing the principle of the Davis amendment could not be ratified, an impression prevails that the Ambassador is preparing the British public for some concessions with respect to

fortifications. This is the view of certain London journals. The explanation does not provoke hostile comment in England, but the old suggestion is made that Great Britain should have some equivalent in a concession with respect to the Alaskan boundary. It is now expected that the sessions of the High Joint Commission will be resumed.

Cuba and Porto Rico

Since the return of General Gomez to Havana some of the newspapers there have ascribed to him and to T. Estrada Palma the opinion that annexation to the United States is the manifest destiny of Cuba, after the people shall have enjoyed independence for a time; but there is no evidence that either of these leaders has openly expressed such an opinion for publication. On the other hand, General Maso, a candidate for the presidency, says that Cuba should have a navy of her own and repudiate the policy of force embodied in the Platt amendment. A report was published last week in New York that it was our Government's purpose to retain for all time the Morro fort at the entrance of the harbor of Havana; and that a treaty providing for the permanent occupation of this fort under the American flag was being prepared. While no official denial of this assertion has been made, there seems to be no foundation in fact for it. The points at which naval stations are to be established have virtually been selected, it is said, but formal negotiations concerning them will be deferred until after the new insular government shall have been set up. The stations will probably be at Havana, Nipe Bay, Cienfuegos and Santiago or Guantanamo. Havana's Morro is not suitable for a naval station, altho as a fort it could be the key to the control of the entire island. If the station is to be, as some say, on the shore of the inner harbor, it would be controlled by the Morro at the entrance. This would also be true of a naval station in the harbor of Santiago, at the mouth of which there is a similar Morro. The report does not excite much opposition in Havana, where a prominent paper says that the United States ought to hold both these harbor forts. Our Government has bought the Spanish floating dry dock now in Havana harbor, and will have it towed to Manila by way of the Suez Canal.—Treasurer Hollander, of Porto Rico, who arrived at New York last week, says, in a statement concerning the resources and financial condition of the island, that it is free from funded or floating debt, and begins the new fiscal year with a considerable surplus in the treasury. To meet the annual expenditure (about $2,000,000, half of it for schools and roads), there is revenue derived from duties on foreign goods, excise taxes and a tax of one-half of one per cent. on real and personal property. The duties and excise taxes will yield three-quarters of the sum required. Such taxes in the States and Territories are taken by the Federal Government. The new revenue law, he says, is now cordially accepted by all except those who oppose any tax or prefer the unfair taxes of Spain. Thus far there has been barely a single prosecution for violation of the excise law; and altho there were 65,000 schedules for taxes on real and personal property, less than 250 taxpayers have complained to tne Board of Appeal. There has been no sale of property for taxes unpaid, since May, 1900, except where careful inquiry showed that the money was deliberately withheld by persons able to pay it; and the new law guards the interests of those who deserve lenient treatment.

The Philippine Islands

Interviewed in London last week, Cardinal Gibbons, who recently came to that city from Rome, confined his remarks concerning the friars in the Philippines to the diplomatic statement that the Pope was anxious to have the Philippine problems, including the disposition of church property, "solved on the basis of the fairness which characterizes American policy generally." The plan of our Government is reported to be that the Spanish priests shall be withdrawn, and that their places shall be filled by priests from this country. As for the land held by the orders, the purchase of it and the subsequent disposal of it to the people seems expedient, in order that it may be subject to taxation. The Catholic authorities at Manila, who resent the recent attacks of the leaders of the Filipino Federal party upon the friars, now say

that they do not intend to withdraw the friars permanently, asserting a belief that these priests will be welcomed by the people when it becomes generally known that they will no longer exercise temporal authority. They object to the substitution of priests from the States because such priests have no knowledge of the Spanish language or the native dialects. Aguinaldo is said to be complaining because he is still a prisoner; on this account he has declined to send a message to General Malvar, advising him to surrender. It is expected, however, that Malvar will soon give in his submission. Continued disturbance in Batangas, Cebu and Bohol has made it necessary to place those provinces again under military control. The new civil governments still exist, but the military power is supreme. The charges against Governor Whitmarsh, of Benguet Province, were made by the Secretary of the province, Otto Schurer, a German subject, who was appointed because of his influence among the Igorrotes, and is said to have regarded the occupation of the islands by the United States with much dissatisfaction. Datto Mandi, who recently issued a proclamation prohibiting slavery or slave-trading in the Zamboanga district, has received from the Commission a resolution of thanks and commendation. General Aquino, who was responsible for the murder of five captive American soldiers, has been sent to prison for life, and several other Filipino murderers have recently been hanged. Captain Andrew Rowan, who distinguished himself by perilous service in Cuba, has been acquitted by the court that tried him for burning a Filipino village. It was not by his order that the offense was committed. Congress will probably be asked by the War Department at the coming session to repeal or modify the Hoar amendment concerning franchises, which is said to be retarding progress on the islands by preventing the investment of capital in needed improvements and for the development of industrial resources. The "Hancock," bearing Adjutant-General Corbin and Surgeon-General Sternberg, arrived at Manila last week, having broken the record for the passage from San Francisco by covering the distance in twenty days.

Lord Rosebery and the Liberal Party

The Liberal Party shows itself more and more unable to offer effective opposition to the party in power. It is a house divided against itself, and hence its impotence. In the present state of affairs every other issue is subordinate to the question of imperialism: Shall the Boer War be carried out to the end, or shall the so-called Little-Englanders prevail? In its opposition to the war and particularly to Mr. Chamberlain's manner of conducting the war, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been leader of the party, altho Mr. John Morley, who has recently re-entered politics, is undoubtedly the strongest man intellectually in the Opposition. Mr. Morley is bitter and unflinching and persistent in his denunciations. It is certainly true, however, that for one reason or another a considerable portion of the Liberal Party wishes to see the war continued. In this juncture Lord Rosebery, who has always been looked upon as a natural leader, but who has never yet shown the real strength of a leader, has thrown his party into still deeper confusion. On July 16th, in place of an address he was asked to deliver, Lord Rosebery sent a manifesto to the City Liberal Club, in which he disclaimed any intention of re-entering politics, and pointed out the anomalous position of the party. He declared that the party would again become a power only when it had made up its mind on the "imperial questions which are at this moment embodied in the war." "What is the attitude of the Liberal Party?" he asked. "Neutrality and an open mind. Now, I contend that this is an impossible attitude, and spells impotence. No party can exist on such conditions." He thought the division within the party itself over these issues was due to a "sincere, fundamental and incurable antagonism of principle with regard to the Empire at large, and our consequent policy." Not even with the termination of the war was there any hope of united action, because "statesmen who disassociate themselves from the nation in a great national question, such as the war in which we all strive to suffer together, disassociate themselves for much longer than they think." The letter closed with these gloomy words:

"It is a matter of sorrow and anxiety to see a weak Government faced by a weaker Opposition at a juncture of foreign hostility and international competition which needs all the vigilance, power and ability at our command."

Naturally this frank communication created much comment in the London papers, the general tone of which may be judged from the plea of *The Times* that Lord Rosebery should "place his great abilities at the service of the country by throwing himself, heart and soul, into the work of converting the Liberal Party to the policy in which he believes." On July 19th Lord Rosebery in an address to the Liberal Club reiterated his opinions and declared that their truth was proved by the fact that not one of his allegations had been challenged. He said that he had written his manifesto on account of the action of the Reform Club in passing a vote of confidence in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, a vote which he described, in the Earl of Beaconsfield's phrase, as being "organized hypocrisy." On the question of the war he declared that, in spite of the Jameson raid, and in spite of the South African Committee, the Boers had invaded the dominions of the late Queen, and from that moment, altho he had criticised the methods of the Government, yet on the main issue, to carry the war to a triumphant close, it would have his warmest support. He hoped the Liberal Party might be purged of its anti-national elements, but if this could not be, he was ready to proceed alone and plow his furrow alone, trusting that in the end he might still find himself not alone.

Earl Russell Guilty

Of slight importance intrinsically, but significant as showing how medieval forms still persist in the heart of commercial England, is the trial and condemnation of Earl Russell for bigamy. The ceremony took place on July 18th at Westminster, and despite the intense heat of the day was attended by a large number of peeresses and peers' sons. After certain preliminary formalities in their regular parliamentary chamber the peers and judges filed solemnly to the Royal Gallery, which is the largest hall in the palace. At one end of the hall a crimson dais had been placed, on which stood a golden chair surmounted by a crown. In front of this sat Lord Halsbury, the Lord High Chancellor, and on either side on five rows of scarlet benches sat the peers, resplendent in ermine and gold-lace and scarlet. In front of the Lord High Chancellor were arranged the wool sacks for the judges, who had been brought from attending court in various parts of the Kingdom to be present with their legal assistance if called upon. Next came tables and chairs for various officers and for Earl Russell with his solicitors. And beyond these were benches for peeresses and the various persons who were permitted to witness the spectacle. Beside Lord Halsbury stood General Sir Michael Biddulph, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and William Henry Weldon, Esq., the Norroy King of Arms, in a gorgeous tunic. When all were seated the latter cried in a loud voice: "Our sovereign Lord and King charges and commands all manner of persons to keep silence on pain of imprisonment." Another official then on bended knee handed the commission for holding the trial to the Lord Chancellor, who in turn handed it to another clerk. Then the Lord Chancellor said: "Let all be uncovered while the commission is read;" and immediately after reading the commission the clerk shouted: "God save the King!" A white staff was handed Lord Halsbury, who now ordered the indictment read. Meanwhile, Earl Russell, without his robes and in plain gray coat, entered in charge of the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod. He remained at first outside the barrier while the clerk said: "John Francis Stanley, Earl Russell, come forth and surrender your bail or forfeit your recognizances." The Gentleman Usher now came forward and raised the barrier. On reaching his seat Earl Russell, with hands resting on the table, made an obeisance three times, and then remained with head bowed low until Lord Halsbury addressed him: "Earl Russell, you are indicted, and the indictment has just been read." At this the clerk said:

"John Francis Stanley, Earl Russell, you, as a peer of the United Kingdom, are indicted for feloniously marrying one known as Mollie Somerville on April 15, 1900, at the Riverside Hotel, Nevada, in the United States of America, your wife, Countess Russell, being then alive. How say you, my Lord? Are you guilty of the felony or not guilty?"

The case now passed into the hands of the lawyers who argued several legal points. At last Earl Russell replied: "I am advised to plead guilty." He was permitted to address the court, and in a manly speech which won him much sympathy, explained how he had erred from ignorance of the law. He spoke of his unfortunate first marriage contracted when he was a young man, and declared his intention of remarrying Mrs. Somerville as soon as it was legally possible. At 1:30 o'clock the Lords retired to consider the sentence. They returned at 1:43, and announced that the penalty was fixed at three months' imprisonment in Holloway Jail. In this jail Earl Russell will have private rooms, and will be served at his own expense. His sentence deprives him of the privileges of the House of Lords, but does not take away his title. It is supposed that this is the last time the anachronous trial by the Lords will be seen, and for this reason the elaborate ceremonies have attracted much attention.

Race Feeling in Austria

Two events which occurred early in the month are significant of the present race-conflicts within the ill-cemented Austro-Hungarian monarchy. In the election for the Provincial Diet of Lower Austria Dr. Lueger, the Anti-Semitic Burgomaster, and his turbulent following were beaten at the polls by Dr. Adler, a Social Democrat, who was elected by the combined efforts of the German and Czech working classes. Such an event in Vienna, which has always been the stronghold of the Anti-Semitic party, was unexpected, and shows a healthy revulsion of feeling against the leaders of racial hatred in this direction, and against religious bigotry.—The other event occurred at the Sokol festival in Prague. The Sokolists are gymnastic societies of Slav students, and have a distinctly political character. The Czech students, for example, in Paris have for years been organized in societies of this kind; and on the occasion of the present festival delegates from these French societies and from various Russian unions were received with voluble enthusiasm. Among the Russian guests was General Rittich, Professor of Tactics at the Military Academy of St. Petersburg. While in Prague General Rittich wrote the following extraordinary letter to the leading Czech organ, the *Narodni Listy:*

"I came from the far Slav East, from the slumbering forests of the icy North, and from the boundless steppes of the Black Sea region, to give you proof of our love and to tell you that you can reckon upon the power of Russia. But I must tell you something of still more importance—namely, that you should yourselves become acquainted with that vast Slav country. You Czechs will there find everything that you seek and that you hope for. Yes, you will find more than you expect. In our country everything possible is done for the people. Our strength lies in our common love for them. Where that strength exists all that is wanting is an opportunity for its manifestation abroad. It is not only enormous material resources which you will find in Russia, but the moral force which feels for the weak and is ever ready to succor them. Until you have learned to know Russia you will not realize the source of Slav strength. In this sign thou shalt conquer. I devoutly pray that God may complete the regeneration of the Czech people. May Providence enlighten your understandings, promote your culture, and largely increase your wealth! That enhanced wealth will come through an extension of your commercial relations from the Adriatic Sea to the Pacific Ocean. Amen, amen, I say unto you. Believe in the God of Russia, and place your trust in him."

It is not strange that expressions of this sort from a Russian officer should have aroused immense excitement in the German population and in the German newspapers of Austria. As a matter of fact General Rittich's letter must not be supposed to indicate any immediate conspiracy on the part of the Czechs and other Slavs, but it does show their unaltered hostility to German supremacy.

Protestantism in Italy

Altho there is no organized anti-clerical movement in Italy as is to be found in the other three great Catholic countries of Europe, in Austria, in France and even in Spain, yet the Protestant cause has in that country, too, its protagonists, and has conquests to report. Naturally the first and foremost representatives of this cause are the Waldensians, who, since the beginning of the thirteenth century have, with many vicissitudes, held their own in the historic Alpine valleys. In these districts they have 17 congregations, with 22 pastors and about 13,000 souls, while in their school are found 4,571 day and 3,520 Sunday school scholars. Torre Pelice is

the headquarters of their higher institutions of learning, and consists of an academy for boys with 5 teachers, a high school for girls with 10 teachers, and a theological seminary with 3 professors. In addition the Waldensians support 3 orphans' homes and one hospital. About fifty years ago they began to establish Protestant congregations also beyond the borders of their valleys, and of these there are now 48 with 47 additional stations, and a communicant membership of 5,600, served by 44 pastors and 18 evangelists. In the day schools of these congregations are found 2,771 pupils, with 66 teachers, and their Sunday schools report an attendance of 3,561. In addition the Waldensians employ 18 colporters and Bible agents. The other native Protestant Church, the "Free Church," or *Chiesa Evangelica Italiana,* is only as many decades old as the Waldensian is centuries, having been organized in 1870 in Milan. The charge frequently made that this was an association of rationalistic congregations is totally false, as the 23 congregations that originally entered into this union were all of positive convictions, but had left the Church of Rome and became Evangelical independent of any Waldensian influences. Their 21 articles of faith are quite as positive as the creed of the older church, and it has not been differences of faith that has prevented the frequently attempted but never accomplished union between these two bodies of native Italian Protestants. The latest reports credit the Free Church with 36 congregations, 45 preaching stations, 1,831 communicant members, 14 pastors and 17 evangelists, 944 day pupils, with 38 teachers. Their theological school is found in Florence, but was in Rome down to 1891. Kindred in spirit is the "Free Christian Church" of Italy, consisting of some 20 congregations. From without Protestant influences have been active in Italy for decades. The English Wesleyans, at work since 1861, have a membership of 1,616 in 52 congregations and stations, with 892 day pupils and 1,180 in the Sunday schools. The American Methodists began work in 1873, and have 1,482 communicant members in their 12 congregations and 40 stations, served by 25 pastors and 6 evangelists, with 795 day pupils and 1,063 in the Sunday schools. This church has a theological school in Rome. The United English and American Baptists began work in 1870, and have a membership of 1,430 in 31 congregations and 50 stations, served by 37 pastors and evangelists. One of the most flourishing Protestant congregations in Italy is found in Rome, and consists of the Protestant soldiers in garrison in that city.

The South African War

Last week we recorded the raid made by Scheeper's commando into Cape Colony. On July 14th Colonel Scobell's column surprised and captured Scheeper at Camdeboo, taking thirty-one prisoners, besides ammunition and stores. We also recorded last week the capture of President Steyn's brother and a number of State papers. The substance of these papers General Kitchener has now transmitted to London. Among others there is a letter from State Secretary Reitz to Mr. Steyn, dated May 10th, 1901, which tells of a meeting of the Transvaal Government with Commandants Botha, Viljoen and General Smuts, at which the following matters were considered:

"First, Numbers of our burghers are continually surrendering. This means (*sic*) more and more to an unsuccessful termination, as the Government and officials left without burghers entails a heavy responsibility on the Government.

"Second, The supply of ammunition is so nearly exhausted that we shall be unable to engage the enemy in another big fight. We shall be brought to a state of hopeless flight and be unable to protect stock. In the immediate future we shall be unable to feed the commandos.

"Third, On account of the above the Government is becoming weaker, losing support and becoming disorganized.

"Fourth, Not only will our nation be destroyed, but it will also be considered that the leaders erred. All hope of a continuation of national sentiment will be lost.

"Fifth, Hitherto the nation and Government have awaited the result of European complications and the mission of our deputation. The Government feels most strongly that it is their duty to obtain definite assurance."

After deliberating these points the council considered whether they should obtain permission to send a messenger to President Krüger to point out the terrible condition of the country; and a report of the meeting was communicated to Mr. Steyn of the Orange Free State. May 15th Mr. Steyn sent a letter of reply, in which he said, among other things:

"The letter was a great blow to me. A month ago I discussed matters and your Government agreed not to ask for an armistice until things reached the utmost extremity. Shall we obtain an armistice? I think that nothing has happened to entitle us to an armistice to obtain the opinions of our nations. It is true that the Boksburg commando lost its laager and that Viljoen was obliged to burn his and blow up his Long Tom, but in spite of this we have not come to the last extremity. The Free State has been for four months without cannon. I also know of men laying down their arms and officers becoming cowardly. Our ammunition has long been scarce enough. Still, some is left.

"You ask what is the prospect of a successful termination. I ask what chance was there for two small republics when they declared war against the mighty power of England? You will answer that we trusted in God's help and foreign intervention. What reason have we for refusing to place further reliance in God?

"I have seen the last European papers. I firmly believe that complications will take place in Europe within a few months which will gain our good fortune. Knowing the leaders of our deputation, I cannot believe that they would sit there without hope of intervention, knowing how we struggle and what we strive for. I know they love their fatherland sufficiently to frankly ask the British to end the war, if in their opinion intervention is hopeless. The fact that these men remain in Europe convinces me that our cause is not hopeless. When an armistice comes I shall ask the opinion of my nation. If they refuse to yield, their determination will be mine also. . . .

"I must point out that the Free State has not only spent its blood and money, but will have lost its freedom trying to help her sister republic, and all reliance of one Afrikander in another will be destroyed forever. It is ridiculous to think that when flooded with the scum of Europe the Afrikander spirit will remain. If we wish to remain a nation now is the time to struggle."

The Boers have protested in Paris against the publication of this correspondence, and declare that Mr. Steyn's optimistic views are fully upheld by confidential reports from the various commandants.

Chinese Affairs

According to a recent dispatch from Peking the balking of the peace negotiations is due to the fact that various committees have taken upon themselves to make certain promises to the Chinese dependent upon particular accessions in return, and that the other Ministers have found it impossible to agree to these. This, however, is mere rumor. The only information received, which tends to prepare us for hearing the disputes are settled, is the statement that Japan has withdrawn her demand for increased indemnity. Originally Japan's claim was $23,000,000. This sum—moderate in comparison with the claims of other countries—was based on the expectation that payment was to be made by China in cash. When the scheme of payment by bond was proposed, Japan asked that her allottment be raised to $27,000,000. It is said that she now withdraws this additional claim of $4,000,000. What effect this action may have on the other Powers remains yet to be seen. It is at least certain that one act of China's penance is about to be performed. Prince Chun, younger brother of Emperor Kwang Su, has now started from Peking on his long journey to Berlin to apologize for the murder of Baron von Ketteler. Prince Chun, arrayed gorgeously in robes of royal yellow, rode to the station on horseback. He was followed by members of his staff, his servants and carts carrying his luggage. From Taku he sails to Shanghai, and from there to Genoa. Of a different bearing on the Chinese question is the publication of the French Yellow Book, which shows that in a number of instances France and the other countries followed America's lead in the negotiations. So, for example, the Yellow Book contains a dispatch from M. Pichon, dated April 23d, announcing that the Ministers of the Powers in China had adopted a report drawn up by the American and Japanese Ministers, which provided for the abolition of the Tsung-li-Yamen, and the substitution therefor of an Office for Foreign Affairs. The book also presents a strong justification of the acts of France in China, as might be expected. Thus M. Delcassé strongly deprecated the desecration of the Chinese imperial tombs, and in reply M. Pichon, then French Minister at Peking, declared that the French troops were quite innocent of this vandalism. On January 18th M. Pichon cabled that both Chinese and foreigners admitted that the French quarter of Peking was the calmest and best governed in the city, and the Chinese of the whole Pe-Chi-Li Province had asked to be placed under French authority. On March 8th M. Delcassé sent instructions that the French troops should take no part in any military operations south of Pe-Chi-Li.

The Steel Strike from the Workman's Standpoint

By Theodore J. Shaffer

President of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers

THE present clash between capital and labor is by no means of Labor's choosing. It has been forced on us by the monster United States Steel Corporation, and it is a battle to the death. Now or never must the workman assert himself; for should the employers be successful in this fight it will be a sorry day for mill-men. For years the big steel and iron men have sought to do away with organized labor and so make the workman dependent. When they get him hungry they will offer him what wages they see fit and he must then take it or continue to starve.

I don't speak at random when I make this assertion. I know this has been done within the past year. In the Old Meadow Mill at Scottdale the workmen were forced by prolonged closing of this union plant to beg that it be opened so that they might make bread for their families. The employers would not do so unless the mill-men would sign papers that they would have nothing more to do with organized labor. They were starved into subjection, and thousands will be treated just so should this unholy fight against the workmen be successful.

Mr. Morgan now says he will fill his mills with non-union men and protect them with soldiers. I hope he will do nothing rash. I hope he will not find it necessary to protect his workmen with an armed force. Mr. Morgan knows he cannot get enough men outside the Amalgamated Association to run his mills, but he no doubt hopes to intimidate the union men to a return to work so that the strike may be broken.

How unfair is the whole thing! I want readers of The Independent to know of this trouble from its inception. From the first move this summer it was seen that the great steel combination was on the trail of organized labor and would hunt it down if possible. When officials of the Amalgamated Association were called into conference with the representative of the great combination to discuss and have signed scales for the ensuing year, we found the employers to be represented by Persifor Smith, of Pittsburg, acknowledged to be the most bitter enemy of organized labor. For twenty years Mr. Smith fought organized labor; and when there was a most important meeting to be held with the labor representatives this man was sent to us.

To me Mr. Smith seemed an open declaration of war; but I went along with the conference as best I could, hoping that all would come right. Mr. Smith refused to sign the scale for certain mills, claiming they were non-union affairs and that he should not be asked to force workmen into line with the Amalgamated Association. The plants in question were the Old Meadows Mill at Scottdale and at Saltsburg. Mr. Smith's stand was wrong; and I saw in it a clear move to secure two more points against union labor and I took my stand against him. I called out the mills, and now, if necessary, will stop every wheel in the mills of the United States Steel Corporation, big as it may be. Mr. Morgan cannot beat us in a fair fight. We have right on our side. It is not a question of wages but a question of principle. We must win, for a blow has been aimed at every American home when these people seek to take away the right of workmen to organize.

The Steel Corporation people claim they do not care anything about our organizing and would not prevent us if they could. This is untrue. I can show where hundreds of men have been discharged from work because they belonged to the Amalgamated Association, and many are yet out. Without fear I make this statement, that unless this strike is ended speedily I will cause the arrest of every one in the big corporation, from Mr. Morgan down, charging them with violating the laws which provide that a man shall not be hindered from allying himself with any organization. These people are hindering us by unfair means, and it must stop. Mr. Morgan will not start a wheel in the mills unless he settles with or destroys the Amalgamated Association.

We are well awake to the gravity of the situation and are braced for the shock. For years it has been coming. In 1897 I sat in conference in Chicago with men now at the head of some of the largest concerns and heard a proposition made which froze my blood. Mr. Garland, then president of the Amalgamated Association, was with me in conference, and he was offered $25,000 cash if he would organize the different mills of a certain line in the country for the owners. They wanted to combine and asked Mr. Garland to do the work for them. It was a bait most tempting, but Mr. Garland was not their man. He refused point blank to ally himself with the employers when he had been chosen by the workingmen to represent them. It was a daring piece of work on the part of these mill owners. It was not long after this that they organized, combining $13,000,000 worth of property; but when they applied for a charter in New Jersey they boosted the capital stock up $50,000,000. Who but the workingman will pay for this $37,000,000 of stock that does not exist? We are paying for it now and will continue to pay to the end, I suppose.

I do not want the strike to go further. I had hoped there would never be another strike, but it has been forced upon us. There is talk now of arbitration. I will just say that great care must be exercised in the use of this term. As it is generally understood, a board of arbitrament indicates authority to make judgments without control. Its determination of award would be peremptory and mandatory. While the Amalgamated Association may not submit to any system of arbitration with despotic powers, when constituted of men in the control of political power or financial strength, yet the matter deserves our attention. While we are capable of transacting our own business and attending to our own affairs, we must recognize the fact that the liberty, happiness and welfare of others are interwoven with ours and this must guard us from selfish action.

The interruption of work by strikes or by our inability to arrange terms with the manufacturers is less injurious to us, as skilled workmen, than to the common laborer, so called, who may be deprived of work through our action. The business of every community suffers when mills are closed, and even professional and ecclesiastical interests are affected and their operations suspended. It therefore becomes our duty as God-fearing and patriotic citizens to accept any alleviating plan suggested, or to originate measures which will conduce to the well-being of the great majority; and through THE INDEPENDENT I will now say that if the companies with which we are at issue at present can suggest and present any honorable means for procuring a peaceable settlement the officers of the Amalgamated Association are ready to adopt the same, and we have no doubt the entire membership of the organization will indorse and ratify such action.

But I do not flatter myself that the employers wish a settlement on grounds other than those laid down by them first. They want complete subjection, and this we are not by any means prepared to give. We are full of fight and have the money to make a fight. I do not like the red flag waving of Mr. Morgan. Why should he say he will call out the militia if he is forced to put non-union men in his mills? That of itself is a direct challenge to workmen to commit violence; and it would seem that Mr. Morgan wishes to encourage an outbreak of some sort. Let the trust people take all the non-union men they can find into these mills and run them. There will be no violence if I can help it. I will see that Amalgamated officers are sent to the works to see that no harm comes to the non-union men. The mills belong to the trust and they have a right to run them as they see fit, I suppose; but we want a fair show. If there is anything an American loves more than another it is an even chance with the other fellow. That's all the Amalgamated Association asks now of the big trust. None of our people want violence; and if there is trouble it will be started by the other side. I am assured by the boys that they mean business in this strike, and they are prepared to stay out all summer. I am much pleased with the way the workmen in Pennsylvania and Ohio are behaving themselves. In all my addresses I have urged that the strikers do away with all drinking while this trouble is on, and they are generally respecting my wishes on the subject. The less drink

the less chance for trouble. I do not want to see a clash; but if worst comes to worst we will battle and will win. I have several cards to play in this game yet, and when I do make a play the opposition will feel the weight of my hand. I have found that easy methods with these people do not bring best results. Like the nettle, they must be grasped tight at first, else they will sting. I have grasped them and the struggle is on. May God help us win a just fight!

PITTSBURG, PA.

The Voice of Good Cheer

A YAWP

By William J. Lampton

AH, there!
Good-morning;
Got the blues this morning?
Yes?
Well now, confess;
Do you try to smile
Meanwhile?
Do you try to make
The mulligrubs take
To the tall timber
And climb a tree to where
The sunshine is fair?
Or, say,
Do you lay
Right down in the road
As if your load
Were too heavy to bear,
And the care
And the worry of life,
And its strife,
Were too many for you?
Brace up;
What if the cup
Is bitter? Do you meet
Anybody whose is everlastingly sweet?
Don't you know
You've got a show
As long as you're alive?
When you're dead,
You'll have something else
To think about.
You're stuck,
In hard luck,
Perhaps,
And the snaps
Aren't coming your way;
But say,
Whining won't bring them;
It's easier to sing them
Into line;
And nine
Times in ten
You can sing if you try.
What's the good of a sigh
For everyday use?
That's actual abuse
Of what
Should not
Be used except when you
Can't do
Anything else.
Gee whiz,
Don't you know what courage is?
Don't you know it's good to grope
Through the night
For the glory of the morning light?
Don't you know
It's good to climb
The high, hard hills to stand
Overlooking the sea and the land?
Don't you know
It's good to fight
With all your might,
And that the scars
Will be stars
In your crown of triumph?
Do you suppose
A rose
Loses its fragrance
Because it grows
In stony soil?
What's toil,
But something that
Makes you know where you're really at
When you get there?
What's trouble
But something to double
The joys that are bound
To come around
If you wait,
With a club for Fate,
And give it a thump
When it starts to slump?
Oh, say!
You ought to get gay
With the luck when it's tough,
And give it a cuff
Or two,
As a reminder that you
Are not to be fooled with.
See?
The Lord helps them
Who help themselves,
But He won't,
If they don't.
So watch for the Rainbow of Promise,
One color is blue in the lot;
But don't you forget,
When you're caught in the wet
That six of them there are not,
And five is a good working majority
In a total vote of seven.
Now fire the blue,
And take the tricks
With the other six.
That's biz;
And what a snap it is!

NEW YORK CITY.

"History" and Rear-Admiral Schley

By Park Benjamin

[Mr. Benjamin has written so much for THE INDEPENDENT during the past few years that our readers have learned to value his judgment, gained from much knowledge. For thirty-eight years Mr. Benjamin has been in constant touch with the Navy, quite familiar with every detail of it. A graduate of the Naval Academy himself and its best historian ("The United States Naval Academy," G. P. Putnam's 1900), he naturally has the Navy's welfare at heart and, having resigned his commission long since, has now perfect liberty to say what should be said without fear of transgressing "regulations." He is vice-president of the Naval Academy Alumni Association, and president of the Naval Arch Association—which has the building of the Arch and Water Gate at the Battery in hand. Professionally a patent lawyer, he has made a specialty of naval ordnance and has acted as expert counsel for the United States in important litigations.—EDITOR.]

THERE has existed for some time a general belief that the unfortunate controversy over the conduct of Rear-Admiral Schley in the recent war would die through lapse of time and public weariness of the whole dispute. Inasmuch as the Admiral's retirement upon reaching the statutory age limit occurs during the coming fall, a feeling has arisen, even among his opponents, that his alleged shortcomings might better be left to the impartial judgment of future generations, and he, himself, permitted to enjoy, in peace, the closing years of a lifetime spent in the service of his country. Furthermore, the people, justly proud of the magnificent accomplishment of their navy, have grown steadily more reluctant to parade before the world individual fallibility which, however open to criticism, did not affect the ultimate result.

It is, therefore, a matter for regret that conditions have arisen which will apparently not only revive this distasteful subject with even greater acerbity, but enlarge it from an issue mainly personal to one mainly public, while in the end probably compelling its judicial settlement. To convey an understanding of these conditions is the object of the present writing—for which purpose it is necessary to recall at the outset some facts already well known.

In April, 1898, when the war began, Rear-Admiral Schley had served in the navy for nearly forty-two years, and had passed through every grade from midshipman to commodore. During that long period his life, like that of every other naval officer, had been the subject of the closest scrutiny. At every advancement he had successfully passed rigid examinations to prove his mental and moral fitness, and, in the intervals, his conduct and ability had been constantly reported upon by his superior officers, and these reports are on file in the Navy Department. He had served through the Civil War, and taken part in many actions. In later years he had held important commands, notably of the Greeley Relief Expedition and of the "Baltimore" during the Chilian trouble. While holding the grade of commander he had been appointed by the President Chief of the Bureau of Equipment, a position then carrying with it the rank of commodore, and he administered the office for the full term of four years. Upon leaving it he reverted to his regular lineal rank of captain, and just before the war again reached the commodore's grade in due course of seniority. He was then appointed to the command of the Flying Squadron—originally charged with the protection of our Northern coasts. This was by selection, as he was at the foot of the list of commodores. "It gave him a command," writes the Secretary of the Navy to the President, "which was especially desirable and to which any one of his seniors might have felt entitled." The appointment was favorably received by the country.

Also in April, 1898, when the war began, there had been published in two volumes a so-called "History of the United States Navy," by Mr. Edgar Stanton Maclay. The title was a misnomer, for the book is not a history of the navy in any proper sense of the term, but a naval history of the United States. The author does not appear to have been a naval officer, nor to have received naval training; and, in fact, he frankly relies for technical assistance upon a naval lieutenant. He shows practically no knowledge of the traditions, *personnel* and inner life of the service, and only the most meager information concerning the

causes and influences affecting its development and growth. He compiled, however, a narrative of its battles and principal voyages, extending up to the close of the Civil War, with a brief addition relative to the new navy. The book had no claim to be called literature, in which respect it differed from Fenimore Cooper's "History of the Navy," published in about 1839; but, as it covered a period of over half a century following Cooper's time, it served a purpose as a handy compendium of naval facts for present popular reference. Having besides the negative merit of being sufficiently colorless and didactic, it was thought adapted for use as a text book; and thus, despite the total absence of sense of historical perspective or proportion which characterizes it, it became included in the curriculum of the second class of cadets at the United States Naval Academy. This has given it a certain prominence over other histories, covering a similar field, and has led to the claim that it is the standard officially-crowned history of the navy.

A third volume of this work has just appeared, which out of its total of 430 pages devotes some four hundred to an account of the naval operations of the Spanish War. As nearly every combatant of note in that conflict fought his battles o'er again in the magazines, and as journalists and trained writers galore have described it in books of all sorts and sizes, it is not clear at first sight why still another contemporary record was needed, for certainly it seems that history could not be written at this proximity to the actual events, and a contemporary account compiled at second hand by a non-participant could hardly rival in interest the stories of the living actors.

The author, however, thinks differently. He bases his narrative "solidly on official reports," says that "nearly every commanding officer concerned has read and corrected proof sheets dealing with actions in which each figured," that this has delayed the volume "full twelve months, but the writer feels more than compensated for his failure to produce a 'timely' work in the satisfaction of securing accuracy," and finally "desires to emphasize the fact that this is pre-eminently a 'living history' of the navy."

It may fairly be considered that this means that the author has endeavored to bring to his task all the discrimination, judicial calmness, sense of responsibility and effort toward accuracy which is incumbent on the historian who deals with the reputation of other men for the instruction and enlightenment of posterity. We, therefore, turn with interest to his presumably impartial discussion of the conduct of Rear-Admiral Schley.

As is well known, the principal occurrences in which that officer took part and which form the main basis for dispute are three in number; first, his temporary withdrawal from before Santiago on account of lack of coal; second, his reconnoissance of the defenses and Spanish ships in Santiago harbor; and, third, the behavior of the "Brooklyn" during the battle, notably in describing a loop before beginning her westward chase of Cervera's ships. As is also well known, no charges have been filed against Rear-Admiral Schley growing out of these events, and not even an official reprimand is of record against him. He has been promoted to the grade of rear-admiral, nominated to Congress for the same reward bestowed on other officers (advancement in numbers in his grade), and long after the controversy concerning him had become acute he was given the full duty of his rank—the command of the South Atlantic Squadron—which he has only just relinquished. In brief, so far as anything to the contrary appears on the records of the navy, Admiral Schley during forty-five years of honorable service has steadily advanced to the highest official honors open to the naval officer in the regular course of his profession.

Nevertheless in this "History of the United States Navy," the following statements regarding him are made.

As to the temporary withdrawal from before Santiago:

> "In his report about the coal supply of the vessels under his command Schley exhibited either a timidity amounting to absolute cowardice or a prevarication of facts that were intrinsically falsehoods."
>
> . . . "Schley . . turned in caitiff flight from the danger spot toward which duty, honor and the whole American people were most earnestly urging him. Viewed in whatever light it may be, the foregoing dispatch cannot be characterized otherwise than as being without exception the most humiliating,

cowardly and lamentable report ever penned by an American naval officer."

As to the reconnoissance at Santiago:

"This timid and nerveless attack on Cervera's ships is the more disappointing when we remember the elaborate and brave preparations Schley had made to 'get at the enemy' in earnest. . . Schley's farcical blockade cannot be described otherwise than as willful disobedience of orders."

As to the "loop" of the "Brooklyn:"

"Schley hastily ordered the helm aport. . . . 'But that will carry us into the "Texas,"' said the officer. 'Let the "Texas" take care of herself,' was the heartless reply, and the shameful spectacle of an American warship, supported by a force superior to the enemy's—a warship whose commander had expended such vast quantities of ammunition on target practice in the presence of a fashionable hotel at Hampton Roads in order to meet a worthy foe—deliberately turning tail and running away, was presented. . . Cervera nobly threw down the gauntlet. Schley cravenly declined to pick it up."

Comment upon such language as this, and there is much more of it, is needless. Hard as it is to conceive, nevertheless it may be that after all these years of service an admiral of the United States navy, suddenly perpetrated military crimes of the gravest sort; but until this is established by the verdict of a competent tribunal, common fairness and decency, if not patriotism, should have prevented the use of such terms. Of course, this ends the utility of Mr. Maclay's book as a history, since it destroys all dependence upon the discrimination, judicial poise and impartiality of the author.

But the shortcomings of the work itself are of little moment as compared with the graver questions which this extraordinary outgiving must arouse. The statement in the preface is that "nearly every commanding officer concerned has read and corrected proof sheets dealing with actions in which each figured." These men were participants in the several events with Schley, and also his subordinates. It is inconceivable that they would be willing to examine and approve proof sheets whereon were printed the terrible charges above quoted, unless they had fully weighed the consequences of so doing; and certainly not unless they had determined to present these charges in official form for the action of the Navy Department. Nor indeed is it imaginable that the author himself would have placed these officers in the position he has, unless he had from them ample assurance that they would sustain him in the most effective manner.

The dealing with the book by the Navy Department will be watched with interest. It cannot ignore it, for, as already stated, the work is an official text book at the Naval Academy. It is hardly assumable that the Secretary of the Navy will continue his sanction to a book which teaches the young cadets that a living admiral of the navy has been recreant to his trust, a falsifier and a craven before the enemy, especially when the records of his own department show that this same officer has never been called to account, but, on the contrary, rewarded. It is hardly necessary to suggest to him the poison which would otherwise be introduced at the very fountain head of the service, or invite his consideration to the sort of discipline, or to the notions of professional honor and duty which afterward could be maintained.

As matters now stand the commanding officers who have read and approved on proof sheet the charges made in this book, should be called upon to present them for action, if they do not speedily do so of their own motion, as it is believed they will. It is for the Navy Department also to determine whether it will denounce Admiral Schley to the boys at the Naval Academy, while commending him through his record to the rest of the world.

Admiral Schley has been criticised for not demanding, long ago, a court of inquiry. It is needless in the present circumstances to discuss the rights or wrongs of his attitude in this respect. Definite charges have now come from a source, claiming, at least, to be impartial, alleged to rest upon the approval and consent of naval officers of high rank and bearing the imprint of a well known and reputable publishing house. It is plainly to the interest not only of the navy, but of the country, and of Rear-Admiral Schley himself, that at the earliest possible moment he should receive at the hands of his brothers-in-arms assembled in court martial either the condemnation which may be merited or the vindication which is his right.

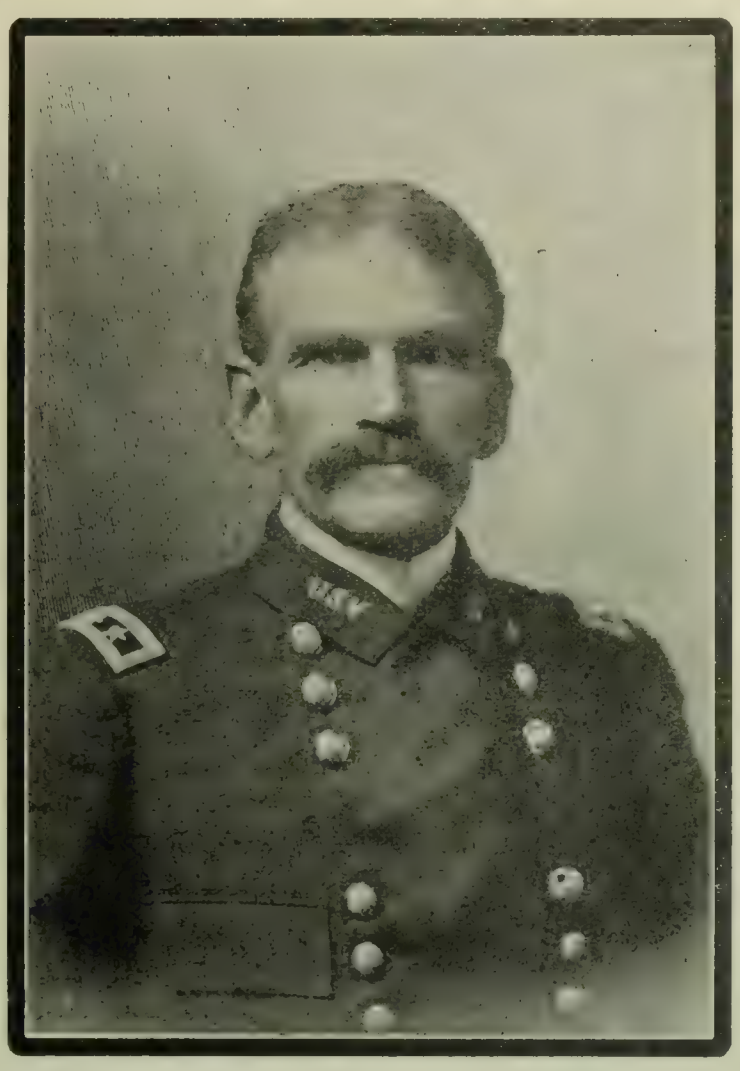
New York City.

Major-General Adna R. Chaffee

By Brigadier General Charles King, U. S. V.

Author of Famous and Decisive Battles, Etc.

IN a recently published and most readable work Mr. Henry Savage Landor has many a good word to say of the American soldier whom he saw in China during the recent campaign. The one man who falls under the ban of his censure, oddly enough, is the one who, to my thinking, even amid such an array of thoroughbred officers and gentlemen, most deserves the admiration and respect of our fellow citizens—Major-General Adna R. Chaffee.



MAJOR-GENERAL ADNA R. CHAFFEE

Just what Chaffee can have done to arouse the ire of so brilliant a writer as Mr. Landor we have no knowledge. Chaffee is a straightforward man and prone to say what he thinks. Chaffee stirred up some feeling among the Gauls, Teutons and Muscovites by comments on excesses of which their troops were guilty and which he sternly repressed among ours. Chaffee had not the court training of Waldersee, and at first is said to have rubbed the Field Marshal's fur the wrong way. Yet Waldersee speedily saw his intrinsic worth and forgave him. Chaffee is said to have said words indicative of a fondness for our English fellow soldier far exceeding that he felt for those of Continental Europe, whereat the latter waxed jealous and sulked. Latest of all, in his official report, Chaffee has disclosed the pragmatical side of our missionary, and has shown conclusively that gospel spreading and the game of "squeeze pidgin" have been oddly in close relation. Barring these possible yet not very serious solecisms, Chaffee has proved himself a most remarkable success in a most novel and trying duty. In point of fact he is one of the most remarkable men even the American Army has developed, and this is why:

To begin with, he is the only man in the Army of the United States who, starting as a private in the ranks of the regulars, has risen without a skip, save that of corporal, through every possible grade in the line from trooper to major-general. He is remarkable in that with barely a common school education to begin with, and with only such instruction as he could glean from reading in the leisure hours of a busy life, he has been able to step at a moment's notice into the heart of Oriental tradition, and,

even among the trained diplomats and court-bred soldiers of Japan and Christendom, to show as keen a knowledge of international law as, and a much higher appreciation of human rights than, the best of the allied array. Against the pleadings of the church and the practice of the camp he has refused to lend his soldiers to the extortion of tribute on the one hand or the pillage of helpless communities on the other. The Board of Missions will hardly hold him guiltless in his frank exposition of the methods of certain of their representatives. The leaders of the looters have already said all they dared of the American general who not only forbade his men from taking part in the spoil with the troops of other lands, but actually sent his sentries to stop it.

All this, mind you, is the work of a man who from boyhood has never professed to be anything in the world but a duty-loving, duty-doing soldier—a man so modest and unassuming that, but for the inevitable war with Spain and the subsequent relief expedition to Peking, would probably have retired a colonel three years hence, and few men outside the regular service would so much as know the name. Yet with us, the regulars, for long long years, like Lawton, he has been a marked man.

Early in '61, in the first throes of the great Civil War, Congress in its wisdom organized a new regiment of cavalry. Up to that time we had but five mounted regiments, the First and Second Dragoons, the Mounted Rifles and the First and Second Cavalry. Dragoons are drilled to fight both afoot and in saddle. The Rifles were expected to ride to the scene of action but dismount to shoot. The cavalry were taught to fight hussar or lancer fashion, only by the concerted impact of the charge. Later in '61 Congress decided to make them all dragoons, but call them cavalry. Numbers, armament and dress were all amended accordingly. Carbine, pistol and saber became the weapons of the United States horse, yellow the color of their facings, and from one to six their regimental numbers. Old officers and sergeants had been detailed to organize the new regiment. Pittsburg was chosen as its depot, and from Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio came its first recruits, and among those there stalked in one July morning, just at the time our beaten and dismayed army was drifting back from First Bull Run, a tall, slender, blue-eyed, fair-haired and freckle-faced farm lad who wasted no words in saying he had come to enlist.

It was a time when by thousands in every State the volunteers were shouting "Rally round the flag," but nobody knew or cared much about the regulars. It was odd then that this nineteen year old country boy should have dodged the innumerable depots of the State volunteers, and, making his way to Pittsburg, should have sought those prim, straight-laced, high-stocked sergeants, the model, old time non-commissioned officers of the regular army. Those who sought to steer him elsewhere got short answers. He had been used to horses all his life, he said, would rather be a horse soldier than a foot, and, as for the regiment, would rather be with regulars whose officers knew all about their business than with volunteers who had it all to learn. The recruiting sergeant who led that stalwart young fellow upstairs to the captain well knew he was fetching first class timber. Recruit Chaffee might prove a bit awkward learning the goose step and the saber drill, for that wasn't like scythe swinging, but within a few weeks they had him where he was consummately at ease, helping break in the new young horses just bought at fabulous price. He might not have taken naturally to foot drill, but the instant he threw a leg over the first colt assigned him old troop sergeants winked appreciatively. Recruit Chaffee was at home in the saddle.

It was Trooper Chaffee after that, but only for a few weeks. Cavalry officers were sorely needed, and by scores the veteran sergeants were appointed lieutenants, and so opened a way for the promotion of likely lads in the ranks. It was Sergeant Chaffee before he had been ten weeks a trooper—before he had even mastered the mysteries of half the pages of the drill book. A dragoon had so much more than the infantryman to learn.

Then after months of drill through the fall and winter, the new regiment, with

Uncle Bill Emory at its head, was sent across the Potomac at Washington, shared in the empty honor of marching on the emptied trenches at Manassas, and then came the transfer by bay and river round to the sandy flats in front of Yorktown. The Sixth, brigaded with detachments of certain older regiments of cavalry, led the pursuit when Magruder fell back from Yorktown, and took part in the long, hot weeks of scouting and skirmishing all over McClellan's front and flank, to the end that the farm lad of nineteen in July, '61, was a skilled veteran within a twelvemonth, and right after Antietam drew saber as first sergeant, the highest rank possible to the enlisted soldier in a troop of cavalry. That year had proved the young Buckeye rider a man of action, quick, yet cool, and tho not yet twenty-one pronounced fit to rank with veteran sergeants who had charged with Charley May and "Pike" Graham in the Mexican War—the right hand man of his troop leader.

Then came the memorable spring of '63, when at last the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac was organized on a proper basis, and tho still not twenty-one, the Ohio boy had fought his way into the notice of cavalry generals like Bayard and Buford, and, all unbeknownst to him, Chaffee's name went up to the War Department for commission. He was away on the Richmond raid when the prized parchment came, and never till the 12th of May knew that he had virtually been a lieutenant since the 13th of March.

Next came the brilliant cavalry fight at Beverly Ford. Then Gettysburg, where, in the contemplation of the grand spectacular battle along the slopes of Cemetery Ridge, the fierce and furious work of our two splendid divisions of horse on the outer flanks was for a time ignored. But, long before the rank of first lieutenant came to the young troop officer, he had won it by brevet, as the order said, for "gallant and meritorious service on the 3d of July." Then the regimental commander needed a brainy, reliable officer to serve as adjutant of the regiment, the proudest position attainable in those days among the subalterns, and, much to the surprise of Mr. Chaffee and that of nobody else, he was called from troop duty to regimental headquarters and never allowed to leave them from that day until long after the end of the war.

Meantime the Sixth had been following Sheridan in one dashing raid after another, and the adjutant managed to bear a hand in many a stirring fight, especially in the dripping Virginia woods just before Little Phil's brilliant victory at Five Forks. Captain by brevet for gallant and meritorious services at Dinwiddie Court House was the result of that day's hard and daring work so far as Chaffee was concerned. Then followed Appomattox, and then Texas, and Texas just after the war was as mean a place to live in as lay within the limits of these United States.

Tho still on the staff in the spring of '67, the inaction, the monotony, the utter vapidness of garrison life after the thrill and stir of the war days so preyed upon him that in March of '67 Chaffee tendered his resignation with the intention of returning to Ohio and civil life—this, too, with a captaincy in sight.

There were rumors, I remember—for we were serving in New Orleans at the time, and everybody going to or from Texas had to come our way—that there was a damsel in the distant North who thought it high time for Captain Chaffee to come home. But unless she moved to Kansas, where later he met his fate, that must have been as baseless as most camp stories. At all events, he was coaxed back into service. The resignation was revoked in less than a month. His captaincy came in the fall, and there was he destined to spend the next and probably the best double decade of his stirring, soldierly life; for, for twenty-one years, such was the stagnation in promotion, he remained a captain without the faintest hope or prospect of earlier advancement.

But they were years of varied and often of vividly exciting service. The ten years that followed on the heels of the Civil War, years of profound peace to the civilian, were stirring enough for the soldier on the frontier. The Indians at last were getting magazine rifles, and now a fight with "Lo" was a duel to the death. We lost more officers killed or died of wounds in those savage combats in those ten years than England in her hardest fought battles about Sebastopol, and Chaffee was everywhere. For a ter-

rific thrashing he gave the Comanches at Paint Creek, Texas, they tendered him the brevet of major. It is something that carries neither rank, pay nor privilege of any kind with it, yet many officers value the thing when given for some specific act of skill or daring, and both this, and the brevet lieutenant-colonelcy that followed long years after, seemed something worth having, for they recited in so many words his gallantry, especially in leading the cavalry charge on the Red River of August 30th, '74, and for his daring in the action against the Apaches under a torrid July sun in Arizona in '82.

That was campaigning in which Chaffee shone. There had been previous service at which another than Chaffee might have sworn. That was when we were scattered about the South in the Ku Klux days, and he with his troop and Kramer with another were wading about in the mud and rain of Upper Mississippi, furnishing details for scouts or escorts to the United States deputy marshals and trying to keep men and horses from going to wreck and ruin. That was away back in '71 and '72, and our lines never since have crossed. But, as tho it were yesterday, I can see him as he strode among his troopers, the tallest of the lot, the manliest and most stalwart, closely scanning every horse and prescribing for the manifold ailments of man or mount, that his command should ever be ready even for such detested duty. A philosopher was Chaffee in those days, a man who strove to make the best of things, and who had the reputation of being one of the most placid and even tempered of troop commanders. Yet it was of him that a careless subordinate once said:

"Placid and even tempered a lot! Just you forget his instructions or mix things up a few times, and you'll find the old man can spread out like a clothes horse when he gets mad."

They say of Chaffee that he "got mad" when after twenty-eight years of active service with the Sixth Cavalry, all through the great war and all over the Indian frontier he was commissioned a major in another regiment. He loved the Sixth and every soldier in it loved him. Mad or not, he went his way as ordered, but fancy the wrench it took to part him from the friends and comrades of over a quarter of a century! Nine years more he served as a major, then came the silver leaves of the lieutenant-colonelcy in still another regiment. Then, a year later, the Spanish War. By this time the War Department had grown to know him well, tho he was a stranger to Washington. His life had been led upon the Western frontier, yet one of the first mentioned for high command was this hard-riding, duty-doing cavalryman, and with the very first list sent by the President to the Senate for generalship in the volunteers went the name of Adna Chaffee.

The rest is national history now. It was a splendid division he led into action at Santiago, yet for hours until all was ready for concerted attack his men had to hold their line under a rasping fire from well-aimed Mausers, lying prone as he ordered, so as to save as many as possible for the coming charge, while their tall leader, with the flashing blue eyes and that typically fighting face, strode raging up and down, intolerant of the long halt, praying for the order to advance; and even damning, we are told, the seemingly senseless delay, while utterly scorning the bullets that nipped the buttons from his field uniform—a blue flannel shirt, flaring open at the neck, boots and breeches too hot for the day, and the drab slouch hat pulled down to his bushy eyebrows. Picture him in this with the sweat of battle streaming down his face, for that is Chaffee of the fighting line. Magnificent specimens they made, he and his brother trooper and division commander, Lawton—almost of a hight and build and utterly of the same way of thinking where fighting was to be done. The swift fall of Santiago left them for the time, two typical American soldiers, with their occupation well nigh gone. Lawton speedily came to us in the far Philippines to continue his heroic work and meet his heroic death, but it was Chaffee to whom the President and the people seemed to turn in confidence illimitable when the cry came from the Orient to hasten to save. Peking was in the hands of a fanatical mob. The lives of scores of our people, men, women and children, were hanging on a single hair—the hope that with the little band of regulars hurried over from Manila, and the

simultaneous advance of the allies Chaffee could raise the siege of the legation. It brings to mind Lucknow and Havelock and "the piping of the clans." But there is no Whittier now to tell the story in verse that thrills the blood. Another day, and God alone can say what might have been the fate of those beleaguered souls. But, God be thanked, there were indomitable leaders and incomparable men in that marching column, for Chaffee and his devoted lads in blue scaled the massive walls and burst the forbidding barriers in the very nick of time.

"Fearless in speech, in action prompt and bold," our commander in the Flowery Kingdom proved to be not only the peer of any soldier sent from Europe, but one whose sword was tempered with justice and mercy, else why should the Oriental mourn now the withdrawal of the Americans from China. But new duties and responsibilities dawn upon Chaffee, for next we hear from him as commander of the division of the Philippines. With no other aid—with no other influence than his own strong, sturdy manhood, his sterling sense and his unconquerable sword, the Ohio farm boy of '61 has risen from grade to grade in the regular service to the greatest command in the army.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

A Visit to the North Laos Mission

By the Hon. Hamilton King

MINISTER RESIDENT AND CONSUL-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES TO SIAM

THE annual meeting of the Presbyterian Missions in Northern Siam was to begin on the 1st of December, and we decided to so arrange our business trip to the north as to attend that meeting in the city of Chiengmai.

A journey of six hundred miles in America means a hastily packed grip and a few hours' run on a railway train. To go that distance into the jungles of Northern Siam, however, means a very different undertaking. First, boats had to be secured from the Far North, for the Northern streams abound in rapids and sand bars, and only boats built for the purpose can be used. From the North also must be secured double crews of ten men for each boat versed in this peculiar mode of navigation. In a little less than three months our two boats were at the Legation and the twenty boatmen, together with a superintendent, cook, boy and maid, were ready for the start. In the place of the hastily packed grip we took tables, chairs and beds, dishes, cooking utensils, even to the stove, a list of canned goods that covered four pages of my journal, fruits, vegetables, live fowls and provisions of all kinds, even to the four large native jars of drinking water. And by the assistance of a steam launch for a few days and the extra force of men we made remarkably good time, and were able to leave our boats on the evening of the seventeenth day, five hundred and fifty miles from Bangkok and ten miles from Lakawn, our first stopping place. Elephants, ponies and carriers were awaiting us here and we were up and away in the morning before the heat of the day was upon us. My two daughters rode on elephants. These great creatures travel slowly—perhaps two and one-half miles an hour—and the train came into the city at half-past eleven.

Outside of Chiengmai, the oldest and the strongest station of the North Laos Mission is in this city. It was started some sixteen years ago by the Rev. Jonathan Wilson, D.D., who is yet in the work here. This station consists of a comfortable chapel, a prosperous girls' school and a hospital which, under the direction of C. C. Hansen, M.D., is doing a good work, and is opening the hearts and the homes of the people to the influences of the Gospel. In addition to this is the wholesome social life of the Christian homes, which is wielding a powerful influence for Christian living. During our stay here members of the mission came in

from Nan, northeast, seven nights distant as the natives say, and from Praa, southeast, half that distance. The relations between the missionaries and the people of the country here are most cordial. We were entertained by representatives of the British timber companies, in the homes of the Americans and at the houses of the officials of the country alike, and all mingled and associated as one people.

The Government of the seven northern provinces of Siam is just now in a transition state. The chief yet remains in each province with much of his pomp and display as a tradition of the decaying power that once ruled with sovereign might, while beside him sits the commissioner as the active representative of the King, who is fast bringing these people under the direction of the central government at Bangkok. In this city we found one of the most influential chiefs of the North and the commissioner working with him in much harmony.

Thursday, November 29th, had been set as the day on which all should start for Chiengmai, a distance of four days, that they might be present at the opening session of the annual meeting. Wednesday night the chief sent out an invitation that all the missionaries should attend a banquet to be given in honor of the American Minister. After consultation, word was dispatched to the brethren at Chiengmai, the start was postponed, and we took our Thanksgiving dinner with the chief. I speak of this as one evidence of the good will that exists between these people and of the Christian good sense that lies at the basis of this good will. Here was a New England Thanksgiving dinner in Oriental settings, in the palace of one of a decaying line of royalty, in the remote jungles of Northern Siam. Around were the arms and trophies of the chief, behind was an Oriental theatre in full swing, with its weird music and more weird acting; upon the walls before us were the mingled colors of Old Glory, Union Jack and the White Elephant of Siam; on the sideboard an American graphophone entertained us with music, song and repartee; and at the table sat the rulers of this Eastern people, the representatives of European commercial interests and the missionaries of the Christian Gospel. The menu was beyond comparison, the post-prandial speeches furnished a variety seldom equaled, and the interchange of good cheer evidenced the wisdom of the decision that postponed the journey to Chiengmai.

Chiengmai is four days' journey from Lakawn by elephant, pony or chair. The road is through a rugged country and over a mountain range. As we approached the city we were met by representatives of the chief and commissioner tendering us the freedom of the city, and three miles out we were met by a cavalcade of some fifty Americans and Europeans. The informal reception on our arrival was participated in alike by Americans, Europeans and Siamese officials, and the pleasure of our visit was assured from the first.

Chiengmai is the largest city of Northern Siam, and is the chief and central station of the North Laos Mission work. Around it are situated the other stations—Chieng Rai, eight days to the north and close upon the borders of Yunnan in China; Lampoon, one day to the south, and Lakawn, Praa and Nan, of which latter two mention has already been made. The station at Chiengmai was established by the Rev., now Dr., Daniel McGilvary and his wife in 1867, who were joined by Dr. Wilson, now of Lakawn, and his wife the following year. These two veterans are yet active in the work; the one pre-eminently a man of action, and the other a man of sweet sentiment and poetic soul. The relation existing between these two men and the younger members of the mission is beautiful, while the respect and reverence with which they are looked upon by the natives reveals the cause of much of the success of the mission work in the North.

The North Laos Mission comprises sixty-nine souls in all. There are five stations, for Lampoon, being only seventeen miles from Chiengmai, is considered part of the Chiengmai station. These five stations have fifteen church organizations, five hospitals, one at Chiengmai, Lakawn, Chienghai, Nan and Praa, a thriving girls' school at Lakawn and at Chiengmai, a boys' school of ninety members and five native teachers, a successful printing establishment, and their converts are numbered by the thousands. These churches, with the exception of one at each of the five stations mentioned,

are in the hands of native elders, carry on much of their own work, and do something toward supporting themselves. Besides this, extensive tours are made every year from the different centers or stations and thus new fields are being opened up in all directions and new people reached.

From the first the medical work has been given a prominent place and has proved a valuable auxiliary. When the Rev. Daniel McGilvary first went to this field forty-three years ago he took with him four bottles of quinine. The people were afraid of the white man's medicines and believed the ills of the flesh were due to spirits and hence could be cured only by offerings made to the spirits. The Doctor hired people to take the medicine to prove to them its efficacy in fever, which is the prevailing malady of the country. In a very short time an order was sent down for forty bottles more and now thousands and thousands of rupees' worth of quinine are sold in Chiengmai alone every year. Vaccination, brought into Siam by Dr. Bradley, of Bangkok, about this time, was soon introduced into Chiengmai. This proved a success from the first, and not long after the Doctor vaccinated a whole village of Karens of 163 persons, from a month old to seventy-five years of age. And now I am told that the majority of this generation have been vaccinated and untold numbers of lives have been saved during the last third of a century. The loathsome disease of goitre abounds in this country and to the north, and from the infancy of the mission a splendid work has been done in alleviating the sufferings caused by this disease. Work among the lepers, many of whom are also found in this country, has been prosecuted for the last seven years, and altho under discouraging circumstances for the want of money, much good is being done. For many years past the medical work has enjoyed the favor of the rulers. The former chief, who was a veritable king, showed his appreciation of the work in many ways. He frequently made presents of horses, bicycles and other articles for the use of the physician. And shortly before his death he gave Rs. 1,000 for the work. His appreciation of and confidence in the work were definitely shown in that the physician of the mission was in constant attendance upon him for two or three years, previous and up to the time of his death, and his sons, who are now reigning, continue in the same attitude. A recent move to enlarge the present mission hospital has elicited such generous response that the mission is encouraged to believe that their work is appreciated by all classes in this city. Two English timber companies and one Burmese company have donated fifty teak logs each, and a second Burmese company has given ten. The Chinese citizens of Chiengmai have subscribed and paid in Rs. 2,480. The Siamese High Commissioner has headed a subscription list (for the hospital) which is now going the rounds of the Laos princes and Siamese officials. The Shans, the Tong Su, the Burmese, and the Karens of Chiengmai are also subscribing money to this object. The Americans and European residents outside the mission have subscribed Rs. 2,000 for the new hospital addition, and the missionary physician has free access to every home in Northern Siam, from the hovel of the beggar to the palace of the highest ruler.

Naturally this work appeals to the people of all grades and has a tendency to open wide the door to the influences and the principles that inspire it. At a recent banquet given in honor of Prince Damrong, Minister of the Interior, he said, in a voice to be heard by all present:

"Mr. King, I want to say to you that we have great respect for your American missionaries in our country, and appreciate very highly the work they are doing for our people. I want this to be understood by every one, and if you are in a position to let it be known to your countrymen I wish you would say this for me. I have just now more especially in mind my visit to Chiengmai. The work of your people is excellent. I cannot say too much in praise of the medical missionaries there especially."

And what is being done in Chiengmai is repeated only on a smaller scale at all the other stations.

Here we found a well equipped printing house also running at full head under the supervision of the Rev. D. G. Collins. During the last year over one million and a half pages have been printed by this establishment, and 25,500 books and tracts have gone into the hands of the people. The income of the office

goes far toward paying for the printing of the mission, the plant is constantly growing, and yet the orders from the government and other sources are far beyond its capacity. Aside from the influence of the tracts and scriptures placed in their homes the missionary has created for this people a printed language and is laying for them the foundations of a healthful literature. Dr. Wilson is giving to this people a wealth of song and music that is rapidly lifting them into better things. Early in his work he laid upon the altar of his love for this people the choicest treasure of his affections. To-day his daughter Margaret stands in her mother's stead in the home, and daily renders the father a devoted daughter's sympathy and efficient aid. And in these remote tropical jungles we find these two souls devoting their lives to poetry and to song for the people whom they love. Few Christian missions can boast of a life that has given to a heathen people and to a language unknown to the world before a wealth of 800 translated and 100 original hymns set to the best and most wholesome tunes that are to be found in the hymnology of our Christian Church. This is the gift of Dr. Wilson and his daughter to the Laos people during the last few years. A little over two years ago I bade good-by to Dr. Wilson at Bangkok. He was then seventy years of age, and with a sad heart I turned to my family and asked: "Why should a man of so much culture and at his advanced age return to the jungles to die?" And now who can tell the untold blessings that shall spring up into the lives of the generations yet unborn because of the work this man has done since that day of our separation!

As I studied this field I was persuaded that there are few places now in the world where the influences of Christian missions can be seen to better advantage. Here the influences of Christian civilization, divorced to a very large degree from those evils that generally go hand in hand with it, have been brought to bear upon the Oriental mind through the agency of the Christian mission alone. As we approached this city where the work has been the largest in operation, it was interesting each day to mark the external evidences of improvement that greeted us. Each day the women that we met were more neat and trim in appearance; as one who was with me remarked, they appeared better groomed, their clothing was more comely, their faces wore a more hopeful look and they bore the mark of better things in their lives. The roads became better. Better tilled fields, better kept fences, better houses, more thrifty homes, and a general improvement in all that goes to make up a prosperous and thrifty people were evident in this province. The gardens looked more thrifty, water wheels were doing the work of the hand, wheeled vehicles were taking the place of the women's pack, and all spoke of an advance.

On the morning after my arrival as I stood before an audience of 600 people in the commodious church I said to myself: "This is the best thing I have seen in Siam. The Gospel has the right hold upon this people's lives, and is lifting them." I never spoke to a more attentive audience. This is the best type of people I have seen in the country. In a goitre district not one case of the disease was seen in the audience. There were well dressed and comely women and maidens, some strong features and intelligent faces, clean and happy children, and men who seemed to appreciate what was said to them. The city itself is the cleanest and best kept city I have seen in Siam, the streets are broader, straighter and better kept, and the roads in the province far and away are the best.

The relations between the officials and the missionaries are those of a social neighborhood. There are differences of opinion, no doubt, but no evidences of friction. At the reception given in Dr. McGilvary's home officials of all grades were present and the wives of both commissioners joined in the entertainment with a real interest. On the afternoon of Mrs. McGilvary's "at home," which she has now kept up for many years, and at which natives and Europeans alike are welcome, one of the princes called with his wife, two grown daughters, and a niece. At a splendid entertainment given by the chief in his own home these young ladies served the tea and confections with grace and ease, the lady of the household presided with her husband, and on the following week she received us in her home with a poise and dignity that were charming. And we were received in

their several homes by the wives of the two commissioners and one of the princes. On the morning of the last Sunday we were in the city there were present in the Christian church seven of the officials and nobles and six of the ladies of the noble and princely families. To the missionaries this is thought to be the beginning of larger things for the women of North Siam, and to appreciate what it means one must know the position of women in Siam in general, where even in the advance city of Bangkok very few are seen in public as yet.

These people are being stirred from the very foundations. They do not want the religion of Jesus. They are believers in the Buddhistic faith, the faith of their fathers, of their King and of their country. But their King is willing that they should have the light, and the members of the North Laos Mission are interpreting their work to be to let in the light of a Christian civilization in such a way as to touch the people and influence them along the lines of every day living. That these men and women believe in the power of conversion needs no better proof than the thousands of converts and the fifteen prosperous churches that have sprung up about them. But they realize also the indefiniteness of the term conversion, a term that may mean anything from a little more rice each day in the native mind, to that spiritual uplift which, set before us by our Master, is yet the prayer and the aspiration of the best of us after two thousand years of light in a Christian land. And realizing this they have for years, without antagonizing the people, been working, through all the influences of Christian living that will appeal to them, to open up their lives to this light.

Chief among these influences this mission has placed the Christian home. The charm of the quiet, cultured Christian home greeted us as we came among this people, and with a cheer and gladness that spoke of healthful life and wholesome living abode with us until the parting hour. Indeed, I am constrained to say that it was reserved for me here, in the remote jungles of Northern Siam, after traveling over the continent and visiting the homes of nearly every station in life, both in Europe and America, to come into the atmosphere of the most ideal home life it has ever been mine to enjoy. And about this home of Dr. and Mrs. McGilvary, their venerated heads, the younger members of the Board are building others of like character; not the cramped dwelling places of the Asiatic, but attractive homes, made glad with music and cheerful entertainment, and adorned by a Christian culture that shows its appreciation in choice works of art and the best literature.

When I was leaving America for my post in Siam, the venerable Isaac Townsend Smith of New York, Consul-General for Siam, laid his hand upon my shoulder and said, "Young man, the best thing that you can take to Siam is the influence of a Christian home." These people seem to have caught this idea. They are investing generously of their slender means to this end, and the influence of such homes is proving a power to these simple people more potent than song or prayer or learned words.

Pictures are finding their way into the little houses, the parents desire for their children an education in the language that tells of these things; the "Domestic" sewing machine has already found a large market among these people, and the improved culture of fruits and flowers shows in the better gardens and the appreciation of the beautiful in the native homes.

Dr. McGilvary took me to see, among his best friends, an old man who is one of the leaders among the Buddhistic priesthood of the North. I found him sitting on his mat in the temple surrounded by his pupils. His face was that of a man given to spiritual thought and a pure life, and his voice and manner that of a student. After my introduction he sat for a moment in thought and then asked: "What is the best way to make merit?" After a moment's reflection I replied: "To do unto others as you would that they should do to you." He meditated for some time and then replied: "Yes, to love the other as I love myself." This man has not been antagonized, but he has come into intimate communion with the teachers of the Christian faith for years, and from the mouth of one to whom the Buddhistic priests are looking for instruction to-day come these words.

The day before our departure we had a picnic on the mountain near the city.

As we were picking our way down the mountain side late that afternoon I overheard a conversation which I was not supposed to hear; but it illustrates so admirably a point I wish to bring out, that I feel that my friends will forgive me for having entered it in my journal and now making it public. It was concerning one of the Christian natives who had broken a local law by killing a pig without having reported it at the time to the tax gatherer. It seems this official was at the time so far distant that it was next to impossible to comply with the requirement, and that on his return the matter was reported and the tax proffered. It was refused and in lieu a heavy fine, which was the penalty for the infraction of the law, was imposed upon him, and in want of the payment of the fine the man was suffering imprisonment. On the face of it the case was a most aggravated one, caused by an unjust and dishonest official, and I was interested to hear how it would be treated. The conclusion arrived at between these men in their conversation was this: This is a civil case entirely and while we sympathize with the poor fellow we cannot afford to meddle with it. I may say that there on that mountain side stock in the American missionary in Siam rose one hundred per cent. This was seventy-five miles south of the Chinese border, and the relations between missionary and official here were those of friendly neighbors.

It has not always been thus. Men have died here for the Christian faith, and for long months the missionaries have struggled against oppositions that to ordinary souls would have meant defeat. But wisdom has come to the missionary with years, and toleration has come to the country with more light.

These missionaries are also the advance agents of trade. The chief rides a "Columbia" chainless bicycle. The commissioner when he made his call rode the latest type of a "Sterling." Among the ladies are expert bicycle riders, and I am told that there are four hundred American wheels in the city of Chiengmai. A carriage and pair took us about the city, and an American engine furnished the power for the American electric light plant that illuminated the theater in which the chief entertained us on Saturday evening, and at twelve o'clock blew the whistle long and loud that announced to the American missionaries that the Christian Sabbath had arrived.

I have great respect for the men and women I met in this work. They are larger than their work. They are broader than their Church. They magnify their profession. They are planting for the future. They count not on the number of so-called conversions alone, but on their success in planting pregnant ideas in this people's lives as well, ideas pregnant with a better civilization and a better national life. Planting seed that are sure to revolutionize this government, they leave the matters civil entirely to the authorities that be. They make friends with the officials by making of their people better subjects. They are clean, cheerful and wholesome in their lives, without cant, spiritually minded in the best sense, and yet withal they are people of this world.

If this is missionary work, I believe in it. They live that they may show the natives how to live. Therefore they have builded beautiful homes and spend of their substance to make life attractive. They are neat and comely in appearance. They enjoy the good things of this life, and are cultured in the things of God's world; for it is along these lines the natives must be reached; it is in these things the natives must be lifted. This is the soil that must be raised to a higher state of cultivation before the better and more spiritual fruits of the Gospel can be grown thereon. Spiritually minded, they have the wisdom to approach a material people in a material way, to let their works so shine that the people seeing the results in this world may go their way and try to do likewise. For they believe in the Scripture, "If any man will do his will he shall (come to) know the doctrine."

The distinctive elements that enter into the success of this mission are these:

1. It is separated from such influences of civilization as tend to counteract the influences of Christianity.

2. There is but one denomination in the field.

3. They show respect for those things that are sacred to the Siamese.

4. They have the wisdom to let the Siamese govern their own people.

And as an evidence that the Siamese Government appreciates the work and the men engaged in it, when I started on my journey, I was requested by both the Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Minister of the Interior to bear an expression of their good will to the missionaries of the North Laos Mission in Chiengmai.

BANGKOK, SIAM.

The American at Henley

By Poultney Bigelow

WE Americans are slowly, but surely, getting to have as many holidays as the Russians, and we are not particular as to where we have them. Henley used to be a quiet little English water carnival where boating people gathered together in flannel outfit and watched the racing as connoisseurs. The interest was limited to boating men, who lined the course mainly in skiffs, canoes and punts, with their luncheon baskets and waterproof cloaks. There was room for all, and the few water policemen and stewards had an easy job keeping the course clear for the racing.

That is now a thing of the past.

To-day the River Thames at Henley, where it can be seen at all, is a shrunken ditch elbowing its way with difficulty to the sea around and beneath thousands of pleasure craft so densely packed together that an active canoeist could easily cross the river dry shod by walking from boat to boat.

The course is now barred off by huge logs which lie upon the water and are held in position by being connected at intervals with piles. Some of these piles are rigged up as a sort of crow nest, or police look out, and in these cages there sit watermen armed with a big dinner bell and a long boat hook.

With the bell they announce the approach of a race, and a warning for all craft not engaged in that particular contest to clear the course—that is to say, to get behind the boom of floating logs.

The boat hook is intended to assist those who are dilatory. It was a heavy blow to us all when Pennsylvania came in second, but it was such a noble second that it may serve as an encouragement for next time. Every Englishman that I met spoke warmly of their American guests, and that this particular Henley is a record one is mainly due to the large number of Americans present, not to mention an increased attendance on the part of the English themselves.

Within my memory our leading colleges have sent crews across the Atlantic to this famous race course. Harvard commenced in 1869. Yale, Cornell, Columbia, Pennsylvania, each in turn has come and returned without renewing the struggle in the following season.

Does this not suggest the need of organizing among our graduates something in the nature of a trust for international rowing?

We have been doing this Henley challenging in a spasmodic manner. Each university, so far, has waited until it thought it had a particularly good eight, and then has sent it to Henley without consulting any other college. Is it not time that an American academic syndicate be formed to hire a permanent headquarters at Henley and systematize our boating on the British Thames, as we have already done at the American Thames of Gales Ferry?

Henley is now an American water festival in the same sense that Mayfair is a suburb of New York or Stratford-on-Avon an American shrine.

Thoughts like these played up and down my fancy as Professor Wyckoff, of Princeton, joined me in paddling up and down the Henley course, where we both remarked upon the refreshing amount of pure United States English that fell upon our thirsty ears.

American flags greeted us on all sides. The houseboats which lined the course seemed filled with Americans, or Yankee hearted Britons; in the town the American flag floated side by side with the English; even those vagrants who poi-

son the air with alleged music sought popularity by hoisting the stars and stripes over their instruments of auricular torture.

Professor Wyckoff viewed the scene as a political economist. To me it appealed mainly as a historic evolution of Anglo-American relations, an appendix to the Fourth of July dinner at which Mr. Choate let the eagle scream so violently that he finally confused McKinley with Washington as the model for the growing youth of America.

Viewed historically, Henley approaches another stage in her development. So far the English rowing clubs have met only the crews of individual American universities. Such English clubs as Thames, London and Leander are composed of seasoned men of all professions and seats of learning. Let us then put into the field next year, not merely the best men of a single university, but a crew picked from several. This course has its disadvantages, but so has the other. As a Yale man, I should like Yale to win everything everywhere. As an American, however, I should like to see at Henley the best crew that American colleges can put together, for Henley is a battle ground on which national interests are represented, and not merely those of a limited bunch of undergraduates, however old or however respectable might be the *alma mater* that sent them forth.

HENLEY, ENGLAND.

Peking a Year After the Outbreak

By W. A. C. Martin, D.D., LL.D.

PRESIDENT OF THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY AT PEKING

BEFORE this reaches you the last corps of foreign troops will have left the soil of China. A few hundred will still remain in Peking as legation guards, and as many more will protect the road to the sea.

The exodus began last week (not to count the Russians, who withdrew last fall) with the withdrawal of the Americans under General Chaffee to the Philippines. They were followed a few days later by a large body of Germans; and the other nationalities are to retire about the 1st of July, provided some questions relating to the war indemnity are first settled to their satisfaction.

One year has been taken up with the stirring scenes connected with the siege and rescue. A week before this date last year the railways were torn up; on the 11th of June a Japanese official was killed by Chinese soldiers; on the 17th the admirals (with the exception of Admiral Kempf, an exception not to his honor) joined in storming the Taku forts; on the 19th war was declared by China, and on the 20th the assault on the legations was begun by the killing of Baron Ketteler and Professor James.

As the season brings back these dates it recalls the scenes to new life. Happily it completes the bloody work of rescue and retribution, and opens a prospect of the resumption of normal relations.

Active preparations are going forward for the return of the court, which will, it is said, be installed in its old quarters before winter. The Powers have not thought fit to lay any interdict on the administration of the Empress Dowager. It remains to be seen whether she will be welcomed by the ladies of the legations, whose lives she sought to take; and whether she will receive them with the same effusive bounty which she employed in a reception not long before the siege! The diplomatic corps may still find means to compel her retirement; and if they fail to do so they will leave her in a position to defeat the results of the war.

The first of these results ought to be the liberation and restoration of the Emperor. Without this there is no room to hope for the vigorous prosecution of those reforms for the want of which China is perishing. A conviction of their necessity has taken strong hold on the minds of the educated natives in the capital and neighboring provinces. But in regions more remote, what else

can the people infer from the return of the court except the expulsion of the barbarians and the resumption of the old *régime*?

Yesterday it was my privilege to meet a prince and several prominent officials at an entertainment given by Mr. Chung, formerly adjunct professor in the New University. This Prince Su is the one who, prior to the bombardment of the legations, consented to allow our native Christians, Catholic and Protestant, to the number of two thousand, to take refuge in his palace grounds. They were there within our line of defense; and as the holding of the palace was indispensable to the safety of the legations they were effectually protected. Affable in manners and progressive in spirit, the Prince is an ardent advocate of administrative reform. He even went so far as to ask for Christian books, and intimated that China might follow Japan in the adoption of our Western costume. Will there not be hope for China when the pigtail is discarded? An official next in rank to the prince was Hu Yulen, formerly metropolitan prefect. Known as a friend of foreigners, his house was destroyed last year after his family had fled from the city. He is likely to be placed in command of the entire police force and further made responsible for the safety of the railroads. Nor could these interests be confided to better hands. Dr. Richard, of the English Baptist Union, and Dr. Wherry, of the American Presbyterian Mission, were present together with several other missionaries, all of whom were able to put the Chinese at their ease by conversing with them in their own language. The entertainment was given in the house of Rev. Mr. Killie, of the Presbyterian Mission.

Dr. Richard has come up from Shanghai by invitation of the Chinese authorities to aid in settling questions relating to missions and native Christians. In a few days a party of missionaries are to proceed under escort of a mandarin to the adjacent province of Shansi, whose soil is consecrated by the blood of a greater number of martyrs than all that fell in the rest of the empire collectively. It ought not to be forgotten that their slaughter was the work of Yukien, who started the hostile movement in Shantung and was made governor of Shansi by the Empress Dowager as a reward for that service. It was the seizure of Kiaochao by the Germans that aroused his hostility and led him to organize the Boxers—in whose eyes railroads and foreign storehouses were as much an abomination as churches and native Christians.

P. S.—Last night a valuable library in the palace grounds was destroyed by a stroke of lightning. The fire burst out during the progress of a thunderstorm, and the alleged fact is so easy of verification that there seems to be no room for suspicion of incendiarism. Yet a strange coincidence shows itself between this event and a decree which is said to have come from the court ordering the destruction of a large amount of records.

PEKING, CHINA.

The Hermit Thrush

By Emily Tolman

IN the deep, solemn wood, at dawn, I hear
A voice, serene and pure, now far, now near,
Singing sweetly, singing slowly,
Holy! oh—holy, holy!
Again at evening dusk, now near, now far,—
Oh, tell me, art thou voice of bird or star?
Sounding sweetly, sounding slowly,
Holy! oh—holy, holy!

ARLINGTON, MASS.

The Projected Criminal Code of the United States

By Samuel J. Barrows

Commissioner of the United States on the International Prison Commission

THE Commission to Revise and Codify the Criminal and Penal Laws of the United States has just submitted its report to the Attorney-General. The act of Congress constituting this Commission provided that

"the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint three commissioners, whose duty it shall be, under the direction of the Attorney-General, to revise and codify the criminal and penal laws of the United States. They shall proceed with their work as rapidly as may be consistent with thoroughness and shall report the result of their labors to the Attorney-General when completed, to be by him laid before Congress, and shall make such other reports during the progress of their work as they shall see fit to the Attorney-General, to be laid before Congress at his discretion. Their report shall be so made as to indicate any proposed change in the substance of existing law, and shall be accompanied by notes which shall briefly and clearly state the reasons for any proposed change."

The Commission consists of Hon. Alex. E. Botkin, Hon. David K. Watson and Hon. Wm. D. Bynum.

Slightly in advance of the official report thus authorized and executed, Hon. David A. Watson, a member of the Commission, has written, unofficially, a brief history of the growth of the criminal law of the United States.

The axiom that the whole is equal to the sum of its parts finds a curious contradiction in the penal code of the United States. It might be supposed that the nation, as a whole, would have laws equal in scope and quality to the laws of the constituent States which go to make it up; but, on the contrary, there has been and still is a strange provinciality and a ragged incompleteness in our Federal criminal laws, the result of long indifference and neglect on the part of Congress. Much of this neglect arises from the fact that the pressure of Federal law is hardly felt by the people of the United States, except by the comparatively small number who reside in the Territories where Federal law only is authoritative. Judicially speaking, criminal law in this country is a matter of local enactment and construction. Each State has its own code, some of them very elaborate, the result of manifold revisions, or built up on the traditions and precedents of the common law. Some of the States have carefully kept the cobwebs from their codes and averted the "general flavor of mild decay," which eats into the one-horse shays of law as into other human institutions. The United States code, on the other hand, is not only rusty and dusty, but it was never rounded off or finished with symmetry or completeness. There are gaps in the code big enough to let through a coach and four. One reason for this is that there are no common law crimes against the United States. An offense cannot be determined from the accretions of legal tradition, whether English or American. An offense becomes a crime only when it is so defined by statute and the penalty is affixed, and a court is definitely invested with jurisdiction concerning it. But the list of statutory offenses has never been completed to make it harmonize with the laws of the several States or with the progress of civilization. The Commissioners say:

"There is no branch of the science of jurisprudence in which there has been so general an advance in response to the dictates of enlightenment and humanity. In this movement the United States alone, in its Federal character, has singularly failed to participate."

The first Crimes Act of the United States was passed in the second session of the first Congress in 1790. It was a brief act of thirty-three sections, marked by curious omissions in respect to criminal procedure and in regard to certain crimes. Some of its omissions were not rectified for nearly seventy-five years, and its list of capital crimes was not revised for more than a century. Various special acts were passed by Congress involving penalties in the early years of its existence; but as Mr. Watson shows in his interesting historical survey, it was largely due to the importunity, not of the unjust judge, but of that distinguished

Federal jurist, Mr. Justice Story, of the Supreme Court, that the Crimes Act of 1825 was passed. But this act contained only twenty-six of the seventy sections which Judge Story had framed in his bill. Nearly fifty years more passed before the revision of 1873, in which the Crimes Act was enlarged to two hundred and twenty-eight sections. The only way in which a criminal code can be kept up to date in the legislation of the State that adopts it is to have all penal acts passed subsequently to its adoption included in the code as amendments to its several provisions. This is done in the State of New York. It is not done by the United States in the case of new and independent laws. Even tho they may create new crimes and misdemeanors and impose new penalties, they are not dovetailed into the criminal code. There is, therefore, a constant body of statutory accretion to the penal laws of the country, and some of this occurs in acts which are mainly civil in their provisions, so that the crimes and the penalties in Federal law are scattered through our legislation from Dan to Beersheba.

Consequently in undertaking the duty assigned them by Congress to revise and codify the criminal and penal laws of the United States the Commission immediately ran into a snag. They could only construe this duty to mean all laws imposing imprisonment, fines and forfeitures. But in numerous instances, say the Commission,

> "penal provisions are so closely connected with provisions of another character that their separation was impracticable and undesirable. Take, for example, the laws relating to internal revenue and customs. Months of labor were expended in the effort to detach the penal provisions from the context in which they are found without destroying their meaning or duplicating the legislation of Congress."

The Commission finally decided, and I think wisely, to include in the penal code, so-called, only those penal provisions which could be separated from their context without impairing their significance or efficacy. This, of course, leaves the proposed penal code incomplete, in that it does not include a considerable amount of penal legislation. But in the way that laws are now constructed this seems inevitable. The distinction between civil and penal law is practically disregarded. This is so in all the States. Most elaborate laws relating to elections or other subjects, embracing it may be a hundred sections of minutely descriptive matter concerning the duties of officials, are concluded with a single section declaring it a misdemeanor punishable with a stated penalty to violate any sections of the law from beginning to end. It is difficult to dismember such a law and distribute it into a penal code, without destroying its unity and its legal construction. And the convenience of those administering and interpreting the laws would be sacrificed by making the classification depend mainly upon the penal instead of upon its civil and descriptive features. The only practical way in our complex modern legislation seems to be to group together in a penal code those offenses which are predominantly criminal in character, or which are capable of easy classification.

But another step can be taken to give greater completeness to the penal code formed on the lines adopted by the Commissioners. A list of all the laws with penal provisions, and an index to the Revised Statutes containing them can be added as an appendix or supplement to the code. In this way all penalties whether of fine, imprisonment or forfeiture, imposed by the United States would be registered in the code proper or in the appendix.

The proposed code is divided into fifteen chapters, covering the following classification of offenses: Offenses against the existence of the Government, against neutrality, against the elective franchise and the civil rights of citizens, against the operations of Government, official duties, public justice, the currency and coinage, the postal service, foreign and interstate commerce, the slave trade and peonage, offenses within the territorial and maritime jurisdiction of the United States, piracy and other offenses upon the sea, certain offenses in the territories, general provisions, and a chapter containing repealing provisions. The eleventh chapter, which deals with offenses against the territorial and maritime jurisdiction of the United States is divided into six sub-chapters, dealing respectively with offenses against the person, against property, against the public

peace, against chastity, decency and morality, against public policy, and against public health and safety.

The Commission has been cautious and conservative in proposing changes, and has ventured to exercise but little liberty in modifying the provisions of existing laws. It is to be regretted that more power was not conferred upon the Commissioners in the direction of preparing what might be regarded as an ideal code. For instance:

"The Commission is of the opinion that the enactment of adequate legislation for the punishment of fraud, bribery, etc., at elections for Representatives in Congress would be highly proper, especially as some of the States have no laws for the punishment of such offenses. But it did not feel justified in reporting the same in view of the fact that provisions of that character previously adopted were repealed in 1894 and that no subsequent effort has been made by Congress for their re-enactment."

But the Commission has done excellent work in pruning laws of redundant features or of those which have been pronounced unconstitutional, and in supplying many words, phrases, or sections, overlooked in the haste of law making, but necessary for a logical, symmetrical code. In the adjustment of penalties the Commission has done something to mitigate the severity which characterized former times and to respect the principle, very difficult of application, of proportioning the punishment to the relative gravity of the offense.

It was not till 1897 that some of the archaic and severe features of the code of 1790 were repealed. Up to four years ago no less than sixteen crimes were punishable by death in the United States. The list included murder; accessories to murder or robbery on the high seas; rape; arson; casting away or destruction of a vessel by owner, in fraud of insurer, or by person other than owner; piracy; prevention by seamen of a commander from defending his vessel; robbery on the seas; robbery on the shore by crew of a piratical vessel; any offense committed on the high seas which, if committed on land, would be punishable by death; certain acts of hostility against the United States; being engaged in the slave trade; and seizing or landing a negro or mulatto with intent to make him a slave. It was largely through the efforts of General Curtis, then a member of Congress from New York, that in 1897 the number of these capital offenses was reduced to three—namely, treason, murder and rape. But death is not now the only penalty for these three offenses. In the case of treason, other punishment is permitted at the discretion of the court, and in the case of murder and rape other punishment than death is permitted at the discretion of the jury. In the new code the Commissioners have limited capital punishment to treason and murder in the first degree; but the provision which allows the jury to reduce the imprisonment to hard labor for life is retained. For rape the penalty is fixed at from three to twenty years. In offenses against property, larceny is to be divided into grand and petit larceny, according to the value of the property stolen, thirty-five dollars representing grand larceny and a less sum petit larceny. This is a common practice in most of the States. In offenses against public justice several new sections are added to cover offenses not hitherto covered by our laws, such as "Rescue of prisoner," "Prisoner escaping," "Attempt to escape from penitentiary" and "Aiding prisoner to escape," "Concealing escaped prisoner," "Compounding crimes" and "Refusing to aid officer in making arrest." The postal laws are notably strengthened by a large number of amendments which the needs of the service have disclosed. The new code also defines with much precision the limits within which the jurisdiction of the United States over crimes shall be exercised. Many crimes have hitherto escaped punishment because of the loose language in the laws of the United States concerning jurisdiction over them.

Where no other penalty is fixed, attempts are made punishable by one-half of the term of imprisonment or fine prescribed for the offense attempted. Accessories after the fact are made subject to one-half of the term of imprisonment or fine imposed upon principals. Where the principal is punishable by death, the punishment for an accessory is fixed at imprisonment for not more than ten years. Offenses punishable by death or imprisonment for a term exceeding one year are deemed felonies, all other offenses, except treason, are deemed misdemeanors.

The Commission has largely followed the code of New York in treating common offenses against property and person. It recognizes the value of parole laws and the indeterminate sentence as adopted in many of the States, but finds obstacles to their adoption by the United States. The difficulties of dealing with United States prisoners in State institutions are recognized and stated without recommendations.

Tho hampered by many restrictions and careful not to exceed the scope of their powers, it is evident that the Commissioners have given serious attention not only to the historic aspects of their subject, but to the demands of modern legislation, and, if the new code is not all they would have made it, it is more comprehensive, consistent and symmetrical than the jumble of existing laws. Abandoning all Draconian precedents, they have sought to apply their own ideal that "in the adjustment of penalties it should be abreast with the most advanced stage of modern penology." Unfortunately, modern penology, apart from the indeterminate sentence, has not discovered any principle upon which punishments may be meted out for crimes and offenses so as to fit the punishment to the crime. All such scales of punishment are purely arbitrary. The new code will, therefore, be no exception to the rule. But it is to be hoped that Congress will promptly adopt its essential features, and thus take a large step toward the ideal code.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Progress of the Human Race: An Investigation at the Vaudeville

By Norman Alliston

I HAD always maintained that "the progress of the human race" was more than a phrase: that it was a great and insistent fact. And in this I found myself supported by the cream, and the milk also, of the world's intellect. But it was not until I had perused an erudite compilation, "A Century of Amazing Progress," that I really felt and knew myself to be a Superior Person.

Our progress within the century was indeed amazing: it was tremendous—fabulous. And there were pictures, too, showing by just how much it had all happened. I remember in particular a little black point of a dot that was labeled "1801," and by the side of it a huge bandbox, as big as a hand, labeled "1901." That was cheese—our progress in cheese.

But it was a curious thing that among the many various demonstrations of our religious, scientific, educational, commercial and industrial advances the humbler phases of social progress had been entirely overlooked. I do not remember, for instance, to have seen a pin's point of a golf club in 1801 by the side of a giant "driver" of 1901. The golf progress of the human race had been entirely neglected!

The matter at last resolved itself to this: Is the great and glorious advancement of the human race (which we know to be a fact, for is it not so written in the press) also manifest in the ordinary pursuits of daily life? Does the intelligence that causes so many more pairs of domestic-made boots to be exported this year than the year before show itself exclusively in those additional pairs of boots, or does it find other outlets?

No responsible party ever appears to have sought the great intellectual superiority of our age—in amusement! And I conceived it my duty under these circumstances to institute an investigation. This, to allay any premature misgivings, I may say at once, proved a triumphant refutation of current pessimistic views regarding our near approach to the ultimate highest destinies of the human race.

Fully recognizing that such a task should not lightly be undertaken I proceeded on cautious, almost scientific lines. It was my first duty to find a representative amusement. This matter was quite easy of solution. It will be known that by far the best paying indoor amusement is that variously known as the variety, vaudeville or music-hall performance. In all the great capitals, in practically all

towns of the civilized world, the theaters which provide these entertainments are found to prove the most regularly profitable. *Ergo,* the vaudeville best satisfies the recreative requirements of to-day's standard citizen. It was in the variety hall, accordingly, that the following observations were conducted.

It is a little curious, when we come to think of it, that this aspect of the grand onward march of civilizaton should have escaped public attention and comment. What of our great progress in the taste for refined, intellectual amusement? Possibly it is too obvious to need comment! However, with fact at hand, speculation is superfluous.

Upon entering one of the most visited of modern temples the stage was found to be held by a gentleman with a blacked face. His costume consisted of a dirty white shirt and frayed brown knickerbockers. He shouted a song, the author and composer of which were unknown to me, but which was undoubtedly a work of great ability. There followed a romp and a "breakdown" to the accompaniment of a peculiar, syncopated melody. The audience clapped tremendously. And I clapped. Did not this go to establish the thesis that our progress was general, not local? I recalled the rude entertainments of our fathers: their readings and tiresome recitations of the hackneyed classics, their sentimental songs and squeaky string instrument solos. I compared them with this, the product of an enlightened age. We had advanced.

The next item of the program was a "turn" by two dwarfs—"the smallest colored dwarfs in the world." Again, excellent! Here was evidenced that healthy desire for knowledge so characteristic of our age. Fifty years ago people were content to read stupid little tales of dwarfs, fairies and ridiculous things. But now nothing will satisfy our thirst for accurate knowledge but the actual dwarfs themselves. And they must prance about and make funny grimaces to show us exactly all about it. The audience was critically appreciative of this section; especially when one dwarf wiped the other's face by mistake. I was delighted. How quick we are to respond to the subtler meanings of the well-nigh unintelligible!

The French nation is not especially prominent in commerce. Its diminishing population is a subject of some anxiety. But despite somewhat unfavorable conditions the old, the real, the intellectual France is still flourishing. A distinguished critic who has been lecturing at the universities tells us that it is so. And does not Zola say: "*Paris—le cerveau du monde.*" It was with added interest, therefore, that one waited the appearance of a gentleman from the world's brain upon the stage. Monsieur finally came on, bringing with him a bottle of port wine. He offered a drink to the conductor of the band, but this one refusing, proceeded to enjoy several himself. Having emptied the bottle he discovered that it was in instrument emitting a peculiar squeaky sound, and began to play a tune on it. Suddenly he broke off the tune to imitate a cock crowing. There was loud applause at this. He subsequently appeared riding on a dummy horse, and as a poor old beggar woman. The whole was an exposition worthily upholding the dignity and tradition of intellectual France. It crystallized that innate scholasticism and refined mental culture inseparable from the French—qualities typical in a great measure also of the larger modern civilization.

It is significant that the permanent popular feature of this and most other vaudeville performances is a product of latter-day scientific research. I refer to "moving pictures." The crude intellect of thirty years ago was content to whine or guffaw over the imperfect pen pictures of Shakespeare and Dickens; to listen to the bald unsyncopated musical periods of Bach and Beethoven in "common time." To-day we demand the more accurate science. Most of the pictures shown represented domestic tragedies, such as the spilling of flour over some unfortunate, the smashing of chairs and tables by an irate husband, or the playing of water from a hose pipe over the gardener. But I regard this as striking proof of the tendency toward an exacter knowledge. And I noticed that many of the gray headed professors present gave an especially cordial bravo to the hose-pipe picture.

The next item, I must confess, was less logical. But this, probably, because I tried to apply Kant's *Kritik der*

Reinen Vernunft. I now find by reference to the index of amusement that it was styled "an original vaudeville skit." The scene was that of a gorgeously appointed drawing-room. Its walls were of marble, hung with rare tapestries, its palms and flowers luxuriantly fragrant, its sofas of the rarest fabrics and its chairs of solid gold—it was the apartment of a potentate rich beyond dreams. There entered a gentleman immaculate in evening dress and white waistcoat—at the very least he was minister plenipotentiary. He spoke about a "hot time," and informed the audience that he had been sent to Long Island for being drunk. Vociferous applause ensued. But as I was at a loss to account for his presence in the palace, or why a lady, subsequently appearing in magnificent evening costume bestudded with diamonds, should simulate owning a wooden leg, I am not qualified to comment on the proceedings. It says much for the buoyant, elastic wit of the younger generation that a few of us should be unable to follow it.

It is a pleasure to be able to record that the next following feature was that of a series of Japanese scenes. Nature is too deliberate, and puts too many obstacles in our way. We appreciate her efforts at beauty, but we could wish they were more readily accessible. Here in this theater, and in a thousand theaters, our cleverness and intelligence has made Nature accessible and comfortable. It is a great proof of our progress that by means of a wonderful system of man-controlled lights, we may now show the beautiful effects of a rising moon—all in twenty-five seconds, and all unspoiled by Nature's moods of rain or mist. And the hearty rounds of applause that greeted these accomplishments showed that intelligent appreciation will surely reward any future further improvements of Nature.

It is inconceivable to us, in the light of modern achievement, how any audience could have sat out one of the ancient dull, insipid Greek tragedies. It would be beyond the scope of this short article to give a detailed description of the esthetic delights so richly proffered us in one short play that evening. But I cannot refrain from recording one of those little incidents, indicative of our marvelous mental alertness, that so frequently serve to point out and to prove the twentieth century's advanced standard. From brilliancy the stage was being gradually darkened. The gloom drew close and closer yet. And there appeared a serving maid to light the candles. While this was in operation I overheard my neighbor—a total stranger—remark: "You see, it is supposed to be night!" Wonderful! What a marvelous intuition! With what lightning swiftness does the brain of to-day respond to the thinnest, the most intangible of suggestions!

I was particularly enchanted with a following item, that of the performance of a troupe of musical dogs, or more correctly speaking, "Remarkably trained canines." Our age is a practical one. It is our constant effort to direct usefulness: and we hold that everything on our earth has its particular mission of usefulness. That of the dog was, until quite recently, I believe, held to be as guardian, watcher, tracker, and as friend to man. But now we have proved that theory to be a false one. The dog, it seems, was intended to be a musician; to leap through curiously contrived partitions, and so to play for us, "My Country, 'tis of Thee——." Modern thought has clearly established that fact. And this performance was proof visible to a deep-thinking audience that by divine intention the dog's function, trained by latter-day human talent, is—music!

The closing number was a vocal performance by a singer of reserved talent. That is to say, one felt—almost knew—her to have the germs of a great genius, to develop no doubt into startling proficiency—at some future date. It is a proof of our genuine artistic appreciation that we no longer tolerate mediocrity. She sang three lines, oh, so sweetly:

> "Tramp, tramp, tramp!
> The boys are mar-ar-ching."

What infinite subtlety! What charm: what poetry!

As we filed out into the white night of electric light signs; as the music of the newsboy and the autocab was borne sweetly to our ears, the feeling of a nameless pity, a deep sympathy rose up in me. A compassion gripped me for our poor fathers and forefathers, and all the tribulations their dark ignorance en-

tailed. And yet——. Why lament? Was not I, in my great good fortune, also of the chosen? Did I not breathe a very atmosphere of enlightened intelligence, increased wit, advanced wisdom, infinite perspicacity?

And it was so.

New York City.

The Land Question in Cuba

By W. A. Candler, D.D.

Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South

"EVERY revolution is at bottom a bread riot." This famous saying is but another way of stating that while men will patiently endure many ills, they will fight before they will starve. "All that a man hath will he give for his life," and when he is forced to choose between perilous strife in the field and certain death by starvation in the hovel he will take the former.

These reflections are applicable to the case of Cuba. At bottom the Cuban question is, and has been, an economic issue. Other elements, of course, have entered into the problem collaterally, and they have affected the main issue more or less influentially. But these collateral conditions alone would never have produced a revolution.

A prime factor in the case is the land question. From the standpoint of the land owner Cuba is bankrupt.

The figures as given by the census of January, 1900, are as follows: Total value of real estate in Cuba, $323,641,-895.70; total incumbrance on real estate, $247,915,496.12. This leaves unimcumbered valuation to the landholders of only $75,726,399.58, which is so small a part of the face valuation of the property that it really amounts to scarcely more than an equitable interest. The real owners of Cuban real estate are the holders of the mortgages which rest on it.

Who hold these mortgages? The census does not indicate the holders of $207,627,192.83; but the remainder of $40,288,303.29 is set down under the head of "Censos." But in the volume published by the War Department at Washington, and from which the foregoing figures are taken, is nowhere explained the meaning of the word "Censos." An intelligent American who has resided in Cuba for several years, and who has ample opportunity for obtaining accurate information, writes me in response to my inquiry the following explanation of the term:

"'Censos' are grants which were given by the Spanish Crown to various religious orders or communities; to the bishop for the bishopric, and sometimes to private individuals. These grants consisted of thousands of acres, the holders of them allowing people to occupy the lands for a yearly tribute. In the event the occupant sold the land, the purchaser bought it subject to the 'censo.' These 'censos' in some cases could be redeemed; in other cases they could not be redeemed. Thus a man might own a home with a 'censo' on it worth $5,000. This 'censo' (generally 5 per cent. per annum) had to be paid forever, if not redeemed. The same rule applied to rural properties, where $500 for a caballeria of land (33 1-3 acres) was and is an average 'censo.' The grower of cane or tobacco must pay this quit-rent annually or be dispossessed of his property. In addition to the 'censos' was another class of ecclesiastical claims, called 'capellanias,' which were obligations made by private persons to the Church, or to some order or school of the Church, for certain religious benefits. These were held in the same way as the 'censos'—namely, the church drew a yearly income (generally of 5 per cent.) from certain estates upon which these 'capellanias' rested, and the heirs or assigns of these estates were bound to pay these 'capellanias,' as they were enforcible by law. They were given for masses for the repose of the original grantor's soul, or sometimes for the education of a male descendant of any generation who should enter the priesthood."

It does not appear from the census published by the War Department whether the "capellanias" are included in the "censos," or not. I know that the Cuban man of the law who runs down a land title for a purchaser is very careful to look out for both "censos" and "capellanias;" and in certifying to the fact that the property is free from any "gravamen" (if it is) he mentions both.

In the latter part of last February I visited Cuba, and while there read in one of the daily papers of Havana the following statements which show how the people feel about these ecclesiastical claims:

"During the last few days many petitions have been received at the palace asking that the taxes which the Catholic Church has against different properties be remitted or canceled. In each case the petitioners tell a heart-rending story of their needy condition, and they claim that it is next to impossible for them to pay. They ask General Wood to intercede or to abolish the claim for taxes which the Church holds. Each of the petitions is referred to the bishop."

All these conditions doubtless shed light on the antipathy of the Filipinos to the friars. The same state of things existed in all the Spanish dependencies.

The regeneration of Mexico politically began with correcting ecclesiastical encroachments upon the landed interests of the country. The return of prosperity to Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands will be impossible until the lands are liberated from intolerable burdens. The ground is the foundation of the entire economic structure in these islands, and that foundation cannot continue to rest on a species of feudalism without peril to the whole system. Hungry people will fight, and no fine spun argument appeases hunger.

It is not proposed in this paper to suggest remedies but to reveal conditions, and it is beyond dispute that the conditions revealed cannot long continue with safety. What the Government of the United States can do, or ought to do, I shall not undertake to say. But occasionally one sees a suggestion thrown out, which leads me to say there is one thing our Government ought not to do. I refer to the suggestion that under the treaty of Paris our Government is pledged to the guarantee of these ecclesiastical claims. It may presently be proposed that we should pay them. That I conceive is none of our business. General Wood "referred them to the bishop." Very well. That is where they belong. Let the bishop collect his own debts, if they are founded in justice.

But one other thing may be said without impropriety. The Catholic Church must relax its hold on the land, or lose even more than it has lost already its hold on the people of Cuba. This is too clear for argument.

When a Cuban legislature takes up the land question, and that question will arise in the first sitting, we may expect some very radical legislation. Captains-general have extended the collection of mortgages and quit rents. That postpones but does not escape the day of judgment. That day cannot be even postponed much longer. Revising tariff schedules in this country will not remedy the trouble. Sugar planters and tobacco raisers cannot under any sort of tariff pay these heavy fixed charges on their lands and still make a living.

The Whip-poor-will

By John B. Tabb

FROM yonder wooded hill
I hear the whip-poor-will,
Whose mate on wandering echo answers him
Athwart the lowlands dim.

He calls not through the day;
But when the shadows gray
Across the sunset draw their lengthening veil,
He tells his twilight tale,

What unforgotten wrong
Haunts the ill-omened song?
What scourge of Fate has left its loathéd mark
Upon the cringing dark?

"Whip! Whip-poor-will!"
O sobbing voice, be still!
Tell not again, O melancholy bird,
The legend thou hast heard!

St. Charles's College, Ellicott City, Md.

The Unseen Hand at the Throttle

By Homer M. Price

MINEOLA was the dinner station for train No. 5, and we were strictly on time that day. Mark Winston was clerk in charge in the mail car, and I was his "helper." He was one of the old veterans of the service, and the best man I ever knew. He was slightly lame, caused by a Yankee bullet some thirty years before—rather robust, hair sprinkled with gray. He had never married, never had a home of his own, but was an optimist at all times and under all circumstances. On the present occasion I finished eating before he did, and went up to the engine to get a light for my pipe. Old Ray Ellis was the engineer, and had just finished oiling the machine when I pulled myself up into the cab. As I did so, an old man, stout and dignified looking, came up the side of the train, rather in advance of a kind-faced, gray-haired woman. When nearing the engine, however, he dropped behind her, and she came forward, and asked Ellis rather timidly if he was the engineer.

"Yes, madame," he answered, with his greasy cap in hand, "what can I do for ye?"

The old lady hesitated a moment, and then with a tremble in her voice:

"You can do everything for us, if you will. You see, it's our boy. He is desperately wounded, and the young doctor up at Marlow in the Indian Territory wired us to come and bring the best surgeon in the country or our boy would not live till sundown to-morrow. The conductor says our train does not connect with the Rock Island road at Fort Worth this evening, and that we must lay over there all night."

She hesitated a moment, and old Ray was busily wiping his hands with the waste. He looked up with:

"Yes, mam, we miss 'em 32 minutes. How can I help ye?"

The old mother looked at him yearningly.

"By running fast enough to get there before the Rock Island train leaves. I know you can do it, and we will give you everything we shall ever have if you will."

She hesitated a moment, and then in a very low voice as if no one was to hear but the old engineer:

"I will pray for you so long as I shall live. Each morning and night I will take your name before the Throne and ask for you his blessing, who forgot not his mother in the agony of the cross."

Ray Ellis, dusty with the dirt of the road and greasy with the oil of the engine, looked up rather awkwardly:

"Madame, I'm not much on this prayer business myself, but I believe in it. My little girl prayed for me safely over a burning bridge one night, and she wasn't even there. She just waked up at home as the clock was striking two—that was five minutes before we were due at Coldwater bridge—and, feeling I was in great danger, got down on her knees and stayed there until she said the Lord told her I was safe. The bridge fell just as the sleeper cleared it. Now, I just don't see how we can make up this time, but I have somehow got the idea that if you've got your heart chuck full of love for somebody, and there ain't a bit of selfishness in it, that He'll fix the thing up for you. He's got ways of doin' things that we don't know about. We will do our best—you just pray all the time, and, if I get a chance to run, just confine yourself to asking Him to let us keep the track, and me and old '46' will do the rest."

The conductor was signalling to start, and I was jumping off the engine as Ray continued:

"Go on back in the train, and, remember, never let up on the Lord—just hang to him. But how about the surgeon you was goin' to take?"

The old father looked up at this question with a face of firmness and tenderness, and answered:

"I am a surgeon. I know how my boy is wounded, and can save his life, if I can get there in time, as sure as my name is Nelson."

After the train started and Mark Winston and I had worked up our mail, I told him of the little incident. He was greatly interested, and, when I had finished, asked if I knew their names.

"Why, the old man said his name was Nelson."

"What," said Mark, "I knew I had seen that man before as I saw him pass the mail car door. He was our surgeon in the army, and sewed up this cheek at Chickamauga, and set this old broken leg at Resacca. He was the finest surgeon in the world, we thought, and, with it all, tender as a woman. I must go back and see them. Can you keep up the run? and how much money have you got?"

I knew what Mark had in his mind by the last question, but I doubted our having enough to get the road to vary its schedule. Our train must wait for certain connections at Dallas, and as Fort Worth was only thirty miles further on I didn't see any chance. Ray Ellis might be able at Dallas to get an order to run, regardless of schedule, to Fort Worth, but he couldn't make up the time. Fort Worth was the terminal of the Rock Island, and, of course, the train would leave on time. I had been on this run for a year, and had never yet seen that train upon our arrival.

When Mark returned to the mail car through the vestibuled train, we were nearing Dallas. All through the afternoon I had kept up the run, as the mail was light over this part of the road. Twice I had seen him at the telegraph offices when the train would stop, and, at Terrell, I thought he got a message, but when I looked in his face I saw he considered the case hopeless.

"Well," I said, and awaited his answer.

"Here's the telegram," he said, handing me the message. It read:

"Winston, Postal Clerk on Train 5: Cannot accept your money. Previous arrangements made. Campbell, Supt."

"Well, that settles it," I said, handing back the paper.

"No, it don't settle it by a darn sight," said Winston. "The little mother has appealed the case to a higher power than railroad superintendents, and she'll reverse the decision. I don't know how, but I believe it."

At Dallas we were busy loading and unloading the mail when old Ray Ellis came rushing out of the dispatcher's office like mad. His face was flushed and his eyes dancing, as he handed his order to Mark:

"Read that, quick."

Winston's voice trembled as he read aloud:

"On account of wedding party, Rock Island train 2 will be held 20 minutes, and train 5 will run regardless of time card, Dallas to Fort Worth, in order to make connection."

And so the decision of the "lower court" was only misunderstood. The "previous arrangement" was the wedding party now getting on our train. And, my little lady, clinging to your young husband, did the higher court—the court that knows all verdicts before they are rendered—did that tribunal, in sweetest subtleness, help you to select this for the day of your happiness? That court, my dear, knows all things, and mayhap there is another reason than your pleasure that this train shall swing and lurch and plunge as no other train on these Texas prairies has done before. For the fireman is now, as we wait for the leaving time, shoveling coal into the fire box; and old Ray Ellis, flushed and excited, never yet poured so much oil in cup and bearing. The schedule is fast to start with, but we will make up the twelve minutes even if the goal is only thirty miles away. The conductor signals, and slowly we move through the city. The safety valve on the engine is popping off, showing that we have the steam ready for the race. Does the little mother know? Or has her faith been so true that she has known all the time? Mark Winston says so.

But, ah! there is trouble ahead, for just as we are leaving the city, here is an old freight car off the track ahead of us at the siding. They are working manfully to get it on again, but minutes mean life and death now. Five minutes gone—ten, and still the car is not on the track. Our engineer has gone ahead now to help them, and we hear his voice ordering the car overturned, and that Ray Ellis will be responsible. A crash—the grinding of timbers, and the car is hurled down the embankment. Our bell is ringing, and old Ray, pale now and nervous, is in the cab.

You can't make it, old man. There are some things that love and bravery can't do. The Rock Island won't wait but the twenty minutes, and you know it. Will you try it?

Well, you needn't throw everybody off

their feet about it. Ah! you were too fast, for the wheels are slipping. Ease up a little. There, that's better. See those sparks shooting two hundred feet high, straight up. Well, little bride, the race has begun, and tho you may live long and go on many a journey, you will never go so fast again; but, know this, the man at the throttle is not thinking of you or your happiness. If you were in the car in front of you, you could see a little woman in the corner of the coach with lips moving and eyes uplifted—and, if you knew her thoughts, you would understand.

The old train is beginning to swing and surge, and through the purpling, fading twilight objects dash by us like ghosts. We are up-grade now, but making good forty miles an hour; but it can't be done, Ray. Give it up, old man, you would make it, if it were possible, but no need to try the impossible. Besides it's dangerous—such speed as this—and certainly you are going to shut off steam down this grade. No man would think of working steam down such a hill as this.

Chu! Chu! ! Chu! ! ! Chu! ! ! ! That don't sound like shutting off much, does it? Look at those telegraph poles, like pickets on a fence! And the people—how they stare! Did they never see a train before? See that old man with his hand to his eyes, looking in wonderment. That old dog there has kept up with many a train for two hundred yards, but, Towser, you can't do it to-night. Have you suddenly grown old and stiff, or did never a train run like this one? Get up, Mark Winston, and be careful when you strike the next reverse curve. We are almost half way, and, altho the speed is terrific, only one-third of the lost time has been made up, and should some one flag us at Arlington, the race is wholly lost. There is the signal now for that station. Please God that no one wants to go to Fort Worth this night! There is no slacking of the speed, but there is a light to stop. No, it's only the lantern on the mail crane. Square yourself for that catch, Mark, and be careful. Ah! you made it. But let the mail go, and let's watch this run. Hear that switch rattle, as we go over, and see that lantern, winking like a star. That's right, Ray, sound your whistle loud and long for the country road crossings, and be sure you give the belated farm wagons plenty of time to get out of the way. You have the case with you, Ray Ellis—not with him alone, eh Mark? Well, pray little mother that we may hug the rails, the speed is sufficient. Now we are going up the last grade, and the exhaust from the engine is like clockwork, Up! Up! ! Up! ! ! Up! ! ! ! to the summit. See the lights of the city. Now the plunge down to Handley Creek. Down! Down! ! Down! ! ! Down! ! ! ! The car seems to be falling from under us. Is it possible to keep the track? Great Heavens! didn't that bridge shriek and tremble, but it held up all right. I believe he will make it. Blow your whistle like mad, Ray, for it can be heard at the city now. Blow it so that all may know we are coming. A moment and we are lost. Put command, and love, and entreaty in its rhythmical sound, that he that hears will heed. What on earth is he stopping for? Oh, I beg your pardon, Ray, I forgot the Santa Fé Railroad crossing. You didn't quite stop, did you, old man, but that's all right—you can stop twice some other day. Now, we enter the yards with cars lined up on every side—but look! White lights all the way on the main track. Let her drive for the station, Ray. Rattle. Rattle. Rattle. A sudden putting on of the brakes, the pitch forward, the people around the depot:

"FORT WORTH!"

You are right, mister negro porter, "Dere was impo'tant people on dat train or dis yere Rock Island wouldn't have waited." Bow all you want to the young folks getting into the palace car, but the important people are getting into the commoner car just ahead of the Pullman. Had it not been for them your train would have now been on its way to the Territory.

And this old man bending over the steam chest of old Forty-six, and seeming to caress the massive driving rod—why does he not stand erect? Has he done aught that he should hang his head?

Look up, Ray Ellis, and see those old hands waving at thee from the fast departing train.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

LITERATURE

Byron's Letters *

Mr. Prothero's scholarly and intelligent edition of *Byron's Letters* (Volume V) has now been out for some time, and has run the gauntlet of the various reviews, great and small. On one point there can be little disagreement: For native vigor of expression, for splendid and overpowering personality, Byron is easily the greatest letter-writer of the language. This we knew before; and the large amount of new material now printed, together with the conscientious editing of Mr. Prothero, only confirms such a judgment. There is almost every element in these hastily written letters to make them interesting and memorable. Not least remarkable is Byron's power of portraying a character in words—a power nowhere equaled in English letters unless in the correspondence of Carlyle, to whom in this respect Byron shows a curious resemblance. Sometimes a character is etched in a sentence; again a whole letter is devoted to an elaborate analysis, as that, for instance, dated September 19th, 1820, in which Byron records at length his impressions of Charles Skinner Matthews.

It is worth while to dwell on this phase of the correspondence, since it does much to refute, or, at least, modify, the commonest charge laid against the poet—the charge of narrow egotism. A comparison will render clearer just what is meant. Not long since the reading world was startled and edified—so the reading world generally decided—by the publication of the Browning Letters. Now in those two thick volumes might be seen the very apotheosis of egotism; the letters were a long lyric rapture of personal emotions; they contained barely the slightest reference to what was happening outside of the lovers' souls, and they showed not a touch of analysis or characterization. A word of humor in them would have been a desecration. They were love-letters, to be sure; but fancy Byron or any but a supreme egotist so deadened by passion to every sensation and perception of the outer world. They were sentimental and without satiric humor, hence they were accounted edifying. Read them side by side with Byron's letters, and at once it will be evident that Browning is the true type of the egotist, whereas Byron's personality, while extraordinarily intense, is still continually reaching out into other forms and flashing from contact with other persons.

At bottom a right appreciation of Byron as a poet is chiefly dependent on our understanding of this charge of egotism, and the value of these letters is largely due to the light they throw on this phase of his character. One of the guiding ideas of Mr. Courthope's recently published Oxford Lectures is the attempt to show how the value of poetry lies in its power of expressing universal conceptions in individual form; the idea is, of course, a commonplace of criticism (*difficile est proprie communia dicere*), but Mr. Courthope's application of it is often original. He studies Byron among others from this point of view, and some of his comments bear directly on this question of egotism. So he says:

> "But when we turn from the epic and dramatic forms of Byron to the lyrical impulse out of which they spring, the whole aspect of the question changes. We see then that the characteristics of his poetry are the result of an effort to find what is universal in nature in his own self-consciousness, and to bring himself into touch with society by clothing his self-consciousness in an external shape. The epic form of verse is employed by him, because it gives him an opportunity of describing his own moods and those appearances of inanimate Nature which are akin to them; the drama enables him to multiply himself in a variety of *dramatis personæ*, and by means of frequent soliloquy; in the satire, especially the personal form of satire, developed by Pope, he can indulge fully his spleen against the established order of society. . . . .
>
> "Byron, the most self-conscious, the most individual, of English poets, is also, in a sense, the most representative of all English poets since Shakespeare. Whatever there is in human nature of consciousness of good and evil, or rebellion against the law and order of the universe, of discontent with the standards of

* The Works of Lord Byron. Letters and Journals. Vol. V. *Edited by Rowland E. Prothero.* Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.00.

society, seems to have concentrated itself in the mind of this child of genius, convulsed by the violence of his own passions, morbidly sensitive to a single physical defect, haunted by the fear of madness and the sense of inherited crime, always revolving in his heart the real or imaginary injuries he had suffered from mankind. . . .

"In his inflexible opposition to all forms of established authority, [he] seems to appropriate the attitude of him whom Dryden called the hero of 'Paradise Lost' and Johnson the first of the Whigs:

'All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome.'"

To read Byron's letters with this conception of egotism in mind is to find in them the best and most illuminating critique of his poetical work.

In general the reviews have been forced to recognize the splendor of Byron's genius, but in two respects they seem to us to have been misled by surface indications. Too much stress has been laid on the immorality of his life, and too little credit has been given to his critical insight into literature. As for the charge of immorality—let it stand. At least Byron never, like certain of his contemporaries, glozes the evil of his ways. He always distinguishes sharply between right and wrong, and he always admits the havoc wrought by his own misdoings. The scandal caused by Byron's literary judgments demands, we regret, longer treatment than is here possible. It should, however, be remembered that the witty exaggeration of Byron's satire in the privacy of a letter or when he writes for effect is a different thing entirely from the sober and deliberate statement of his opinion. So in his letters to Murray he wrote of Keats in language too gross to be printed; but later, when brought to reflection by Keats's death, he added: "'Hyperion' is a fine monument, and will keep his name." The truth is that Byron discerned in the romantic writers of the day—and he included most of his own work in the same sweeping condemnation—tendencies which subordinated the long tradition of English poetry to the disintegrating caprice of the individual, and which overwhelmed the intellect in all the irresponsible outpourings of the emotions. He was at heart a classicist, lost and bewildered in an age of romanticism. The exaggerations of that school—the "Peter Bell," of Wordsworth, the "Endymion" of Keats—certainly deserved the ridicule that Byron meted out to them, and no better critical propædeutic can be imagined than a careful attempt to discriminate the false and personal from the true and universal in the critical remarks scattered through this volume of Byron's letters.

Human Play *

From his inquiry into the play of animals, published some four years ago, the noted professor of philosophy at the University of Basel now carries his methods and his theory to a study of the play of man. The new work is translated by Elizabeth L. Baldwin, and a preface and certain editorial notes have been furnished by Prof. J. Mark Baldwin, of Princeton.

It is an admittedly difficult task exactly to delimit play from certain activities of more serious motive; and the author has avoided a comprehensive and specific definition. Rather he has sought to express what play is by the marshaling and classifying of innumerable instances of playful acts. But in doing so he has had to justify himself repeatedly by appealing to criteria of various sorts; and out of these criteria it is possible to formulate a definition somewhat like the following: "The exercise of a natural or hereditary impulse . . . producing activity that is without serious intent . . . merely for the pleasure we derive from it."

Instinct, which was made the mainspring of animal play, is found to be inadequate in considering human play; it would not, for instance, include the imitative impulse. Even the term substituted for instinct—"inherited or natural impulse"—is admittedly inadequate to comprehend certain "deep-rooted requirements of our nature," which manifest themselves in playfulness of one sort or another. But as a working formula the foregoing definition will do; and the treatment of the subject in the theoretical parts of the book shows the necessary modifications to be made. There is at least one clear fact to which we can hold fast—the biological reason for play

* The Play of Man. *By Karl Groos.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

to be found in the primal need for activity in fitting the young for their life-work. In animal play, opportunity is given the child, through the exercise of inborn dispositions, to strengthen and increase his inheritance by the acquisition of adaptations to his complicated environment, an achievement which would be unattainable by mere mechanical instinct alone. But whereas the animal young are born with an instinctive apparatus ready for immediate response to outward stimuli, the human young come into the world helpless and undeveloped. The more complicated the life-tasks, the more necessary are the preparations; through play during a long youth the human child is enabled to acquire imitatively and experimentally the capacities adapted to his individual needs, and the longer this natural education continues, the more vivid do the inherited capacities become. "Play is the agency employed to develop crude powers and prepare them for life's uses."

The difficulties in the way of a satisfactory classification of play are many and have not been surmounted. The author admits that his own attempt lacks precision; he ventures to think, however, that "it affords deeper insight into the problem than may be had by other means, and that some aspects of the subject not evident from other standpoints may be brought out by this method of treatment." His main divisions are, first, playful experimentation "without regard to other individuals prominent in the child's environment"—a class of impulse-exercises to which Professor Baldwin has given the term "autonomic;" and, secondly, impulses of playfulness associated with other individuals, to which Professor Baldwin has given the term "socionomic." In the first class are grouped the playful activities of the sensory and motor apparatus and the playful use of the higher mental powers; in the second are grouped such activities as fighting play, love play, imitative and social play.

The author's conclusions regarding love play published in his previous work are repeated and amplified in the present volume. Professor Groos is a partisan of Weismann, and his antagonism to Darwin is frequently manifest. In particular, he disagrees with Darwin's reference of animal arts of courtship to esthetic taste on the part of the female, who is said always to choose the handsomest and best equipped of her wooers. Such facts as that birds pair long before the breeding season, and that monogamous birds indulge in courtship plays long after permanent choice has been made, lead him to an anti-Darwinian conclusion: "Since the sex impulse must necessarily have extraordinary strength, the interests of the preservation of species are best served by a long preliminary condition of excitement and by some checks to its discharge. The instinctive coyness of the female serves this purpose. The question is . . . which male possesses the qualities necessary for overcoming the reluctance of the female whom he selects and besieges, and for maintaining at the same time the proper state of excitation." The Darwinian notion of the origin of art, as founded in sexual instinct, is also opposed, play being considered the principal source.

The general subject is treated theoretically from six standpoints—those of physiology, biology, psychology, sociology, esthetics and pedagogy. We have already touched upon the biological theory, which is the basic one. But the physiological theory also is important, and requires mention. There are two leading principles upon which play is grounded, the discharge of surplus energy and recreation. Spencer first attempted a scientific formulation of the theory as founded upon the discharge of surplus energy. Professor Groos, however, finds this basis inadequate, and harking back to his fundamental "natural or inherited impulse," declares the desire for recreation likewise a mainspring of play. "While the theory of surplus energy accounts for play in thousands of cases, especially in childhood, when there is no need for recreation, this need may also produce play where there is no surplus energy. This is chiefly illustrated by adults; . . . play may be solely recreative, without any dependence on surplus energy." Besides these two leading principles, there are two others which demand consideration; the first is circular reaction, "that self-imitation which in the resultant of one's own activities finds ever anew the model for suc-

cessive acts and the stimulus to renewed repetition," and the second, the trance condition, "which so easily insures from such activity and which is practically irresistible."

The Good Red Earth*

THE very excellent work of Mr. Eden Phillpotts hitherto has been quite distinct, and of a kind whose qualities make for permanence. Atmosphere and color he has in plenty, a poetical feeling for nature all too rare. The Devonshire he portrays, especially the moorland swept by "the winds austere and pure," has formed a fitting background for his men and women, who themselves have in their nature something of the elemental.

In such books as "The Children of the Mist" and "Sons of the Morning" we recognize how legitimately the novel may be made a successor of the drama. Everywhere the law of cause and effect is seen at work in the selection of actors and scenes and in the knitting together of events. He has shown himself averse to that romantic school which chooses the strange and violent, while his classical instinct makes us conscious of an invisible Nemesis working like the hand of Fate in human affairs, yet leaving to man the power of molding his own fortunes within certain limits. Mr. Phillpotts has made for himself a place in contemporary fiction which no one can take from him except himself.

This he bids fair to do if he continues in the direction of his latest book, *The Good Red Earth.* There is here the same Devon setting and the same delicious out-of-doors air, the blossoming orchards beautiful beyond disappointment; but further than these the book is a complete surprise for its deviation from his established method. The chief actor, contrary to the dramatic use, is a person of the pettiest nature; and from beginning to end the author has made choice of the improbable possibility in the way of events.

The story is therefore decidedly melodramatic. There is a suggestion of Stanley Weyman's "The Man in Black" about it, partly perhaps because the hero in each case is a villain. But Johnny Fortnight, alias Alpheus Newte, is not even a fine artist in villainy; he is a poor bungler at best. Worse still, he is a pious, canting hypocrite, who from a consideration of profit and loss abandons peddling for preaching, and the author's treatment of this wolf in sheep's clothing is tinctured with a subtle cynicism which can be felt but not analyzed and which is distasteful to the reader. In refreshing contrast to this contemptible creature comes an occasional glimpse of stately Mary Gilbert, moving down her fragrant orchard avenues, whose trees are each one rooted in her memory; while Sibella and her lover have all the charm of youth and springtime.

The incidents, one is tempted to believe, must have foundation in fact, if there is any credit in the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction. They comprise a family feud, the secret of a dying woman, a legacy of a thousand pounds locked in the private drawer of a cabinet, a plot to marry the maid to whom the money is to be left, an exciting auction where the cabinet is put up for sale, the discovery of papers that prove the heroine of noble birth, her refusal to resign her lover for an exalted station, and finally a compromise which provides that she shall go away to be taught for five years. At this point the book ends, and it occurs to the exasperated reader that the author has left himself a large loophole for a sequel. But if Mr. Eden Phillpotts be his own sternest critic he will hesitate to risk his reputation by a second book in the vein of *The Good Red Earth.*

* THE GOOD RED EARTH. *By Eden Phillpotts.* New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

Church History*

THIS manual, as we understand it, is intended for wider use than merely among students preparing for the ministry. It grows out of the author's conviction that there should be a place in the curriculum of a Christian college or university for the study of Church History. His book is thus a manual for students in general rather than for theological

* A MANUAL OF CHURCH HISTORY. *By Albert Henry Newman, Professor of Church History in McMaster University.* Vol. I. Ancient and Mediæval Church History to A. D. 1517. New York: American Baptist Publication Society. $3.00.

students alone. The book gains something in breadth and freedom from this conception of its aim and possibly in general human interest. The scheme of its arrangement is thorough and complete. Every topic comes in where it belongs, and nothing fails at the point where we look for it. The preliminary notes on the study of Church History, the apparatus for it, the preparation for the revelation of Christianity in the history of the world, show the hand of a scholar who is also a teacher understanding himself, his subject and the needs of students.

As to primitive Christianity, the author does not break with the traditional opinions: Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary by miraculous conception of the Holy Ghost; the Lord's Supper is connected with the paschal meal and Luke's account is the history of the sacramental institution. As to baptism, he shows himself a Baptist, and excludes the children of believers from the Church. The treatment of special topics in the body of the manual is commendable, especially the brief sketches of the condition of the Christian world at the close of each period. We cannot, however, accept his exaggerated account of the pantheistic realism of the German mystics. Eckhart, for example, never carried his realism so far as to affirm "if God thinks of a stone, he is a stone," "if he thinks of a man, he is a man," or that "God becomes conscious only in his creature man." The passage on which Professor Newman brings this charge is an instance of Eckhart's philosophical distinction between God and the Godhead, and cannot be used in this case.

Professor Newman finds the note of the renaissance, not in the revival of Greek learning, but in the earlier contact of Christian thought with Arabic scholarship. He sees in this medieval study of Arabian philosophy and Arabian versions of Aristotle and Plato a check to the development of frivolous scholasticism with its arrogant assertion that the fundamental principle of thought is absolute submission to authority.

☙

POEMS OF THE UNKNOWN WAY. *By Sidney Royse Lysaght.* (New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.) Those who require of poetry that it shall speak the sort of conventional language popularly accepted as poetical will be rather pleased than otherwise by the contents of this volume. The lesson it inculcates is of life as a quest, "an unknown quest." The verses, which are tinctured with a mild religiosity, are generally neat and workmanlike. And this is the most discouraging symptom of contemporary English poetry—its uniform mechanical excellence. Since Tennyson it has been esteemed unpardonable to write slipshod verse, such as would have kept a good many of Shakespeare's sonnets, for example, out of the magazines. As a result many an inoffensive young man without an incendiary idea in his head has wasted his nights filing lines in the ingenuous belief that there is no difference between good verse and great poetry. Properly technic is the exuberance or overflow of genius—the residual energy that the writer, after mastering the thought, has to give to its expression. Fine art being then the result of a certain amount of superabundant vigor expended upon the form over and above the matter, it is certainly a curious state of affairs when style, so far from indicating an excess of vitality, actually becomes the cloak of a deficit. The fact is that there is published nowadays a vast deal of verse, not exactly discreditable to its makers, but in no wise surpassing the possible accomplishment of any person of ordinary intelligence who would give the subject an equal amount of time and attention.

THE WORLD OF GRAFT. *By Josiah Flynt.* (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.25.) In "The Powers that Prey" Mr. Flynt treated the criminal world as the subject of fiction. The present work is an attempt to describe more systematically the underground life of our cities and the evil partnership of criminals and police. In the main the author's views are put into the mouths of tramps and crooks of all sorts who are kind enough to explain to him—at least from an authoritative point of view—how the "world of graft" should be controlled and limited. Now and then the complaisance of these wicked gentlemen makes a pretty strong claim on our credulity, and we wonder how much of their

talk is still the novelist's work rather than the historian's. But, one way or the other, it remains an undoubted fact that Mr. Flynt knows more of this phase of city life than almost any other man living who does not himself belong to the "world of graft." The effect of these studies of the under world, of which Mr. Flynt has given us the most notable examples, is at once to fascinate and to repel. The imagination is inflamed by these pictures of a life so completely hidden to most men, while at the same time there is an avulsion of the mind from a theory which would represent the honest workaday people of the world as helplessly crushed between the upper and nether millstone of the overrich and the criminal.

THE AUTOCRATS. *By Charles K. Lush.* (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.) The sword-wielding hero in pantalets has had his day, and claimants of various sorts are moving forward to gain the dominant place. Judging from a number of recent novels, it would appear that the political hero is likeliest to gain the first ascendancy. The main figure in Mr. Lush's story is a young man who resists the forces engaged in looting a certain great American city (probably Chicago) of valuable franchise privileges; and tho unsuccessful in his campaign he subsequently in a most unexpected manner becomes possessed of the stolen privileges, which he restores to the city. The story is interesting, not only on account of the general interest attaching to its theme, but also by reason of the really skillful development of the plot—and this in spite of the use made of a number of improbable incidents and situations. The character drawing is not so effective, tho the banker, Ledlow, and the promoter and wirepuller, Bidwell, are real enough. The hero, Hugh Bannerton, hardly proves himself to be alive, and the heroine, Edith, appears and reappears unmaterialized into human flesh and blood. We doubt very much if that $20,000 block of stock in the *Daily Watchman* was worth all the pains taken to acquire it, and we are highly skeptical of the effect produced by the misuse of the hero's literary love-letter. New devices for separating lovers are doubtless hard enough to fabricate in these later days of fiction, and it would perhaps be better to cling to some of the conventional ones than to manufacture novel ones that trench upon the absurd.

A PAIR OF PATIENT LOVERS. *By W. D. Howells.* (New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.15.) In this first volume of "Harper's Portrait Collection of Short Stories," Mr. Howells shows all the characteristics of his extraordinary genius. And while some of us may think that he beats out the gold of his ideas too thin, we cannot deny the admirable artistic finish of such work. The truth is, he appears to have selected prosaic situations in order that his art of expression may be the more noticeable. *A Pair of Patient Lovers* taxes the reader's patience, for instance, quite as much as they must have taxed that of the community where they developed their romance so tediously. Still, Mr. Howells's people are excellent types, decent and well bred, tho nature seems to have intended that most of them should be bores; and we cheerfully recommend them as belonging to Mr. Howells's own class, in which men and women never show the naked heels of their wit, nor are guilty of any gaucheries whatever.

ARCHITECTS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. *By R. Farqharson Sharp.* (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00.) Under this rather pompous title the author has gathered together the lives of twenty-four famous English authors from Shakespeare to Tennyson. Why such a book should be written, or why it should be published, is not easy to say. It only serves to distract attention from books where the same subject is more ably and agreeably treated. In these short sketches there is no literary criticism, and the biographical narrative is perfectly flat. Some notion of the language may be obtained from this account of Byron and his mother: "Her hysterical, passionate attitude to him, alternating between senseless petting and violently abusing him as a 'lame brat,' made him sullen and defiant toward her, while to his nurses (in whom he was fortunate) he clung with an affection that was pathetic."

HANDBOOK TO OLD TESTAMENT HEBREW. Containing an Elementary Grammar of the Language, with Reading Les-

sons, Notes on Many Scripture Passages, and Copious Exercises. *Edited by Samuel G. Green, D.D.* (New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $2.50.) This volume is published by the Religious Tract Society of London, but bears the American imprint. It is a careful Hebrew grammar, with lessons for reading and for retranslation into Hebrew and with the necessary vocabularies. The reading lessons are not simply taken from the pointed text of the Old Testament, but some of them are unpointed and some are from translations of the New Testament and from non-biblical Hebrew writers. The Handbook can very well be used for private study, and contains syntax enough, altho the advanced student will require more elaborate works.

Every One His Own Way. *By Edith Wyatt.* (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.) These sketches first appeared in *McClure's Magazine,* where they attracted some attention. They show the different types produced by the feverish life of great cities, some of which are delightfully normal, with a sort of clover leaf sentimentality and rurally obtuse intelligence altogether unexpected in such surroundings. And the author's contrast between the sweet simplicity of the normally stupid pretty-faced girl and the highly developed vanity of the advanced woman who has "soul longings" to make herself and every one else unhappy in the pursuit of mental and spiritual experiences far beyond her natural capacity, is suggestive to say the least of it. She shows penetration to an extraordinary degree when it comes to discovering and exposing the wrong point of view in other people. But as a writer she will never prove attractive to the average reader. Her mode of expression is too coldly impersonal. It is void of that element of charming condescension so noticeable in popular writers and so flattering to humble readers.

Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip. *By Clara Louise Burnham.* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.) Under this unique title we have another book of travels, and, incidentally, a delightful love story. The author shows that nimbleness of feminine wit which makes the most of small experiences, and relates them with such evident enjoyment that it is infectious and sweeps the sedate reader away in little gales of social merriment. But one peculiarity invariably distinguishes all women who travel in foreign countries: They never take note of political situations. The science, philosophy, political economy, and even the religion which a people acknowledge and pin their faith to, are matters of indifferent interest to them as compared with the effect all these forces have upon the moral and social life of the people themselves. Mrs. Humphry Ward is the only living woman who can lay out a romance in the midst of a political situation, keep it touching at all points, from the withered white smile of the Pope down to the vanity of a secular political ambition, and hold all interests together with the diplomacy of a statesman and the genius of an artist.

Valencia's Garden. *By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.* (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.) Another romance with the scene laid in France. Apparently the author overestimates the literary value of cheap French aristocracy. All her novels are peopled with these little spider legged counts, thin married girls who retain a maidenly consciousness toward men in general, small, dingy adventuresses, and a fat, stupidly good woman to balance all. But her sure foundation of mysteries and her extravagant display of family jewels will always hold the interest of those very young, romantic women who have not enough mysteries and jewels of their own.

A Garden of Simples. *By Martha Bockée Flint.* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.) A book that should not be overlooked by lovers of literature as well as of science, altho the title seems rather unfortunately chosen. The volume is packed full—and there are 307 pages—of the most delightful descriptions and the cleverest researches into books and nature that we have come across in many a month. How could there be anything finer than the chapter, "Some Dooryard Shrubs," or "Liberty Tea," or "Wild Berries," or "A Posy from Spenser," or "Flowers of Chaucer's Poems?" We shall pocket this book during a summer outing.

Literary Notes

THE MACMILLAN CO. announce a second impression of the poems of T. E. Brown, to which will be prefixed by way of introduction Mr. W. E. Henley's appreciation of Brown as a poet.

....In the August *Century* Bishop Potter has another paper on "The East of To-day and To-morrow." He relates his impressions of the mystery of Indian life, involving, as it does, the difficulty of converting the natives to Christianity.

....The newspapers tell us that Mr. Richard Harding Davis has returned from London with a prize bloodhound. He must also bring "copy" with him, for Scribners announce a story by him called "A Derelict," that deals with the sea fight at Santiago.

....Mr. Austin Dobson, after a service of forty-five years, has retired from the Harbor and Fisheries Department with an additional pension for his literary achievements. The incongruity is bewildering. The poet of "Vignettes in Rhyme" has grown old! The cleverest of *vers de société* have been written by a gentleman in the service of the Harbor and Fisheries Department!

....The newest and strangest of periodicals is *Japan and America,* published monthly in New York. As the name implies, it is devoted largely to matters of concern to both countries, the first half being printed in English, the second half in Japanese, altho the Roman alphabet (called *Romaji* in Japanese, apparently) is used throughout. It is entertaining, if a trifle obscure, to see a plain picture of the Buffalo Exposition labeled *Buffalo No Hakuran-Kwai.*

....Mr. George Moore may be meticulous in his methods of work, but this certainly does not prevent him from being prolix. In the preface to his recently published novel he says: "After being engaged for two years on the history of 'Evelyn Innes,' I found I had completed a great pile of MS., and one day it occurred to me to consider the length of this MS. To my surprise I found I had written about 150,000 words, and had only finished the first half of my story. I explained my difficulties to my publisher, suggesting that I should end the chapter I was then writing on what musicians would call 'a full close,' and that half the story should be published under the title of 'Evelyn Innes' and half under the title of 'Sister Theresa.' My publisher consented, frightened at the thought of a novel of a thousand pages—300,000 words."

....Mr. Stephen Gwynn, himself a clever maker of *vers de société,* has this to say of his art: "Will any one say off-hand whether the verses in which Horace invites Virgil to dinner are or are not *vers de société?* For my own part I should incline to exclude them from that class on the ground that the Latin in them differs radically from the polished colloquial tongue which we know in Cicero's Letters. *Vers de société,* as I understand them, use the rhythm of verse, but the dialect of prose, which is more complex and conventional than the dialect of poetry. Of course, the two dialects have much in common: 'I love you,' 'I hate you,' are good either in poetry or in prose. But you cannot say in poetry, 'I congratulate you on your safe arrival,' whereas the very essence of *vers de société* is the dexterous arrangement of such phrases as this one in smooth, running verse, so as to afford a certain piquant incongruity between the matter and the form."

....The recent issue of *The Athenæum* is given up to an elaborate survey by countries of European literature for the past year. In the Italian notes by Guido Biagi much is said of Cesare Pascarella, who has made something of a sensation by reciting his poems, chiefly sonnets, in the broad Roman dialect. His poem on "The Discovery of America" is in a new vein. The event is narrated "at a wayside inn by one man of the people to another—told, that is to say, in the fashion in which a modern Roman laborer would recount it, with a series of entertaining anachronisms. Some parts, indeed, present the rude but frank eloquence that springs direct from the heart, expressing a great admiration of Columbus, a contempt for the King, for Queen Isabella and her ministers. The meeting with the savages after Columbus has landed in America is irresistibly comic. Here is where the true Italian humor has taken refuge, a humor that is sought in vain among the works of the writers who profess to be humorous. When Columbus meets a native and asks him who he is, he receives the reply, 'Why, who should I be? I am a savage!'"

Pebbles

WHAT is the difference between a catechism and a cat fight? One is categorical and the other is cate-eye-gore-ical.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

....Mr. Bryan has the grim satisfaction of knowing that if he cannot be President he has fixed it so that no other Democrat can be.—*The Kansas City Journal.*

....An Indiana barber who secured a divorce a year and a half ago has married his first wife's twin sister. If he dies first they will have to come under the head of twin relicts of barberism.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

...."A romantic country, that!" "Yes?" "Sure. All along the coast the buoys are hugging the shore!" (He might have added that the sound of a fishing smack was heard now and then as the waves kissed the beach, and that an arm of the sea half encircles a sandy waste, but—)—*Yale Record.*

....An Irish gentleman declares that he has never found a Frenchman who could pronounce this: "Thimblerig Thistlewaite thievishly thought to thrive through thick and thin by throwing his thimbles about; but he was thwarted and thwacked and thumped and thrashed with thirty-three thousand thistles and thorns for thievishly thinking to thrive through thick and thin by throwing his thimbles about."—*Exchange.*

....A young lady was sitting with a gallant captain in a charmingly decorated recess. On her knee was a diminutive niece placed there to play propriety. In the adjoining room, with the door open, were the rest of the company. Says the little niece, in a jealous and very audible voice, "Auntie, kiss me, too." We leave you to imagine what had just happened. "You should say twice, Ethel, dear; two is not grammar," was the immediate rejoinder.—*The International Journal of Ethics.*

A funny old man told this to me
('Tis a puzzle in punctuation, you see):
"I fell in a snowdrift in June," said he,
"I went to a ball game out in the sea
I saw a jellyfish float on a tree
I found some gum in a cup of tea
I stirred the milk with a big brass key
I opened my door on my bended knee
I ask your pardon for this," said he,
"But 'tis true—when told as it ought to be."
—*Exchange.*

....Last night as a frisky colored youth was walking up Clay street, he was accosted by a colored acquaintance, who remarked: "Well, Brutus, dey say you iz in love?" "I iz, Uncle Abra'm—I don't deny the alleged allegation." "And how does you feel, Brutus?" "You has stuffed your elbow agin a post or sumthin' afore now, hasn't you, Uncle Abra'm?" "I reckon." "And you remembers de feelin' dat runs up yer arm?" "I does." "Well, take dat feelin', add a hundred per cent., mix it wid de nicest ha'r oil in town, sweeten wid honey, and den you kin 'magine how I feel!"—*Vicksburg Herald.*

....CONVERSATION BETWEEN A MARRIED COUPLE.—"Take me to the opera to-night, dear?" "I am afraid I can't, pet." "Why not, love?" "I'd rather not, sweet." "But why not, darling?" "Because I can't afford it, precious." "Why can't you afford it, Mr. Smith?" "Because it costs too much, Mrs. Smith." "Costs too much! Why the Browns and Joneses go ever so many times a week, man!" "The Browns and Joneses are fools, then, woman!" "You needn't be more common than you can help, sir!" "I don't mean to be, ma'am!" "If you won't take me, I'll go all the same, husband!" "I think not, wife!" Here they found they could call one another nothing worse, so they dropped the subject.—*Judy.*

....Humphrey Hubbard had heard Hepzibah Huggins humming hymns hilariously, he having helped Hepzibah homeward. Humphrey hankered hugely, harboring handsome Hepzibah heartwise. He had high hawthorn hedges hiding his handsome house, harnessed horses hauling harrows, he hoeing hills, helping herdsmen, hewing hemlocks, hackling hemp, harvesting hops, hunting hawks, hurting hatching hens. Hepzibah, helpful housekeeper, hemmed handkerchiefs, hoarded money hitherto hived, heeled hose having holes, handled harpsichord harmoniously; happy Hepzibah! Her honest, homely happiness hit Humphrey heavily. He hovered, handsomely habited, hinting humbly how Hepzibah had harried his heart. Hepzibah honored his hearty homage. Hating, however, haphazard haste, Hepzibah hung her head, halting, hemming, hawing, hoping Humphrey had harmless habits, hypocritical, hesitating Hepzibah! He held her hand hopefully, hungrily humoring her. Happily, Hepzibah heeded her hirsute hero. Hymen hitched Humphrey Hubbard-Hepzibah Higgins, he hugging her, happily hysterical! Henceforth husband helped housewife hop hornpipes, holding honeymoon holiday, hardly hearing harlequins howling hallelujahs, hailing house-warming. Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Admiral Schley Breaks Silence

By a Member of THE INDEPENDENT Staff

"I will not forecast at this time what my action is to be. To do so would neither be wise nor desirable. But I will say that this matter shall not be allowed to pass unnoticed. The conduct of the U. S. S. "Brooklyn" at the battle of Santiago is a matter of public record and any one who desires to do so can see what that conduct was by referring to the appendix to the Bureau of Navigation reports for the year 1898."

THE above utterance was made by Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley on Friday last to the writer, who visited him at the home of his sister in Great Neck, L. I.

When the visitor first arrived at the house where the Rear-Admiral was staying he sent in his card and with it a copy of the article by Park Benjamin, which is printed in the preceding pages of this issue. This article, as will be seen, quotes the extraordinary language used in the latest edition of Maclay's "History of the Navy," concerning the conduct of Rear-Admiral Schley at the Battle of Santiago.

Soon after the card and the article were sent in the Rear-Admiral came out on the piazza, where his visitor was wait-

ing. He was courteous, cheerful and vigorous, and began by saying:

"I remember you perfectly. I remember our meeting in Washington."

There was some further talk on this subect, and then the visitor said: "Admiral, THE INDEPENDENT thought that this latest attack on you made in a volume that is used as a text-book in the Annapolis Academy might induce you to break your silence."

"Is it a text-book—isn't it only a political pamphlet?" asked the Admiral.

"It is used as a text-book at the Naval Academy."

"Ha! Well, you know that up to the present I have been careful not to say anything foolish, and I do not intend to depart from that rule now. Who is this Maclay? I don't know him."

"Why does he attack you?"

"I don't know."

"What is the source or reason of the attacks that have been made upon you?"

"I don't know."

"What will you do in regard to Maclay's attack?"

"I will not forecast at this time what my action is to be. To do so would neither be wise nor desirable."

"For the benefit of your friends throughout the United States won't you say that you will take some action."

The Rear-Admiral, who was as frank as a child in conversation that was not to be published, immediately became cautious; he took the writer's pencil and paper, and, after considering for nearly five minutes, wrote:

"But I will say that this matter shall not be allowed to pass unnoticed."

His manner was that of the wise and prudent man engaged in a game of skill with formidable opponents and fully intending to win.

Afterward, in response to other questions and suggestions, he added:

"The conduct of the United States ship 'Brooklyn' at the Battle of Santiago is a matter of public record, and any one who desires to do so can ascertain what that conduct was by referring to the appendix to the Bureau of Navigation reports for the year 1898."

The appendix contains reports of the captains of the various United States war ships engaged at Santiago. The testimony therein shows that Rear-Admiral Schley's ship, the "Brooklyn," inflicted 54½ per cent. of all the damage done to the Spanish fleet by the guns of our vessels, and that she suffered 58 per cent. of all the damage our ships received.

When Rear-Admiral Schley was asked if he would not call attention to this showing, he said:

"No. That would be bragging."

Captain F. A. Cook, U. S. N., commanded the "Brooklyn" at the Battle of Santiago, and made a report to Rear-Admiral Schley four days after the fight. The "Brooklyn" was Schley's flagship. He was aboard her, and in the absence of Rear-Admiral Sampson was in temporary command of the American fleet engaged in the battle. The entire Spanish fleet was destroyed before the "New York," with Admiral Sampson, could get into action. The report is printed in the appendix referred to, which was published by the United States naval authorities. It represents the "Brooklyn" as foremost in the fight and Schley as cheering on the men, with "Fire steady, boys, and give it to them!"

Official reports of the other officers engaged in the Battle of Santiago bear out this picture of Schley's promptness and gallantry, and seem to prove that he fully deserved the commendation and promotion bestowed upon him by his official superiors.

When the writer asked a rear-admiral who has taken no part in the controversy, how Schley's silence could be reconciled with the theory of innocence, he said:

"Why should he reply to irresponsible attacks? The Department replied for him when it commended and promoted him."

Maclay is a clerk in the Bureau of Supplies at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He got into the Naval Service very shortly after the war. A naval captain now at the Booklyn yard said on this subject:

"Maclay entered the service late in 1898 as an *attaché* of a lighthouse at North Beach. I was on the Lighthouse Board at the time, and was opposed to his getting in, as he informed me that his purpose was to devote himself to literature, while using this lighthouse place as a means of support. I did not think that that attitude accorded with the needs of the service; however, I was overruled. I

understood that Maclay had some connection with the *Tribune*."

CAPTAIN COOK'S REPORT.

"U. S. F. S. 'Brooklyn,' first rate,
"At anchor, Guantanamo Bay, July 7, 1898.

"SIR.—At 9 A.M., July 3, I gave orders and arrangements were made for general muster at 9.30 A.M. At 9.30 A.M. the enemy were telegraphed by the 'Iowa' as coming out. At the same time they were discovered by the quartermaster on watch, N. Anderson of this ship, and reported to the officer of the deck. The executive officer, Lieut.-Com. Mason, who was on deck about to execute the order for general muster, immediately gave the order, 'Clear ship for action and general quarters.' Signal was made at the same time, 'Enemy coming out—action.' I went immediately forward, stood for the enemy and gave orders to get steam on in all boilers.

"We started with steam on three boilers at about 12 knots speed.

"The head of the Spanish squadron in column was just outside the entrance of the harbor of Santiago, proceeding about southwest. The Spanish squadron consisted of the 'Maria Teresa' (flag), 'Vizcaya,' 'Oquendo' and 'Colon,' and two torpedo destroyers. We opened fire on the leading ship in five minutes from the discovery.

"The port battery was first engaged as we stood with port helm to head off the leading ship, and giving them a raking fire at about 1,500 yards range. The enemy turned to the westward to close in to the land. We then wore round to starboard, bringing the starboard battery into action.

"The 'Brooklyn,' leading, was followed by the 'Texas,' 'Iowa,' 'Oregon,' 'Indiana' and 'Gloucester.' The 'Vixen,' which had been to the westward of us in the blockade, ran to the southward and eastward of us, and kept for some time off our port side distant about 1,000 yards, evidently intending to guard against torpedo attack upon this ship. The shell passing over us fell very thick about her, some passing over her. At this time the firing was very fast and the whistling of the shell incessant, and our escape with so little injury was marvelous and can only be attributed to bad marksmanship on the part of the enemy. The 'Maria Teresa,' which had dropped astern while we were wearing, under the heavy fire of our fleet ran ashore, the 'Vizcaya,' 'Oquendo' and 'Colon' continuing on and gaining in distance.

"The 'Brooklyn' was engaged with the three leading ships of the enemy which were forging ahead, the 'Texas,' 'Iowa' and 'Indiana' keeping up a heavy fire, but steadily dropping astern. The 'Oregon' was keeping up a steady fire and was coming up in the most glorious and gallant style, outstripping all others. It was an inspiring sight to see this battle ship, with a large white wave before her and her smokestacks belching forth continued puffs from her forced draft. We were making 14 knots at the time and the 'Oregon' came up off our starboard quarter at about 600 yards and maintained her position, tho we soon after increased our speed to 15 knots and just before the 'Colon' surrendered were making nearly 16.

"The 'Oquendo,' soon after the falling out of the 'Teresa,' dropped astern and on fire ran ashore. The 'Vizcaya' and 'Colon' continued on under fire from 'Brooklyn' and 'Oregon.' The other vessels of our fleet were well astern and out of range. The 'Texas' was evidently coming up fast. At about 10.30 A.M. the 'Vizcaya' was seen to be on fire, and the 'Colon' passed inside of her with increased speed, took the lead and gradually forged ahead. The 'Vizcaya' soon after ran on the beach ablaze under fire. We signalled the 'Oregon' to cease firing on the 'Vizcaya,' as her flag was down. Firing immediately ceased and we both continued the chase of the 'Colon,' now about 12,000 yards away. The ranges ran from 1,500 to 3,000 yards from the 'Vizcaya,' as she kept in and out from the coast. We steered straight for a distant point near Cape Cruz, while the 'Colon' kept close to the land, running into all the bights. She could not have come out without crossing her bows, and we were steadily gaining on her. We were getting more steam all the time and now had four and one-half boilers on and the remaining one and a half nearly ready.

"After running for about 50 miles west from the entrance the 'Colon' ran into a bight of land, fired a gun to leeward, and hauled down her flag. The 'Oregon' and 'Brooklyn' had just previously begun to fire upon the 'Colon,' and were landing shell close to her.

"I was sent on board by Commodore Schley to receive the surrender. The captain spoke English and received me pleasantly, tho naturally much depressed. He surrendered unconditionally. I was on board about fifteen minutes. As we came from the 'Colon' the flagship 'New York' came in with the 'Texas.' I reported on board the flagship to Rr. Ad. Sampson. I stated to him that I believed the 'Colon' could be gotten off the beach.

"During the entire action I was in constant communication with you, so that I was enabled to promptly execute your orders and instructions. The officers and crew behaved with great and exceptionable coolness and bravery, so that it is difficult to discriminate. They were encouraged in their best efforts by your enthusiasm and your cheery words: 'Fire steady, boys, and give it to them.'

". . . The ship ('Brooklyn') was struck twenty times by whole shot and many times by pieces of bursting shell and from small shot of machine guns. No serious injury was done to the ship and all repairs can be temporarily done by the ship's force excepting to the five-inch elevating gear. The smokestacks were hit in several places; the signal halyards, rigging and flags were cut in many places. The flag at the main was destroyed, being much cut by shot and pieces of flying shell. . . . We fired 100 rounds of 8-inch, 473 of 5-inch, 1,200 of 6-pounder, and 200 of 1-pounder ammunition.

F. A. COOK.

"Captain U. S. N., commanding."

"The Commander-in-chief of squadron,
"U. S. Naval Force, N. Atlantic Station."

EDITORIALS

Why Secretary Root Stands First

THE order of precedence among the Cabinet portfolios is so well fixed by seniority of creation and the usage of more than a century as to require something out of the ordinary to disturb it. The Department of State normally heads the list; and the Civil War had to pass through several phases before Edwin M. Stanton came to fill, for historic purposes, the chief seat at Lincoln's Cabinet table, which belonged by law, custom and bodily possession to William H. Seward. In a like manner, and for reasons somewhat analogous, Elihu Root has in these later days risen to the first place in the administrative councils of President McKinley. Entering the Cabinet, just two years ago, unknown to public life, to succeed one who for years had been counted among Presidential possibilities, Mr. Root surprised everybody by his quick grasp of the demands of the place. Ignoring the demoralizing quarrels he found in progress in his department, he consulted with the disputants as to the most pressing needs in their respective fields and from the information thus acquired, sifted through the screen of his own intelligence, he devised a rather radical plan for army reorganization. When he was admonished that the warring elements could never be brought to agree upon certain features of his system, his quiet response, "They *must* agree," went further toward clearing the atmosphere than taking either side in the controversy.

His first effort to impress his views upon Congress failed. He found the cause to be the interference of several of the underlings in the military establishment who had private axes to grind. When he approached Congress the second time, therefore, it was after serving notice upon these busybodies that their post of duty was at their desks and not in the lobbies of the Capitol, and that their own interests would be best subserved by bearing this distinction in mind. The warning was effectual, and he procured the better part of the legislation he was seeking. Among other things it raised the numerical strength of the regular army from an inelastic 25,000 to a minimum of 50,000 and a maximum of 100,000, at the discretion of the President; it provided for the distribution of the increase between the several arms of the service on such a scale that, if a sudden expansion to the maximum limit should be necessary, or if volunteers had to be enlisted in an emergency, the new men would drop into the places where least experience and discipline is required to convert a civilian into a soldier; it abolished the absurd regimental organization for the artillery and substituted a corps, with the battery or company as unit; in place of the permanent appointments formerly made to the principal staff offices it established a system of temporary details from the line of the army, so that a current of fresh blood should be always moving from the line into the staff, and line officers who had learned staff duties should be continually returning to their regiments in the field; it reduced to a minimum the power of the politicians to procure snug military berths for favorites in civil life, and it authorized the President to depart at intervals from the routine rule of promotion for seniority and make a promotion for special qualifications or in reward for distinguished service. It must not be assumed that all these ideas were original with Mr. Root. Other Secretaries had cherished similar desires, but he was the first who formulated a comprehensive plan, and, by the exercise of his personal force, swept all obstacles aside and brought Congress to a decisive vote upon it.

In the midst of the Chinese imbroglio last summer Secretary Hay fell ill and was obliged to abandon work for a time. Altho the crisis was in one sense strictly diplomatic, it had also a military phase which had brought Mr. Root into co-operation with Mr. Hay. Naturally, when one partner in the dual enterprise dropped out, the functions of both devolved upon the other. For about two

months Mr. Root was, for all practical intents, Secretary of State as well as Secretary of War; and the main problem which then presented itself—the attitude of our Government toward Russia's proposal that the allied forces should withdraw from China—was solved according to his advice, which the sequel has proved sagacious.

As to Cuba, the Administration, when Mr. Root entered it, was without a policy, save one of drift. Popular agitators were beginning to raise the question seriously whether the United States had gone to war to free Cuba or to absorb her. The new Secretary took hold of this subject as he had taken hold of the growing demoralization of the army, with a firm grip. He furnished the Administration with a program. It is not necessary to inquire here whether it was the best that could have been devised; the mere fact that it was a tangible plan was a relief. As he had not been a party to the operations preceding the war he was unembarrassed by anything which might have passed between President and Congress at that time. He found both the Teller Resolution and the Treaty of Paris already the law of the land, and he proceeded to construe the resolution in the light of the treaty. Pacification, he declared, meant an assurance of internal quiet as well as relief from outside aggression. The demand of Spain that during our occupancy of the island we should be responsible for life and property there he construed to mean that we should not relinquish occupancy till we were satisfied that life and property would be equally safe thereafter. The Monroe Doctrine he treated as coming into play with regard to Cuba from the hour that Spain hauled down her flag over Morro Castle. These views bore fruit in the "Platt Amendment," of which Mr. Root undoubtedly shared the authorship. The President welcomed gladly a policy which would give the Cubans the form, even if not the substance, of the freedom pledged to them, and at the same time silence those annexationists who based their arguments on the insecurity of our gulf frontier if Cuba were made quite independent and left to her own devices.

In the Philippines the idea of a tender-hearted or benevolent warfare was brushed aside like a cobweb by Mr. Root. His theory was that this nation should throw all the men and all the money she could command into the struggle and reserve the development of her peaceful mission till the insurgents were in a mood to appreciate it. His vigorous prosecution of campaign after campaign undoubtedly reduced greatly the period of persistent bloodshed, even if it has not yet resulted in quite stamping out brigandage.

It will be seen, therefore, that the peculiar situation following the Spanish War furnished opportunities which Mr. Root's resourceful mind and force of character were able to improve for making the War Department the focal center of the Administration's chief activities during the last two years. Without such incentives the man might never have shown what was in him; without the man the Department might have dragged itself along, after a fashion, in the place it usually fills in the Cabinet procession. So exceptional a combination, however, called for exceptional recognition; and this will account for the fact that Mr. Root is to-day, beyond a doubt, President McKinley's chief adviser, and, barring the President, perhaps the most conspicuous figure in American public life.

A Case for Arbitration

THE strike that has closed nearly all the mills in three departments of the United States Steel Corporation menaces the welfare of our greatest manufacturing industry at a time when demand is urgent at home, and when peace at the factories is required for the preservation and growth of our export trade. A large majority of the members of the labor union that ordered the strike are intelligent men who earn good wages. The situation is one that calls for dispassionate and impartial inquiry, not for harsh denunciation of either party. So far as we know, there has been no effort on either side to promote a settlement by arbitration. But inquiry discloses some points in the controversy to which the processes of arbitration ought to be applied. An agreement, so reached, upon certain questions of fact would clear the

way for a peaceful settlement of the whole dispute.

The strike was caused by no disagreement as to wages, hours, or other ordinary conditions of work. A "scale," to be in force for a year, had been accepted by the companies, so far as their mills under union rules were concerned. The union asked that this scale should be signed also for the non-union mills, which were a small minority, being ten in number. This was at the Pittsburg conference, where the companies offered to sign for five mills that had never been under union control, but refused to sign for the remaining five, altho they consented to make wages uniform in all. The strike was due to this refusal to sign the scale for all the non-union mills. Three large mills of this class were closed last week, because the workmen decided to join the strikers. Without taking up all that has been said on either side, let us look at certain questions which arbitrators might consider.

Workmen have a right to join unions. President Shaffer says the companies would not permit his union to organize the men in the non-union mills. The companies' report of the Pittsburg conference said: "The manufacturers did not refuse their [the non-union men's] right to organize." Shaffer says they did refuse. "If they are willing," he adds, "to allow the union to organize the non-union plants, I say the strike is off." Arbitrators could easily ascertain which side is making a true statement about this. And if it should be proved that permission to organize was not withheld, Shaffer would be bound to end the strike. But continued controversy over such a point merely widens the gap between the strikers and the employers. Shaffer admitted at the end of the conference that the companies offered to leave the decision of this question to the men themselves in the Old Meadow and Saltsburg non-union mills.

The companies say that if they should sign the scale they would thereby compel non-union men to join the union. Shaffer says this is not true. The men in most of the non-union mills, he asserts, are restrained by contracts which they were required to sign and which bind them to keep out of the union. He only asks, he says, that they be permitted to join; and he adds that the union does not resort to coercion. The press reports support his assertion that men were recently discharged at Wellsville for becoming members of the union. The existence of the restraining contracts is not denied, but it is said that they were made by the men voluntarily. Probably the men in some non-union mills would join the organization; the action of the employees in the Painter and the Lindsay and McCutcheon mills, who have promptly marched out with the strikers, proves that. In other mills they would not, as in the Vandergrift mill, where 1,800 men in mass meeting stood by the companies.

Much stress has been laid upon the assertion that the companies would by signing compel unwilling men to join; and it is clear that they ought not to consent to drive men into the union by such action. But it is admitted by the companies themselves that at the Pittsburg conference they offered to apply this compulsion to the men in "several mills which have always in the past been out of the union." This is from their own report, and two of the mills were the Scottdale and Old Meadow factories, where the men's opposition to the union is so strong that they are keeping the mills in full operation. The companies were willing to sign the scale for them.

Probably it is true that after the scale has been signed for a non-union mill, a non-union man employed there can avoid annoyance only by entering the organization; also that exceptional merit and industry find more encouragement and reward in such a mill that is not governed by the union scale. But as to this alleged compulsion there is a conflict of testimony, and this conflict makes a case for investigation, conclusive statement and arbitration.

It is charged that the union broke its contract with the Tin Plate Company, which had signed the scale for all its mills except one. Shaffer says the company understood that the maintenance of this contract depended upon the other companies' response to the union's demand. If a contract that ought to have been kept was broken, the fact should be clearly established. Some other unions have recently disgraced themselves by a shame-

ful repudiation of contract agreements. But let us have the question settled by the authority of competent arbitrators.

Wages have been lower in non-union mills, Shaffer says, than in the union mills; but this is denied. There has been discrimination against union factories in dull times, he asserts; and this also is denied, or the continuous use of non-union mills is defended upon the ground that they are better equipped, owing to the absence of union restrictions aimed at labor-saving devices. Here again is work for fair investigators and arbitrators.

If the exact truth as to all these points in the controversy should be shown by some authority selected and accepted by both parties, this strike could not be extended to other branches of the great industry, but would be ended in a day.

We have not touched the question whether the welfare of the iron and steel industry and the public good would be promoted if all the skilled labor employed in the industry should be controlled by a union. Probably it is better for the interests of the whole people that all the iron and steel plants should not be so controlled. The experience of England shows the injurious effect of an abuse of union power. But the question is not forcibly suggested by the condition of the Steel Corporation, only 40 per cent. of whose skilled employees are organized. What is to be desired now is the speedy settlement of a threatening controversy that is in danger of being embittered and much prolonged by misunderstandings as to essential facts.

The Mother of Devotion

So long as Protestants concur with Roman Catholics in tolerating the filthy practice of kissing the Book in magistrates' courts, it ill becomes them to say harsh things about such doings as have been witnessed of late at the church of St. Jean Baptiste in this city. And so long as many thousands of men and women who have had decent educational opportunities deliver themselves up to the vagaries of Christian Science there is no particular sense in arguing that credulity is the peculiar heritage of the illiterate. In a very general way it may be true that ignorance is the mother of a certain kind of devotion. But, like most familiar maxims about human nature or the weather, the statement needs a good many qualifying clauses.

Consistency is about the last thing that can be predicated of the average human mind. Most of us can cultivate a critical knowledge of certain subjects, and believe imbecilities about others. Most of us can be squeamish over various forms of nastiness and vice, and yet look on with unperturbed stomachs at practices which are essentially disgusting. The snakes of unsanitary superstition have been scotched by scientific knowledge, but it will take disciplined habits of scientific thinking, and of conduct molded and controlled by scientific thinking, to kill them.

Few persons, we imagine, even among our most successful teachers in the secondary schools, or even in the colleges, realize how profound is the difference between a mere imbibing of knowledge and the formation of habits of remorselessly consistent scientific thought. Yet fewer persons ever grasp the difference between an intellectual perception of scientific truth and a fearless, sincere living of a scientifically consistent life. We have heard much palvar about the enlightenment of our age. We need a rigorous discipline of children and youth in habits of thinking and living that their enlightenment will not put to shame.

For it is a pitiful sight in an age of enlightenment to see these multitudes of suffering creatures, thronging the shrines of hoary superstition, or groveling before some gibbering priestess of newly invented humbug, and all believing that their devotion or their faith will put an end to miseries for which there is no possible alleviation except in skillful surgery, or careful nursing, or sanitary cleanliness.

And not only is the whole business pitiful enough to touch the most callous heart, but it is dangerous enough to awaken the indignation and the protest of any community possessing any real claim to call itself enlightened. In the account of the ceremonies at St. Jean Baptiste's last Thursday, the most conservative newspapers reported that fully one thousand sufferers, including little children and the helpless aged, one after another kissed the relic of St. Anne after the priest had pressed the fragment

of bone against that portion of each suffering body that was most affected. Among these unhappy creatures were not only cripples, but also sufferers far gone in consumption, and other victims of loathsome diseases. Into scores and perhaps hundreds of families hitherto free from them the germs of these diseases have now been carried in consequence of this horrible performance, and an incalculable addition to the sum total of human anguish may be the ultimate result.

We quote this instance, not to single it out for any special condemnation. As we said at the beginning, it is no worse than the practice of kissing the Book, and perhaps not quite as bad as the criminal idiocies of the Christian Scientists, who, apparently, take a certain perverse satisfaction in exposing as many people as they can to diphtheria, scarlet fever or even smallpox, as a sort of confession of faith.

To attempt to deal by law with all such violations of the spirit and intent of the sanitary code would be exceedingly difficult and perhaps unwise. Kissing the Book can and should be abolished by a legislative act. Christian Scientists, who run amuck when broken out with smallpox, or allow their children to die without medical attention, should be punished like any other lot of common criminals. Kissing relics is not prohibited, and it is not probable that a law aimed at so venerable a superstition could be passed at present in any American commonwealth. Such legislation, however, should be quite unnecessary. In numberless ways the Roman Catholic Church is revealing the determination of its best minds to appeal more and more to the intelligence of the more progressive populations, and to depend less and less upon the unthinking devotion of the ignorant and degraded. A Church which contains a Gibbons and an Ireland should be able to put an end to relic-kissing without any help from the civil authorities, and we believe that in due time it will.

Meanwhile, we may trust that little by little the one radical cure for these evils will do its efficient work. The real education of the community is accomplished through experience. Actual familiarity with approved sanitary methods and actual enjoyment of the better health and relative freedom from the curse of contagious disease which we owe to sanitary administration is, slowly perhaps, but surely, changing the ideas and habits of the whole people. Perhaps at the present moment nothing else can more effectively strengthen and extend this necessary education than a courageous plain speaking by all men and women who know what is true and right. Let us not be too good natured in our attitude toward our relatives, friends and acquaintances who are defending either superstition or humbug. Maintaining a kindly charity toward the poor and the ignorant, to whom superstition is often the best that they know, let us have little mercy for the new-fangled humbugs who can be made to know better and to do better if their perverse heads are vigorously clubbed.

Forestry in the United States

The establishment of the Bureau of Forestry was due to the highest economic interests of the country. Congress will appropriate more than six times as large an amount during the coming year for the purposes of this Bureau as was given in 1895. The appointment of Gifford Pinchot as chief of the new Bureau is satisfactory. He is thoroughly prepared for his work, and comprehends the problem in all its economic bearings. We have still 100,000,000 of square miles of forest, in spite of the reckless destruction that has gone on during the past century. Yet the loss annually by forest fires is estimated at $50,000,000—almost altogether preventable. Our National Forest Reserves include 46,000,000 of acres—an area larger than New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Connecticut. These reserves were first established in 1891, under President Harrison. He set aside the Yellowstone Park of over one million of acres and other areas amounting to about 13,500,000 of acres. These reserves were added to rapidly by his successors. In the spring of 1896 the National Academy of Sciences recommended the setting aside thirteen Reserves, including 20,000,000 of acres. This does not mean that the Government absolutely owns all these areas. Some of them cover land grants to the railroads. In certain Reserves sheep raising has done great damage, and must be

controlled. Fortunately the Western country is thoroughly alive to the necessity of forest preservation, in order to retain or develop profitable agriculture. Mr. Pinchot will have his energies taxed to the utmost; but he will find a support from the people that could not have been secured even five years ago.

The increased demand for lumber, in lines entirely new, has startled our business men. The price of telegraph poles has doubled within the last three years. The scarcity of young trees in some parts of the East is so great that measures are on foot to secure supplies from the far West; yet through extensive areas of the Mississippi Valley, and the Great Plains, prices of posts, telegraph poles and railroad ties exceed the cost of growing them. It will be a serious hindrance to the development of the rural telephone systems if the price of poles increases largely beyond present figures. The Michigan Forestry Commission announces that the only solution of the problem for that State is reforestation. No region in the temperate zone had a wider range of species of trees than Michigan. But the tree-slayer, who looked only to immediate gain, has lowered the value of Michigan farms over one-half. There and elsewhere the lumbermen are now cutting young timber with ruthless disregard for the future. State legislation has been manipulated by these men, so that no adequate measures could be inaugurated to control them. Mr. Garfield writes:

> "One needs only to watch the blowing sands on Michigan's western shore, to note the dried up springs of the interior, to watch the floods of certain seasons, and the dry water courses of others, to calculate the added expense of cleaning out the harbors, to consider the languishing industries, in order to become aware of the present situation."

Our Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Hitchcock, expresses the belief that the work carried on by the Department of Agriculture should be supplemented by intelligent aid from the Department of the Interior. To the protection of existing forests he would add a general system of reforestation. He says a tree should be set out in the United States for every tree that is cut down.

The work in New York State is securing much favor both from New England and from the West. The New York plan may be summed up as: First, the acquisition by the State of large tracts of land for purposes of forestry under State control; second, the establishment of a Commission of Fisheries, Game and Forestry, with clearly defined duties to protect and control forest property and cognate interests. This requires an organized and paid police force. Third, the plan involves a close association of the State government with Cornell University, in the responsibility of developing a permanent forestry system. The University is to sustain a College of Forestry, with educated specialists in charge. A four years' course in the study of European methods and American needs is in operation. Michigan and Pennsylvania are looking in the same direction—that is, the alliance of our educational systems with the economic needs of the country. Indiana reports, so great has been the destruction of timber in that State, that it is already obliged to procure 82 per cent. of its lumber from other States, closing its report with the statement that the supply of oak cannot extend beyond a score of years, while pine will be gone before that time. A single pulp mill reduces twenty-two acres of best spruce in a single day. All of this is consumed by a great newspaper in two days.

The point of most importance, however, is that the land owners of the country must be waked up to consider what can be done by individual effort. Forestry and national enterprise must be supplemented by the action of individuals, in planting waste places, bare hills, gullies, and comparatively valueless spots of ground. Every line of street trees, every grove, even every orchard counts in the direction of national salvation. Millions of acres may be rendered valuable as timber growers that are otherwise worthless. "Every owner of one hundred acres could profitably plant one-fourth of his acreage to forest trees." Within a quarter of a century this young timber land would produce a larger income than wheat land or corn land. The Secretary of the Indiana Forestry Association specifies an oak tree which has made a gain of fifteen inches in diameter in eighteen years. Had the farm which holds this tree been planted with similar trees, it would now be worth $250 per

acre, instead of $10. Forest growing, altho there is some delay in reaping the profits, is therefore one of the most profitable ways in which we can engage the land. This, of course, is not true under the present system of tree cutting; but it may be made true by a scientific system of lumbering. Let every farmer at least look about him, and say if he cannot find spots where a few forest seedlings would probably be a profitable investment. The Bureau of Forestry recommends as among the best trees for such planting the red cedar, the black locust, the hardy catalpa, the ash and the oaks. It will be one of the duties of the new Bureau to advise with land owners and to assist in the establishment of township systems. It is desired to demonstrate that forest growing may be made a profitable investment for the people collectively, as well as individually. A working plan is outlined for townships, under which merchantable timber may be annually cut, in such a manner that successive crops may be obtained and the conditions of the forest constantly improved. This to an American farmer is a new idea. Heretofore he has only thought of a forest as something to be cut once and the land turned over to the plow. Scientific forestry puts tree-growing among the regular farm crops. The grower takes his annual harvest, as he does from his orchard or corn field. The present stand of small trees in a given area, and their rate of growth being known, the future stand and yield may be predicted.

Professor Wright on the Deluge

In *McClure's Magazine* for June, and in the *Sunday School Times* of July 6th, Prof. Frederick G. Wright, of Oberlin, has published articles the drift of which is to make it appear that geological science supports the Biblical account of the Deluge. He shows that man lived on the earth before the glacial catastrophes which followed the Tertiary Period, for his bones and his paleolithic implements are found in glacial deposits of loess and gravel, in Europe, Asia and America. He shows, what was well known, that there were tremendous depressions of the earth's surface; for great beds of stratified sand and gravel, deposited by water, are found on the sides of mountains in Asia and about Ararat, several thousand feet above the present level of the ocean. This was not, he says, so many thousand years ago. Accordingly, he says:

> "The tendency of recent geological discoveries and discussions has been to render the story of the Flood more easily credible than it appeared to be twenty-five years ago."

It is evident that while he does not definitely say that the Genesis story of the Deluge is to be accepted as historical, he would have that impression conveyed. He says the dimensions of the Ark are much the same, for length, breadth and hight, as in a modern first-class steamship, and "these proportions could not have been fixed upon by guesswork." The Genesis story, he says, "reads like the log-book of a sea-captain." His purpose to suggest that the story is entirely historical is evident.

Everything depends for argument upon the proof that the last Glacial submergence was very recent, no further away than the time set for the Deluge in Genesis. That there were Glacial submergences every one has long known, but they have been put tens or hundreds of thousands of years ago, quite too long ago to fit the Genesis account. That Genesis account is very definite. The Flood is part of a story of the Beginnings of the world, whose chronology is carefully given. The names and ages of the patriarchs before and after the Flood are told us, and all hangs together. The patriarchs before the Flood lived some nine hundred years each, and after the Flood their longevity gradually diminished from Noah's nine hundred and fifty years to Moses's one hundred and twenty. The age of each is given at the birth of his succeeding son, and these added up give mathematically the dates of each before and after the Flood. There is no break in the figures from Adam to Noah and from Noah to Moses, and the dates are all given afterward to David and Solomon and then to the destruction of Jerusalem. The only question about these dates is whether we shall take the shorter Hebrew chronology, or the longer Septuagint and Samaritan, which do not quite agree between themselves, and which often add a hundred years to the age of the patriarch at the time of his son's birth. But

this difference is less than a thousand years. Taking the extreme, the Flood must have occurred less than 3,200 before Christ. The Hebrew Bible makes it only 2,350 B.C.

Now the question for geologists to answer, and their only question, is, whether the last Glacial submergence could have been as short time ago as 3200 B.C. Professor Wright is careful not to assert this. The evidence depends on such data as the rate of the wearing away of the Niagara Gorge, which has been accomplished since that time. It would be somewhat rash to assert that not more than 5,100 years have been consumed in eroding that gorge. Geologists generally allow a much longer time. But a geological argument requires that it be shown that the Glacial Period came to an end some five thousand years ago.

But geology does not prove this nor make it likely, and so long as it does not it is no confirmation of the Biblical Deluge of from 2350 to 3200 B. C. to talk about geological submergences and emergences that are believed to have taken place long before. All the talk about wind-blown or water-deposited loess, and beaches, and flints in the Trenton Gravel, is of no value, until it be proved that the common belief of geologists is wrong as to the time that has elapsed since the last of the Glacial deluges, and that it was not more than 5,100 years ago.

If now geology fails us, Professor Wright and we must turn to history, and ask whether it has any records of a Flood somewhere from 4,200 to 5,100 years ago. That means Egyptian and Babylonian history; for Egypt and Babylonia are the only two countries whose civilization at a period approximately so ancient is known to us.

Now it is confessed that the history of neither country has any knowledge of such a Flood. It is not intercalated at any such date. The Babylonians had a consecutive chronology which went far back of the time of the Genesis Flood, and their utterly mythical Flood they put back as far as the geologists would have desired. Egyptologists of standing give such a succession of dynasties as quite neglects the Flood; they know nothing of it. The later discoveries carry the history further back, so that at the time of the Flood Egypt had been for long centuries a flourishing empire. The history of Babylonia shows the same thing. There was no Flood there at the time stated, if we may accept the unanimous voice of historical students. The Hebrew date of the Flood was about the time of the flourishing empire of Hammurolis at Babylon, and the history, if we may trust the scholars, goes back for more than a thousand years before that, Prof. R. W. Rogers, the conservative and trusted authority in the Methodist Drew Theological Seminary, in his "History of Babylonia and Assyria," just published, gives as "reasonably well attested" the date of 3,000 B. C., for the date of the second dynasty of Ur of the Chaldees; 3900 B. C. for the first dynasty of Ur; 4,000 for the first ruler of Erech, and 4500 B. C. for the earliest known kings of Kengi, Shirpurla. These dates may be 500 years too early, but there was no Deluge in Babylonian history and none in Babylonian myth less than 35,000 years before Christ. It does not occur to Professor Rogers to refer to the Flood as historical.

A Princeton Theological Seminary professor has lately told us that we must believe that the Flood story is actual history, because our Lord, in illustrating the suddenness of his second coming, mentioned Noah, and said, "the Flood came." If we cannot take Christ's word on a matter of history, says he, in substance, can we trust him in anything? All we care to reply is, that he had better begin somehow to adjust his faith in Christ with the facts of history. It can be done. It has been done, after some time, with the story of the creation of the world in six days.

Another Noble Bequest

We had the pleasure, two weeks ago, of recording a great bequest to the Metropolitan Museum. We approved of it for the wise selection of an object. It was out of the usual run of bequests to colleges and hospitals.

We have another unusual and admirable bequest to record this week, that by Lewis Elkin, of Philadelphia, amounting, it is believed, to nearly two million dollars. Mr. Elkin had been for twenty years a member of the Philadelphia

Board of Education and took an active interest in the welfare of the teachers. His bequest wisely took the direction of his expert knowledge. He leaves his estate to the city of Philadelphia, to provide pensions to poor and infirm school teachers in their old age. He had observed that their salaries were small, and that as they grew old they are likely to lose their positions and come to want. He often talked of his plan with his wife, who heartily approved of it.

Mr. Elkin, we take it, was a Jew. At any rate his mother was the founder of a Hebrew society which he also remembered. He inherited wealth, and was one of a class that might well be enlarged, of rich men who give their time and strength to the public welfare. He was a modest man, who kept his name and benefactions out of the papers, and made it a study to do good with his money. His bequest, which will not be legally fought, will provide four hundred dollars a year, in quarterly payments, to any unmarried female teacher of twenty-five years' experience, who needs it. It is a noble, a well chosen bequest.

But this suggests what may be the duty of the State. The United States provides a pension to judges who have served their time for their support in old age. This is a service pension, and a proper one. The United States provides a pension for soldiers who have been disabled in the service, and, finally, a service pension for all; at least it has done so in the past, and, when the pension expenditure begins inevitably to diminish, it will probably do so for the soldiers of the Civil War. Our States and cities have their pension lists, judges, policemen, etc. The principle is a right one. We see no reason why teachers who have been in service for twenty-five or thirty years, always at a very moderate salary, should not be pensioned when their strength is exhausted. It is in the line of the movement of the day abroad as at home. And this is proper not for teachers alone, but for clerks and other employees of the public. There has been a proposition before Congress to pension at half pay those who have served for thirty years in the departments. It is a proper provision for them. In Europe they are beginning to pension artisans as well as civil servants.

An objection to such pensions might come from those who believe in rotating clerks and postmasters out of office at every change of administration. But the tenure of civil service is now so much better established, to the good of the service and the general approval of the citizens, that the justice of the proposed pension will be generally recognized. Teachers and department clerks have as true a claim for pension as policemen and soldiers and judges.

Shansi

SHANSI is a province in North China in which the massacre of many foreigners and thousands of Chinese Christians took place by orders of the notorious Governor, Hsi-Liang. The new Governor, Tsen Chun-hsuen, on taking the seals of office and finding affairs in great confusion, sent for the enlightened tao-tai, Shen Tun-ho, a man who had suffered for his advanced opinions, and asked his advice. He recommended that he send to Shanghai and ask a missionary, the Rev. Timothy Richards, a man in high repute for his wisdom, and who had formerly resided for ten years in Shansi, to visit him and give his advice. This he did, but on being informed of the matter, Li Hung-chang and Prince Ching asked Mr. Richards first to visit them, which he did. He then drew up his suggestions, which he presented to the Governor of Shansi and to Li Hung-chang, and the latter is reported to have been exceedingly pleased with the moderation of Mr. Richards's views, and to have exclaimed that never yet in China had there been such an enlightened and moderate gentleman, and that if his suggestions could be put into effect there would be no more missionary troubles in the empire. He wishes envoys were as moderate.

Mr. Richards's suggestions, drawn up in consultation with other Protestant missionaries, were as follows:

As to the punishment of those who had murdered foreigners he says nothing, as that is in the hands of the Plenipotentiaries; and as to the murderers of the converts, he knows they are legally guilty of death, but as they were under evil official and Boxer influence he does not ask for the punishment of more than

one single leader in any prefecture in which there were murderous riots, as a warning for the future. If the guilty ones will repent the missions will ask for their pardon. Next, those who lost their property and homes should be indemnified and widows and orphans supported; and, as a fine, 50,000 taels a year should be paid for ten years to support schools of practical education, under the general charge of one well educated foreigner and one well educated Chinese, to correct the evils that come through ignorance. Monuments should be erected in honor of those who have been killed, stating their innocence and condemning their murderers. Missionaries who return should be treated with courtesy and native converts treated by officials precisely like other Chinese, punished or honored as they deserve. Any who stir up fresh disturbances should be severely punished. Mr. Richards also recommends that foreign experts be at once engaged in railroads, mines, manufactures and commerce, thereby bringing prosperity and peace.

These are the demands on the Protestant side. The Catholic bishop of Shansi has, it is officially stated, demanded 7,000,000 taels as indemnity for losses suffered by the converts.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood, an English editor and publicist of some distinction, has published in *The Nineteenth Century* a curiously ignorant article in which he represents that all the troubles in China have come from the missionaries, and that their only course is to keep themselves to the treaty ports. Let Li Hung-chang and Mr. Richards answer him. Already the missionaries are returning to Shansi and other posts in the interior, and are being received with distinguished honor by the governors and the people. There may be trouble in the future, but it will not come from the missionaries. A great deal depends on the attitude of the throne. Some soothsayer is reported to have told the Empress that the great imperial dragon, who lives underground and occasionally appears, has left Peking, and therefore the court cannot return to that city. If she shall be able to hold her power, and shall revert to Boxer advice, there may be some more disturbance, but it will even then be probably much more limited, as her orders, which were not obeyed in Middle and South China, would be overruled in the north also, except where Boxer fanaticism might hold temporary sway.

Free Trade for Porto Rico

July 25th is the third anniversary of the landing of the American troops in Porto Rico, and on that day, by order of the President, free trade is declared between the United States and that island. Three years is not a long period in the history of a people; and while we did not believe the fifteen per cent. tariff wise, we never lost faith, as did the Anti-imperialists, in the honest purpose of our people and Government to seek the best welfare of our dependencies. The finances of Porto Rico are in an ideal condition. There is no debt, no interest to be paid, and a surplus in the treasury. The new tax law works well, and by its operation the taxed unimproved land is coming into the market and being broken up into small holdings. The Federal Party, which was in opposition, has seen the error of its ways, and now heartily supports Governor Allen. We would have our people look forward to the full absorption of Porto Rico into the social and political system of the United States. Our people will invest their money there, will develop its resources, will make it a health resort, and will educate the people. The growth in schools is extraordinary, and would be surprising if any other nation were in control. As small pox has been stamped out, so will youthful illiteracy be wiped out in half a generation; and we hope it will be no longer than that time before Porto Rico shall successfully apply for admission as a State of the Union. What we are doing there we will do in the Philippines. We look to our future for a lesson to the world in the power of education and liberty in the conduct of colonies.

Mail Abuses Rectified

The Post Office Department of a rich and populous and letter-writing and newspaper-reading country like the United States ought to pay a handsome income to the Government instead of being a constant drain. The reason for the failure to pay expenses is clear, and has

been pointed out by more than one Postmaster-General. It is the interpretation of law which makes the Government carry hundreds of millions of pounds at 1 cent a pound, when it costs 4 or 5 cents a pound. This cheap rate was meant to help the dissemination of news, but the law has been perversely and ingeniously construed to cover books and advertisements as well as newspapers. Postmaster-General Smith has now issued new orders interpreting the law more strictly, so as to interfere only with "fake" publications and "sample copy" abuses. No legitimate newspaper will be injured by the ruling, while a saving of from $10,000,000 to $20,000,000 may be made, and the saving used for the advances in postal business which the public requires. One of these is the extension of the free delivery system to the rural districts. Another that is possible is the reduction of letter postage to one cent. Besides these there are the public services in which we are so far behind the Europeans, the postal savings bank, the postal telegraph or telephone, and the postal express. We wonder if it is possible that one of these days we may so consolidate the business of the Post Office and the Treasury Department that, as in England, postage stamps may be used for internal revenue.

The Revised Version

Our American Bible Society has been very conservative in the matter of publishing the Revised Version of the Bible. One might have thought it would be eager to print the best there was, but the Society was not ready to take the word of scholars as to what was best. Now the British and Foreign Bible Society is taking the lead in this matter. It has resolved to take steps to revise its organic laws so that it need not be confined in English, to the version of 1611, but may issue the Revised Version either by itself or as alternative readings. In Westminster Abbey the Dean and four of the five canons now use the Revision for public reading. We are apt to be rather backward in this country, but the time is ripe at least for authority to be given to our American Bible Society to print the Revised Version of the New Testament of 1881, and of the Old Testament of 1885, and also, if thought best, the reading preferred by the American Revisers, soon to be published, carefully incorporated into the text. It is generally admitted that this American edition will be an improvement on the English Revision.

Sir Robert Hart, the man who knows the Chinese better, and has more sympathy with them, than any other foreigner, not a missionary, in China, is out with a long paper which will be read with great interest when the full text reaches this country. It is in answer to questions by a Secretary of the American Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and in it Sir Robert defends the missionaries heartily. He highly praises Mr. Ament as plucky and self-sacrificing, with whom considerations of personal gain had no weight. The "looting" for food and support, he says, was necessary. The missionaries brought nobody to punishment who did not richly deserve it, and many are spared who deserve punishment. Missionaries, he says, should respect the customs and prejudices of the people.

It is really not a new thing with President G. Stanley Hall to pronounce against the co-education of the sexes; and really he is not friendly to the higher education of women anywhere. This is an old story, for we have heard it for half a century, and yet the higher education of women advances, and will advance from the nature of things; and we must adjust ourselves to it, and, meanwhile, put some confidence in the optimistic presumption. Education, like liberty or health, is intrinsically and presumably good, and will, in the end, prove best for the world of men and women. The only real objection to it is that it may delay marriage and child-bearing; but it is not wholly bad for a woman to delay the establishing of a home till after she is one or two and twenty.

It is beyond all question proper that no history of the navy should be made a text-book at the Naval Academy which abuses as a liar or a coward a living officer of the navy who has been officially honored for his part in the action thus incriminated. We give the facts in our correspondence columns.

Model Homes and Insurance

THE City and Suburban Homes Company, a New York corporation which has a soul, is engaged in real estate operations on a non-commercial and yet practical basis, its primary object being home-making, not speculative profit-seeking. The "suburban" side of its operations consists at present in erecting model cottages on a plot of land in Brooklyn, which are sold on monthly installments, and this plan includes an interesting and practical employment of life insurance. The term arranged to cover the payment is twenty years, but this may be abridged as circumstances permit. The purchaser must pay fire insurance and taxes, just as if he owned the property free and clear, and is also under defined obligations as to repairs, this being clearly necessary for the common protection of all concerned. To the company he pays a monthly installment representing interest on the debt and a contribution graded to discharge the principal in twenty years. The company also, by contract with the United States Life, insures him, settling with the insurance company on the basis of annual rates and collecting back the premium in the monthly payments. The policy is assigned to the real estate company, under contract to turn over to the estate of the insured, in case of his death, any balance above the sum still owed on the property at the time. In case the insured lives, the policy is to be reassigned to him as soon as the debt is cleared. Thus the insurance protects the real estate company against interruption of the process of gradual payment for the home by the purchaser's death, and protects the family against loss from the same cause. This was strikingly shown in an actual case in 1900, in which a widow and seven children between the ages of seventeen years and three weeks were left. The insurance sufficed to clear off the remaining indebtedness and leave the widow enough to pay taxes, water rates and fire insurance for ten years to come.

THE State of Connecticut now has a law which creates the office of Fire Marshal. The ostensible object is to institute a regular inquiry into the causes of fires, and this is an obviously important step toward lessening the fire waste. The real object, it may not be wholly cynical to infer, is to add another place to the party "slate." It is bad enough to have any public offices held by favor and not by merit; but State supervision of banks and insurance ought especially to be kept clear above the smear of party politics. They will be so placed and so kept when the people realize that they ought to be and when they will so to have them.

....The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association management looks upon Superintendent Hendricks, of this State, as friendly rather than hostile to it, and there is justification for thinking so in at least the fact that he has shown no disposition to harass the Association. In that we approve him, for the Mutual Reserve has trouble enough in its situation and we desire to give it the benefit of reasonable doubt. Mr. Hendricks' letter to Mr. Orear, the substance of which has already been given, is positive only in saying that the Association has legal right to make extra calls. It now gives notice, in an explanatory open letter addressed to him, that under date of July 1st a special call will be made for an amount equal to one ordinary bi-monthly call. The reason assigned is that it is considered proper to get into position to pay claims more promptly, especially because, in view of the expected reincorporation as a level-premium or "old line" company, it wishes to be able to conform to the practice of such companies of paying claims on receipt of satisfactory proofs. The letter cites the reserved legal right to make such calls as are found necessary; promises that every dollar obtained by this special call will be devoted to the purpose mentioned; assures its members that they will be benefited rather than harmed, because in the end they must provide the means for claim payments and provision for more prompt settlement will enhance the value of their insurance; reminds them that this call is a special which has nothing to do with the regular ones, and offers (through or to Mr. Hendricks) any further information on the subject which may be possible.

Community of Interest Upon a Firm Basis

THE peace agreement of May 31st (following the memorable battle for the control of Northern Pacific), and now the selection of five directors of Northern Pacific by Mr. Morgan, have been long and very important steps toward the control of all the railways by community of interest. Power to name these directors was given to Mr. Morgan; and on the 17th inst. he announced that he had chosen the following: James J. Hill, President of the Great Northern; E. H. Harriman, chairman of the Executive Board of the Union Pacific; William Rockefeller, director of the St. Paul road; H. McK. Twombly, director of the Chicago and Northwestern; Samuel Rea, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania road. In the letter making known his action, he said:

> "Every important interest will have its representative, who will be brought into close touch with the situation as a whole: and there should be no difficulty in reaching a conclusion that will be fair and just to all concerned and tend to the establishment of permanent harmony among the different lines."

This letter disclosed the interesting fact that the agreement of May 31st had named William K. Vanderbilt as referee. It is now known that in the absence of Mr. Vanderbilt from the country, President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania road, will serve in his place.

The attempt of the allied Union Pacific and Southern Pacific interests to buy control of Northern Pacific was due to their failure to obtain from the Great Northern and Northern Pacific alliance any guarantee that the Burlington system (which had just been acquired by the northern combination) should not be used to the disadvantage of the Union Pacific, some of whose lines are paralleled by it. By the agreement of May 31st and the selection of these new directors the desired protection is given.

But the naming of these directors means much more than that. We see here in one board controlling the railways in the northern half of the vast territory between Chicago and St. Louis and the Pacific Coast, capitalists who control also the railways in the southern half. Mr. Hill represents Great Northern and Burlington; Mr. Harriman stands for Union Pacific and Southern Pacific; Mr. Rockefeller represents the same interests and St. Paul; Mr. Twombly is the representative of the Northwestern road and other Vanderbilt interests; Mr. Rea stands for the Pennsylvania both in the East and in the West. If Atchison and the Gould system appear to be left out, we should remember that the Rockefeller-Harriman interests are influential in the Gould system of railways, and that capitalists connected with the Pennsylvania company have large holdings of Atchison stock. "Every important interest," as Mr. Morgan said, "will have its representative;" and in this remarkable board, with the provision for an arbitrator, we see evidence of great progress toward the establishment of the community-of-interest plan upon a firm and enduring basis.

THE gold resources of the Treasury rose again last week above $500,000,000, for the first time in several months. Of this total, $253,808,000 is held against gold certificates in actual circulation, so that the Government owns $96,645,000 of free gold in addition to the reserve fund of $150,000,000.

....A. M. Kidder & Co. have for sale 5,000 shares of the three-per-cent. stock of the Pittsburg, Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad Company. The dividends are guaranteed by the Carnegie Company, and this guarantee is assumed by the United States Steel Corporation. The shares are offered at a price to net 4 per cent.

....There are rumors that the National Bank of the Republic may be acquired by the First National. The two banks are in the same building (at the corner of Broadway and Wall Street), of which they are joint owners. Since the death of President Oliver S. Carter, the acting President and executive head of the Bank of the Republic has been Charles H. Stout, formerly cashier, who was recently promoted from that office to be vice-president. Beginning at the foot of the ladder in this bank Mr. Stout has risen steadily by reason of his exceptional ability until now he holds the highest place at the age of 37.

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Survey of the World

The Steel Strike Probably Ended

The workmen on strike at the steel mills and the general public were surprised on Sunday morning by the news that on Saturday President Shaffer had been in conference at New York with J. Pierpont Morgan, President Schwab (of the Steel Corporation), and Judge Gary. For this conference the door had been opened by Mr. Morgan, for whom Colonel G. B. M. Harvey had gone to Pittsburg and invited the labor leader to New York. Shaffer left Pittsburg Saturday morning very quietly, and returned that night. While no authoritative statement was published by either party, an apparently trustworthy report said that an agreement had been reached upon the following terms: The union to recede from its demand that the scale be signed for all the mills; mills that were non-union at the beginning of the strike to remain such, with the exception of those in which the men have since joined the union; the Sheet Steel Company to pay union wages in non-union mills; all mills to be open hereafter to non-union or union men; the union not to seek to compel non-union men to join; the company not to be required to employ only union men, but to permit employees to join any labor organization. By such a settlement the strikers would gain two mills and the release of non-union men from contracts restraining them from entering the union; while the company would yield nothing with respect to its main point, and would be free to use non-union labor in any mill. Preparation was made for a conference in Pittsburg on Tuesday, and it was expected that the strikers would be at work again before the end of the week. Until Saturday there had been but little change in the situation at the factories. The union leaders were striving to organize the skilled workmen in mills of the National Tube Company and of other departments of the Corporation; employers at the same time were striving to prevent such accession to the union's forces. The question was, How many more men could Shaffer call out if he should attempt to extend the strike? In the three companies already affected, the few non-union mills continued in operation with no loss of men, except a dozen discharged from the solitary non-union tin-plate factory at Monessen, apparently for yielding to the union's solicitation. The Carnegie Company and the Steel and Wire Company were still regarded as proof against union invasion, altho there were rumors of secret organizing work in them. Further West, the men in the great factories of the Federal Steel Company were known to be organized, but the union had not called upon them. The most inviting point for attack seemed to be the National Tube Company, and in that company's mills the union made large gains at the end of the week. The tube men had been accustomed to work upon individual contracts, some of these extending for several years and guaranteeing a minimum daily wage of $6. They were required last week to renew these contracts, which bind them to keep out of the union. Some complied; but 600 openly joined the union, and Shaffer expected to have 4,000 in a few days. This gain was made at McKeesport, and there were signs that other mills of the Tube Company had been invaded. It became known that the 12,000 employees of the Cambria Iron Works, which are not under the Corporation, had very re-

cently been organized. Officers of the Tin Plate Company, all of whose mills but one are closed, declared that they would not hereafter deal with the union, but would use non-union labor. During the week the chief center of excitement was Wellsville, where Mayor Dennis ordered the arrest of two union pickets and warned them that they would not be permitted to interfere with men who wanted to work. On the other hand, Mayor Black, of McKeesport, declared that he would neither permit the importation of non-union men nor allow the police to guard the mills. Mayor Warnock, of New Castle, was openly on the side of the strikers. Mayor O'Connell, of Mingo Junction, Ohio, said he would stand by the union to the end, and would not prevent the strikers from keeping out non-union men. Burgess Brennan, of Braddock, declared that it was right for strikers to "run non-union men out of town." In McKeesport the company promised to sue the city if it should suffer for lack of police protection. A rumor that the Corporation would ask for an injunction was met by denial from counsel. There was no indication that Senator Hanna or other Republican leaders could be induced to interfere. While there were reports that the Corporation intended to start some of the idle mills this week at any cost, it was said by some well-informed persons that the managers had decided to wait until the end of the hot season. A considerable advance in the price of the Corporation's shares on the Stock Exchange led some to believe that negotiations for a settlement were in progress, but until Sunday morning there was nothing in the situation, so far as it was disclosed to the public, to warrant such a belief.

A Court of Inquiry for Schley

At the request of Rear-Admiral Schley the Secretary of the Navy has ordered an investigation by a court of inquiry concerning his conduct during the war with Spain. The court is composed of Admiral Dewey (president); Rear-Admiral Kimberly, retired; Rear-Admiral Benham, retired, and Captain Lemly, Judge-Advocate General. It will begin its work at Washington on September 12th. Rear-Admiral Schley was led to make this request by the attacks upon him in the third volume of Maclay's "History of the Navy," and the approving comments of Rear-Admiral Sampson upon those attacks. The public outcry against the use of the book at the Naval Academy was so great that Secretary Long last week ordered the exclusion of the third volume from the Academy as a text-book, the first and second volumes having been approved in 1895. Rear-Admiral Sampson remarked that he was "in one way responsible" for the passages in which Schley is called a coward, caitiff and liar, because he had "read the proofs." In his letter to Secretary Long Schley said, concerning Maclay's book:

> "While I admit the right of fair criticism of every public officer, I must protest against the low flings and abusive language of this violent partisan opponent, who has infused into the pages of his book so much of the malice of unfairness as to make it unworthy of the name of history, or of use in any reputable institution of the country. I have refrained hitherto from all comment upon the innuendoes of enemies muttered or murmured in secret and therefore with safety to themselves. I think the time has now come to take such action as may bring this entire matter under discussion for the clearer and calmer review of my brothers in arms."

The Secretary replied that this action had his hearty approval. By the precept to the court provision is made for a thorough inquiry as to the conduct of the Rear-Admiral as commander of the flying squadron after his departure from Key West in May, 1898, and up to the close of the sea fight at Santiago. The inquiry will be made in public, and the court is directed to report not only a finding of facts but also its opinion and recommendations. It may be that the testimony of Admiral Cervera will be taken, for both he and the captain of his flagship have said that it was the purpose of the "Maria Teresa" to ram the "Brooklyn," and that this purpose was frustrated by the loop made by the latter. It has been charged that cowardice prompted Schley and Captain Cook to make this loop. During the week there were published several interviews with Rear-Admiral Sampson, in which that officer renewed his attacks upon Schley, and asserted that the latter would never ask for an official inquiry because he could make no defense. Rear-Admiral Evans and Captain Cook (of the

"Brooklyn") now say that when the squadron was off Cienfuegos neither Schley nor Cook had been informed of the secret code of signals by which the insurgents were to communicate with our ships. Signals were made, but Schley and his associates knew nothing about them, altho a knowledge of the code had been given to commanders in Sampson's fleet. Sampson now says he gave orders that this code should be made known to Schley, and he appears unwilling to believe that Schley did not receive it. This testimony of Evans and Cook relates to an important specification in the charges to be considered by the court.

Cuba and Porto Rico

There has been published in Havana a letter in which T. Estrada Palma denies that either he or General Gomez, during the recent visit of the latter to this country, said anything in favor of the annexation of Cuba, either in New York or elsewhere. He adds that neither is in favor of annexation, and that both desire the absolute independence of the Cuban people. General Gomez, in a letter to the public, explains that the purpose of his visit to the United States was to convince Palma that it was his duty to become a candidate for the presidency. Palma is said to be unwilling. "We ought to make him accept," the old General writes; "I shall turn all my energy to this end, and when it has been accomplished I shall keep apart from politics." Señor Palma reports that the whole amount of bonds issued for the insurgents during the last insurrection was a little more than $3,000,000 (face value), and that some of the bonds were sold, while others were exchanged for supplies. The bonds of the Ten Years' War, he adds, have been disowned by the Constitutional Convention. Proceedings against Neely and Rathbone, the embezzlers, are said to have been delayed by difficulty in procuring witnesses now in this country; but the Cuban prosecutors say they have enough evidence. They have prepared sixteen large volumes of type-written testimony. The recently announced purpose of the American Sugar Refining Company (commonly called the Sugar Trust) to issue $15,000,000 of new stock "for business purposes" is related in some way to the development of the Cuban sugar industry. President Havemeyer permits this relation to be inferred, predicting that the output of sugar on the island will be greatly enlarged "when the tariff is fixed right." Raw sugar from Cuba, he says, should be on the free list. The producers of cane and beet sugar in this country, he asserts, would not object to the removal of the duty on raw sugar, if a duty of one-half a cent a pound on refined should be retained; and Congress, he thinks, "will give us that kind of a tariff." The beet and cane sugar planters, however, do not think so. Manufacturers of beet sugar say that the Trust is "assassinating their industry." They want the duty on refined removed and the duty on raw increased. Louisiana cane planters are also hostile to Mr. Havemeyer's project; and the two interests will exert some influence in the Senate, to which a treaty changing the duties on Cuban sugar must be submitted. Capitalists connected with the Trust are said to have made large investments in Cuban sugar land. Mr. Havemeyer says the island could supply the world with sugar.—The President proclaimed free trade between the States and Porto Rico on July 25th, the third anniversary of the landing of American troops on the island. It is understood that Secretary William H. Hunt will be Governor Allen's successor, but the appointment may be deferred until September, when the Governor's leave of absence will expire.

The Philippine Islands

As the result of conferences between Adjutant-General Corbin and General Chaffee, many changes in the direction of economy have been planned. These, it is said, may at the end of a year reduce by 60 per cent. the cost of maintaining the army in the archipelago. The military force will be reduced to 30,000 or even 20,000 men, and will be concentrated at three points—Manila, Dagupan and Iloilo or Cebu. There will be a saving in the rent of barracks and the cost of transporting supplies. The fleet of small craft will be reduced, and one general hospital in Manila will be substituted for seven small ones in or near the city. Much of the work now done by the soldiers will be turned over to the Insular Constabulary. General Chaffee will begin an aggressive campaign in Batan-

gas Province and the islands of Bohol and Samar, where the civil governments have been suspended on account of fresh disturbance. Nine hundred men will be sent to garrison five towns in Mindoro, where Arthur Howard, a deserter, is acting as Governor, with a supporting force of 200 riflemen. The first surrender in Samar was reported last week, 500 men having laid down their arms there; and in Tayabas Province Colonel Zurbano came in with 547 men. General Caballes, who is still in the field, has ordered the assassination of General Cailles, the guerrilla chief who recently surrendered, and of Señor Tavera, soon to be appointed a member of the Taft Commission, who offended this bandit by trying to establish civil government in Laguna Province. Caballes recently killed the mayors of two towns by throwing them from a precipice. The charter for Manila, soon to be enacted by the Commission, provides for a government closely resembling that of Washington, executive and legislative power being vested in three Commissioners appointed by the insular government. Because there is no provision for elections or voting, the Spanish merchants have protested vigorously, saying that the free government of the United States ought not to deny the right of suffrage, and that Spain offered to make the ward or district offices elective. Governor Whitmarsh, of Benguet Province, charged with using his power for private gain, has been exonerated; but the Commission censures him for having thrashed in public the Secretary of the province, a German subject named Schuerer. Whitmarsh is required to apologize for that, but Schuerer is to resign. The industrial, timber and other inland revenue taxes, under Spanish rule and up to the present time taken by the central government, will hereafter be apportioned in equal shares to the local provincial and municipal treasuries. Additional reports from Rome say that owing to the labors of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland and Archbishop Chapelle, an agreement satisfactory to our Government and the Pope has been reached concerning the treatment of the friars, in accord with the plan to which we have heretofore referred. Señor Paterno will leave the Federal Party to organize a Nationalist Party, which will take Aguinaldo for a leader, and in its platform call for the ultimate independence of the islands.

England In England the two chief topics of interest, apart from the South African war, which drags along as usual, are matters pertaining to royalty and the confusion of the Liberal party. The revised oath to be taken by the King has passed the second reading in the House of Lords, and is likely to go through without further change. Lord Salisbury has spoken in favor of retaining a declaration of Protestantism, and other peers have expressed the same opinion. There is no doubt, however, but that the Catholics are exerting what influence they can in a quiet way to have the objectionable denial of Popery struck out of the oath. The title of the King is now more assured than the oath. On July 26th Lord Salisbury, in the House of Lords, introduced a bill authorizing King Edward to assume by proclamation such title as he may deem fit. The Premier added that the title would probably be: "Edward VII, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of British Dominions Beyond the Sea King, Defender of the Faith and Emperor of India." While this talk has been going on in regard to the living King, the body of one who reigned from 855 to 870 has been restored to England. The remains of King Edmund the Martyr have been returned after resting in France since they were carried thither by Louis VII more than seven hundred years ago. The body now lies in the private chapel of the Duke of Norfolk, pending final burial in the Catholic cathedral which is building at Westminster.—Lord Rosebery's rejection of the Liberal party and its present policy is still a matter of discussion in and out of Parliament. Arthur Balfour has taken advantage of the situation to declare that there no longer is any Opposition in the old sense of the word, and his statement is not likely to prove false while the present war lasts. Mr. Bowles in the House of Commons has had his fling at Lord Rosebery, ridiculing him for his sentimental statement that he must plow his furrow alone, and comparing him comically with Cowper's Alexander Selkirk,

Industrial Crisis in Germany

For some time it has been felt that the industrial expansion of Germany is in advance of sound principles of business, and the failure, early in last month, of the Leipziger Bank, together with the bankruptcy of its *protégé,* the Cassell Trebner-Trocknung Company, called attention sharply to the general financial state of the Empire. The Cassell Company, whose failure is said to have disclosed a deficit of 14,500,000 marks, was merely a swindle on a gigantic scale, but other events point to overproduction throughout the country and forbode hard times in the near future. In his report to Washington the United States Consul at Bremen, Mr. Diederich, enters at some length into the details of the situation. Germany is not a fertile country, neither is it rich in mines, and its present population, averaging 263 to the square mile, makes necessary the importation of food supplies and raw materials. What is most significant in Mr. Diederich's report is the condition of textile manufactures, chemicals and other branches of industry in which German trade was supposed to be firmly established. Of 37,142 looms in the linen mills of South Germany, no less than 6,183 are idle. The manufacturers have determined to reduce the output and to induce other districts devoted to spinning and weaving to do the same thing. As regards the knitting mills, in some manufacturing towns of Saxony, which had been kept very busy for the last ten years, one-fourth of the looms and other machinery are now idle. In a number of the factories for lace curtains the men work on half time, and receive only from $1.90 to $2.38 a week. The electrical and chemical trades are reported to be in the same condition. Add to this the fact that the grain crop promises to be the poorest for many a year, and it is not hard to see why Mr. Diederich should say that the business situation begins to look as it did with us from 1893 to 1897.

The German Tariff

In the midst of this financial excitement Germany is attempting to reorganize her tariff, chiefly in favor of the demands made by the Agrarians for protection against foreign breadstuffs. Some days since the *Stuttgarter Beobachter* published the duties on grain, which were to be proposed by the Government at the next meeting of the Reichstag. The tax on wheat was to be, maximum, 65 marks a ton, minimum, 55 marks; on rye and oats, maximum, 60 marks, minimum, 50 marks. Now the *Reichsanzeiger,* the official organ of the Government, prints the proposed tariff law in full. Some of the items are as follows:

"Maize, 4 marks per metric hundredweight, without minimum.

"Barley, 4 marks per metric hundredweight maximum and 3 marks per metric hundredweight minimum.

"Clover seed, 5 marks per metric hundredweight.

"Rice, 4 marks per metric hundredweight.

"Malt of barley, 4¼ marks per metric hundredweight; other malt, 9 marks.

"Cotton, free.

"Hops, 40 marks and hop meal 60 marks per metric hundredweight.

"Apples, unpacked or in sacks, free of duty; packed in other ways, 6 marks per metric hundredweight.

"Horses, worth from 300 marks to 2,500 marks, from 30 marks to 300 marks apiece.

"Beef cattle, 25 marks. Young cattle, 15 marks. Calves 4 and hogs 10 marks apiece.

"Fresh meats, 30 marks per hundredweight; prepared as table delicacies, 75 marks per hundredweight.

"Lard, 12 marks 50 pfennigs per hundredweight.

"Cheese, 30 marks per hundredweight.

"All flours, except oat flour, 13½ marks per hundredweight; oat flour, 16 marks.

"Cottonseed oil, in casks, 12½ marks; not in casks, 20 marks per hundredweight.

"Sugar, 40 marks per hundredweight.

"Fruit sugars, glucose, dextrin, etc., 40 marks per hundredweight.

"Margarine butter, 30 marks per hundredweight.

"Artificial lards, 12½ marks per hundredweight."

Of special importance to America is Paragraph VIII of the bill, which provides that dutiable goods sent to Germany from countries treating German ships and German goods more unfavorably than those of other countries may be assessed at double the rates provided for under the bill, or to the full value of the goods, and that goods on the free list arriving from such countries may be assessed 50 per cent. of their full value. The German papers the next morning (July 27th) were naturally full of comments on the various provisions of the bill. The conservative and agrarians papers are, on the whole, satisfied, altho some of them look on the measure as only the best possible under the circumstances, and think

that the protective tariff on farm produce should be still higher. The Opposition points out the fallacies of the bill and declares it will serve to strengthen the Socialist Party. According to the *Post* Paragraph VIII is directed against the United States:

"It gives us the means to protect ourselves against the high-handed manner in which the United States interprets reciprocity. We are decidedly discriminated against under present conditions. We were weaponless against such treatment in tariff matters because Caprivi literally threw away the most favored nation treatment. This new tariff showed a determination to insure ourselves a place in the sun in tariff matters, and we expect German manufacturers to agree thereto, since many have suffered from the supercilious morality of Americans in tariff treatment."

Germany is passing through a stage not dissimilar to the condition of England when the Conservatives, headed by the Duke of Wellington, fought against the repeal of the corn law. It is a struggle of the old aristocratic land-owning sentiment against the new democracy of trade.

The Mad Mullah

We have given some details of the curious war in Somaliland carried on by native troops under English officers against the so-called Mad Mullah who, as a reincarnation of Mahomed, has stirred up a rebellion against the Government. It is now reported that the Mullah, on July 17th, was finally routed with a loss of seventy men. Details of this engagement have not reached us, but some account of a previous battle as reported to the London *Times* by one of the officers engaged will show the desperate nature of the fighting. On June 2d Colonel Swayne left Captain Macneill in camp at Gebile, while he with the rest of the forces went to Assura. The Jama Siad, one of the hostile tribes, on discovering the position of Macneill, sent information to the Mullah, who was encamped at Welahed, some sixty miles northeast in the hills. The Mullah at once advanced with some 5,000 men, of whom about 3,000 were cavalry, and attacked Macneill at about 4.30 P. M. on the afternoon of June 2d, but was repulsed after four or five hours of savage fighting. The next morning the enemy again advanced in a beautiful line consisting of some 5,000 cavalry and infantry, enveloping the south and west sides of the zariba, both of which points they attacked simultaneously. Captain Macneill's men reserved their fire until the enemy approached to within 500 yards of the zariba, but the enemy never faltered for a second till they reached a distance of 150 yards, when the terrific fire to which they were subjected made its effect felt and the enemy began to waver and then broke and retreated. Not a man succeeded in getting inside the zariba, but a number got very close to the part where the camels were located, 15 dead bodies being found within a few yards of the zariba. Their rifle fire was very severe, and there is no doubt that the English losses would have been heavy indeed had not Captain Macneill filled all the spare water tanks left by the main column and with them had constructed a most serviceable breastwork. In this engagement the English lost ten men killed and ten wounded. The enemy's loss was very heavy; 340 dead bodies were found within a few hundred yards of the zariba, and about 300 more in the low hills in the immediate neighborhood. The total loss must have been at least 800, while the whole country was full of their wounded. The Mullah himself took no part in the action, but watched it from a hill near by. When he saw that all was lost, he retreated with a body of cavalry toward Welahed. In the meantime Colonel Swayne with his company got news of the engagement and encountered the forces retreating from Gebile. When he learned the state of affairs, and that the Mullah himself was within reach, he decided at once to attack. Then followed an exciting chase. At intervals hand-to-hand fights took place, and the losses of the enemy were testified to by the numbers of riderless horses. The object of the enemy was evidently to gain the Mullah's headquarters in the hills at Welahed. One by one the mounted infantry horses gave out, utterly done, until only some 26 remained. With them were Colonel Swayne, Major Beynon, Captain Merewether and Captain Bruce with his corps, the camels of which lasted in the most wonderful way, being, for long distances at speed, far superior to the horse of the country. At last, owing to the extreme exhaustion of the men, the pursuit was given up.

A Neglected Educational Demand

By Ethelbert D. Warfield, LL.D.

President of Lafayette College

IT often has been said that the American people are irrational in their eagerness for education. This is no doubt true, altho as good Americans we prefer to substitute some other word for irrational. Yet however we may be persuaded of the soundness of our individual zeal, we are too familiar with those whose views are so different from our own as to make us feel that they are very stupid or very nearly mad. It is pathetic to meet men whose only idea for the education of their children is that they may have that magic gift they missed, or that their children shall not waste time in mastering what they in their idle boyhood loitered over and refused to learn. One note is constantly emergent in the speech of parents, the desire that the education shall be practical. The cultivation of power is the parent's plea. Not all would limit this to ignoble bread and butter studies. Many want Greek and Latin in the foundation. But rare, very rare, is any plea for the beautiful presented. There is scarcely any department of esthetics which makes a vigorous claim for recognition in the educational field of school or college.

It is, of course, true that there has been some professed activity in the direction of instruction by means of pictures in the schools. But it is hard to reckon this a move in the field of esthetics, as the pictures are selected with little regard to the artistic merit of the originals, and the reproductions have generally commended themselves because of their cheapness rather than their beauty.

The conscious education in the beautiful being so neglected, it is natural to inquire what the unconscious education is. Nature has been lavish in many parts of our land. Especially in many portions of our Eastern States there is as fine scenery as can be found in any thickly settled region. Our people appreciate this, and are as much accustomed to seek the beauty of sea and river, of hill and mountain, as any other race. Among the more cultivated there is, perhaps, a greater proportion of travelers who seek the grand and the lovely in nature than is to be found in any land. But there are vast sections of our great continent which are flat and monotonous and without the stimulus which the variety and richness of natural scenery affords to the esthetic faculty. And when we turn from nature to the work of man's hand the result is discouraging.

Is there anything so utterly without form and comeliness as the average American town or village? The smaller towns are too commonly marked by the extreme prominence of the country tavern with its conspicuous bar room and livery stable. The more pretentious buildings such as churches, school houses and court houses are almost invariably without a single mark of esthetic purpose, not a line has been studied with regard to any other line, not a proportion given a moment's consideration. Columns of many kinds are used without the remotest conception of the laws which govern the construction of such supports, whether mechanical or esthetic. And from house to house colors flame forth in one unvarying discord, where they do not sink down into the flat shabbiness of long settled decay. And all this is hightened by the strident notes of billboards presenting the disgusting scenes of traveling melodramas or the exaggerated delights of circuses and Wild West shows.

What are we to expect from the youth brought up in the midst of such surroundings? There is no model for the carpenter's, or the blacksmith's, apprentice to form his future on. There is no suggestion to lift the mind of any child to a recognition of beauty of form or of color.

Most of our great cities are overgrown towns. They have much that is beautiful in them, much that is accessible to those who have time and purpose to go

in search of it; but very little which is so related to the life of the people as to afford an unconscious education.

What is true in this material side of life is true also of intellectual tendencies. In speech there is little recognition of the fine phrase. No American audience waits upon the honeyed lips of the orator as the Athenians did in ancient Greece, or the Parisians do in modern France. Except in very small circles there is little appreciation of the exquisite in form or fancy, and our speakers increasingly content themselves with a blunt and rugged style, full of vitality and replete with facts, but as transient as the breath that gives it utterance.

What is true of oratory is as true of music. The standard of musical taste in the country at large is astoundingly low. The musical instruments that are in demand illustrate this on the one hand, and the terrible wave of "rag-time," which lately swept over the country gives it emphasis.

It is not necessary to speak of painting and sculpture. These great arts scarcely touch the average American. They are significant only for the more cultivated few who are not under consideration at this time.

We stand at a critical point in our history as a people. We have in a most marvelous manner mastered the elementary problems of national life. We have brought a great continent under control. We have developed a free and highly productive life. Now we must meet the problem first of making our life as wholesome as it is free, and as beautiful as it is comfortable; and, second, of making the products of our factories such as will win the approval of foreign races of more highly cultivated taste, but of inferior skill.

The great age of the Renaissance not only wrought marvels for its own men and women, but transmitted to posterity the monuments of its love for the beautiful. Every traveler in Southern Europe knows the subtle charm in the campanili and the colonnades which so often meet his eye. How noble are the proportions of yonder tower on the hill, how graceful the iron work in the gate of the neighboring monastery! On every side appear the memorials of an age whose every art and craft became informed with a beauty which locked hands in an age-long clasp with utility. Even to-day, after centuries of decay, the carpenter fashions his columns and pilasters after models transmitted from Greek and Moorish originals through generations of Italian and Spanish artisans; and the smith toiling at a primitive forge cannot quite escape the gracious beauty of his surroundings.

Do we not need more definitely to recognize the importance to us as a people of fostering in our manual training schools the knowledge of the principles of beauty, and of establishing trade schools in which our youth can be taught to appreciate and produce beautiful fabrics? The existing schools scarcely seem to appreciate the importance of a systematic and thorough training in the fundamental principles, and they certainly are wanting in any real enthusiasm for the highest type of craftsmanship. No doubt the American spirit which makes youth eager to get to the top—not of a chosen calling, but of a series of callings—enters in as a disturbing force. The well taught carpenter's apprentice aspires to be a contractor, or an architect; the successful sign painter becomes a fourth rate portrait painter. The great lesson of successful industrial artisanship, the lifting of the craft to an untouched level, goes unlearned.

This important field ought not to go unimproved in this epoch of great wealth and growing demand for American products. Its improvement or neglect may be the determining factor in American industrial development. But it has for the student of society another element of interest. Native Americans are being driven out of manual labor by their own aversion to it, and the readiness of foreign immigrants to perform it. A more remunerative type of artisanship, involving higher mental faculties, might prove attractive to our own boys and call them back to sturdier occupations from behind the counter and the desk. If so it would be a national blessing.

EASTON, PA.

Northland Natives as They Were and Are

By Andrew J. Stone

[It will be remembered that Mr. Stone has widely explored the Arctic regions on this continent in the interest of science.—Editor.]

HOW much it is to be regretted that there were not more historians among the employees of the Hudson Bay Company and the Russian Fur Company. What valuable history, much of which is forever lost, we might have had.

A true history of the peoples that lived in Arctic and sub-Arctic America two hundred years ago, their social life, domestic economy, tribal relations, ambitions and wars—happy, healthy, contented races who found in their desolate, dreary surroundings all the necessaries and comforts of life—would read far more like fiction than fact.

To make these people easiest understood by the general reader, I will place them in three general classes or groups, as follows: The Indians of Southeastern Alaska, the wealthiest native people of the North; the Eskimo of Western Alaska and Bering Sea country, Northern Alaska and the north coast of the Northwest Territory, and the interior Indians of all the great North.

We can look back upon these peoples at a time previous to the advent of the white man and see only proud, independent, self-sustaining races. Each tribe found within its own country everything they actually required, and yet they were not without commerce.

Dancers at Indian Festival, Klukwan. Alaska

The interior Indians, of what is now the Western States, traded with the Indians of our Pacific Coast; they in turn traded with the coast Indians of the country now known as British Columbia, and they in turn met and bartered with the people of Southeastern Alaska; and thus the trade followed the Pacific coast north and west, to and among the Aleutian Islands. Every year in June the Eskimo from Norton Sound on Bering Sea, St. Lawrence, King and the Diomede Islands, Cape Prince of Wales, and East Cape Siberia, and from other Siberian coast points; from Point

Barrow and the inland country around the headwaters of the Noatak, the Kowak and Selawik rivers, met on the shores of the beautiful and picturesque Selawik Lake at the head of Kotzebue Sound, where for days they feasted, danced, played games, indulged in athletic sports and brawls, and exchanged wares. Deer skins from Siberia and ivory and walrus skins from the Diomedes would find their way further east along our north coast several hundred miles to Barter Island, where in July the Eskimo would gather from a long stretch of our north coast for the purpose of trade. The beautiful spotted deer skins from Siberia might have been found a thousand miles to the east of Point Barrow, or stone lamps from the extreme northeast of our continent found on the coast of Siberia. The articles thus transported to distant tribes were to those people what the diamonds from South Africa or the rugs from Persia are to our own people to-day. A striking feature in connection with this trade

Eskimo Totems as they are found in the woods, Klukwan, Alaska

Tlingit Totem, Mangel, Alaska

is that they often extended credit to each other, and the matter of time through which this credit might run always depended upon the honor and success of the party who was favored, and would run through a year or term of years without creating the slightest difference between the interested parties. The Loucheaux, the most northerly Indians in America, who live on the Lower Mackenzie, trade extensively with the Eskimo along the Arctic coast to the north and east of them. This trade is unlike that found anywhere else in the North. An Eskimo hunter and a Loucheaux will agree to be partners, and this partnership will extend throughout the remainder of their lives; and yet they never work or hunt together, but will meet once or twice a year and exchange the result of the chase to such an extent as is of mutual interest. The account is always kept open, and if one can spare

Tlingit Totem, Mangel, Alaska

what the other wishes, he does so, regardless of the time he is to receive pay. In this simple way they help each other, and these partners are usually warm friends, even tho their respective tribes may not be on friendly terms.

All the different people of the Northland believe in ghosts, in some great spirit with mighty power, in evil spirits; and of the latter they have considerable fear. The great and good spirit which they so much respect finds existence in an imaginary bird or animal, and the forms of these change to suit the particular fancy of the different tribes. Giants once existed among all the tribes and wonderful stories are yet told of them and the havoc they wrought among the people, and of their tragic death at the hands of some stripling of a boy—companion stories for that of David and Goliath. They are all superstitious, as an uneducated people must be, but their superstitions vary with the different tribes.

These people used to go to war very much as civilized races do to-day, and their wars were just as much justified and were only slightly more cruel than are our modern wars. Their wars were generally of short duration, but of frequent occurrence, and a large percentage of their mortality during their early history was due to such causes. Their battles were short, furious, merciless and bloody, but they were for a purpose or principle, the same as our own, and these were generally quite as just. The historic tomahawk of the Indians of the States was but little known to the northern natives.

Chief Shakes' Old Home, Mangel, Alaska

The inland natives of the North used the bow and arrow, as did all the American Indians and Eskimo, but they often fought at close range with clubs and stones. The knife is the favorite weapon of the Eskimo, and the Tlingits and Haidas, or Indians of Southeastern Alaska, used the bow and arrows, knives and spears. Who could picture a more romantic war scene than the chiefs of opposing tribes among these latter people leading to battle their hundreds of followers? It was not a scene of ambush, the creep-

Kookpugimoot Women and Child]

ing among bushes and stones, and the falling upon a weak and helpless enemy and slaughtering them; but far out in some bay, on the beautiful quiet waters of the Alexander Archipelago, surrounded by picturesque, pine-clad hills from which towered lofty, snow-capped mountains, whose images were mirrored in the deep blue waters at their feet, might be seen two groups of monster war canoes, each manned by sixty to one hundred braves. These craft were light, strong and graceful, and, lining their sides in regular form, were the warriors, each with paddle in hand. At each man's side was his shield, spear and knife. At the command of their chief the hundreds of paddles struck the water with the precision and exactness of the movements of a body of trained military. The giant canoes shot across the still waters of the bay, each a great winged messenger of death, under the direction of its captain. The enemy is approaching with the same speed, and with a wild yell that echoes and re-echoes on the pine-clad hills and islands the vessels clash and crash, and, hand to hand, like true Romans of old, the knife and spear are made to do their awful work. Vessels are sunk, and warriors, brave, wounded and dying, are helpless in the clutches of a watery grave. During the fearful struggle the boats at last become disentangled and separate. There is no smoke to obscure the scene; all is visible. A chief recognizes his injured boats, the awful sacrifice of his followers, and, with a heart filled with terror, pain and disappointment, calls a hasty retreat.

Those were the days when the American Indian was a man of individuality, a man of character, in the tropics or in the arctics. He was not a coward; he made use of all his country gave him, and satisfied his requirements from such things as his surroundings provided him—an independent, contented man. He would offer his life for his country, his home and his family, with all the courage of an old Roman. He was ignorant, superstitious and uncleanly, but there was something in him to admire that was above all that. But he lives no more; he is gone, and only the shadow of his former self remains.

To-day he is a sluggard. The white man has crushed his spirit. He lives in filth, squalor and want, such as his grandfather knew nothing of. His heart is broken, his pride is gone; he is neither hunter, warrior nor civilian. His home, his food, his clothing, know no laws; they are all accidental, neither those of white man or Indian. He is only an image, a well-worn relic of past ages. How piti-

ful! No one knows but the one who has carefully traced his life history through its transformation. I am not a lover of Indians, and especially of our twentieth century Indians. I have been among them and suffered much of all that is distasteful at their hands, but in my heart there is pity for them, and there is admiration for the old-time brave, who was controlled by his inherited instincts. That of the old aristocrat is a departed glory, and in his stead is the wretched, cowed, degraded, miserable spirit without hope or ambition. His country is being stripped of all its beautiful animal life that once supplied his every want, and he, perfectly helpless, looks on in pitiful, sorrowful despair that blends with stolidity, indifference and amazement. With this old-time and honored brave was buried family history, family pride, folk-lore and traditions, and all the past is enshrouded in hazy mist. The once animated conversation of the happy camp-fire has changed to listless mutterings of a disgruntled soul, and the wonderful white man and his mysterious methods now puzzle the bewildered brain.

Robbed of their furs, robbed of their game, and, worse, robbed of all native originality, the grave yawns for the remnant of this once happy people.

The most interesting natives in the North to-day are those who have seen least of the white man. Some of the most primitive tribes yet retain some of their old-time customs, and a part of these are sports and games. I have witnessed the dances of the Indians and the Eskimo, their football, foot races and wrestling matches, but the most remarkable contest for supremacy in strength and endurance I ever witnessed was the annual wrestling match between the Loucheaux Indians and North Coast Eskimo, in July, '99. A circle thirty feet in diameter was drawn upon the ground, and the two tribes formed into little groups outside the circle to enjoy the event. An Eskimo boy, evidently about fifteen, entered the ring and sat down. There was a stir among the Loucheaux, and soon one of their boys of about the same age walked rapidly into the ring. As he advanced toward the center the young Eskimo rose to his feet, and they clinched, and a rough and tumble match followed. The vanquished walked complacently out of the ring, while the victor sat down to rest and wait for another contestant; and thus the wrestling continued, and as it progressed the stronger and more athletic

Tlingit Totem, Mangel, Alaska

fellows were continually being called out, until the giants of each tribe were represented in the ring. There was no sham; the struggle was all the human frame could endure, and it lasted for hours.

The excitement among both tribes became great; the match was very even, and the most remarkable, simple, unskilled athletics I ever witnessed. The endurance of both Indians and Eskimo was wonderful. The Eskimo won, but their victory was but barely won.

One of many strange feats performed by these simple native people, with which I have been made acquainted, was that of an Eskimo running down a dog. Among the dogs owned by one of the whaling ships in their quarters at Herschel Island one winter was one that every time he suspected he was to be hooked to the sled would run away and refuse to be caught until after the sledding party had gone, and in this way he escaped work. Finally it was decided to catch this very wise brute the day preceding the start of a sledding party, and they were successful in making him fast, and he was promptly put into harness. Once in the harness, he was a good worker, and all went well until the party stopped to rest about twelve miles out from the ship, when he cunningly slipped his harness and said "good-by." This was too much for an athletic young Eskimo that was one of the party, and hastily stripping every rag from his body, except his boots, away he went after that dog, across the rough fields of ice, perfectly oblivious to the icy winds that fanned his bare flesh. The rest of the party stood for a while, watching with amazement the wild chase, as Eskimo and dog wound here and there, growing smaller in the distance. They must move on in order to find a camping place, and, throwing the Eskimo's clothing upon one of the sleds, continued about five miles and pitched camp. A few hours later the Eskimo came in leading the dog. As he came up he remarked, "Dog no run off again!" And they say he never did.

The Tlingits and the Haidas of Southeastern Alaska are the sculptors of the North, and much of their work in years gone by was a work of real art and is deserving of a place among the best art collections of the world.

The people throughout the North, inland, on the coast, even the desolate and forbidding coast country of Arctic America, were never at a loss for methods of successfully capturing game. Long before they knew of powder and ball they were capable of capturing the largest mammals that walked the land or ploughed the sea. The giant kadiak bear, the polar bear and even the monster bowhead of the icy seas, one of the largest whales that float, paid tribute to their skill and prowess; and I know a Kookpugimoot who has, single-handed, conquered the two last named. The animals of the North are rapidly passing over the hills to everlasting feeding grounds, and the natives, afflicted by an atmosphere poisoned by the presence of white men, are going with them. Even the birch bark canoe of the inland rivers, the cedar dugout of Southeastern Alaska, or the skin oomiaks and kiaks of the Eskimo are not in outline and finish what they once were.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Outcomes

By Bishop H. W. Warren

ACRES of earth,
Clouds with far-brought rain,
Months of limitless sunshine!
Adequate outcome—grain.

Furnace for ores,
Tons and tons untold,
Hills of coal wasted for heat!
Adequate outcome—gold.

Ages of time,
Earth, sky without span:
Vast love and labors of God!
Adequate outcome—man.

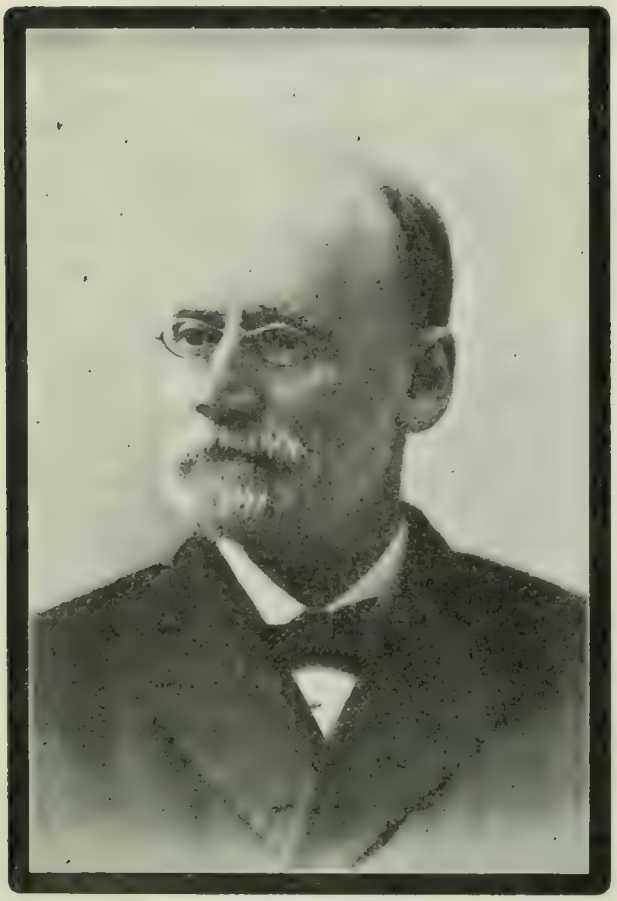
UNIVERSITY PARK, COL.

The Isolation of the School: Its Educational Function

By the Hon. William T. Harris

United States Commissioner of Education

ONE of the earliest points at which educational reform begins to attack whatever it finds to be established as the order of school education for its day is the isolation of the work of instruction and discipline from the home life of the child.



WILLIAM T. HARRIS

There is a separation more or less abrupt between the occupations within the home and those in the school. There is a contrast in manner of behavior; the school expects a degree of self-restraint on the part of the child, a considerate attention to the demands of the task before him, not only as to its demands upon him, but also as to its demands on his fellow pupils and on his teachers.

He leaves behind him in the home a certain spontaneity of action and becomes self-repressive and sometimes painfully conscious of all his little impulses and tendencies. He must inhibit such action as will interfere with the grand purpose of the school.

In his six years of life he has already accumulated a stock of interests that relate to the members of his family and the possessions of his household. He has supplemented this by experience in his neighborhood and discovered very much that goes to supply wants or needs in the stock of interests in his own home.

At the age of six he enters the school and commences to study letters and numbers as his chief business.

The school seems bent on changing him from an ear-minded person to an eye-minded person—from one to whom language consists only of spoken words heard by the ear to one for whom language consists of printed or written words, or of characters such as the Arabic notation furnishes. All his home and neighborhood interests are set aside in the school room, or at least subordinated to new disciplines of a comparatively abstract character. For reading and writing deal with arbitrary characters conventionally used to represent not words, but sounds. The child knows words by ear, but he has no theory of elementary sounds; they are not observed by him, because he does not get so far as to analyze his words. Letters, printed or written, and also the sounds that they represent, are alike strange objects to the child. But eye-mindedness will mean to the child the possibility of holding the word with such a firm grip that he can think more precisely than he can with words known orally, but not visually. It will mean that he can get beyond his merely colloquial vocabulary of a few hundred words of a loose and uncertain meaning, and master new vocabularies invented by poets to express all the shades of feeling and character that human na-

ture is capable of, and other new vocabularies invented by specialists in science to collect and combine all the facts that man knows about nature and man.

Civilization depends on the written and printed word. It has long appeared to be a necessity of society that the child should go to school, just for the sake of becoming eye-minded. But the work of the school is very different from the occupation of the child in the family in his first six years. It is isolated from the home life, and only refers to it incidentally for illustrations and examples; for applications and rudimentary experiences that help to understand the lesson of the day.

Whenever a topic comes up in school that relates in any way to the child's experience, the good teacher always appeals to this body of original observation as a sort of apperception fund of information—a fund of direct information which helps explain the subject presented in the school lesson.

So, too, the kindergarten has been invented, and a series of games and occupations offered to younger children as a method to connect more closely the school and the home. But the child does not find the home-life continued in the kindergarten—not the home life of caprice and wild play. He has come into a social whole and he must conform to the regulations necessary for the existence of a social whole. He must play the game chosen by the teacher and work at the occupation set for his class. Everything is prescribed for him. His occupations are not such as he has seen at home. They deal with elements that enter certain processes of manufacture, that exist in his neighborhood, but they are almost as abstract as the letters used to spell words.

This fact has been well observed by educational reformers, and Pedagogy has received the fruits of their first labors to improve its methods.

The isolation of the school from the home life is made less by turns of skill in methods of instruction, or in methods of discipline; by inventions of a long series of short steps and easy gradients that place it within the power of the child to climb to difficult hights.

Were the child taken from the home entirely and kept in the school room constantly it would pretty effectually quench what the child had acquired of individuality in home life.

This has been a great evil in a certain class of boarding schools and in orphan asylums.

But, as a fact, the ordinary primary school takes only five hours of the day, five days of the week, and forty weeks of the year. This gives one-ninth of the entire time to the school room. If the child consumes four-ninths of the time in sleep and four-ninths of the time in continuing his home and neighborhood life, he will have, in the average case, sufficient elasticity to react against the cramp which is threatened by school life.

The concentration of mind on the part of the professional teacher to invent means to lessen the step from home life to school life has tended to make him lose sight of the educative value of what is peculiar to the school itself. The school is sometimes regarded as a sort of necessary evil which it would be well to eliminate entirely from society if a suitable substitute could be found. Sometimes, too, it comes to seem as if the home life of the child contained all that is truly desirable. The one who holds this point of view is prone to fall into the same error in regard to the State. He will think that the family should be all in all, and that the State—that is to say, the political life of the people, should be dispensed with, and thereby an enormous saving effected in the life of man.

Something of this trend of thought in modern pedagogy is found on a large scale in the thought of Europe in the last century. It was put into application on a grand scale in France. It was a sort of object lesson for all that part of mankind that read and think. The French Revolution had been for fifteen years a spectacle to all Europe of a people trying to clear up its mind with regard to the relation between the individual and the State. In the Reign of Terror all Europe made the discovery that with mere individualism each person of necessity comes to suspect every other person. In such a condition society becomes a mob and the individual finds no safety from suspicion and violence. The reaction in France from the time of the Reign of Terror led further and further away

from mere individualism, and not only from this, but from any mere life of nature. There came to be an insight into the necessity of the Government, the institution of the State, as the guarantee of the life and liberty of the citizen. This insight came with more force to the thinkers living in other countries, and especially in Germany, than it did even to the people in France. In Germany it began to be seen that not only the State, but other institutions, such as the Church and the community of productive industry, and the family, are institutions which are needed to make possible the life and liberty of the citizen.

The ideal nature of man gets realized in his institutions. The family is an organization which protects the individual in his immature years of infancy, in his old age of decrepitude, and, in other words, equalizes the difference of sex, age and condition of health, etc. Civil society is organized so that by division of labor each worker becomes skillful and can accomplish a maximum of production, and yet each person depends upon others in his community, and, in fact, upon all the race, for the variety of articles which he needs to supply his wants. By commerce this dependence is converted into independence. Each citizen is made independent of want by belonging to a social whole. The State, on the other hand, protects the weak against the strong, and secures justice, not by the individual, which would be private revenge, but by the State. The State is the reality of the rational self, which is only partially realized in each individual. Again, the church devotes itself to the preservation of the wisdom of the past. It teaches a view of the world as one in a rational purpose; it offers a summary of this wisdom to all the people whether mature or immature; it applies this wisdom more or less perfectly or imperfectly to the practical issues of the day in the life of each individual.

The relation of the individual to this larger self incarnated in institutions is that of obedience to authority. The institution, which is a social whole in one of its forms, prescribes to the individual, and he obeys. In all lower and lowest conditions of civilization the punishment of death is most frequently awarded to the individual who deliberately disobeys this authority, vested by institutions in responsible officers, or chiefs; in the family, in civil society, in the State, in the Church.

With the phenomena of the French Revolution before them, European thinkers saw how this element of authority comes by and by to be questioned by an educated or enlightened people. The authority seems to be alien to the rational will of the individual. Hence, one school of thinkers came to call this rational world, embodied in institutions, the world of self-estrangement (*selbst-entfremdung*). The individual who becomes intensely conscious of his personality, in the beginnings of a scientific education, comes to attack all authority as a foreign or alien affair. He does not see that it embodies the realization of his greater self. He does not see that to obey institutions is to obey his rational self. To him it is a matter of blind obedience to what is irrational.

Mind, as it appears in infancy and childhood, is the potentiality of man, but not the reality of man. In order to become man in his maturity, the immature child must estrange itself—become foreign to what it finds itself to be as child or infant—and it must study the grounds of the commands of authority until it gets an insight into their rationality. Then it returns out of its estrangement and becomes at home in the forms of reason that have been realized in the long course of the history of the human race. The child or infant has no longer the intense delight in his immediate environment, but he delights in finding again and again a new province of rationality at first strange or foreign to him, and mastering it so that he becomes at home in it and becomes able to add its strength to his strength.

Man thus goes from a state of weakness and feebleness, and of consequent subordination to his environment, over to the condition of mastering his environment, conquering nature and making it his instrument of self-estrangement. He eats his daily bread and meat and assimilates or digests it as a foreign material, making it over into a tissue of his own body. Thus, too, he takes the wisdom of the race, both its forms of doing and its forms of thinking, its scientific and spiritual insights, and, so to speak,

digests or assimilates them by seeing their rationality and learning how to do or act in right forms, and understand those forms. All the while the little individual is growing in might by this process of assimilation. He is reinforcing his little will power by the will power of the race; he is reinforcing his feeble intellect by the aggregate intellect of man as a social whole.

Quite frequently the philosophy of education has followed this way of looking on the institutional world as a world of self-estrangement, and the individual infant or savage is regarded as the point of departure, as an already complete world of reason, and the institutions are regarded as something less real and substantial than the various parts of education—namely, that of the family—in the etiquet that makes possible the life of the individual in the family or home; the conformity to the law of the State, which makes the individual into a citizen, and the spiritual purification and holiness that comes from obedience to the Church, all these kinds of obedience are looked upon as something alien, as something isolated from the substantial and real life of the individual. According to this there is an isolation in the school, in the education of the State, and the Church and the family, and in the training for one's vocation; these are all species of isolation. But it is better to turn this view around and look upon the individual himself when an infant or savage as isolated from his true rational being.

One would better say, therefore, that all education, whether in the school or the family, or the State or the Church, or in any other institutions, that all education is an attempt to overcome the isolation of the undeveloped individual, the immature specimen of the human race, the infant or the savage, who is only the possibility of complete manhood, for the child or the savage is isolated from the rational outgrowth of his true being. His thought is feeble because he cannot reinforce it by the thought of the race. His action is feeble because it is not reinforced by the action of all humankind. Education strives to emancipate the individual child from his isolation.

Self-estrangement as a principle helps one understand many things in education that are otherwise enigmatic; how that the culture of all races proceeds by a mastery of a classic literature; the study of Confucius and Mencius in Chinese education; the study of the code of Manu, the Vedas, the Hitopadesa, among the East Indians; the study of the Koran among the Mahommedans, and the study of the Bible and of Greek and Latin classics among modern Christian nations. It is a sort of vicarious living over again of the far-off world—far-off from the present world of the home life and the life of the business world.

The child cradled in his immediate present takes it for all in all and for an independent complete whole, but his education teaches him that it is not independent, but that it is in causal relation with all its past, and in a causal reaction with all that exists, however distant from it in space. Finding himself mistaken as to the completeness of the present in this isolation, the youth begins to take his steps with increased wonder and delight at finding new worlds that were before invisible to him, but which when once seen help explain to him what is here and now. Every intellectual nation in the world, beginning with the Persian, the Egyptian, the Greek and the Roman, has set its youth to study not only its own classics, but also such elements of abstract science as it had come to possess—such as fragments of mathematics and astronomy—and has undertaken foreign travel as an element of education. The school has sometimes symbolized its isolation or its difference from the every-day life of the immediate present by the adoption of certain formal usages, the wearing of some special garb to distinguish its order from the rest of the community; the adoption of some mode of life different from that of the family of the average citizen.

The student, perhaps, has been aided in, rather than hindered from, mastering the strange and far-off phases of the life that his people have lived through, by these matters of immediate garb, and by the community life in the school or college. He takes pride in thus celebrating his conscious arrival at a step removed from the commonplace life which he held as immature youth to the school in which he is to be enlarged in his life by the addition of the will and intellect of the race. He takes some pleasure in making this

distinction visible by a cap and gown, and by a life in a system of barracks rather than in the family life adopted by his civilization.

All culture begins with this first estrangement of the immature individual out of his immediate surroundings, material and spiritual, and commencing to make himself at home in what is at first strange and different, but which he will soon render familiar by study.

He will begin to see, step by step, his own rationality, the purpose of the life of his race. He will make over for himself a second nature in these other stages of rational life, isolated by time and space from him.

He will increase proportionally in his ability to think and to do. He will not be surprised when he sees the first difference from his family or neighborhood. He will not be astonished at the habits of doing and thinking which he sees among foreigners, but will explain it all by the light which he gets from the study of different manners and customs and modes of doing things. He will be able to criticise his own manners and customs and methods of doing, and will see how to reform them in such a manner as to bring about an insight into their rationale.

In connection with this process of self-estrangement a new series of phenomena arises which take on the character of reaction against the ordinances of the institutions of culture. It is marked in the entire history of the race that the culture world, the world that overcomes the self-estrangement of the mere individual, as organized in the school and the Church, and also in the State and in the family, always assumes the attitude of authority and demands implicit obedience on the part of the child or the individual citizen. This obedience is insisted upon to such an extent as to threaten to produce the effacement of the individual. In the ancient education the individual had to be effaced before he became a participator in the intellect and will of the social whole. He was effaced before he was reinforced. Reforms in modern pedagogy save the child from a too wasteful repression of individuality.

Isolation of the school thus seems to mean something deeper than the mere lack of continuity with the home life, or even with the life of civil society in which the home life moves. It means the emancipation of the youth from the immediate sway of what is near and the bringing of his mind into an appreciation of what is far off in time and space, but which nevertheless has been powerful in making the present world what it is.

It is a process of correcting the judgment of the individual as to what his true self is, and as to what is of permanent value in human endeavor.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

John Alexander Dowie and His Zions

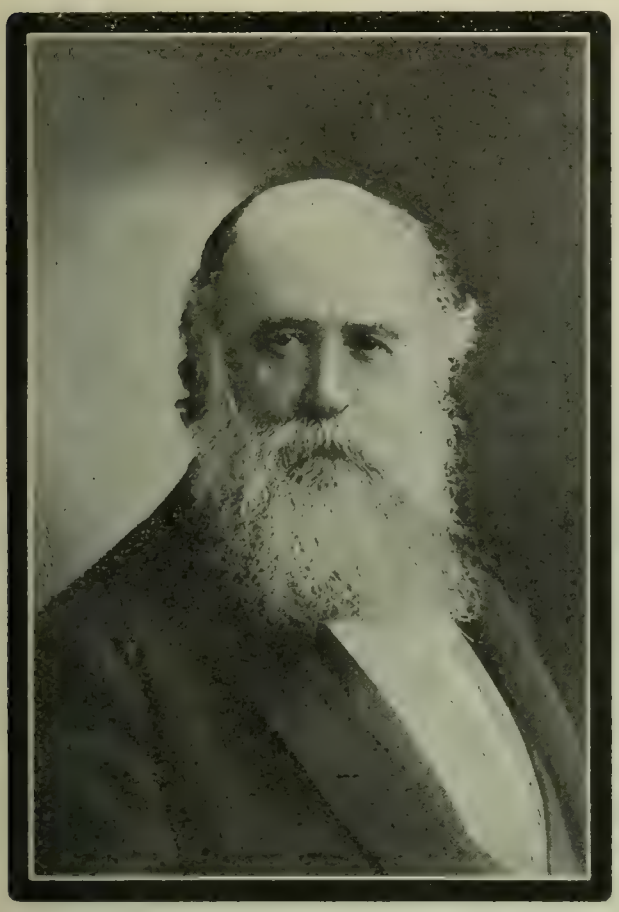
By John A. Napes

CHICAGO has been described as a home of religious cranks, and among those whom the world designates as such John Alexander Dowie holds at present the front rank. Certainly he has laid his hold upon the great city, where he is in evidence both north and south. The strong personal hold he exercises on his followers is conceded; he seems to outsiders to hypnotize them. People assert that his followers are easy subjects for such hypnotism, but the influence is unquestionably there.

The locality which he has chosen for his civic headquarters adjoins the handsome terminal station of the Illinois Central Railroad on Michigan Avenue, the stateliest thoroughfare in Chicago. Zion Home is an imposing structure of seven stories, in the modern commercial style, the ground floor on the avenue side being devoted to banking business. Dr. Dowie objects to the name hotel being applied to the building, preferring to call it a home. Over it, attached to a flagstaff, waves a long streamer, bearing the name "Zion." Hither flock sufferers anxious to be under his supervision, so that they may be cured of their various ailments. The Home is kept private, and the meetings held there are not open to the public. The Zion City Bank conducts a regularly

appointed business. Dr. Dowie figures as proprietor, Chas. J. Bernard is manager, and Wm. S. Peckham is cashier. It allows interest at four per cent. on all accounts from one dollar to five hundred, and three per cent. on accounts over five hundred dollars, and issues drafts payable at all the principal cities of Europe and in all parts of this country.

Dr. Dowie, who lives in the two upper floors of the building, is very particular on the subject of diet, and has implicit belief in the Mosaic prohibitions. Pork



JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE

and oysters are an abomination to him. Lard, as the fat of pork, he has no use for, and recommends in its stead a mixture of beef suet with cotton seed oil, peanut oil or bean oil. He stoutly denies that Peter's vision teaches us that the distinction between clean and unclean beasts was there and then swept away. The vision, he says, only taught Peter not to "call any *man* common or unclean." The sheet that was lowered contained "all manner of creeping things." Were these also to be eaten?

Some distance to the south of the Home, on the same avenue, are to be found a bookstore filled with the numerous publications of the society, and a college for the instruction of intending healers. Still further along is the Central Zion Tabernacle, an ecclesiastical building with a front reminding one of Peterborough Cathedral; formerly it was St. Paul's Church and belonged to the Universalists. At that time it seated only nine hundred people; now it seats three thousand. The interior has been completely altered, so as to make it an excellent auditorium, with modern folding seats all converging on a central platform. There is a substructure of steel which renders it independent of the walls. The walls are oddly decorated, like a museum or a Japanese temple annex, with the disused apparatus of grateful patients. I noticed crutches, walking sticks, trusses, high-heeled boots, suspenders, strait waistcoats, Masonic badges and uniforms, insurance policies, rosaries, crucifixes, pistols and medicine bottles and boxes. The afternoon I happened to visit the Tabernacle was set down in the weekly church program as devoted to the children. At three o'clock the children were due to assemble in a hall at the rear of the building. When the hour came, however, there appeared only an old woman and the bright little daughter of the colored janitor. Gradually others dropped in, but of the half hundred who finally formed the audience not more than six were young folks. Nor was any portion of the service addressed to the children, or specially adapted to their particular sympathies and needs. The elder who conducted it is supposed to have charge of the children. He is a short, thickset man, with a pleasing face and a remarkably sweet voice. He began with several hymns, taken from a revival hymnal used by Sam Jones, which the society has adopted for its purposes, and he played his own accompaniments on the organ. Then he asked members to offer up prayer. Two women responded, the first in a plaintive monotone, thanking God that her "neuraligy" had disappeared while Elder Graves was singing. When the elder himself engaged in prayer he took notice of a request in pencil that had been handed in, to the effect that the Lord would bring about the speedy sale of a property which the owners desired to exchange for Zion City

allotments. The long address which followed was well wrought out and showed competent Bible study. Only at the close did his arguments assume the form of special pleading. To Dr. Dowie and Zionism he attributed his relief from epileptic fits, which were for long a trial and trouble to himself and his friends. He dwelt on the favorite Zion distinction that diseases belong to the devil, while healing is God's property. The epilepsy from which he had suffered he kept insisting was Satan's doing, from which he was saved by God's goodness, through Dr. Dowie's help. His friends all admitted that he had been a better man since this healing.

Anxious to see the new city of which so much is expected, I took the steamer next morning to Waukegan, thirty-five miles to the north, which is the nearest town to the settlement. Arriving at the wharf soon after noon, I found there was no certain means of transportation. The afternoon train on the Northwestern Railroad stopped at Zion only when it had Chicago passengers on board, and as yet the Chicago-Milwaukee electric line goes no further from its southern base than Waukegan. Hiring a buggy from a livery, I drove out State Street, which is really a portion of Sheridan Road, the northern highway. It is known as the bluff road because it skirts the brow of the bluff, while the railroad follows the lower level bordering on the lake. It was a bright June day, and the lake was a vivid blue, dotted here and there with a white sail or the dark smoke from a steamer's funnel. This lake view kept with me on my right all the seven miles of my drive. Inland was gentle undulating ground, well wooded.

About six miles north of Waukegan, at a small valley with a running stream, begin the grounds of the settlement. Here the bluff is less accentuated, and by the time the center of Zion City is reached the higher ground slopes almost imperceptibly into the shore plain. An area covering no less than six thousand five hundred acres has been secured by the indefatigable prophet. His own pleasant cottage, known as the Temple, stands on the Sheridan Road, at its intersection with what is to be the main boulevard. Workmen were busy constructing the boulevard east and west from this point. A few hundred yards to the west stands Shiloh Grove, where a temporary wooden amphitheater serves for devotional and other exercises. Close

Sheridan Road, approaching Zion City from the South

by is an observation tower, from which a good view may be obtained of the whole settlement. Numbers were already camping round about, in preparation for the Feast of Tabernacles, to be held during the ten days beginning with July the twelfth.

The boulevard under construction terminates on the east at the railroad, on the near side of which are the buildings devoted to lacemaking, an industry that Dr. Dowie has imported from Nottingham in England. The weavers, who are not required to profess the religious creed of their employer, live mostly at Waukegan, where one of their number acts as organist in the Episcopal Church. They were busy preparing handkerchiefs for use at the Feast of Tabernacles. Near the lace factory was a sawmill, and on the other side of the track, toward the lake, was a machine shop. The doctor is an immersionist, and the lake shore will contain a bathing platform. I spoke with the manager of the store, which bears on its sign-board the ubiquitous name of John Alexander Dowie. He was an Indiana man, who had been brought up to the dry goods business. Formerly he had been wholly indifferent to religion and was a Freemason, a sect abhorred by the prophet. To him true religion meant that which was taught by Dr. Dowie.

While at Waukegan I heard directly of one convert, a young woman who still retains her membership in the Methodist Church. She suffered severely from nervous prostration, which kept her to her room and bed for several years. Removal to Chicago, where she was placed under the care of a specialist, was followed by much physical benefit. She recovered the use of her lower limbs, and was able to walk several blocks. Then she came under the influence of Dr. Dowie, and the previous good symptoms were wonderfully developed. Now she is fairly strong and credits it all to the prophet. Two flagrant cases of neglect were also reported to me, through one who was an inmate of the Home at the time they occurred. One little sufferer moaned away its life as the lower limbs mortified. Another, who fell and broke a rib, which protruded, was prayed for without any surgical aid being secured. And his parents insisted upon his stating that he had been cured! Tales like these naturally invite the fierce anger of humane people and raise up a host of enemies. But the Zionites take note only of the favorable cases and lose none of their assurance.

To see the prophet himself it is best to visit the Tabernacle at an afternoon Sunday service. At three o'clock punctually the lady organist begins to play on the modest instrument, driven by hand, both she and her assistant being clad in

The Lacemaking Factory, Zion City

white surplices. Up the main aisle marches a long procession of surpliced forms, wearing college trenchers and singing a well-known Church of England processional. At the head are two little tots, and the size of the choristers gradually increases until the last of the two hundred are well-grown young men and women. They are followed by deacons and deaconesses, by elders and by overseers, the tassels of their trenchers being significant of the differences in their rank. There are many colored folks to be seen among them, children and adults. Last of all, following four blue-tasseled overseers, comes the chief overseer in a silk gown lined with blue, puffed lawn sleeves like a bishop, a college hood lined with a combination of blue, white and yellow silk, and a trencher with a tassel

Zion College Building, Chicago

having the same triple combination of colors.

Dr. Dowie is a short man, of five feet or thereabouts, broad-shouldered and portly. To many he gives the idea of hight, but the impression is deceptive. When seated, however, owing to the shortness of his legs, he appears like a large man. His features are very Scotch, and Celtic Scotch at that—as his name would lead one to expect. But he has not the soft Highland tongue; his intonation is pure Edinburgh, the Saxon city where he was born and received his education. He was a student under Blackie and Calderwood, and attended the theological lectures of that saintly and highly gifted divine, Lindsay Alexander. As a Congregationalist he was brought up, and a Congregational minister he remained for nearly twenty years, until his views on the matter of healing the sick made it impossible for him to remain

Zion Home, Chicago

longer with them. This record of his is thoroughly in harmony with his whole conduct and bearing. He is not unctuous or emotionally persuasive. Those who expect to hear from his lips any outbursts of the Celtic *hwyl* will be sadly disappointed. He is intense, argumentative, fiercely logical; a good biblical exegete, a hard-headed Scotch thinker, fond of sarcasm, fond of inveighing against sin and sinners, priding himself

Central Zion Tabernacle, Chicago

in his outspoken fearlessness. He is the embodiment of physical vigor. Some one has suggested that his claim to be

The Temple Cottage, Zion City. Dr. Dowie's Residence

the Prophet Elijah is a symptom of incipient paresis; but this is a mistake. Exuberant health and extraordinary power over his fellow men, which increase as he gets older, a growing sense of his ability as an organizer and a love of exercising these gifts, with possibly strange powers of affecting the physical condition of weaker natures; these things have led him to consider that his own old personality has given place to a greater, and that the power and *nature* of Elijah have come upon him. He does not meet inquirers into his assertions with wild rhetoric or mystical rhapsodies. He tells them plainly that, twenty-five years ago, when a Jewish gentleman witnessed a wonderful case of his healing powers, and insisted that he was none other than Elijah " who must first come," he scoffed at the idea. But now he can no longer resist the conviction that after all he *is* Elijah. A careful student of the New Testament finds no difficulty in understanding the peculiar position of Dr. Dowie, who is steeped in the atmosphere of gospel times. Neither from him nor from his followers did I listen to any interpretation of the New Testament that was flimsy or ridiculous. On the other hand, I missed in him any indications of a lofty spirituality such as might tempt one to think that Elijah had really come again in the flesh. He is a man of signs and wonders, and a born leader and organizer; but hardly more. It is but just to state that he does not magnify himself in his teaching. He promises healing only where the heart is really given to the Savior and a sincere prayer is offered to the Lord of all. Unless this condition of mind exists, he declares himself helpless. And the morality he insists upon is strict and pure, worthy of his old teacher in Augustine Chapel, Edinburgh. I left the Tabernacle with a respect for the prophet and his followers, as men sincerely desirous to act and live acording to the teachings of the Scriptures.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Love in Tune

By Denis Wortman

O, TIME is short, and time is long,
And 'tis a merry songless song,
And clouded March is sunny June,
When love with love is well in tune!

SAUGERTIES-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

At an English School

By George H. Holoran

I.

TWENTY years ago, like many another small boy going away to school for the first time, I said "good-by" to my father, and felt myself utterly alone in the world. I wandered into the furthest corners of the playing-fields trying to realize my position, but found no solitude even there, for older boys clustered round and asked me all sorts of questions about my father's occupation and my sister's appearance and age, in which they took a strange interest that was embarrassing for a timid small boy. But soon I "chummed" up with "Fatty Robson," another "new" boy, who had already made his first day famous by punching the head of the chief of our tormentors, a boy who was commonly suspected of the enormous wickedness of smoking cigarettes in a tree behind the Fives Courts.

Following his example I "took on" Dutchy Miller, another similar youth, who was threatening to duck me in the muddy pond of the playground, and clasped in an unloving embrace we rolled together through the water and emerged, covered both with slime and I with glory. At night came a new experience, the cheerless smell of the chilly cloisters and dormitories, brightened occasionally, however, by secret sardine-feasts after lights were out, when we slid down ropes of blankets and brought up coal in bundles of sheets for the fires we had no right to make. Then, camping out on mattresses before the fire, we played whist, and once a boy got all the trumps in his hand, probably because in dealing his attention had been so divided with his bread and jam that he had had no time to shuffle. Robson used to snore horribly, and, as he slept next to me, I received many a soap-pill for noises I did not make. But our greatest excitement was a dormitory pillow fight or football match. The only safe occasion for these was the one night in the year when masters, prefects and choir went in procession to supper singing the Boar's Head Carol, and escorting the boar's head, grinning on a platter with torches and holly:

> "The boar's head in hand bear I,
> Bedecked with flowers and rosemary,
> And, I prithee, my masters, be merry.
> *Qui estis in convivio.*"

Then we that were left challenged dormitory against dormitory, naked and greased like ancient athletes, and Thompson, the international half back, never "dropped" a finer goal than the one that went through Mr. Davies's study window. The oval impress of the ball gave us away, and the sequel was twelve strokes next morning for Thompson.

II.

The most disagreeable of cloister games was "running the gauntlet," creeping under the outstretched legs of a line of boys who performed on the victim "*en passant*" with a knotted towel. Another diversion was to set a fellow on the topmost row of the lockers that ran along the walls up to the ceiling, and there on a perilous eminence, where no flinching was possible, to aim at him with those hard compact fives-balls that sting so much. "Tapping" (sousing in a big trough) and "tossing in a blanket" were less unfriendly, but equally common forms of hazing. Our greatest field games were, of course, cricket and football, and we played and beat very strong teams. Playing for one of the latter, I first saw an American player, who went on his hands and knees in the scrums, and did very well, but was badly kicked and pouring with blood. Before getting into even the second football team we had to qualify on "little side," "middle side" and "by side," and I regret to say most of the by practices were arranged in morning chapel. A fellow had literally to fight his way through the school, and most days a ring was formed for that purpose behind the Fives Courts. The referee was a Sixth-former, distinguished for his knowledge of boxing etiquet, or for past prowess in the art. The great fighting form was the Fifth

in those days, and one youngster, who had "made" that form while yet a small boy, was treated as the light-weight champion, and fought many battles for the honor of his form. But his life was not a happy one, for he was compelled to spend his spare time in practicing against his older form-mates, and having his features ruthlessly mangled at their hands.

III.

Our Fifth-form master was Mr. Davies, who was constantly compelled to "swish" boys, either for Greek, or for "bagging coal," or making fires in dormitory, for his dormitory and form comprised between them the most enterprising spirits in the school. One afternoon through the open doors of the various class-rooms was seen a file of dejected looking boys in shirt sleeves, on their way to Avernus, as Mr. Davies's quarters were called. They had been caught in a game of leapfrog during school period, and were instantly haled to summary punishment. Arrived at Avernus they tossed up with the one coin they possessed among them to see who should not enter first, for Mr. Davies's powers were proverbial when fresh and unimpaired as he settled the culprit round the rungs of an old oak chair.

Really bad boys were dealt with by the Sixth at their weekly meetings, but an appeal was always allowed to the "Head." We were very rigid on one point of morality, we never told lies to the "Head," and he had only to ask in order to get any information out of us that he wanted. That was because he always believed us, and always spoke well of us, of our character or abilities, to friends or parents, thereby increasing our self-respect and raising our standard of morality far more than he ever calculated upon doing.

Summer was our great time for reading, for most of our reading set were football players and not cricketers, but it was reading made easy as we lay on rugs in the long grass or by the river, or swung in hammocks among the honeysuckle. Our favorite resort was "Triste Lig," short for "Triste Lignum," so-called from a gaunt old oak which stood there blasted by lightning. Here we read aloud for mutual help our Greek or Latin or French plays, and many a funny translation was given to render the subject more cheerful. We kept up our outdoor work long after summer was fled, and my first version into Latin of "By the waters of Babylon" was done one Sunday afternoon in the open bathing-shed during a slight fall of early snow.

IV.

Our president, who was seldom in residence, was a well-known preacher, a fact we found it hard to believe when he preached to us, for before his forty-five minutes were up many of us, including sometimes the Head, were fast asleep. He was never humorous, even unconsciously, or we might have had the fun another schoolmaster's hearers had at hearing him take for his text, "My sins are more in number than the hairs of my head," for he was bald as a coot. In former days the president had wielded the cane with Spartan severity, and had roused the whole school from bed one night and caned them for some undiscovered offense.

This was almost as bad as Dr. Busby, who, finding a string of boys waiting one day outside his study, proceeded to cane them. "But, please sir—" they said, "I don't want any excuses," he replied. "But, sir—" "Bend over," he said, and caned the lot. The boys finished their explanation afterward. "Please, sir, we're the Confirmation Class." We had also a chaplain to regulate chapel services and improve our personal religion, but we found his services more useful to help us with our Homer. One boy, indeed, was reported to have gone to him for advice, and after inducing tears of penitence by sticking a pin in himself, to have borrowed five shillings. The president's garden must not be forgotten. He used to take a special pride in it while in residence, but it was our great delight to raid it about once a year when either the gooseberries, or strawberries, or currants were ripe, and then all the choice fruit disappeared as rapidly and silently as if a swarm of locusts had passed by in the night.

V.

Our main food was plain bread and butter, with tea that tasted like coffee, and coffee that tasted like tea. Other things we could purchase at the "Tuck Shop," and we knew several good

streams for fish where we netted, angled, speared, or tickled trout, and evaded the keepers by jumping from one bank to another, when they, being less agile, grew tired sooner than we. Once a keeper headed "Brick" Wilson off toward the river, and was surprised to find him jump in and swim across, clothes and all, with the stream in flood. "Brick" has done more daring things since on the field of battle, but the keeper still regards him as an imp "possessed." Little suppers and other social festivities were held by the Sixth-form, generally in "Paradise Row," between 10 and 11 P. M., when the rooms were supposed to be deepest in study. The penalty for skipping breakfast, or chapel, or early school was 1,000 lines for each, but these lines sometimes circulated—that is, they were abstracted from the Head's waste-paper basket and launched on a new career of usefulness. Otherwise it was not a prodigious task to write a thousand lines even of Latin, for one fellow would spout aloud all the Latin verse he knew and his hearers would expand two or three words into a line, and when the "spouter's" memory of Virgil failed he would give "Yankee Doodle" in Latin:

Ad urbem ivit Doodleus cum
Caballo et calone,
Ornavit plumâ pileum
Et dixit maccaroni.

or, "Stolen sweets are always sweeter," etc.

Furto cuncta magis bella,
Furto pulchrior puella.

Varied by observations on our individual peculiarities. We had any amount of practice in Latin or Greek authors, with few notes, no vocabulary, little help in teaching, and antiquated dictionaries, often over which we would fall asleep in evening study for very weariness.

Besides "Paradise Row" there were Senior Study Rooms in "Olympus" and the "Rookery." The latter were the boxing set with rowdy traditions. The former were perched high over the brow of the school hill, and in summer we used to sit in the windows smelling the sweet hay, or listening to the corncrakes through the long twilight. Then when darkness came on we played cricket in the corridor, setting out our candles for fielders. Every time the ball knocked down a candle the fielder was "out."

VI.

Toby Tompkins was best known, among the Olympians, that is, as a fool. One first night of term there appeared in the Caversham train apparently a new master, majestically bearded and deep-voiced. We patronized him as boys will patronize a new master as long as he permits it, and on arrival we showed him round the school. Gradually familiarity induced contempt, and we proposed to shave him. This was effected by Spider Dougal, and, alas! his majesty departed like Samson's with his hair, and he stood revealed vacuous and dull, with weak chin and eyes, otherwise not bad looking. This was Toby, a gifted musician, a fair scholar, but a fool in matters of ordinary common sense. He was enrolled in the ranks of an imaginary rifle corps, and went through days of recitations wearing the uniform—a green carriage umbrella cover, with a hole in the middle for his head to come through. Morning, noon and night he drilled in the corridors, tiring out successively Major Purves, Captain Marks and Colonel Bryan, until they sat down and called out their orders from their study rooms. Toby practiced one year for the sports. All day long he jumped the hurdles, and every flight he fell and tore the knees of his garments, so that the sewing woman was always busy supplying him with relays of repaired clothes. Toby varied this by challenging Tom Buller to the 100 yards dash. Tom used to do this in even time, but on these occasions Toby was always permitted to win a terrific sprint just on the post. Toby would "put the shot" a fabulous distance. Really he dropped it about 10 feet, but while he carefully wiped and readjusted his spectacles it was adroitly trundled on another 30 feet, and Toby, recovering his sight, wondered at his own powers. I had a new fishing-rod, and, before going fishing, I let it out from my high study window to try the line. It was weighted, and as the Head happened to be taking a siesta on a garden seat beneath, the hook was caught purposely in his soft hat. Then I stepped down, and casually going off for some bait, asked Toby to wind it in. His surprise may be imagined when he landed his catch at the same moment as the Head, who had watched the hat's wonderful ascent, came

in at the door to demand explanations. Our greatest expedition in Toby's company was to see a "minstrel show" at some five miles distance. We started late through the back coal cellars. But the steps were of wood, and the coal boxes had been left in a row on the top overnight for filling in the morning. We tripped along gayly in Indian file, and went one after another over the boxes down the steps into the cellar, five of us, helter-skelter, clickety-clack, boxes and coal and all. The noise was indescribable and discovery certain, but on we went in the most terrific snowstorm known for years. On returning we found the snow had drifted in the high wind so as to blot out paths and hedges and all landmarks. Accordingly we got back somehow, in the early morning, found the bells had been rung, and the roll called, and we and the two Cuthbertsons were missing. The Cuthbertsons had gone on a line of their own down to the Yeomanry Ball in the village in borrowed uniforms. So we were all solemnly expelled, but fortunately got forgiveness in the end. If our life was harder than at American schools we enjoyed it, and all schools are good where there is an honorable, straightforward spirit prevailing.

POMFRET, CONN.

The Appellate Division Court in New York City

By Charles DeKay

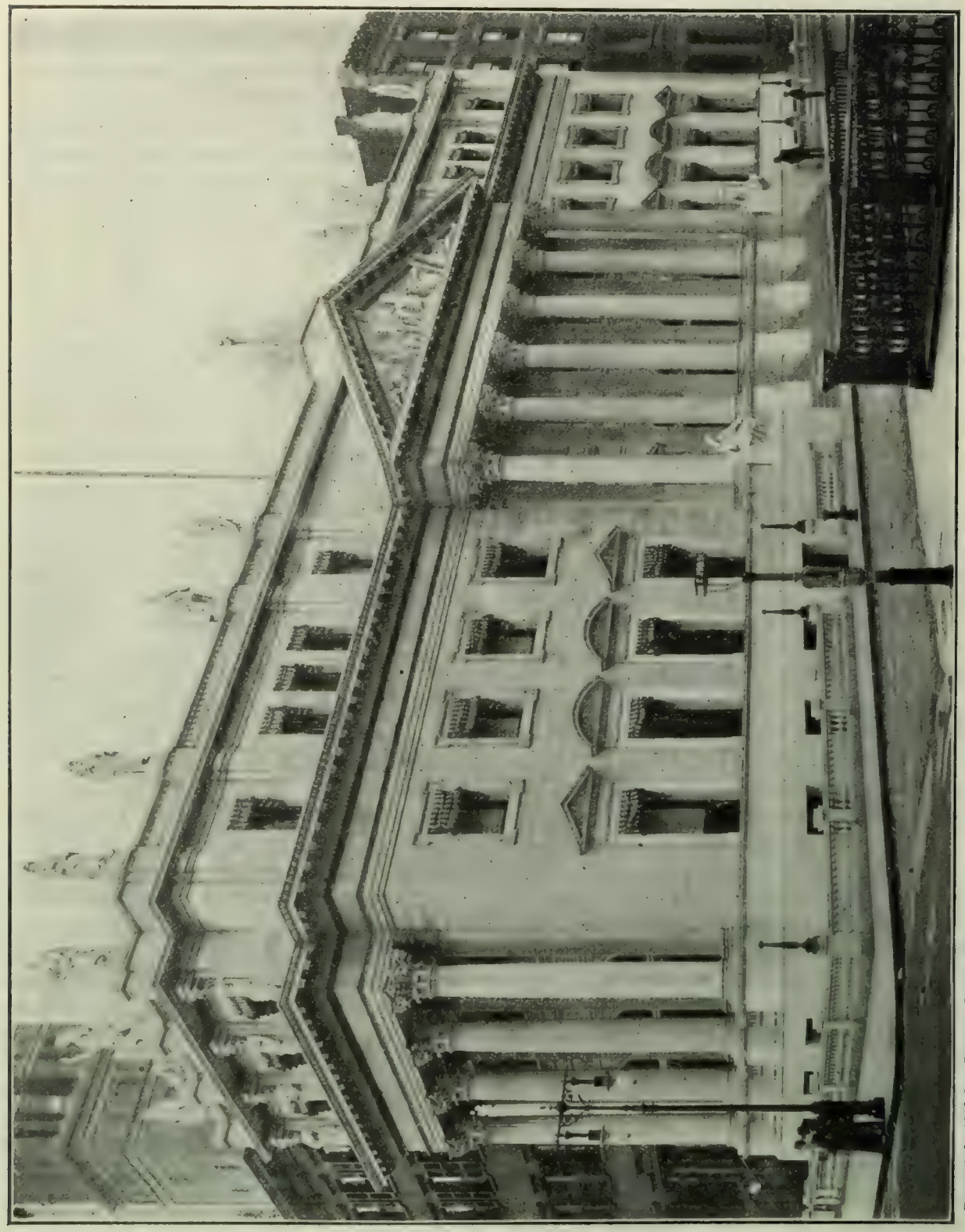
[Mr. DeKay is the art editor of the New York *Times*, Secretary of the Arts Club and the author of a number of volumes of verse and of art and literary criticism.—EDITOR.]

THE court house of the Appellate Division of the Court of Appeals in Manhattan designed by Mr. James Brown Lord shines like an ivory casket among boxes of ordinary maple. The white marble of which it is built and the quantity of statuary and carving on it prove startling to those who are unused to highly decorated buildings, all the more so because there are no others much decorated nearer the court house than the Madison Square Garden. The foil of brownstone dwellings is there, but it is almost too effectual a foil. Owing to the fact that it has been common in New York for architects to leave niches for statuary, but for these niches the statuary has never been supplied, the citizen is unaccustomed to this kind of decoration, and jumps to the conclusion that the building is over decorated.

It is true that for a full enjoyment of the statues on the Appellate Court the building should have been larger. It should have had a frontage of at least one hundred feet on Madison Square; that would have allowed of an entrance more generous, and one on Madison Square, instead of the side street. But as this was not to be, the architect had to do the best he could with the long *façade* on the side street, the short side on Madison Square, and the L-shaped ground that provides space for the courtroom. It was determined to make a new departure, to break once and for all with the timidity shown in the sculptural decoration of public buildings and give the painters a chance within, the sculptors a chance without.

Regarded from the street, the Appellate Court is rather a gallery of statuary than a building with statuesque finish. The greater part of the marble statues are calculated for a larger building than the one they actually decorate; they therefore claim the attention of the visitor before the building can make itself felt. So rich is the line of Corinthian pillars, reinforced by square pilasters of the same order engaged in the wall, so varied are the windows with their pediments pointed and their pediments arched, that a goodly amount of statuary is required. Moreover, the statues are well placed to accentuate the structure of the building. A skyline of statues representing ancient lawgivers from Moses and Manu the mythical, to Alfred the Saxon are prolongations of the main uprights in the building itself; that is why they stand in couples along the Twenty-

fifth Street *façade* and at the corners. The two seated figures by Mr. F. W. Ruckstuhl in front on the two sides of the porch are modeled with curving lines of arms and legs to carry the eyes down from the pillars in an agreeable way. On the Madison Square side the decorations are naturally more crowded; this is where greater space should have been allowed. The row of caryatids in the attic above the row of pillars might have been omitted for a blank wall, or one decorated in low relief, or with mosaics, in order to give rest to the eyes; but they are handsomely executed and add not a little to the sense of richness in the outside decorations. The little pediments over the side entrances of the main doorway also have sculpture in recumbent figures. Wherever the eyes rest there is something to observe, either a symbolical group or figure, or an architectural figure, or a carved pediment, or a fluted column. Greek and Greco-Roman, and even



Front View of Appellate Court, Twenty-fifth Street Side

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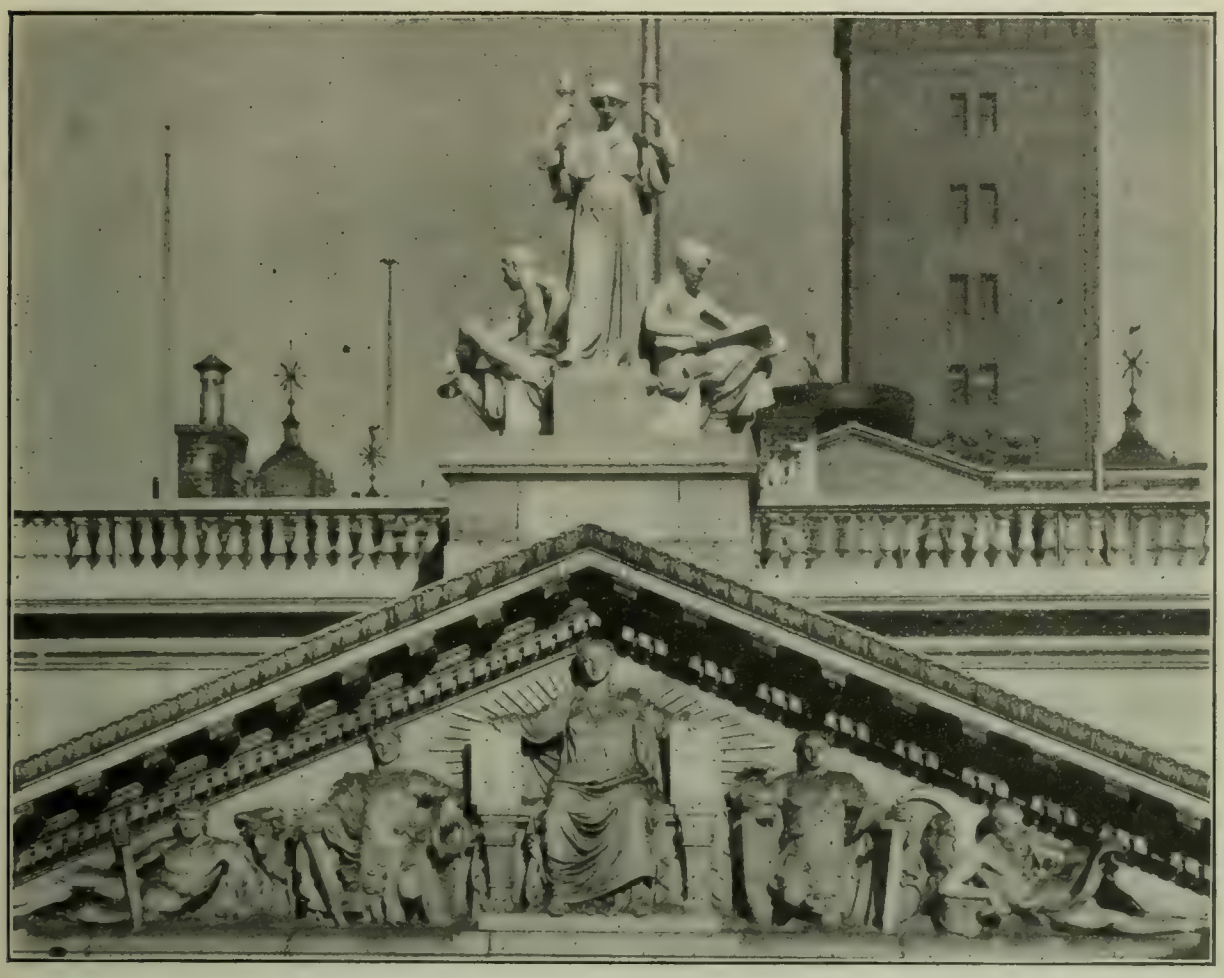
later styles of architecture, are employed, so that for all its attempts to copy the antique, the building becomes essentially modern in its crowded and energetic architecture, suited to the bustling city where it stands.

There are four main groups of statuary. One is by D. C. French, and occupies the center of the skyline on the long front. The uplifted arms of the central figure are not altogether satisfactory; the two seated figures to right and left are distinguished and beautiful. The sculptures in the grand pediment directly underneath this group are by Mr. C. H. Niehaus. Here more than anywhere else has the scale been violated. The figures are treated in a very archaic, stiff style, which might prove agreeable as a variation on the rest of the sculpture, and properly a variation, owing to the strong dividing lines made by the frame of the pediment, between the group within and the other figures without. They are framed away to themselves, and might have a style to themselves, if that style be not too far removed from the other statuary. They would have been better also if in half relief. But the sculptor has made his figures so salient and also so big that they look cooped up by the pediment, and at the same time they themselves lose in importance. Size alone does not give importance; on the contrary, by enlarging a figure its effect is sometimes lessened. This is what has happened to the figures in the big pediment. The sculptor has misjudged the effect and made them too emphatic—and we all know what is the result of emphasis applied without the finest tact. Mr. Niehaus had already attained a distinctive note by the upright, fixed figures he had designed; but when he made them so large that they seem to sit and lounge uncomfortably boxed in by the sloping lines of the projecting pediment, he went too far and overdid things.



Pediment and Statuary Over Main Entrance on Twenty-fifth Street

The group of three figures by Mr. Karl Bitter on the roof over the Madison Square side repeats in general grouping French's central group over the long front. There is a middle figure stand-

ing with uplifted arms, which loses its best effect for the same reason. Unless some very important purpose is gained by this gesture it is a question whether the raised arms and the angles formed by the elbows are worth the risk. That risk is, on the one hand, the loss of restfulness and immobility, which belong of right to statuary that forms an integral part of the structure, and on the other a thinness in that part of the group most dominated by the sky, which envelops and attenuates anything that rises high above a building. In the morning when the sun has not begun to bathe the building, and from a view not far away this weakness is minimized because the uplifted hands are caught against the dark masses of adjacent buildings. But when the play of sunshine brings out best of all the heavy cornices and pediments, and casts the beautiful shadows of the pillars on the shallow porch, then the center figures of the two groups lose.

The line of single standing figures has a very pleasing diversity in outline, while they form each the finial and crown of an architectural pier in the attic under foot. They vary, of course, in excellence. The Confucius is not so much Chinese as a figure that recalls the imaginary Chinaman as he used to be figured two centuries ago, half Mongol, half Turk of Central Asia. Mohammed has an individual air, not un-Arabian. Manu begs the question by remaining shrouded in a voluminous cloak. Yet on the whole these figures hold their own and look larger than their seven-foot scale. At the doorway Mr. Ruckstuhl's Wisdom and Force are unequal in excellence, Wisdom having much fine flowing beard and drapery, while his gesture is forceful and speaking. Force, on the other hand, is comparatively dull in composition and modeling. The symbolism means that wisdom must direct, while force is the ultimate support of law.

The doorways are narrow for a building so ornate and conceived on such a scale. One enters a shallow but fine hall, having the courtroom to the right hand, and rooms for the judges and court attendants on the left. Friezes in bright colors painted by Messrs. Metcalfe, Mowbray and Reid run round about above very handsome onyx walls. The series by Mowbray seem conceived in the best decorative spirit; there is a formal winged figure that repeats itself from space to space, carrying scrolls that link the groups together, and these intermediate groups form a historical series from Moses to the Greeks, from the Romans onward to the common law of England. Colors are brilliant yet well toned to the marbles on the walls. The frieze to the right by Robert Reid has blues predominant; the figures are neither realistic nor flat and decorative. They have some charm when examined one by one, yet as a series seem to fail of effectiveness. The series by Mr. Metcalfe on the left are more careful in drawing and are indeed easel pictures, some of them very beautiful, albeit the symbolism is sometimes rather ineffectual and often obscure. The triumph of all these friezes in the entrance hall as a combination, however, consists in the fact that they hold together in coloring, although painted by three artists of very different gifts and possessed of very different views as to the best way to treat decorations of the kind. Mowbray seems to have felt that he should subordinate himself, while others that they should let their individuality have full sway.

The courtroom is even more ornate than the entrance hall. Stained glass, rich gilded ceiling beams and panels, carved arm chairs and a properly carved wooden back to the dais where the judges sit, friezes on the wall behind the dais and between the north and south windows, finally three large painted panels on the east wall over against the judges' bench, constitute an interior such as existed nowhere in America. A parallel might be found in one of the old guildhalls in London. The panels are by Messrs. Simmons, Henry O. Walker and Blashfield. Each has for its most important figure a woman clothed in white, representing the Justice, the Wisdom, and the Power of the Law respectively. Here, too, we find three painters of very different quality executing three paintings side by side and showing each his own way of work, yet managing to preserve a really admirable unity of tone.

Mr. Simmons shows in the left hand panel the Justice of the Law; the white figure already mentioned has Peace by her side, against whom Brute Force, a nude man, assumes a threatening atti-

Main Hall, Looking from Clerk's Office.

tude, while his wrist is held by Fear. On the other side of Justice stands Plenty, giving alms to the needy. Behind stands Labor hailing Justice. In the foreground is Mercy, a naked babe, playing with pet animals. The grouping of all these figures is excellent; the painting is realistic, as if for an easel picture.

Mr. Walker's white clad Wisdom of the Law, in the middle panel, is attended by Learning, Experience, Humility and Love, also by Faith, Patience, Doubt and Inspiration. These symbolical characters are not clearly defined, save in the case of Love and Doubt, and perhaps Inspiration, which is the winged figure touching Doubt on the shoulder and pointing upward. The painting is in somewhat flat tones, which differ considerably from those in the companion panels.

Mr. Blashfield's white-robed Power of the Law has an applicant for justice kneeling before her; she half draws a sword. Right and left stand men in ancient costumes and next them magistrates in more modern gowns, typifying the Roman and the Canon Law. Like the left hand panel this one is painted like an easel picture, not flat and purely decorative. In fact, all three painters have regarded the several groups as oil paintings incorporated with the wall rather than part of the architectural interior like frescoes.

To add to the sumptuousness of this courtroom, which is lined with Mexican onyx, there are figures by Mr. Maynard supporting the arms of the city (on the left of the large painted panel), and of the State of New York (on the right), the latter, however, indicated by a galley under full sail. Liberty and Justice wearing the napkin over her eyes are seated on each side of the seal of State. An artisan-sailor and an Indian are seated beside the seal of the city. In the glass dome of the skylight the city and proper State arms are introduced by twos, repeated, while between are doublets of names of jurists—Taney and Pinkney, Shaw and Legare, Webster and Marshall, Story and Choate. In the windows of the south wall which separates the courtroom from a committee room looking out on Twenty-fifth

Court Room, Looking from Entrance

Court Room, Looking from the Judges' Bench

Street, runs a Latin legend setting forth "Civil Law should be neither influenced by good nature, nor broken down by power, nor debased by money." A handsome frieze by Mr. Kenyon Cox ornaments the west wall behind and above the judges' bench, while single figures occupy the intervals on the south and north walls between the windows. The illustrations give the various figures, groups and decorative notes, but the colors must be supplied by the imagination.

Persons used to the more than patriarchal sobriety of our courtrooms will marvel at the luxury of this; it might well be that judges of the old school should stand aghast at the decorations in and outside the building. One thing is evident: the Appellate Court should have more ground space. Were the two dwellings to the north on Madison Square razed and the courthouse extended fifty feet, much that seems a little out of scale would fall into proper relations. The building at present looks like part of a larger structure. This is unfortunate in a city where there are so many office buildings and private houses that have the same appearance of being only portions of what they should be. At least in our public buildings we should have, not slices of a structure, but rounded and complete wholes.

The Appellate Court has set a standard in other respects which later buildings will have to equal. It is fitting that the law court, which is the ultimate thing in our government, and really higher than Congress and Government, should be surrounded with every token of respect. Only in France and the United States are such lavishly decorated courts to be found. They take the place of the ornaments lavished on royal courts in monarchical lands. With respect to the arts the building forms one of the most notable structures in the country, for even more completely than was the case with the Library of Congress and the Boston Library have architect, sculptors, painters and artists in stained glass worked hand in hand for a common aim, the closest union of efforts, in order to have the building a unit.

New York City.

Professor Koch's Experiments

By Lawrence F. Flick, M.D.

[Dr. Flick is the author of the monograph "The Contagiousness of Phthisis," which, published in 1888, attracted attention throughout the world. He was formerly president of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis and he is one of the founders of the famous Rush Hospital for Consumptives. Dr. Flick is now president of the Free Hospital for Poor Consumptives in Philadelphia.—Editor.]

UNTIL Professor Koch has given to the scientific world, through the medical journals, his views upon the subject of the possibility or impossibility of the transmission of tuberculosis from animals to human beings and from human beings to animals, we must hold in reserve definite conclusions or statements as to their importance. It is quite probable that the report of Dr. Koch's utterances before the International Congress in London, as given us in the newspapers, is incorrect. The newspaper account of his statement seems to make it out Koch has taken the position that human tuberculosis cannot be conveyed to cattle, and that bovine tuberculosis cannot be conveyed to human beings. The first of these two propositions is probably incorrectly reported. It has been proved, by many experiments, that human tuberculosis can be conveyed to domestic animals, both by inoculation and by feeding. The second proposition, that bovine tuberculosis cannot be conveyed to human beings, may be correct. It is in line with the opinions held for some years by many men. The fact is that, altho the medical profession as a body has acceded to the theory that bovine tuberculosis can be conveyed to man, and altho governments throughout the world have been acting upon this theory as tho it had been demonstrated, there never has been a demonstration and there never have been many reliable data available in behalf of this view. The most zealous advocates of the theory have been at a loss for scientific data with which to support it; and it is rather remarkable that so much money should have been expended along lines of pre-

vention based upon a theory which had so little scientific support.

Clinical observations have made it very clear that the spread of tuberculosis among human beings is almost entirely due to three methods of exposure:

First, intimate relationship for a long time between the sick and the well in the family circle;

Second, prolonged and intimate association between the sick and the well in places of business and of other employment, such as stores, offices, factories and workshops;

Third, the occupation of houses which have been occupied previously by persons afflicted with tuberculosis.

These three methods of exposure serve as the explanation of at least nine-tenths of all new cases of tuberculosis. When one bears in mind that, year in and year out, there are nearly the same number of deaths from tuberculosis, and that, for every case of tuberculosis, there must be a number of persons who are more or less intimately associated with the tuberculous subject for a longer or a shorter period, one will be able to form some conception of the kind and amount of exposure that is necessary for a new implantation of tuberculosis. Momentary exposure in the streets, or by a visit to a consumptive, probably never gives a new implantation; and, really, comparatively few people are exposed in the sense of an exposure sufficient for an implantation.

The fact that we have known, for a long time, that these various methods of exposure are responsible for nearly all new implantations of the disease, makes it very easy to accept Koch's new proposition and demonstration, that animal tuberculosis cannot be conveyed to man, for we have found in the past that it has not been so conveyed. Even if the newspaper reports of Koch's demonstration are exaggerations, much good will come from it, because it places facts before the public which will counteract some of the mischief that has been done in recent years by the spread of doctrines, at least exaggerated, if not false, concerning the danger of using the milk and meat of tuberculous cattle. Many people have in recent years been really afraid to drink milk, and have thus deprived themselves of one of the cheapest and best articles of food because of their undue apprehension that they might contract tuberculosis through its use. The current discussion will necessarily go far to remove this fear and will thus do much good.

An even greater good, however, will arise from the turning of the energy and money, ostensibly extended for the prevention of tuberculosis, into channels in which it will accomplish the object for which it is intended. If the money that in recent years has been expended for the condemnation of cattle and for the testing of cattle for tuberculosis had been expended for the establishment of sanitaria for the treatment of the consumptive poor, wonderful results would have accrued. We do know positively that every case of tuberculosis in its first stage is not contagious and is curable. If we had sanitaria wherein every case of tuberculosis during its first stage might be placed, contagion would not spread; for the patient would no longer be in surroundings where the disease could be conveyed to others, when the contagious stage supervened, if it ever did supervene.

In Professor Koch's article, as conveyed to us by cable, there is really nothing new. But, coming from Koch, it will help to settle finally a mooted question, and will crystallize both medical and lay sentiment in the right direction for the grand crusade against tuberculosis. It is the destiny and the grand privilege of the Twentieth Century to stamp out the greatest plague that has ever afflicted the human family. The Nineteenth Century prepared the world for this mighty labor; the first half of the Twentieth Century will probably reap the glory and the benefit. All over the world there is now an activity in the seeking of the best methods of dealing with this serious problem, and while mistakes have been made and will be made, science is pointing out the way of its accomplishment. So far as we can now see, the most effective and the most humane method will be:

First, the establishment of sanitaria;

Second, the registration of all cases of tuberculosis;

Third, the careful disinfection of premises used by consumptives.

These are the lines along which Professor Koch's paper runs; and they are lines along which the entire medical profession is in harmony.

PHILADELPHIA, PA

LITERATURE

Books on Education: A Brief Survey

We cannot better open this survey of a small number of the school books published during the past year than by calling attention to a sound and genial work on THE EDUCATION OF TEACHERS, by W. H. Payne. (Richmond: B. F. Johnson Publishing Co.). There is not in general a more dispiriting study than books on pedagogics, for the very simple reason that they attempt to reduce to system an art which depends largely for its effect on spontaneity. The universal requisite for all teachers is that they shall know the subject they mean to teach; the requisite for all *good* teachers is that their personality shall exert a kindling and elevating influence on the personality of the pupil, and this influence must flow primarily from the spontaneous enthusiasm and balanced sanity of the teacher. The error of most pedagogical text-books lies herein—that they emphasize too much the method of imparting knowledge and regard too exclusively the art of teaching as a faculty to be acquired in addition to and apart from the general intelligence and imagination of the man who teaches. We remember to have heard in a certain woman's college of the East, where the faculty is almost entirely masculine, that the students divide the men they meet into *gentlemen* and *professors*. The lesson is obvious: The *professors* have thought too much of a specialized department of knowledge and have studied too intently the method of imparting such specialized knowledge. Pedagogics has a tendency to increase this unfortunate division between pedagogues and men of culture. It is because Chancellor Payne's book is quite free of this error, and, in fact, is directed primarily to remove such an error, that we commend its reading.

TEXT BOOKS IN ENGLISH

Text books for the study of English classics abound in the output of the year. Among those of the best and higher class we note THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. *By W. M. Thackeray.* Edited with a good, brief biographic introduction and a full provision of explanations and critical notes by William Lyon Phelps, Assistant Professor of English at Yale. (Henry Holt & Co. 80 cents net.) The text is printed from the Harper's Biographical Edition, and contains James Hannay's footnotes as published in the annotated *editio princeps* of 1853.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETRY OF ALEXANDER POPE. Edited with an Introduction and Excellent Notes by Edward Bliss Reed, Ph.D., Instructor in English Literature at Yale College. This text book in "English Readings," published by Henry Holt & Co., is an effort to reclaim for Pope his own, and, after the obloquy with which it has been the fashion to overwhelm him, to ask if there are not some signs in the poetry of the day that closer attention to the verbal art, finish and word-mastery of Pope would not be of service to the hasty rhymsters of the day. Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. publish also a critical text book of SELECTIONS FROM THE POETRY OF LORD BYRON. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Frederic Ives Carpenter, Ph.D., Instructor in English in the University of Chicago. ($1.00.) This introduction represents the present relation of critical opinion to Byron. It contains an excellent summary of the biographic facts in his career, with a very good and spicy bibliography. The selections are fairly representative of what is characteristic of the poet, and the notes contain for the student's benefit a good store of valuable matter from the common stock of literary critics and explorers.

In the series of Longmans's "English Classics" we find a really beautiful piece of bookmaking in a text book for the school study of SHAKESPEARE'S JULIUS CÆSAR. Edited with Notes and an Introduction by George C. D. Odell, Ph.D.,

Instructor in English, Columbia University. (Longmans, Green & Co. 40 cents.) The introductions are the neatest possible little series of door-openers and path-breakers for the young feet, with minute compact notes on grammar, which really look as if they might be read with pleasure as well as profit, and with some other notes of the same kind on the poet's versification in *Julius Cæsar,* which one boy we know of would have been most grateful to have gotten hold of in his school days.

The Athenæum Press, which has many excellent English text books to its credit, has just added a new one which has strong claims on the attention of students and teachers of American classics, IRVING'S SKETCH BOOK, Complete Edition, Edited with Introduction and Notes by Mary E. Litchfield. (Ginn & Co., Boston. 70 cents.) The main point of variation in this edition as compared with the previous one by the same author is the fuller provision of notes for students of all grades, and the introduction of modern spelling and punctuation, with the view of not confusing the methods taught in the schools. The edition is complete.

In the same class is CHAUCER, THE PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES, THE KNIGHTES TALE, THE NONNES TALE. Edited in Critical Text, with Grammatical Introduction, Notes and Glossary, by Mark H. Liddell, Late Professor of English in the University of Texas. (The Macmillans. 60 cents.)

ENGLISH: COMPOSITION AND LITERATURE. By W. F. Webster, Principal of the East High School, Minneapolis. In spite of the author's disclaimer of his intention to write a rhetoric, we shall have to place his book in that class, as far as it goes. The author's idea is that the art of English composition is not to be built up on what he calls the "word and sentence method," or by the study of the elements of grammar and practice in the elements of rhetoric, but in what he calls "the construction of wholes." This manual is intended to illustrate this theory by opening the way "to practice the construction of works rather than the making of exercises." We note, however, that in developing his method of doing this the author finds that "it is best at the beginning to study the different kinds of wholes, one at a time, rather than all together." This sounds very much like a relapse into the old analytical method. After reading this passage we are not surprised to find the manual a very sound and safe one, with a thorough discussion of the art of English prose composition, developed more on the side of rhetoric than of grammar, and with close attention to the paragraph and sentence as units of construction. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. 90 cents.)

The point aimed at in the manual just mentioned is better reached in A SECOND MANUAL OF COMPOSITION, *Designed for Use in Secondary Schools,* by Edward Herbert Lewis, Ph.D., Professor in the Lewis Institute, Chicago. (The Macmillan Company. 90 cents.) We find here a distinction laid down in the plan of the book between technical literary construction and work that is really creative in the free imaginary sense; and the assertion is made that, while the mind must be supplied with standards of structure, it must also be stimulated and fed with imaginative ideals, or it will drop into crude, mechanical intellectualization, the worship of method apart from thought, the separation of sense and symbol, and the neglect of the interests and ideals of life. Still the author recognizes that English must be in some degree and sense a "mechanical study before it can properly become a liberal study." The manual is laid out on the broad and natural double basis, giving first an aid in the technical mechanical elements of English construction, and then offering the higher aid of exercising the imagination, the sense of literary beauty and the sense of conduct.

In many respects the most interesting of all these text books for the study of English is INDUCTIVE LESSONS IN RHETORIC, by Frances W. Lewis. (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 90 cents.) No one who knows the stimulating effect a discipline of skilled questioning will have on a class will be disturbed at finding in this manual a book full of questions. It is, moreover, more than this; the questions are in order, arranged in groups, which revolve around the points and parts of an orderly scheme of rhetorical topics, which are illustrated by

them and arranged under general heads, such as "Qualities of Style," "Forms of Style" and "Methods of Treatment." The book is eminently a teacher's book. It puts in the hand of a teacher competent to use it an efficient instrument for rousing and guiding his class most successfully. The great point in the book is that it compels the student to answer its questions, if he answers them at all, from knowledge he has acquired for himself in the study of literature.

Outlines of the History of the English Language (by T. N. Toller, M.A., Late Fellow of Cambridge and Professor of English at Owens College, Manchester, England) stands by itself a critical, scholarly account of the conditions under which the English language gradually accumulated, molded and fixed its material and its forms. It is an attempt to represent this very complex and irregular process as clearly as possible, while by confining himself to the outlines and essential features of the movement the author has given his manual a simplicity that will be appreciated by teachers. At the same time advanced students will find their needs met by the work. Very few points in the development of the language seem to have escaped the author's attention. The book is one to reward and to stimulate study, and merits a far more adequate notice than we have room to give it. (The Macmillan Company. $1.10.)

Seven Great American Poets. By Beatrice Hart, Ph.D. (Silver, Burdett & Co. 90 cents.) These seven biographies of Bryant, Emerson, Poe, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes and Lowell are written on the general and very sound theory that ordinarily the most effective introduction to the literature of a language is that which comes from acquaintance with the authors. Miss Hart takes up this task gracefully. In her pages the poets appear as much as possible in the autobiographic and reminiscent mood, garnishing their pages with a rich provision of their own poetic work, to serve as examples of their literary style. Her selections are judiciously made, and her biographic introductions cover the points of the literary history and the critical valuation of their work.

We have made no mention of The Working Principles of Rhetoric, by John Franklin Genung (Ginn & Co.). The book so stands apart and is so much more than the ordinary school book as to demand notice by itself. We shall review it at some length in a later issue of The Independent.

In place of the old-fashioned readers, made after the fashion of books of elegant extracts, it has become customary in many schools to place the complete text of some classical work or selection from some one classical author in the hands of reading classes. This custom, together with the amount of specified reading required for college entrance examinations, has induced various publishing houses to issue series of selected texts which are often well printed and well edited, suitable either for the school or the home. It is impossible in the space at our command to criticise these texts in detail, but we mention the following which lie on our table: Macaulay's Essay on Milton, Macaulay's Essay on Addison, Select Minor Poems of John Milton, fully annotated volumes neatly bound in cloth (*Heath's English Classics Series,* 25 cents each); also from the same publisher *Home and School Classics* (paper, 10 and 15 cents each), texts ranging from Marion Edgeworth to Shakespeare; Pope's Rape of the Lock and Other Poems, the latest addition to the tasteful and always carefully edited *Riverside Literature Series* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 15 cents each); Scott's Ivanhoe, Irving's Sketch Book, Tennyson's Idyls of the King, Poe's Prose Tales (*Macmillan's Pocket American and English Classics.* Levanteen, 25 cents each); Carlyle on Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History in the scholarly *Athenæum Press Series; English Classics, Star Series,* with introductions, notes, etc., published by the Globe School Book Company.

MODERN LANGUAGES

A Spanish Grammar. By S. Garner. (American Book Company. $1.25.) The increased interest in the Spanish language to which recent political changes have given rise invites American grammarians and lexicographers to enter upon a field of great promise, and, to judge from the texts already pub-

lished or announced, full advantage will be taken of the opportunity presented. This is a kind of expansion which will undoubtedly appeal to all teachers of Spanish in this country, provided the resulting books be not mere pot-boilers produced at the instigation of speculating publishers. It is, perhaps, no undue restriction of the facts to say that, previous to 1898, but one respectable Spanish grammar had been published in the United States. A ready welcome, then, is sure to be accorded to any grammar that not only meets the needs of the hour, but also applies the best recognized philological principles—both historical and descriptive—to the composition of a clear, exact, compact and exhaustive work. Mr. Garner's book is certainly not a pot-boiler, but neither does it fulfil the requirements mentioned above. At this stage of affairs, perhaps, it would be too much to expect it to do so, and it does at least mark some improvement over the methods followed in most of our school-grammars of Spanish. In the chapter on Pronunciation the author still keeps up the futile distinction made by the Academy between *b* and *v*, and does not indicate that they have common values—namely, that of a bilabial spirant in most cases, but that of a stop after *m* or *n*. It is very doubtful that a double *t* is heard in the dialectal assimilated forms of *perfecto* and *rapto*, as is stated on page 13. A commendable feature of the grammatical rules is the indication of alternative constructions, as in Section 27, Note. The rules contain errors, often of omission, that a revision of the work can certainly amend. Thus the section on the comparative degree is incomplete; *friísimo* and *fiísimo* are not exceptions to the rule stated in Section 31, and no mention is there made of the shift of accent in *facílimo*, etc.; Section 45 is not sufficiently limited in its statement; in Section 50 nothing is said of the pronunciation of *usted*; the explanation of the forms *conmigo, contigo*, etc., given in Section 58, is most absurdly unhistorical. Space forbids the lengthening of this list. The exercises and the readings seem rationally compiled and arranged.

A Short History of French Literature. By L. E. Kastner and H. G. Atkins. (Holt & Co. $1.25.) On the whole, a commendable effort to sum up in three hundred odd pages the history of over nine centuries of French literature. The work is mainly one of compilation, but it is clear that upon occasion the authors have not hesitated to use their own judgment, and that to a considerable degree they possess the catholicity of taste necessary to impartial criticism. In the Introductory Chapter there is still discernible a little of the British intolerance of Low Latin. It contains, moreover, two or three rather venturesome statements, as when, for example, the Basque speech is identified with Iberian. Here and there throughout the book one might desire a somewhat closer acquaintance of the authors with the writers of whom they treat. They miss entirely the patriotic note in Charles d'Orléans, and they stress unduly the sympathy of Commines with "the humble and oppressed," while they almost wholly ignore his Machiavellian tendencies. The classic age receives its due measure of attention, and an earnest endeavor is made to make the record of authors and books complete down to two or three years ago. When dealing with historians of recent date, the authors might at least have mentioned such men as Rambaud, Monod and Seignobos, and, giving a dozen lines to Brunetière, might have accorded some notice to Gaston Paris beyond the mere acknowledgment contained in the Preface.

A French Grammar for Schools and Colleges. By H. W. Fraser and J. Squair. (Heath & Co. 90 cents.) This is a compromise between the modern scientific French grammar as written by able phoneticians like Professor C. H. Grandgent and the older conversational grammar of the Otto type. The phonetic descriptions are fairly accurate, the grammatical rules brief and lucid, and the exercise material rather well chosen. All things considered, the grammar deserves a fair trial, and credit is certainly due to the publishers for the attractive appearance given to it.

The French Subjunctive. By C. C. Clarke, Jr. (D. C. Heath & Co.) Those who desire to see the manifold uses of the French subjunctive treated at more length than is usual in school grammars will doubtless welcome Mr. Clarke's little book. Practical purposes

are constantly kept in view, illustrative examples are given in abundance, and note is made of the bearing upon the subject of the recently promulgated *tolération* law.

THE ELEMENTS OF GERMAN. By H. C. Bierwirth. (Holt & Co. $1.25.) This book, the work of a bilinguist absolutely trustworthy in both the German and the English domain, deserves entire commendation. Pedagogical conservatives may be startled at first by the method pursued. But tho Dr. Bierwirth abandons the beaten track, he strikes out upon a new one along which his practical experience qualifies him to be a safe guide. All alarm then will be needless. The merest perusal of the book will show that common sense and fact are the unfailing stock in trade of the author. His work, unlike so many other grammars of the modern language, is no servile imitation of the conventional Greek and Latin grammar. The archaic and the unusual are here rigorously excluded by a system which seeks "not to propose a new method of *teaching* German, but to present . . . such of its elements as have always been deemed worth *learning.*" In the light of his own intimate knowledge of modern spoken German, Dr. Bierwirth first made an exhaustive investigation of the language of the best modern German authors. Then he prepared a list of words of most frequent occurrence in the language, and based thereon his Grammar and Exercises. Fullness of treatment characterizes the system thus elaborated; the chapter on Possessives is in itself a revelation; the sections dealing with the Model Auxiliaries and the Order of Words are models of precision and indicate the thoroughness which, indeed, marks the execution of the book as a whole. It is a superior work, and should rapidly make its way into the preparatory schools and colleges of the country. In subsequent issues the publisher might correct the awkward appearance of the page by increasing somewhat the scanty margins.

MODERN GERMAN LITERATURE. By B. W. Wells. (Little, Brown & Co.) The first edition of Mr. Wells's account of modern German Literature was published some six years ago. The book now reappears with one important change—namely, the substitution for the last chapter of two new chapters treating the period "from the rise of the Young German School to the French War," and including "the first generation of Imperial Germany." This adds, of course, to the value of a work which for the earlier periods within its scope seems to have made conscientious use of the German histories of Gervinus, Scherer, Schmidt, Hettner, Haym, and the like.

A CONSTRUCTIVE PROCESS FOR LEARNING GERMAN. By A. Dreyspring. (Jenkins. $1.25.) The author of this grammar expresses himself very sensibly in his Preface on the necessity of emancipating the teaching of modern languages from the tyranny of the methods followed in the teaching of the dead languages. He succeeds, however, in producing only a *konversationsbuch* of the kind dear to the Sprachmeister's heart. The mnemonic processes offered (cf. p. 220) border on the ridiculous.

HISTORY

LIBERTY DOCUMENTS. With Contemporary Exposition and Critical Comments Drawn from Various Writers. *Selected and Prepared by Mabel Hill.* (Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.) This is altogether the most complete and beautiful piece of work we have seen in the way of school manuals for the study of history this year. Professor Albert Bushnell Hart writes an introduction, expository and commendatory, in which he gives free expression to his delight with the plan of the book and its entire execution. It is, indeed, but the carrying out in an original, ingenious and beautifully neat way of the conception laid down by him in his "American History told by Contemporaries." The basis of the work is laid in the selection of twenty-four "Liberty Documents," beginning with the Coronation Oath of Henry I. The documents which follow represent the great stream of English and American liberties. The twenty-four which compose the selection are chosen with admirable judgment. They move straight on from beginning to end without a break. Each of these twenty-four "Liberty Documents" is printed with the least little word of explanatory

suggestion, to start the reader right as to the significance of this new note or step of liberty. Then follows a fuller selection from the writers of the day to show how the contemporary world looked on the step. This is followed by the fuller comments of authors who reflect the most enlightened opinion down to the present time. The plan is the same for every one of the twenty-four documents. Ten of them mark the course of constitutional freedom in Great Britain. The remaining fourteen, beginning with Dummer's Defense of the New England Charters, 1731, are the "Liberty Documents" on which civil and political freedom rest in this country. They make a collection which includes all the really great and fundamental "Liberty Documents" in our history. The expositions of contemporary and later opinion are immensely interesting and instructive. Sometimes they bring out points of curious knowledge, as, for instance, the example mentioned by Professor Hart, of Bishop Burnet's humorous account of the parliamentary trick which carried the Habeas Corpus Act through the House. A glance at the table of contents will show the wide range of these illustrative selections, from the venerable William of Malmsbury in 1101 down to the fresh sheets of Professor Giddings's "Democracy and Empire," or from Henry I to President McKinley. The scope of the book is not beyond the range of the advanced High School classes. Professor Hart may be oversanguine in the opinion that it is not beyond the average school boy fourteen years old. It was made for the author's own classes, and has been used with great success in them. The important lesson that runs through the volume is that the stream of political liberty in England and America is one, that our liberties took their rise there, and that their liberties have flowed on into the wide field which has been developed here.

History of England. For Schools and Academies. By J. N. Larned, Formerly Superintendent of the Buffalo Public Library. With Topical Analyses, Research Questions and Bibliographic Notes by Homer P. Lewis, Principal of the English High School, Worcester, Mass. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) A very thoroughly constructed skeleton of the subject, but with too much of the bony anatomy and not enough brawn, brain, nerve, muscle, vital physiology, or moral fiber and characteristic complexion of the subject in it.

Good work has been done in revising and bringing down to date the excellent Manual of the Constitution of the United States. By Israel Ward Andrews, D.D., LL.D. (American Book Company.) The manual has been in use for some twenty-five years. The period has been one of great activity in constitutional interpretation and readjustment, and the manual needed to be rewritten in some parts and revised throughout. This has been done by Homer Morris, LL.B., of the Cincinnati Bar, with a thoroughness which assures the book of another term of usefulness in the schools. It now includes the recent interpretations of the Constitution and the Federal laws which are likely to have a critical effect on our future constitutional development, together with such other topics as "Interstate Commerce," "Trusts," "Our New Island Possessions and Peoples," "Civil Service," etc.

The South American Republics. By W. Fisher Markwick, D.D., and William A. Smith, M.A. (New York: Silver, Burdett & Co. 60 cents.) This is the tenth book of the Silver-Burdett series of "The World and Its People," which is particularly intended to supplement the study of geography. The authors have told of the history, the physical resources, the flora, fauna, and the inhabitants of all the republics of South America in a brief and graphic manner. The book is admirably suited to its purpose as a supplement to geography, but it scarcely touches on what are after all the two most important facts that have retarded the development of the most resourceful continent in the world—namely, politics and Catholicism.

SCIENCE

Elements of Astronomy. By Simon Newcomb. (The American Book Company. $1.00.) The front presentment of Dr. Newcomb's book—a sprawl of gilt on blue over a dull brown—may be highly artistic and may attract the popular eye; but it is not in good taste; it would be bad on a cheap novel. The

book is excellent, vastly better than the learned author's efforts at a "Mathematical Series." There he produced an elaborate and profuse conglomerate; here he has a clear, simple, accurate statement of observed facts and well founded conclusions. With a good teacher and attentive pupils, the book should accomplish its object in the class room. It is as well a most admirable book from which any intelligent reader may obtain clear notions of the main truths in Astronomy.

A Text-Book of Astronomy. By George C. Comstock. (D. Appleton & Co. $1.30.) Professor Comstock's book is somewhat more pretentious than Dr. Newcomb's, is materially longer and would require much more time for consideration by a class. However, everything is well put, and the experimental work is especially well suggested. The diagrams and illustrations are excellent. If ample time be allotted to the study of astronomy Professor Comstock's book will do admirable service. Nearly or quite the same results practically may be reached with Professor Newcomb's book in two-thirds of the time. With the pressure of subjects in our school courses, time is an element; it should never induce superficial or scant treatment; it may properly demand the selection of essential and chief points for consideration.

Famous Geometrical Theorems and Problems. I and II. By William W. Rupert. (D. C. Heath & Co.) These are the opening numbers of a series of mathematical monographs under the general direction of Professor Webster Wells. There has been in recent mathematical text-books a marked tendency to introduce sidelights along the toilsome way; and little dressings, as for salads, with the formulas and problems. It is well; mathematics without sauce is very dry, and few there be who relish it. There are many for whom no sidelights will prevent stumbling and no dressings make the stuff really palatable. But these and similar monographs will interest and so help many. Every teacher of mathematics should have store of such knowledge as these give. Prudent use of such will be time gained; awakened interest facilitates work.

The Teaching of Mathematics in Prussia. By J. W. A. Young. (Longmans, Green & Co. 80 cents.) This result of Professor Young's painstaking examination of secondary education in Prussia is a valuable contribution to comparative pedagogics. The plan is excellent—giving enough of the general field for an understanding of the High School position, and enough of the form and conduct of the various classes of High Schools for a clear conception of the methods in mathematics. The succinct account of the preparation, position and compensation of the Prussian High School teachers is of special interest. The conclusions of Professor Young as to compensation may surprise many. All things considered [the assured pensions and the purchasing power of money], he concludes: "The German incomes would be equivalent in value, under American circumstances to a range from $1,451 to $2,507 per annum." The "sense of security," in which the German teacher works, is finely put. The matters of work assigned, of class room methods, of requirements for home study are clearly developed. Professor Young nowhere urges or even suggests any *imitation* of Prussian forms. He sees too clearly the wide difference between German and American conditions. He uses adroitly the words "adopt" and "adapt." A general reading of this little book should have no slight influence in securing such "adaptation" as our best educators deem wise.

First Studies of Plant Life. By George Francis Atkinson. (Ginn & Co.) This little book, designed to interest children in plant study, is very charming also for "grown ups." It has a flavor akin to the articles of Seton-Thompson about "Wild Animals." It gets to the live kernel of things within the husks; and it so sharpens eyes to see the life processes all about that the very sweetness and beauty of the unfolding which is the drama of life are visible. The stage setting and scenery are scattered everywhere; and the price—is that we throw off weightier cares for a little and learn to see. The writer knows such a stage—a few rods of a York State ravine and beyond a hillside sloping mainly northward. There are shaded walks from smooth shaved lawns, well

trimmed hedges and beds where roses bloom into the shadow where only now and then the sunshine flickers, and paths, too, up the northward sloping hillside. On the edge of the ravine one sees where, over the inhospitable red shale, soil is making and where quicksand, breaking forth from its pocket, is flowing out, year by year, to make another rift in the bank. On each side of the hill paths nature is left unhindered. In forty years the bare sheep pasture has become wooded. There are scores on scores of self-sown pines, white and Scotch and Weymouth and Austrian; and with these hemlocks, birches, maples, ash and wild cherry; below a tangle of grasses and wild flowers and pressing through one finds a spring and ponds with water lilies and marsh plants. Professor Atkinson's book would, to one with real eyes opening soulward, make the hillside tangle rich with the joy of life and the beauty of its growing. The presentation of the subject, text and illustrations alike, is excellent. There is the careful accuracy of science without the dryness of categorical statement. There is a practical recognition that science need not always be bald headed and toothless. The "Introduction," by Anna Botsford Comstock, is worthy of the book, and the book justifies the introduction. Children may well be glad over the coming of this book, and the elders, not a few, delight in it.

A Text-Book of Geology. By Albert Perry Brigham. (D. Appleton & Co. $1.40.) This number of Appleton's "Twentieth Century Series" is worthy the century. Professor Brigham is not only an accurate and able geologist; he is also a thoroughly good teacher of geology. His book proves this. It is gratifying to note the appearance of so excellent a text in this interesting field.

An Introduction to the Study of Chemistry. By Ira Remsen. (Henry Holt & Co.) Whatever Professor Remsen writes on chemistry commands attention. Previous editions of this text have proved successful in a widely extended trial. This, the third edition, having the benefit of several years' use by the author, is greatly improved. The marking of general text and the experiments by different type will aid the student.

Qualitative Chemistry. By John White. (Henry Holt & Co.) Professor White's Exercises in Qualitative Analysis are well adapted to lead the student to independent work; suggestions are given rather than instructions. There are rhetorical slips here and there, as in the first line of page vi of the preface, where a "half orphan" sentence occurs.

A Text-Book of Psychology. By Daniel Putnam, Professor of Psychology and Pedagogy in the Michigan State Normal College. (American Book Co. $1.00.) Several years ago Professor Putnam published a small work on elementary psychology somewhat in advance of the large number of similar works now on the market. The present book aims to gather up the new doctrines of the science in so far as these new doctrines are a natural solution of the old and are well established. The result is a volume designed primarily for class-room work but almost equally well suited, by reason of its clearness and simplicity, for the home library. Particularly noticeable, perhaps, are the chapter devoted to the moral nature and to the moral law and the section dealing with the evil effects of hypnotism. In the chapter on the moral law we particularly remark the lucid and honest discussion of the vexed question of free will or determinism. We quote the conclusion of his argument: "The essence of the freedom of volition consists in the power we have to give preponderance to motives, or to make any selected desire or motive strongest for the time. This preponderance is secured by giving fixed and earnest attention to the selected desire."

CLASSICS

Demosthenes on the Crown. *Edited by William Watson Goodwin.* (Cambridge: University Press. $3.75.) This elaborate edition of what is generally regarded as the greatest of all orations is a fitting crown to the labors of Professor Goodwin in the chair from which he has just retired. If one were to select for notice the most distinguishing feature of the present work it would be the sustained evenness throughout, an evenness which is the result of trained commonsense rather than of sporadic brilliance. Professor Goodwin is a believer in the authority of the traditional text, and

when he accepts an emendation, whether old or new, he always does so upon a weight of argument that is practically incontrovertible. In like manner the notes are the embodiment of common-sense so sure in judgment as to be almost genius. If we substituted *learning* for *art* in the old saying, *ars celare artem,* we should have the best commentary on the character of the long "Historical Sketch," which goes over the period from the accession of Philip of Macedon to the battle of Chæronea. It is written so smoothly and easily as almost to conceal the erudition on which it is based.

Two new histories of Rome deserve notice. As was to be expected from his previous publications, Dr. Botsford's HISTORY OF ROME (The Macmillan Co. $1.10) is a sound, scholarly work which brings out clearly the development of the Roman constitution and the various lines of activity that went to make up the city's life. As the narrative is carried down to the time of Charlemagne and includes an account of the growth and organization of the Christian Church, it may be taken as a study of the transition of civilization from its ancient to its modern forms. The characterization of individual men is less ably done, and this is due, perhaps, to a certain jejuneness and naïve lack of style in the language hardly excusable even in a teacher of the classics.——Professor Myers's ROME: ITS RISE AND FALL (Ginn & Co. $1.40) may not rest on so firm a basis of scholarship of the peculiarly modern sort as the history first noticed, but it is written by a man much better trained in the art of narration and is on the whole a very satisfactory piece of work. It is a readable book, besides being a good text-book.

SYNTAX OF CLASSICAL GREEK FROM HOMER TO DEMOSTHENES. First Part. By Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve, with the co-operation of Charles William Emil Miller. (The American Book Co.) At last the first part of this long expected and much desired study is actually printed and published. Professor Gildersleeve's views on the vexed questions of Greek syntax have become known to scholars through a long series of papers in his own organ, the *American Journal of Philology,* and through his annotated edition of Pindar. In the present volume these views, in so far as they relate to the syntax of the simple sentence, are arranged and co-ordinated and copiously illustrated with quotations. One of the most original features of the work is the reversed historical sequence in which these illustrative quotations are given, beginning, as they do, with Demosthenes and running back to Homer. This arrangement adds a good deal to lucidity. It is not possible to criticise in a paragraph a work of such compass; when completed it will be the most important contribution to the study of syntactical grammar ever made in this country.

Pebbles

THERE is nothing in all the world so dead as a dead love.—*Judge.*

...."Willie, whom did George Washington marry?" "The Widow Custis, Ma'am." "Had he any children?" "Yes'm—the sons and daughters of the Revolution."—*Life.*

Teach not your parent's parent to extract
The golden contents of the egg by suction.
The good old lady can the feat enact
Quite irrespective of your kind induction.
—*Youth's Companion.*

....There's nothing relating to a drought-stricken corn belt to suggest anything of a poetic nature, but it is safe to say the people out there would prefer Longfellow's "Higherwather" to the works of Dryden.—*Boston Herald.*

....A couple of young men were out fishing the other day, and on returning were going past a farmhouse, and felt hungry. They yelled to the farmer's daughters, "Girls, have you any buttermilk?" The reply was gently wafted back to their ears, "Yes, but we keep it for our own calves." The boys calculated that they had business away—and they went.—*The Country Gentleman.*

ENGLAND'S NEW STYLE OF HUMOR.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the English millionaire journalist who has come over to this country, says "catches are all the go in England at present." For the purpose of letting the public know what "catches" are he publishes these:

"Why did the dry goods box?
Because it saw the bargain counter."

"Can the sardine box?
No, but the tomato can."

"Why is Russell Sage?
Because he gives Henry Clews."

"Why did the fly fly?
Because the spider spider."

"When was the jugular vein?
When it saw the proud flesh."
—*Chicago Record Herald.*

EDITORIALS

Use of Injunctions in Strikes

During the last three months a large number of injunctions for the restraint of workmen on strike have been procured from the courts by employers. Application for such injunctions or restraining orders is now frequently made to judges of State courts as well as to those of the Federal tribunals. The practice of resorting to courts of equity for such orders is becoming more common, and at the same time the disapproval of the practice by the organized workingmen of the country is becoming more emphatic. The question is one of considerable importance. It has already been an issue—altho not a paramount one—in national politics, and it promises to have greater prominence in national platforms hereafter.

Recent injunctions and decisions made in connection with them exhibit a wide difference of opinion as to acts which should be forbidden. Some judges have enjoined strikers to abstain even from persuasion, and have prohibited any act or utterance that could interfere with the business of the applying corporation. Differing views of picketing have been set forth. Judge Clark, of the Federal Court in Cincinnati, held that picketing was clearly unlawful and said that those guilty of it would be punished by him, but added that his court would not deal with acts of violence. These, he explained, were for the local criminal courts. By other tribunals, however, strikers found guilty of contempt of court by reason of acts of violence have been heavily fined. There is a curious lack of uniformity in the views of the courts as to the scope of labor injunctions, but the drift is in the direction of greater severity and more comprehensive prohibition. This may be due to the greater frequency of violence and the destruction of property in labor controversies.

Experience shows that peaceful persuasion by argument and appeal to a non-union man's sympathy, if unsuccessful, is in most cases soon followed by intimidation and acts which are clearly forbidden by the criminal statutes and conspiracy laws. Leaving out persuasion, as to which the recent opinions of judges are not harmonious, we may say that these other acts fall within the scope of the local police power and are punishable in the ordinary way by the local criminal tribunals. Why do so many of the employing corporations turn away from the local police and the local criminal courts to procure from Federal judges or judges of the higher State courts injunctions under which a man guilty of murderous assault or arson may be punished for contempt?

In many cases this course is taken because the local authorities are either unwilling or unable to enforce the criminal laws against disorderly strikers. Thus, the mayors of several cities in which the steel workmen have been on strike since July 1st are openly in sympathy with the strikers. They publish their purpose to withhold police protection from the mills and from the non-union workmen who may be brought to the mills by the company. Probably the determining cause of the resort to injunctions is in a majority of cases the belief of employers—frequently supported by open evidence—that the local authorities are hostile to them or in sympathy with those whom they seek to restrain from violating the laws. This sympathy, in many instances, is caused by political influences. Elective officers desire to conciliate the labor vote. Even in connection with local courts there are officers who have the votes of the workingmen in mind. Again, in manufacturing towns public opinion is sometimes controlled by organized workingmen, their families and their friends, who are a large part of the population. There is local hostility to some corporations, also, because of a prevailing belief that their profits come from privileges unfairly or unlawfully obtained. A corporation involved in a strike may resort to an injunction to save time, because it is a short road to results that can be reached in other ways only after long delay.

On the other hand, why does organized labor oppose the use of injunctions? Some of the reasons are suggested by those just mentioned that make injunctions attractive to the employer. The restraining order of the court represents a force not controlled by local opinion, which so frequently is on the side of the union workman—a force not affected by the ambition of local politicians or public officers, a force not dependent upon the sympathies of local juries. It is natural, moreover, that prejudice against injunction procedure should be excited on the labor side by the fact that the injunctions in labor disputes are always issued against workingmen, never against employers. This must be, from the nature of the controversies; but the workingmen say that the corporations are also guilty of violating laws. Thus a belief becomes fixed in the minds of many workingmen that the injunction courts are allies of the corporations or of "the capitalist class." Occasionally there may be some circumstantial evidence to confirm this belief. The judge of the Connecticut Superior Court who issued in Ansonia two weeks ago the most sweeping and drastic labor injunction on record, had very recently been a member of the firm which is counsel for the applying corporation; another member of the firm is the local prosecutor; and still another, whose family is interested in the corporation, is a local magistrate who fined a citizen for applying an epithet to a non-union workman. As a rule, however, this belief has no warrant in the known associations or affiliations of the court. Many workingmen feel, also, that in these controversies employers are permitted to use tribunals which they cannot use, and to avoid the courts to which they themselves must resort for justice. This is unreasonable, but it seems to suggest to workmen inequality before the law.

In all these labor contests order should be preserved. Intimidation and violence should be prevented by all available lawful force. Punishment for assault or any other criminal act, when committed by a striker or during a strike battle, should be as sure and swift and severe as when the same offense is committed under other conditions. In many parts of the country this sound doctrine is not sustained and enforced during a labor controversy. It is mainly on this account that injunctions are so much in demand. But the frequent use of courts of equity to do the work that ought to be done by the local police and the local criminal courts is objectionable for several reasons, one of which is that it creates a deplorable prejudice against our higher tribunals and causes distrust as to their fairness in the minds of a great number of people. It is a question to be considered whether it would not be better to rely upon local authorities for the punishment of crime, and to compel the communities in which crime is not punished to learn by the experience of loss and suffering the value of good local government.

The Trend of Liberty

The United States is a country of liberty. It was the parent of government by the people. The whole genius of our constitution is for freedom. It was in a struggle against alien government that we got our independence; and ever since 1776 the drift of our history has been for more liberty, more complete trusting of the people.

The first amendments of the Constitution had for their purpose to assert more liberty, free speech, free religion, free press, freedom to bear arms. The Presidency of Jefferson was a victory for the common people over what was regarded as the aristocratic element of the population. The Civil War was the successful culmination of a long struggle for equal rights for all races, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Ffteenth Amendments put the result of that war in the Constitution and abolished slavery. Since the war the white people of the South have fully accepted emancipation, if they have not yet accepted the principle of equal suffrage for all men of whatever color.

Popular education has made very rapid advance during these last thirty-five years, and the argument for it has been the necessity of fitting the lowest classes to exercise intelligently their right to the ballot. The extension, in several States, of the right of general suffrage to women is in the direct line of equal rights for all, while numerous States have given women

limited suffrage, and even in the Virginia Constitutional Convention the proposition is made and considered.

It is not simply the great development of the public school which proves that the drift of popular sentiment is toward recognizing more and more the rights of the people, altho the establishment of State universities and normal schools and industrial colleges and evening schools with free education is in the line of doing by the people for the people. Every extension of popular authority tells the same story, whether it be municipal lighting of the streets, or the putting into a constitution of a provision for popular initiative in election. That parties should put in their platforms, to catch the people's votes, a proposition for the election of United States Senators by the people instead of by the legislatures, shows the same drift, as does the election of judges, instead of their earlier appointment by the Governor.

And it is to be observed that it is impossible to find genuine examples of a drift the other way, toward a more indirect or aristocratic style of government. Everything tends toward a more general assumption of power by the people at the polls. Even in the case of the restrictive provisions of the new constitutions of several Southern States, those provisions allowing intelligent negroes to vote are much more liberal than was the general sentiment of the whites in the reconstruction days. There is in the South a growing sentiment that negroes, at least those of the Booker T. Washington type, should be allowed the rights of other human beings.

Now, such being the drift of public sentiment among the American people as a whole, what possible justification can there be for the fear that we, the American people, are going to enter on a career of imperialistic tyranny either at home or abroad? Is it not clear that our whole drift is away from imperialism? Are not all our children taught the rights and the blessings of liberty in our schools and in every breath of our institutions? Is not liberty preached in our pulpits and magnified on every platform and worshiped by every descendant of the Pilgrims and by every last immigrant? Was it not the desire to end oppression that compelled our people to engage in the Cuban war? Is it to be presumed or imagined that a people with such a unanimous sentiment, which finds expression not in words only, but in the assumption of more and more rights constantly by the people, should reverse their consistent attitude when they came to govern our new possessions?

The fear of the people which anti-imperialists have expressed has been utterly without basis. Even now, after only two years, they are beginning to see that we do not intend to establish a tyranny in Porto Rico or the Philippines. The Independent has in this matter expressed the popular will, and we rejoice to see, what we expected from the first, that the United States will govern its new possessions, not as colonies to be exploited, but as dependencies to be given all the self-government they can accept.

Has the world yet observed that in the government of our new possessions we are taking lessons from no previous colonial system, but are making an absolutely new departure, based on the principles of self-government learned at home? Whatever risk there may be in this we are confidently taking. We are not going to Java or Borneo or Sierra Leone or the three Guianas, or even to Algeria or India, to learn how to govern an alien race. We have heard much of the colonial experience of Great Britain and Holland and France, but we are discarding them all, and are establishing free popular government in the Philippines just as fast as we can. We have done it already in Porto Rico, and are getting our minds made up to give that island Statehood as soon as it wants the boon. Such elections as we provide under our new system in Luzon are unknown in Bengal. We are inaugurating a true Philippine republic under the wing of the United States. The world does not yet understand—perhaps we do not yet ourselves understand—the magnificence of this novelty in the government of alien colonies. What will be its effect in China, in India? If self-government proves a success, as we must believe it will, in the Philippines, will not Java and Sumatra and Tonquin and Burmah and India want the same? Are we not likely to learn that liberty will do not for Anglo-Saxons and Latins alone, but equally for Malays and Mongolians and

Negroes? The presumption of success belongs to liberty, and what our example of liberty has done for the American continents it may be expected to do even in Asia.

Libel by Text-Book

Rear-Admiral Schley has delighted his advocates, gratified all who have stedfastly refused to substitute private judgment for the orderly decision of a public tribunal, and confounded his enemies by demanding an official investigation of his conduct during the Spanish War. Secretary Long has "heartily approved" his action, and it is announced that a court headed by Admiral Dewey and formed of officers senior to Admiral Schley will begin its sittings in the early fall.

The tribunal will be more nearly what the Germans call a "court of honor," since it will really find conclusions rather than facts, unless, of course, new circumstances not in the published official reports should be brought to light. It is also stated that Admiral Schley will seek legal redress against all responsible for the publication of Mr. Maclay's "history."

Whatever the verdict of the civil court may be, the public will look upon the conclusions reached by the distinguishd naval officers appointed to investigate as the most authoritative disposition of the questions involved. It now becomes incumbent upon Admiral Schley's critics, who, as he says in his letter to the Secretary, have "muttered and murmured in secret, therefore with safety to themselves," to come into the open and make their charges good if they can. The Admiral is right in his stigmatization—there has been altogether too much "muttering and murmuring," altogether too much club talk, in which these charges have not only been bandied about loosely, but, it is fair to add, with a recklessness which hardly suggests the secrecy which the Admiral apparently imputes. What he means, however, is that not one of his assailants has put his aspersions in the form of official charges—and this intolerable state of affairs his present action will now bring to an end. The burden is fastened on his detractors to establish beyond a reasonable doubt (1) that he deliberately delayed his progress from Cienfuegos to Santiago; (2) that he wilfully lied when he telegraphed on reaching the latter port that his coal supply was inadequate; (3) that he did run "in caitiff flight" therefrom; (4) that he flinched in attacking the enemy on his return; (5) that he grossly neglected his duty and disobeyed orders in failing to maintain an efficient blockade, and (6) that at a crucial moment in the battle of Santiago he "turned tail" and for some period of time ignominiously fled. This is what they have got to prove—with the prospect of heavy damages from a jury and possible disciplinary measures from the Navy Department, inflicted on the individuals subject to it, if they do not.

Meanwhile a determined effort is being made on the part of those interested in Mr. Maclay's book to avoid the disgrace of being expelled from the Naval Academy course. They now claim that such action by the Secretary is needless, because the third volume, which contains the objectionable matter, having just been issued, has not come into actual scholastic use, since the school term does not begin until October 1st. The worst of this is that both the Secretary and the Superintendent of the Naval Academy seem to be deceived by this palpable subterfuge. The "adopted book is Maclay's "History of the Navy," and whether it happens to be bound in three volumes, or one, or ten is utterly immaterial. To put two-thirds of a continuous history into the hands of a boy is certainly to lead him to read the remaining third, if it be extant, whether he be directly told to do so or not. If his superior formally approve two installments of the work, will he discriminate against the third? Mr. Maclay calls it "a living history"—and implies further additions as events occur. Are sections of it to be omitted because disgracefully libelous and other sections retained, so long as he chooses to keep producing one sort or the other? If any fraction of it is ignored, will not human nature (as always exemplified in its dealings with writings put in an Index Expurgatorius) persistently lead the boy all the more curiously to inquire about the objectionable part and to read it? Is the navy so far from popular protection that a gross and deliberate insult to the whole of it can be hidden by the ostrich-like process of burying the Navy Department's head in

the sand? If so, conceive that some other great arm of the public service were affected. Would a history of the National Guard of New York, for example, be deemed fit for study in the public schools of the State if the attitude of the 7th Regiment during the Spanish War were dealt with from the standpoint of one of the mob which publicly hissed that organization on Fifth avenue? Would not Maclay's publisher cordially agree with us that the writer had shown himself utterly disqualified and that his whole work should be cast out and repudiated?

Besides, it is not alone the navy which is vilified. Mr. Maclay also proposes to teach the naval cadets about the army. Here are some specimens of his impartial criticisms of General Shafter:

"This extraordinary note [Shafter's request to Sampson to force Santiago Harbor] can only be explained by the hypothesis that Shafter's mind was so agitated by the difficulties into which he had plunged that he really did not know what he was saying. . . The troops . . . had been handled with such incomprehensible notions of generalship that they were now imploring the navy to save them by a suicidal attempt to force the entrance. . . . It was when Shafter had thus thrust his nose securely between the Spaniards' teeth that he gave expression to the following cry of pain in a note to Sampson, July 2d: 'I am unable to see why the navy cannot work as well under a destructive fire as the army.' . . . That the army which Shafter, in his efforts at self-aggrandizement, had injudiciously entangled in the jungle in the rear of Santiago was rescued from annihilation by the blunders of the Spaniards rather than by the logic of events is clearly shown by the official dispatches of the enemy."

Is it not a little absurd to have to discuss gravely the retention in a great Government school of a work that embodies the aforesaid opinions of Mr. Edgar Stanton Maclay, whose present position is that of an employee of the same Government in the Brooklyn Navy Yard with the rating of laborer at $2.24 per day? Does it not savor a little of opera bouffe for the people to be informed by this individual that of the three officers whom they made supreme in the field, two—namely, the general in command of the land forces and the admiral in command of one of the great squadrons—were worse than failures; that, in fact, the general was an incompetent bungler, mentally infirm and intent only on his own self-advertisement, and the admiral a craven and a prevaricator? And will it not be still more astounding if the people of the United States permit the children whom they have given to the service of their country now and hereafter to be taught that they, too, must expect in return for victory in a great war to be called under the sanction of their Government braggarts and incompetents, cowards and liars?

Mr. Maclay's "History of the Navy," volumes one, two and three, should be dropped from the Naval Academy's course of study without further parley and at once.

"Moral Conviction"

A YEAR ago, in commenting upon the prevalence of serious crime in the United States, THE INDEPENDENT assumed, upon good evidence, that a certain tragic murder in Western Massachusetts was committed by professional burglars, who, had they been dealt with at the beginning of their careers as instinctive or professional criminals ought to be dealt with in any civilized community, would have been unable to perpetrate so shocking a deed as the shooting down in cold blood of a young girl, aroused from sleep by their intrusion.

It so happened that the murder in question became a *cause célèbre,* and the circumstances that made it so contain an important lesson, which affords us reason for further reference to the case.

As usual, the local police and the hired detectives were unable to track the burglars. Entirely foiled, they found themselves obliged to justify their professional existence by working up some kind of a theory that would account for the facts, and show why such competent Sherlock Holmeses as themselves had been unable to discover the midnight housebreakers. Obviously if there were no burglars in the case the most distinguished detectives could not be expected to catch any, and obviously if a member of the household could be indicted for shooting his own sister in a family quarrel there needn't be any burglars in the case. Could any "hypothesis" be more entirely worthy of the crafty intellects of a great and somewhat mysterious profession?

This hypothesis, accordingly, with many dark hints of startling information

presently to be revealed, was skillfully "suggested" with all the fine art of the hypnotist to the professional sensation mongers of the yellow press. By them it was most skilfully worked up, and in a marvelously short time all the wise heads within two hundred miles of the tragedy were wagging in complacent certainty that "the burglar theory" was all "bosh," invented by a quarrelsome family to cover up the deplorable results of its own evil doings. By the time the selection of jurors for the trial began hardly anybody could be found who would not assent to the comment, heard a dozen times a day, "Well, nobody can tell what a jury will do with that young Fosburg, but there isn't a moral doubt that he did the shooting."

What, now, let us ask, was the basis of that belief? What is the basis of the "moral certainty" which the community, or some large section of the community, arrives at in hundreds of similar cases of alleged crime? What is the basis of the "moral conviction" by which thousands of innocent men and women are daily condemned all over this enlightened land for conduct which, tho not criminal in the eye of the law, is at least blameworthy in the eyes of people of good repute, and blasts the lives of those charged with having committed it? What, we repeat, is the basis of this "moral conviction" which people thus get into their heads, and which is responsible for unnumbered condemnations of perfectly innocent persons? And we answer *nothing*, absolutely *nothing*, except unfounded assertion skilfully "suggested" by interested parties and sensation mongers and uncritically believed by a public either too willing to hear evil or intellectually too lazy to suspend judgment—a difficult undertaking—until an impartial investigation brings out the facts.

In this particular case the trial of young Fosburg, which was concluded at Pittsfield last week, ended in one of the most humiliating fiascos that ever overwhelmed a bumptious prosecution. Almost at the outset the presiding judge "laid down the law" to the representatives of three New York newspapers which had been especially officious in "proving" to the "moral satisfaction" of the public that young Fosburg killed his sister. After this the witnesses for the defense told their story, all agreeing that there were burglars in the house at the moment when the shooting occurred. One witness was a young woman from another State, who was a guest of the Fosburgs on the night of the tragedy. She had very properly been holding her tongue for a year, and the yellow journals had demonstrated that her testimony, of a most mysterious and startling character, would convict the accused. The young woman took the stand at the proper time and corroborated the defense at every point. At the end of it all the judge ordered the jury to find a verdict of acquittal, dryly remarking that the prosecution, in order to convict, should have proven, first, that there were no burglars in the house; second, that the shooting was done by the accused; and, third, that the shooting, by whomsoever done, was a criminal and not an accidental act; and that not one of these three points had been established. In a word, the guilt of the defendant was entirely in the minds of a credulous, sensation-loving public, quite cocksure of its "moral convictions" and absolutely guileless of any comprehension of the nature of judicial proof.

Now this sort of thing is not only preposterous; it is horrible. We are a people supposedly intelligent, reasonably well educated in our common schools, and enjoying every opportunity of rapid communication and a well ordered plan of government to ascertain the truth about any tragic event by patient inquiry and a careful sifting of evidence. We have, moreover, in our traditions of Anglo-Saxon self-control and in our legal maxim that innocence is to be assumed until guilt is proven, a moral background that should guarantee a calm and rational judgment. And yet, notoriously, we are a people that condemns before trial.

If the case which we have thus reviewed in its main features were of exceptional character, or of merely local interest, there would be no more reason for disquieting reflection upon it than there would be for referring to it at all in these columns. But, unhappily, it is typical, and for that reason we comment upon it. Like a business dispute that gets before the Supreme Court, it is of fundamental importance because of what it stands for. It stands for the radical antagonism be-

tween the practice of condemning your fellow man when you have allowed yourself to be hypnotized by clever sensationalism into a state of mind that you call a "moral conviction," and the very different practice of suspending judgment until you know. And how very far the condemnation by "moral conviction" has actually gone we sometimes have startling evidence, as in the proposition of "The Barker Defense Association" in New Jersey that a clergyman accused of a criminal act should "vindicate" himself by bringing a suit for slander against an accuser, who, forsooth, has never yet ventured to prosecute the accused for the alleged criminal injury. When it is thus possible for large numbers of persons in States like Massachusetts and New Jersey to forget or to be ignorant of the most fundamental assumptions and procedures of the common law, we can hardly deny that the civic schoolmaster is needed in the conservative East as well as in the lynching districts of the South and West.

This readiness to believe evil on no evidence beyond the evil osteomancy that "feels it in the bones," appears in a form more startling than it is seen in the yellow journals when it invades the primary processes of legal justice, an example of which we also have in this Fosburg case.

Considering the perversity of human nature it is not beyond explanation that the Pittsfield Chief of Police, when flouted for his failure to find the burglars of the Fosburg house, should have imagined that there were no burglars, and that young Fosburg shot his sister in a family quarrel; but it is past comprehension how a grand jury could ever have found a true bill. It is authoritatively stated that no member of the Fosburg family was called before the grand jury, nor were the nearest neighbors called who were in the home within five minutes after the shooting. The Chief of Police read portions of the testimony of the family at the inquest, called attention to what he thought were discrepancies, and offered such witnesses as he thought would help his theory. It was a ridiculous proceeding. And now this amazing Chief of Police declares in an interview:

"The burglar story I never believed, and when Robert Fosburg was indicted it was for the purpose of showing that Pittsfield was not the home of burglars. I never really expected to fasten the crime upon the defendant."

Such a statement is scandalous. It does a tremendous wrong to a young man against whom not a scrap of evidence was known to exist. When the judge directed the jury to bring in a verdict of "not guilty," he pronounced Chief Nicholson and the grand jury guilty.

Summer Complaints

WINTER illness is nearly always located in the respiratory tract. In the summer time it is the digestive tract that mainly suffers, and we have come to accept the occurrence of summer complaints during the hot weather as more or less inevitable. The reasons for this selective action of diseases are not as obvious as might at first sight appear. For instance, dust is much more common and pervasive during the summer months, and it might seem that the respiratory apparatus could be affected by the constant presence of particles of foreign matter, some of them living germs apt to multiply and set up pathological conditions. This dust must be constantly disposed of if the lungs and upper air passages are to remain healthy. The popular idea is that cold affects the lungs and nose and throat, while heat leads to disturbances of the digestive tract. This is, however, a begging the question of reason, since the causal nexus is not easy to find.

The main difference between the conditions of living in the cold and warm weather, so far as regards the digestive tract, is that while practically all food in the winter time is taken hot, or at least shortly after having been cooked, in the summer it is apt to be taken cold, having stood for a considerable time after cooking, and many more food materials, fruits, milk and certain vegetables, are taken raw than at other seasons of the year. There are constantly in the air, especially of thickly inhabited localities, disease germs that are given off from man and the animals. These are killed by sunlight, but if they should chance to find their way into milk, or cold food materials, especially those containing starch, they rapidly multiply and may prove dangerous. Milk and potatoes are regularly used in bacteriological laboratories

as culture media for forcing the growth of bacteria for purposes of study. Mechanical difficulties are the only reasons why other starch materials are not so used, and, under special circumstances, some of them, as rice and bread, are employed. The danger of taking cold food that has been allowed to stand thus becomes obvious.

Besides, certain fruits and vegetables, usually eaten uncooked, have in recent years become suspect of harboring special germs that produce intestinal disturbance. A Russian observer pointed out not long ago that he found nearly always on Russian cucumbers a spiral shaped bacillus not unlike the spirilla described by Prof. Koch, and which is assumed, with almost absolute conclusiveness, to be the cause of Asiatic cholera. The symptoms at times produced by the consumption of cucumbers are sufficiently like those of true cholera to make this observation of great clinical interest. In recent years, on more than one occasion, so usually healthful a food material as lettuce has been suspected as the medium of the introduction of the typhoid bacillus. Oysters have come under the same suspicion and for better reasons. They are not a summer danger as a rule, but the fact that they are usually eaten raw points to the risks that accompany the eating of uncooked food. Certain unripe fruits are frequent sources of digestive disturbance during the summer. They probably owe their deservedly bad reputation in this matter more to micro-organisms that as parasites multiply rapidly on the growing fruit than to any chemical irritants they contain. Noxious chemical substances would be in too small amounts to do harm. Living germs multiply in the intestinal tract and so become an adequate cause of serious evil. At times the presence of unripe fruit so modifies the chemism of the digestive tract that the usual microbic inhabitants of the intestinal canal assume a virulence not possessed before.

Summer dust is undoubtedly responsible for not a few of the summer complaints. Dried particles of organic material, many of them bearing disease germs, are blown about and find a lodgment on food materials and on hands and eating utensils. It seems at first sight far fetched to attribute any possible pathogeneity to the small amounts of material that thus find their way into the digestive tract. The suggestion is not surprising to the physician who knows some of the recent work on bacteriology. Even clinical experience bears out the truth of the possibility. Workers in white lead who are careful of personal cleanliness seldom suffer from lead poisoning. Those who go to their meals with soiled hands are attacked by symptoms of the accumulation of the metal in their systems in the course of a few months' employment. Only very minute quantities of lead are thus absorbed, yet it suffices to produce the characteristic constitutional disturbance. Bacterial virus, because of its ability to reproduce itself, is much more dangerous, and the inoculations made on food material, even by apparently clean hands, may prove a source of severe infection.

Flies are another facile means of distributing living germs in the summer time. They light on almost every form of unclean material, and even if they carried with them only the germs that constantly exist on the human skin, they would prove a source of some danger. When they light upon food materials they leave behind them cultures of micro-organisms that in warm weather multiply rapidly. This has been demonstrated over and over again in the laboratory.

In a word, the sure prophylaxis of summer complaint is cleanliness—absolute cleanliness of food and person. Water is nature's most pleasant relief in warm weather and her best protective. This is another case of nature attaching a personal pleasure to the means best calculated to secure the continuance of the race. The connection between the pleasure and its natural object has been, as is so often the case, completely unsuspected even by nature's ardent disciples. The frequent and plentiful use of water internally and externally and the assured cleanliness of food materials, not merely apparent, but absolute, constitute the best safeguards against annoying and often serious summer complaints.

Tuberculosis Infection

Dr. Koch's acquittal of the diseased cows accused of infecting with consumption those that drink their milk, is dis-

cussed in our columns by a competent authority. Whatever may be the fact as to this matter, which is not yet settled, it is clear that consumption is usually caused by direct infection from other diseased human beings. Much more important than the acquittal of the cows is the acquittal of parents. It appears that tuberculosis does not come from inheritance but from actual infection. But it has been one of the accepted facts that consumption runs in families, and so it does. But the child is not born consumptive. He catches the disease from the poison about the house, which is in the air, which is breathed into the lungs, which is taken by sleeping with an older consumptive member of the family. This is a grandly important conclusion, and it calls attention to an immense amount of unscientific views held as to inheritance of other things than diseases. If a child is sickly, and we don't know why, and are too lazy to inquire into the cause, we say that he inherits a weak constitution, susceptible to this or that disease, when very likely it is the hygienic blunders of his bringing up that are at fault. So if a child grows up to be an ignoramus or a criminal, if he shows perverse sentiments, we lay it to family and birth, instead of lack of proper training. Indeed, we are often ready to condemn whole races to perpetual inferiority, assuming that Nature has made them inferior, and that they cannot rise above their native incapacity; and all this notwithstanding that we may know that we are individually inferior to Li Hung-chang and Minister Wu. The conclusions of the Tuberculosis Congress may give us a lesson on the influence of environment, which, in the language of the intellect, means education.

Goldwin Smith on Union

Professor Goldwin Smith has reversed his position as to the desirability of the union of Canada and the United States. He never had any large following in Canada, and his chief supporter, Mr. Glenn, left the Dominion and annexed himself to this country. But now Goldwin Smith tells us that the spectacle of the United States going in for tropical islands and subject races has greatly cooled the ardor of those Canadians who had advocated union with their neighbors on the south. In annexing the Philippines we have, he says, burned the Declaration of Independence. The process, he thinks, will not end here. The Southern States will revert to a social system much like slavery. We shall manage to seize Cuba—we have it already—and then, says he, "You will have the West Indies, San Domingo, Mexico, probably everything north of Panama." Then our commonwealth will either become an empire or there will be a severance of the Union, and meanwhile "prudence enjoins Canada to await the issue." We should think so; only we fail to see how Canada can escape the grasp of such a greedy and unscrupulous neighbor. Now this is all moonshine, as is Goldwin Smith's notion of its impelling force, which he sees in "the craving of the capitalist for new fields of exploitation to be operated with servile labor." We may yet—we hope we may—enlarge our territory till it takes in all North America and the adjacent islands, and we care not how many non-adjacent, but the sentiment of our people will insist on liberty for every one of them, as it does now for Porto Rico. Just now six hundred American teachers are starting from San Francisco to teach in the Philippines. Such is the exploitation of despotism!

Elbert Hubbard and East Aurora

In our issue of June 27th we printed an article by Elbert Hubbard, in which he made some statements about the churches in the town of his residence, East Aurora, N. Y., that have brought to us sharp denial. Mr. Hubbard described the seven churches as "all in competition; rivalry is rife," "the spirit of the Master is smothered in a scrimmage to raise the wind," and he told a sad story of "chicken pie socials" and "poverty parties" and "all the usual round of petty, pious blackmail resorted to in order to make up the deficit;" and he concluded the list with the story of a church which had a dozen pretty young women take off their shoes and stockings and expose their feet from behind a curtain. "Then we paid ten cents each, passed by and made guesses as to the owners of the underpinning." He proposed that all the churches be given up, and one

temple erected for all, to be called "The Church of Man," and he says:

"I got all our seven local clergymen together and carefully outlined the plan. Two were inclined to a accept it, two laughed heartily and refused to take me seriously, and three flew into wrath and called me names uncomplimentary, and accused me of ambitions oblique, direct and collusive. So the matter rests."

We have received letters from several of the leading clergymen of East Aurora absolutely denying the truth of these statements. The clergymen assert that no such interview with them ever took place, and they declare that the description of the condition of the churches in that flourishing suburb of Buffalo is equally false. This is corroborated by laymen of high character, long resident in the town. We accordingly wrote to Mr. Hubbard asking him to give us the date of the interview and the names of the pastors, and also the place and time of the barefoot exhibition. Mr. Hubbard replies under date of July 25th:

You require that I give you names and dates and times and places. I respectfully decline. . . . . My article was very general. I mentioned no names.

We regret that Mr. Hubbard is unwilling to substantiate what he said. We published the article on his testimony of what he had seen and done. In view of the testimony which contradicts his assertions we regret that we published statements for which we can get no corroboration.

This is the revised form of oath which the Select Committee of the House of Lords wanted future sovereigns of Great Britain to take on their accession:

"I, A. B., by the Grace of God, King (or Queen) of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely, in the presence of God, profess and testify, and declare that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever. And I do believe that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other saint, and the sacrifice of the mass as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are contrary to the Protestant religion. And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify and declare that I do make this declaration and every part thereof unreservedly."

The essence of evil in the oath as King Edward mumbled it inaudibly and contemptuously the other day is in this proposed form also. It should be utterly suppressed, not revised.

A tunnel, like that through which all trains come into the Grand Central Depot in this city, is a disagreeable nuisance that ought to be abated if possible and when possible; and the same is true of the tunnels that take passengers into Hoboken and Jersey City. But it is not fair to compare them, as Dr. Cyrus Edson does, with the Black Hole of Calcutta. Of course, the gases of respiration and combustion are poisonous; but the passenger who, shut up in a full car, has 56 cubic feet of air, for only ten minutes, is in no such bad case as the victims of the Black Hole, with their 38 cubic feet and all night to exhaust it. We wait for electric motors, when travelers can have clean, cool and comfortable passage through long tunnels.

A half a second on the world's trotting record is a gain well worth recording, and it was made last Friday by the stallion Cresceus, who trotted a mile in 2:02¾, which is half a second better than The Abbot's best time. It is the scientific rather than the sportsman's interest that we cherish in this success, as it chronicles the advance made by man in molding nature to his will. The two-minute mark is the goal of the breeders of horses, and it will probably be reached by breeders in a few equine generations. And yet that man is a better benefactor who breeds a cow that will give an extra quart of milk, or a wheat that will produce an extra peck to the acre.

The proposition to send Admiral Dewey with a fleet of our best warships to England to represent the United States at the coronation of King Edward is an excellent one, which we hope will be carried out.

We are not surprised that George Kennan has been ordered to leave Russia. He could have expected no other treatment, and our Government can hardly protest.

INSURANCE

A Half Century of Life Insurance

ANOTHER life company comes to remind us that it has reached the half-century mark, and to invite a look back over its course. In 1851—when little was known about life insurance, when railroads, electricity, and most of the progress so recently celebrating were still to come—the Massachusetts Mutual was organized at Springfield, 33 incorporators taking its subscribed guarantee capital of $100,000. At one of the first meetings, authority was given to the treasurer to borrow $500, "in anticipation of funds," and business began in a single room. The first policy was written August 2d, 1851, for $1,200, on the "general agent" (there was only one then, and his salary was $600, expenses paid). As the company had not been founded on cash subscriptions, it became necessary, two years later, to borrow $3,000 to meet a death claim, and this was a solemn, if not a critical, situation; but the company has never borrowed anything since—not even trouble. The guarantee capital was extinguished in 1867, and the mutuality expressed in the company's title has since been complete.

The first president held office nearly 22 years; the second, thirteen. The third, M. V. B. Edgerly, held nine years, and his career was notable because he began as a local agent, and his first attempt resulted in procuring eight applications in one day, whereat the home office was amazed; from field work, through control of States, he came to the official staff, and then to the head, having worked his way in the service step by step. The sixth vice-president, Henry S. Lee, is now in his sixteenth year of office. The present secretary, Henry M. Phillips, in his seventh year of office, is the fifth in line. The present actuary, Oscar B. Ireland, is only the second, and is in his thirtieth year of office. The present executive head, John A. Hall, was secretary (No. 4 as such) from 1881 to 1895; he is now in his seventh year as president. There have been few changes in the official staff from the first—indeed, only such as are inevitable in the course of nature.

The few hundred thousands of assets gradually crept along into the millions, and now the millions are expressed in two places—exactly, $26,245,622. It is not large, comparatively; if you compare with the assets-figures most quoted to amaze, it is a small achievement, and the annual new business written is also not large, for it has not reached 23 millions yet. Slight achievements, viewed merely as "volume," but such a view would be partial and misleading. It is to the praise of the Massachusetts Mutual that it has always been a mutual and a policyholders' company, writing strict life insurance as such, and satisfied to be conservative in movement and beyond reproach in every line of conduct. In the last five years (the term of the present administration) its assets have grown from 17 to 26 millions, and new business annually from 20 to 22 millions. President Hall and his fellow officers and directors as well as all of the policyholders of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company are, therefore, to be heartily congratulated on the fiftieth anniversary of the company's organization.

A Retirement

THE Brooklyn Life has during the past week completed arrangements by which it retires from the field, its contracts being taken over by the Equitable. It started in 1864, originally as a Brooklyn company, but in a few years transferred its principal office to this side of the river. It has never been a large company, and in point of new business had become the smallest in the State, having written in 1900 only $362,338. Its admitted assets at the end of the year were $1,819,610, and its policy-holders' surplus $1,608,905; its outstanding insurance was $5,255,494.

There is no moral to be drawn from the departure of the Brooklyn. We may presently find its name included among those of companies said to have failed; it failed to become large, but never in any worse sense. Its departure is not untimely, for that was clearly best. It is an honorable departure, for the company has always met its accrued obligations and it now provides amply for all that remain. Its policy-holders are to be congratulated that their policies are now guaranteed by so strong a company as the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

FINANCIAL

Germany's Tariff Project

While it is true that the proposed extraordinary increase of German tariff duties falls heavily upon products exported to Germany from this country, we should not overlook the fact that the chief sufferers under such a tariff would be the German people themselves. The great increases have been proposed—they have not yet been enacted—in response to the demands of the agrarian or land-holding party, whose purpose is to make the people pay much higher prices for food. The increases upon machinery have been added to secure the support of the manufacturers. Duties on grain and meats are the basis of the entire revision. Germany was forced to import large quantities of wheat and other cereals last year, taking nearly 10,000,000 bushels of wheat (flour included) and 46,000,000 bushels of corn from us. Everybody knows that her grain crops are short this year, and that her imports must be increased. In the face of this fact it is proposed now to enlarge the present wheat duty of about 25 cents a bushel to 47 cents, with an increase from about 19 cents to 40 cents for corn, while the duty on oats is raised from 10 to 23 cents.

The effect would be, of course, to increase greatly the cost of imported grain, and at the same time make high prices for the grain of the German land-holder. This is protection carried to an extreme of absurdity. The proposed changes affecting meats, lard and other beef or pork products are of the same character. While all these additional taxes on food might not decrease the total of our exports of grain and provisions, they would press with crushing force upon the German masses. The political effect would be a very considerable growth of the Socialist party in Germany; and the beginnings of this growth have been plainly shown at several by-elections held since the tariff project was published.

The increase of duties on machinery is more clearly protective, and is designed to check imports from the United States. It might be effective in this way; but the higher cost of the German workman's food would compel an increase of wages, and this increase would tend to reduce the exports of German manufacturers. The policy embodied in the proposed revision is clearly injurious to the German nation, politically and in its economic effect.

Financial Items

The makers of fire engines have formed a combination, with a capital of $9,000,000.

....Plans are said to have been completed for a combination of the leading manufacturers of hats in a company to be called the United Hat Manufacturers, having a capital of $20,000,000.

....The reports of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad system show an increase of $512,000 in net earnings for June. Increases for the year ending with June were: Gross earnings, $7,630,-638; net earnings, $3,344,763.

....Exports of manufactures in the fiscal year that ended with June were $410,509,000, against $433,851,000 in the preceding year, the apparent decrease having been due chiefly to the exclusion of exports to Hawaii and Porto Rico from the total.

....The response of the Italian Government to the recent order of Secretary Gage increasing the duty on Italian sugar because of an export bounty granted in that country, is not only that no export bounty is paid, but also that up to the present time no sugar has been exported.

....The increase of bank clearings in this city for the first half of 1901 was 48 per cent. The total for six months slightly exceeded $64,000,000,000, which was more than the clearings of any full year in the decade ending with 1890. For the full fiscal year 1900 the clearings were only $84,500,000,000.

....One of the most valuable cargoes ever shipped from an American port to Australia was taken on board a steamer last week at a Brooklyn wharf. Its value exceeded $1,000,000, and it included twenty-four locomotives built in Philadelphia for the Government railways of New South Wales.

....Dividends and coupons announced:

Southern Pacific Co. (coupons of various bonds), payable Aug. 1st.

Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., 1¾ per cent., (quarterly), payable Aug. 15th.

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The Independent

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Survey of the World

Summer Politics

The Democratic bolters in Ohio appear to be few and feeble; and their protest against the rejection of Bryan and silver has no weight. Their State convention was held last week in a hotel bedroom. The eight persons who were present adopted a Bryanite Populist platform, and nominated a full State ticket, the head of which, Dr. Reemelin, has since declined. The national convention of the Social Democratic Party—which cast 85,000 votes for Debs in 1900—was held in Indianapolis last week. Some effort was made to attract the Socialist Labor Party, which cast 49,000 votes for Malloney last year, but the adoption of a resolution in support of labor unions will probably prevent any affiliation of the two organizations. George D. Herron was the chairman. The platform calls for the government ownership of railroads, telegraphs, and industries now controlled by trusts; a reduction of the hours of labor; the education of the young by the Government at public expense; public works for the unemployed; the initiative and referendum; and State or national insurance for workingmen. It denounces the use of injunctions in labor disputes, and declares that the judiciary is "a servile tool in the hands of the capitalistic class." The convention also declared by resolution that the churches and public schools are under the control of the capitalists, and forbade members of the party, on pain of expulsion, to become members of the State militia or State police. The organization will hereafter be known as the Socialist Party, and its headquarters will be at St. Louis. The Alabama Constitutional Convention has adopted a "grandfather" suffrage provision by a vote of 109 to 23. This allows all descendants of soldiers who fought in any of our wars to become voters for life by registering before January 1st, 1903. It is designed to give the privilege of voting to illiterate whites who would otherwise be disfranchised by the clauses aimed at the negroes. The Democrats of Maryland, under the guidance of ex-Senator Gorman, adopted in their State convention a platform calling for white supremacy and virtually giving notice that the party, if successful at the polls, will disfranchise the negro voters of the State.

Steel Strike Prolonged and Extended

Negotiations for a settlement of the controversy between the Steel Corporation and its employees on strike came to an end last Saturday afternoon, in failure, and both sides prepared for a great contest. On the preceding Monday it was believed that an agreement had been reached. President Shaffer had had a conference with J. Pierpont Morgan and President Schwab in New York, had seemed to approve the terms proposed by them, and had returned to Pittsburg for a conference with the members of his Executive Board. In the meantime there was no change in the situation at the mills, where the strikers kept their pickets on guard. For three days the Executive Board of fifteen officers of the union were in session. The terms offered in New York were not satisfactory to a majority. It was said that the opening of all mills to both union and non-union men would ruin the union, and that acceptance of the terms would leave the union with less power than it had before the strike—less, even, than had been offered at the Pittsburg conference. Ef-

forts to obtain a modification of the terms were unsuccessful. An appeal to Senator Hanna was made, but apparently without effect. It was said that the Federation of Labor was ready to call out the unskilled workmen of the Corporation and to cause strikes wherever the products of the Corporation's mills were used in construction. The Tin Plate Company took steps to procure negro workmen in the South. When it was said by the Corporation that the union could invoke the protection of the Pennsylvania law for the protection of men if they should be discharged (in open mills) for organizing their associates, the union replied that the law had never been enforced and was dead. At last, on Friday night, the entire Executive Board came to New York, where a conference lasting for an hour and a half was held on Saturday with Mr. Morgan, President Schwab, and other officers of the Corporation. The terms offered by the Corporation, having been modified to some extent, were submitted as an ultimatum and rejected. A counter proposition from the union met the same fate. This was the end, and the union's officers returned to Pittsburg. According to a statement issued by them after the conference, the Corporation's ultimatum was that, for the Tin Plate Company, business should proceed under the contract of July 1st, when the scale was signed for all the mills but one, which was the only non-union mill; that the scale should be signed for all the mills of the Steel Hoop Company that were operated under it last year; and that the Sheet Steel Company should sign for all the mills to which the scale was applied last year, except the Old Meadow and the Saltsburg. On the other hand, the union in its counter-proposition receded from its original demand, because, the statement says, "the Trust officials declared that we wished to force men into the organization against their will and desire. We therefore asked," the union adds, "that the scale be signed for only those men who desire it." The union agreed with the Corporation as to the Tin Plate mills; the difference with respect to the Steel Hoop mills was that the union would have the scale signed for "all mills now known to be organized;" as to the Sheet Steel Company, the union called for all the mills for which the scale was signed last year, Saltsburg and Scottdale excepted, with the addition of the mills at McKeesport and Wellsville. On Saturday night it was reported from Pittsburg that the following message had been received there from the Corporation:

"It will be a fight to the finish. No quarter will be given. We are prepared to spend all the money and time necessary to wipe out the Amalgamated Association in all of our mills."

It was expected that the union men in the mills of the Federal Steel Company, National Steel Company and National Tube Company would be called out by an early order, and that every effort to extend the strike would be made. The attitude of the strikers at Wellsville and McKeesport pointed to violence if the Corporation should try to use imported non-union workmen. Full power was given by the Executive Board to Shaffer, who said that a call upon all union men employed by the Corporation would be made before the end of the week.

Drawing Homesteads in Oklahoma

The lands released for settlement by the opening of the Kiowa-Comanche reservation in Indian Territory were distributed last week at El Reno in Oklahoma. The distribution was made by lot or by a drawing of names. There are in the reservation about 13,000 homestead tracts of 160 acres each. Long before the drawing there were 50,000 people in camp on the border, and when the books were closed on the 26th ult., applications had been filed by a little more than 167,000 persons. The drawing of names from great wheels in the presence of 30,000 people began on the 29th, and was continued until August 1st. The names of fortunate applicants then being known, provision for drawing the remaining names in another place was made, in order that there should be a record. On the first day only 1,000 names were taken from the wheels, 500 for each of the two land districts. The first to be drawn for the Lawton district was that of James R. Wood, a resident of Oklahoma; and when it was known that second choice had been won by Miss Martha H. Beal, a telephone operator in Wichita, the crowd expressed the opinion that the two should combine their fortunes by marriage. But the young wom-

an from Wichita had a marriage engagement with another man. These first two claims, which will cover quarter-sections adjoining the Lawton town-site, are valued at from $20,000 to $40,000 each, altho the law forbids the holders of them to sell or transfer for a long time to come. The eighteenth chance was drawn by Miss Minerva McClintock, of Oklahoma; but she had married the day before the drawing, and had thus forfeited her title to a tract worth $10,000 or $15,000. After the drawing of successful applicants had been completed, on the 1st, many of the unsuccessful made their way to the Lawton town-site, near Ft. Sill, there to await the sale of building lots at auction on the 6th. In a few hours a town of 10,000 people, living in tents, sprang into existence on this spot, where a city is to bear the name of the General who was cut down in the Philippines.

The Philippine Islands

The charter for Manila has been passed by the Commission, the proposed property tax of 2 per cent. having been reduced for the first two years. Major Allen of the Forty-third Volunteer Infantry, recently Governor of Leyte, has been made Chief of the new Insular Constabulary; Captain Spellman, of the same regiment, has been sent to prison for two years because he encouraged trading at the closed ports. Adjutant-General Corbin was received at Jolo on the 2d inst. by the Sultan, who is now engaged in a little war against two rebellious Dattos. An order issued some time ago by General Kobbe, commander of the Department of Mindanao and Jolo, concerning the sale of liquors, went into effect on the 1st. It forbids the sale of beer, wine or spirits at retail, but permits the sale of them at wholesale in original packages when authorized by the officer in command, who must assure himself that the liquors are not intended for persons who will abuse the privilege thus granted. There must be no sales to Moros or to persons living in Moro communities. Many soldiers mustered out had applied for permission to open saloons in these southern islands. The transport "Warren" has been selected to convey to the islands 450 teachers, 400 of whom have not yet been appointed. It is reported that many of the 400 who recently took passage for the islands agreed to pay to an agency a commission of 5 per cent. on their salaries for the first year, and that the Secretary of War has expressed his disapproval of methods which may seem to require the payment of commissions to anybody. In the case of the Marveles quarries the decision of the Attorney-General in favor of the Government and against the Spanish claimant is one of considerable importance because it will largely reduce the cost of certain harbor works and other public improvements.

Cuba and Porto Rico

The electoral bill was reported from committee in the Constitutional Convention last week, and taken up for discussion. It provides for universal suffrage, but candidates for office must be able to read and write and be qualified in other ways. Governors of provinces and members of provincial legislatures must be heads of families or owners of property. Senators, who are elected by provincial legislators and an equal number of citizens, must be 35 years old and of Cuban birth. Half of these citizens must be able to read and write, and must own a considerable quantity of real estate; the other half must have professional degrees or be able to show that they have been elected to public office. The President must be a Cuban or a naturalized citizen who has served ten years in the Cuban army. These terms do not exclude Gen. Maximo Gomez. Presidential electors must be 30 years old and either Cubans by birth or those who have been naturalized for eight years. There will be 91 of them. In the Congress there are to be 24 Senators and 67 members of the House. Provision is made for minority representation in the provincial legislatures. The project calls for two elections. At the first Governors of provinces, provincial legislators and senatorial electors will be chosen; at the second, to be held eight days later, the people will vote for Presidential electors and members of Congress. Some objection is made to a provision that the Constitutional Convention shall count the votes for President and elect one of the candidates if none of them has an absolute majority. Gen. Wood, who arrived in this country last week, says that the municipal governments are in

good order and that the judiciary has been entirely reformed. In another year, he adds, yellow fever will have ceased to be epidemic; there are no cases in Havana this summer, and for two years the fever has not appeared at Santiago. The military government has a reserve fund of $1,500,000, and can easily pay its debts and get out of the island in eight months. Pointing to the great undeveloped agricultural resources of the island, he says that the latest sugar crop, a large one, was grown on only 8 per cent. of the entire area of sugar land.—The investment of American capital in Porto Rico is said to be repelled by the high royalties which the Executive Council exacts as taxes upon franchises. The royalty upon a franchise for connecting the chief cities by telephone wires is 12½ per cent. on the gross receipts. The views of the Council on this question are said to have prevented the building of trolley roads and of piers at the ports, many applications for franchises having been withdrawn. The establishment of national banks on the island is prevented for the present by the law which says that three-quarters of the directors must be residents of the territory or district in which a bank is situated, and that all of them must be citizens of the United States. The recent removal of tariff duties has stimulated discussion as to the marketing of Porto Rican sugar, tobacco, cigars, coffee, fruit and early vegetables in the States, and it is probable that trade in these products will be largely increased.

Revolutions There is no lack of startling news from South America this week; for, aside from the usual revolutions, there are rumors that war may occur between Venezuela and Colombia. As each of these republics is trying to put down a domestic revolution whose base of operations is across its border in the other nation's territory, each nation naturally charges that the other is instigating all the trouble. President Castro, of Venezuela, who, it will be remembered, won his own way to the dictatorship by a revolution, has declared martial law throughout his domain, and in the latest reports had attacked and defeated Dr. Garbiras in a bloody battle of 28 hours, in which 300 of the Government troops were killed, while the revolutionists lost nearly 1,000 and suffered a crushing defeat. As the press, however, is rigidly censored, and this report emanates from Gen. Castro, many well informed persons do not believe the Government's story. While the foregoing events are said to have occurred Gen. Uribe Uribe, the Colombian rebel leader, turns up in Venezuela, reorganizes the old Colombian revolution, which was supposed to have died by his order, and proceeds to march into Colombia. When Gen. Uribe was in New York a few days ago he gave it out that an injured leg would keep him in the hospital for six weeks or so; and thus, having put his spies off the scent, he got off to Venezuela without any notice. The reason he gives for breaking his word and resuscitating the defunct revolution is that the Colombian Government has broken faith by arresting the trusting rebels after they had laid down their arms. In addition to this whole complication a Colombian revolutionist, to escape arrest, boarded a German merchantman in the harbor of Carthagena and, wrapping himself in the German flag, defied his pursuers to seize him. His pursuers, however, took him in spite of the flag and the captain's protest, so now Emperor William may have his mailed fist in the controversy, tho international lawyers generally agree that a merchant ship in port is under the jurisdiction of the port. The Colombian revolution is a case of Church against free masons, the Government representing the Church or Conservative party and the free masons the rebel or Liberal party. The Venezuelan revolution seems to be nothing but the result of private intrigue and personal hostility to Castro's overbearing rule. In neither revolution does there seem to be any great principle involved. Chile has again backed and filled as to her participation in the forthcoming Pan-American Congress. She now takes her earlier stand and threatens to withdraw entirely unless it is agreed that the present dispute with Peru shall not be made a subject of arbitration or discussion. The public debt agitation in Argentina has quieted down, and martial law is no longer in force. President Zelaya, of Nicaragua, is said to be seeking to reunite again Nicaragua, Hunduras and Salvador into a single State, while

some business men from Hunduras, who have just arrived in New Orleans, say that a perceptible sentiment is arising for an American protectorate over Central America.

The Empress Frederick Dead

The Empress Frederick, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, and mother of Emperor William, died at Cronberg, August 5th, at 6.15 P. M. She had been suffering severely for many months of cancer, and her death must come as a relief to her family. She was fully conscious during her last hours, and all her children, except Prince Henry, who is at Cadiz, were assembled about her. Her brother, King Edward of England, started the next day from Cowes to join the mourning group of relatives. She was the strongest character among all Victoria's children. She was an accomplished and willful woman, a rebel against conservatism in politics and religion, and was naturally hated by the orthodox in Church and State. Her masterful ambition gained the Emperor's throne for her husband, tho only for a few weeks, but with it came the scarcely concealed hostility of her son, the present Emperor, who has shown her scarce formal deference, and at first less than even that. If her bringing of Dr. Mackenzie from London could have saved the Emperor Frederick's life, the history of Germany would have been far different.

England

Apart from the unchanging war, little stories of bickerings and disputes make up the news that reaches us from England. Most amusing of these disputes, and yet significant in a way, is the quarrel that broke out between the War Office and the *Daily Mail* because the latter obtained surreptitiously and published openly certain details in regard to the army movements in South Africa. The War Office claimed that the information was obtained by bribery, and undertook to boycott the paper. Besides withholding news from the *Daily Mail* it commanded the regular news agencies not to supply the paper, whereupon the paper brought suit against the agencies under contract with it. The War Office has finally surrendered, and there is quiet jubilation in the newspaper world over the victory. It is pretty well known that the leakage from the War Office comes through club gossip and not from bribery. In the House of Commons the Irish made themselves conspicuous on July 30th in the debate over the taxation of agricultural property. When called to order by the Speaker, Mr. Redmond replied by shouting "Police! Police!" The Speaker declared this expression disorderly. "Why don't you keep order?" shouted the Irish member. At this the Speaker directed him to leave the House; Mr. Balfour moved his suspension, and this was carried by a vote of 303 to 71. Patrick O'Brien was then suspended for the same irregular conduct, and the business of Parliament proceeded. The next day the Irish members again came to the front in disputing the reward voted to Lord Roberts. The Marquis of Salisbury had previously in the House of Lords announced the recommendation of the King that a present of £100,000 be given to Lord Roberts for his distinguished services in South Africa. July 31st Mr. Balfour, the Government leader, brought the question before the House of Commons. In his remarks he went over in detail the brilliant work of the commander, and praised the strategy which defeated General Cronje, saved Kimberley and Mafeking, prevented 11,000 British troops from surrendering at Ladysmith, and kept the whole of South Africa from rising in revolt. He compared Lord Roberts with Nelson, Marlborough, Wellington and others, and showed how from the earliest times it had been the English custom to reward her great commanders with grants of land and money. The motion was seconded by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Liberal leader, who added his own eulogy to that given by Mr. Balfour. Then followed a succession of attacks by members from Ireland, and one or two other recalcitrants. John Dillon opposed the motion on account of Lord Roberts's inhumanity; Swift MacNeil, another Irish member, attacked him on the grounds of his predilection for dukes and peers such as the "titled booby," Lord Methuen; Henry Labouchère asked why grants should be made to soldiers who performed their duty when no such reward came to civilians. In the end the grant was carried by a vote of 281 to 73.—Of a different na-

ture is the report that an American syndicate has been formed to lease for forty years the Southeastern Railway. The syndicate is ready to make a large deposit and to guarantee a 3 per cent. dividend the first year and later 5 per cent. The Southeastern, which has been running sixty-five years, now pays no dividend, and the new syndicate apparently is willing to put the American railroad methods to a sharp test. As regards English methods a writer in the *Contemporary Review* (English) has this to say:

"Our trains are made up of toy trucks, carrying five to ten tons of goods each, and are pulled by toy engines. In other countries large engines pull large cars. Moving goods in small parcels, in small wagons, and in small trains, if large ones can be had, is like emptying a tank with a teaspoon when a bucket is available. It means an enormous waste of time and money. An English goods [freight] train moves about 150 tons of goods, an American goods train moves from 800 to 1,500 tons of goods. Fifteen hundred tons of goods in ten trains means ten times the expenses for drivers, stokers, brakemen, shunters, machines and sheds, machine cleaning, machine repairing, a huge additional coal bill, and blocked lines all over the system. The same thing applies to passenger trains."

The Sultan's Realm

The Sultan sits at his ease in Constantinople, except when a riot disturbs the quiet in his harem, but storms gather and break all about the confines of the empire. A little war has been in progress in the part of Asiatic Turkey still known as Mesopotamia. That district is governed by the Kurdish chief, Ibrahim Pasha, who in return for supplies of Turkish arms has agreed to maintain Turkish authority, nominally at least, throughout the region, and to organize a body of irregular cavalry to be at the disposal of the Porte. After bringing all the Kurds under subjection, Ibrahim began to exercise his newly organized cavalry by pillaging the villages round about and harassing Arab caravans, all this under the plea of "suppressing revolts" and "putting down brigandage." Recently he attacked an Arab settlement of some 250 tents, and carried off 10,000 sheep and 200 camels. The Arabs appealed for help to their chief, Farer Pasha, at Bagdad, and Farer, having appealed in vain to the Turkish authorities, took matters into his own hands, raised a force of something over 8,000 men and marched against Ibrahim. The Kurd meanwhile had got 1,000 infantry and 600 cavalry from the Turkish authorities and was prepared for the attack. The number of Arabs slain in the ensuing battle is estimated at from 1,000 to 1,500, including women and children. There is a fear in diplomatic circles of Constantinople that a disastrous war between the Kurds and Arabs may arise out of the conflict. At the other extremity of the empire matters are almost as unsettled. Reports from Albania show that the Christian population there is practically at the mercy of the Mohammedan Arnauts, and that the Turkish authorities make no effort to control or punish the outrages committed. It is probable that religious fanaticism plays only a small part in these persecutions. For some time past the Albanian population, both Mohammedan and Christian, has shown a tendency to progress in agriculture and trade. The soil of the Albanian districts adjoining the Montenegrin frontier is naturally fertile, and the Arnauts are aiming to appropriate the land occupied by the Servians or to reduce the Servians to the position of serfs and laborers. Meanwhile the Albanians continue to make raids across the Bulgarian and Servian frontiers. Russia balances between Bulgaria and Servia, holding out apparently to both States the annexation of Albania when the final settlement comes.

Light from China

On July 22d the State Department at Washington received from Commissioner Rockhill the welcome news that the foreign Ministers at Peking had at last come to an agreement regarding the indemnity, and that the protocol would probably be signed within a few weeks. The nature of the indemnity is apparently what has been expected for some time past. The total amount to be paid by China aggregates 450,000,000 taels, and is to bear 1 per cent. annual interest beginning July 1st of this year. The payments will be semi-annual, the first payment falling on January 1st next. It must be added, however, that Sir Robert Hart, Imperial Commissioner of Maritime Customs, thinks it will be impossible to make the

necessary changes and secure revenue sufficient to cover the first payment in less than a period of three years. The time of payment must therefore still be regarded as uncertain, altho the Powers will oppose any such delay as that suggested. The annual amount China is expected to raise is 23,000,000 taels, and this sum for three years is to be devoted entirely to paying interest. After that period part will go toward paying interest and part will be set aside as a sinking fund. The interest will gradually grow less and the amount set aside for the sinking fund will increase, until the year 1940, when the bonds are to be liquidated. The disbursements will be received by a financial committee at Shanghai, called the committee of encashment, and composed of the heads of the foreign banks in that city. This committee will distribute the funds among the various governments. The sources of revenue for raising the money are understood to be the salt tax, the maritime customs and the likin tax. Russia has finally agreed not to demand that the maritime tax be raised above 5 per cent., which is the present figure. Since the news of this settlement further news has come in regard to the departure of the foreign troops. July 30th the last of the German troops marched out, leaving only a legation guard of twenty-five men; and on August 2d Lord Cranborne announced in the House of Commons that the official date fixed for the evacuation of Peking by the British troops was August 15th, altho the date might be postponed a few days if necessary. The Ministers have agreed that 3,000 Chinese regular troops may encamp at a short distance from Peking about August 8th, preparatory to the general evacuation by the allied troops a week later. Meanwhile the reorganization of the Imperial Government has already begun. The Emperor has issued an edict which abrogates the old Tsung-li-Yamen and creates a more responsible board in its place. The new Foreign Office, called the Wei-Wu-Pu, is to take precedence over the six boards that formerly outranked it, and is, indeed, to be the most important division of the Government. Foreign Ministers will be received in the hall which heretofore was closed to all but near relatives of the Emperor, and they are to be entertained by the Emperor at occasional banquets. This is, of course, more than a mere formality; it means that the foreign Ministers will come into immediate contact with the ruling powers of the Empire. The head of the new board is Prince Ching, who was formerly President of the Tsung-li-Yamen, and who was the only member of the imperial family that remained in Peking after the capture of the city by the allied armies. He is said to be courteous and well-disposed toward foreigners.

The French Railroad Into Yun-nan

While the rest of the world is worrying over the complications at Peking, and while the English have their hands occupied in South Africa, the French have been looking to build up their trade in the Yun-nan district. Measures have passed the French Chamber and Senate making sure the completion of a Chinese railroad that may have important political bearing in the future. The construction of a French railroad into Yun-nan, first projected in 1889, was rendered possible by a Chinese concession to France in 1898, and by the authorization of the French Legislature in the same year. M. Doumer, the Governor-General of Indo-China, has been unwearied in his efforts to carry the scheme through, and at last his plans begin to take concrete form. A syndicate has been formed to build the road, but in reality the undertaking is fundamentally a Government concern. The line is to run from Haifong to Yun-nan-sen, and will be in three sections. The first section, from Haifong to Viétri (97 miles), is already well in hand, and operations have begun on the second section, from Viétri to Laokai (140 miles). These sections the colonial government is building. The third section within the Yun-nan district, from Laokai to Yun-nan-sen (285 miles), is to be built by the new company. The first and second sections are to be handed over to the company April 1st, 1903, and April 1st, 1905, respectively. The authorized capital is 101,000,000 f., of which 12,500,000 f. is share capital, 12,500,000 f. a subvention from the Indo-China Government, and the remainder in debentures. In case of failure of the company the colony undertakes the pay-

ment of these guaranteed debentures. Activity began to increase in the construction of these roads immediately after the return of M. Delcassé from St. Petersburg, and this has led some persons to see greater political significance in the new railroad than it really possesses. Thus a South-German paper makes this suggestion:

"When France has secured a firm footing in Yun-nan and Russia in Tibet, the Franco-Russian chain will extend from the Baltic Sea to the Gulf of Tongking, and it will be possible for the two allies to prevent trade between China and the British possessions in Asia. It will also enable them to combine in any eventual operations either to the north against China or to the south against India."

One need only glance at a map to see the folly of such a conception, for a junction between Russia in Tibet and France in China would require the building of a road across a tableland varying in altitude from 6,000 to 16,000 feet, and stretching nearly 1,000 miles. The real political importance of the movement lies in the hold it will give France in China itself.

The Assassination of Hoshi Toru

From the foreign correspondence of the London *Times* and from our Japanese exchanges come details of the remarkable assassination of Hoshi Toru, which we recorded at the time of the event, June 21st. The assassin was a Mr. Iba Sotaro, a man fifty-one years old, highly educated and much respected. His family for many generations enjoyed the hereditary right of furnishing a teacher of swordsmanship to the Court of the Tokugawa Shoguns. Sotaro himself was an accomplished fencer, and this fact may have influenced him in his manner of acting. Mr. Hoshi, who it will be remembered was one of the strongest and best hated politicians of Japan, had gone on June 21st to the Municipal Buildings to take part in the discussions of the Tokyo City Council, of which he was chairman. At three o'clock the six members, including Mr. Hoshi, passed into an adjoining room, and were conversing on various topics, when the door opened and a man entered unannounced. He was clad in the Japanese costume of the upper classes, and held a card in his hand as he approached Mr. Hoshi. His respectable appearance and lofty air kept the attendants at a distance, so that he was undisturbed. His only remark to Mr. Hoshi was, "Have you repented?" Mr. Hoshi shouted, "Stand back!" but Sotaro instantly stabbed him five times with an antique sword that had long been an heirloom in his family. Mr. Hoshi, tho a man of powerful physique, made no resistance. The first stab disabled him completely, and he must have been held up by his assassin to receive the other blows. Sotaro allowed himself to be bound by the other members of the council; he did not attempt to escape. He bore on his body the zankan-jo, or apologetic document which Japanese political assassins usually carry; and copies of this he had also posted to the newspapers in such time that the report might be published in full coincidence with the act. We quote the document in part:

"I am not intimate with Hoshi Toru, nor do I bear him any personal ill-will. My first and only meeting with him was when, having been undeservedly honored with the posts of chairman of the Educational Council of Yatsuya and member of the District Assembly, I attended a meeting of the Tokyo Educational Society, of which Hoshi Toru had been chosen president. It was impossible to regard with approval the appointment of a man so evil and depraved to a commanding position in the field of education, and I determined from that moment that his removal must be effected. Subsequently I had no connection of any kind with him, but nothing, I was sensible, could be graver than that such an expert rascal should have the opportunity of debasing and corrupting the Administration of the capital, as well as destroying the morality of the citizens, and that, while filling an office which made him inspector of the city's officials, he should bring trouble and disgrace on all, from sovereign to subject."

Of like character in his "letter of divorce" to his wife:

"Being born in the family of a bushi a moment has come when it behooves me to consider the welfare of my country. Especially as I occupy the position of a teacher, I feel that I must kill Hoshi. I pray you to think of me as one seen in a dream. Desiring not to bring any trouble upon you, I now divorce you. Live comfortably at the charges of your son-in-law. Tho the house of Iba now falls, I feel no guilt toward ancestors, for I have achieved my purpose."

Everything indicates that Sotaro was not an assassin of the ordinary type. He had wrought his mind to a state of frenzy by continual study of a Chinese classic which advocates political murder and by reading the Tokyo papers which were carrying on a campaign against Mr. Hoshi.

The Measurements of a Sea Fight

By Park Benjamin

AFTER the battle of Santiago, in which the Spanish fleet of four as fine cruisers as the world could show was annihilated, much discussion arose as to the whereabouts of the various vessels taking part in the action, with reference to one another and to the enemy. It was all done so quickly that the time table of the Spanish experiences is odd reading. Here it is:

"Maria Teresa," flagship of Cervera, leading the fleet, appears at entrance	9.35 A.M.
"Pluton" (torpedo boat) follows fleet	9.50 A.M.
"Maria Teresa" decides to go ashore	10.15 A.M.
So does the "Oquendo"	10.20 A.M.
Also the "Pluton" (the "Furor" blows up)	10.30 A.M.
"Viscaya" joins them	11.05 A.M.
And the "Colon" likewise	1.15 P.M.

From which it will be observed that three cruisers and two torpedo destroyers were disposed of in just one hour and a half—and the fourth cruiser met a similar fate after running away for about two hours.

Of course, while the "Colon" was being pursued the people who were after her had time to think, but during the first ninety minutes they were naturally somewhat absorbed in their work, so that it is not at all surprising that when they got through individual participants retained different impressions as to where they were at this or that moment, and subsequently began more or less emphatically to disagree—and so the discussion, soon extending to the public, waxed gradually warmer, until Admiral Sampson, with his usual good sense, decided to establish some definite facts by the simple expedient of bringing the chief disputants together and making them agree concerning them.

In October, 1898, he collected all the navigating officers of the fleet—for the navigating officer is the particular person who is officially supposed to know exactly where his ship is at all times—into a "Board," and told it "to plot the positions of the ships of Admiral Cervera's squadron and those of the United States fleet in the battle," to call for any desired data in the possession of any one else, and expressly charged it that "it is your duty to reconcile, so far as possible, all discrepancies in the data so obtained." The board went at its task vigorously and finally prepared "a chart showing the position of the ships at seven different times"—which times are those noted in the time-table above given. A reduced *fac-simile* of this chart, showing positions up to the beaching of the "Viscaya," is herewith presented, together with a scale of miles, because it is rather an unusual thing to be able to measure a battle thus accurately, and the readers of THE INDEPENDENT may like to do it for themselves, if only to test the somewhat remarkable conclusions which follow.

The various ships are represented on the chart by letters, thus: U. S. ships: "B.," Brooklyn;" "A.," "Iowa;" "I.," "Indiana;" "Tx.," "Texas;" "N. Y.," "New York," and "O.," "Oregon." Spanish ships: "T.," "Teresa;" "V.," "Viscaya;" "C.," "Colon," and "Oq.," "Oquendo." The corresponding positions of the several vessels at each given time are indicated by the numbers affixed to these letters. Thus "B. 3," "T. 3," "O. 3," etc., mean that the ships were simultaneously in the positions shown at the third period, or 10.15 A.M..; "B. 4," "T. 4," "O. 4," etc., at the fourth period, 10.20 A.M., and so on. The letters on the chart other than those above noted relate to the smaller craft, yachts and torpedo destroyers, the movements of which it is not necessary for present purposes to follow.

In order to avoid confusion it is desirable to concentrate attention on some definite ship, and by noting her position with reference to the sister ships of the fleet to which she belongs and to the enemy's vessels, obtain a clear idea of the relative places of all. In this way we shall see how close the combatants got together—which is especially interesting

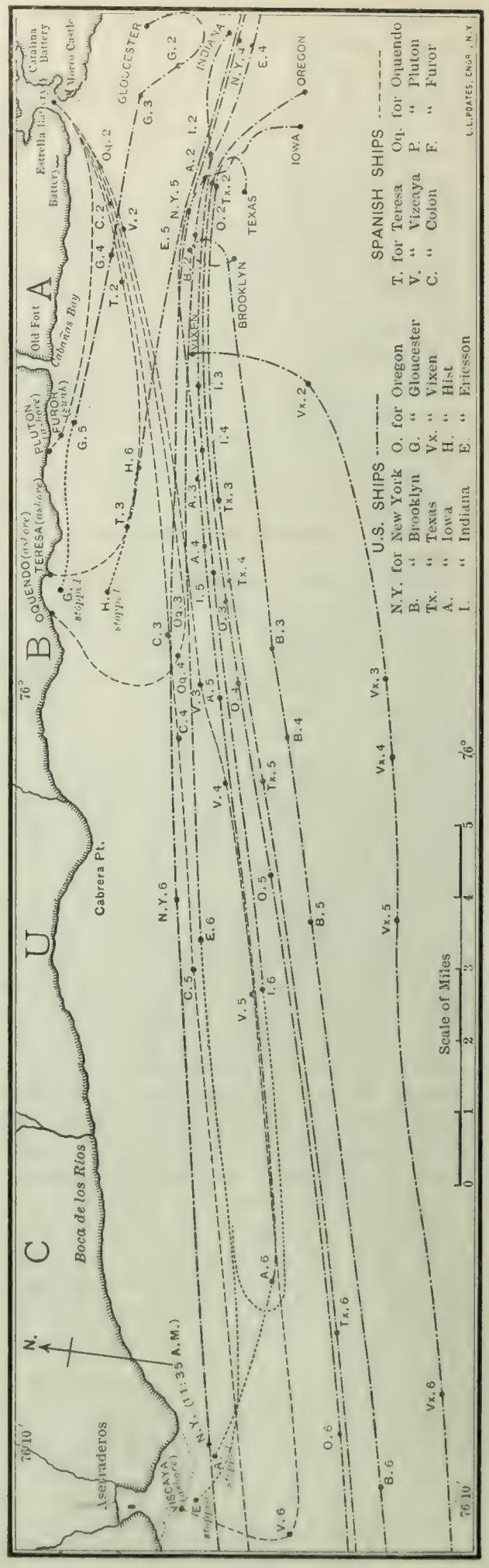
in these days of immensely high powered guns, which can do good execution at four or five miles' distance, and even over. We may also remember, by way of comparison, that the "Alabama" and "Kearsarge," using the old-fashioned smooth-bores and rifles, fought their duel at 1,500 yards, or about seven-eighths of a mile. The ship chosen is the U. S. cruiser "Brooklyn," which was under the immediate command of Captain Francis A. Cook, altho she flew the broad pennant of Commodore Winfield S. Schley. This because she is a cruiser of the same general type as the four Spanish ships and the only ship engaged having a speed comparable to theirs.

At 9.30 on the famous Sunday morning our ships were as usual disposed like cats around a rat hole—the hole being the entrance to Santiago harbor—in the initial positions not numbered on this part of the chart. The "Brooklyn" was in her place, furthest to the westward. Suddenly the alarm is given. They all move toward the Spanish fleet, which in single file is coming out. The "Brooklyn" advances for half a mile to Position 2, and at this moment is four-fifths of a mile from the "Viscaya," which then is the nearest Spanish vessel to our fleet. The "Iowa" is distant from the same ship 1.25 miles, the "Texas" 1.3 miles, the "Oregon" 1.3 miles, and the "Indiana" 1.45 miles.

From Position 2 the "Brooklyn" swings to the right and moves southwardly, so completing a loop which is half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, finally crossing her own track a little to the landward of her original position. This is the famous "loop" of the "Brooklyn," described by Mr. Maclay in his "History" of the navy as "a wide circle which landed her broad off to sea." For a vessel 400 feet long and, according to Mr. Maclay, moving at the rate of a mile in five minutes, the "Brooklyn" seems, in fact, to have turned in rather a small ellipse, which ended in placing her nearer to the land than she was at the beginning. From this point she at once proceeded westward and in a course parallel to the tracks of the other ships.

Let us now follow her in the running fight:

Position 3, 10.15 A.M.—The "Maria



Teresa" has turned to run ashore. The "Brooklyn" is but one mile (1,760 yards) from the "Viscaya" and nearer to her than any other of our ships is to any Spanish ship, excepting the "Oregon," which is half a mile from the "Oquendo."

Position 4, 10.20 A.M.—Same conditions, the "Oregon" being now four-fifths of a mile from the "Oquendo," which has had hammering enough and has turned to run ashore.

Position 5, 10.30 A.M.—The "Teresa" and "Oquendo" are burning wrecks on the beach. Only the "Colon" and "Viscaya" are left and the chase is in full cry. The "Gloucester" is settling the torpedo destroyers. The "Brooklyn" is now one and one-fifth miles (2,112 yards) from the "Viscaya," and is the nearest of our vessels to the nearest Spanish ship. She and the "Oregon" are both 1.6 miles from the "Colon," all our other vessels are further off.

Position 6, 11.05 A.M.—The "Viscaya," to which the "Brooklyn" has steadily hung—"tenaciously," as Mr. Maclay correctly says—gives up and turns ashore. The "Brooklyn" is still our nearest ship to her—1.3 miles (2,288 yards). The chase continues with the "Colon" as the quarry. The "Brooklyn" leads, 5.4 miles from the fast flying Spaniard. Then the "Oregon," 6, and then the rest of the pack—"Texas" 7.3 miles, "Iowa" 8 miles, and the "Indiana" 9.8 miles distant. The "Iowa" ends her run at the beached "Viscaya," and the "Indiana" is sent back to the harbor entrance by the "New York," which has overtaken her.

Position 7, 1.15 P.M.—The two hours' race is over. The "Colon" surrenders. The "Brooklyn," still leading, is distant from her 3.5 miles; following are the "Oregon," 4.6 miles, whose huge shells falling over the "Colon" have made resistance hopeless; then the "Texas," 8.1 miles, and finally the "New York," 9 miles.

The "Brooklyn" has kept close to the Spaniards, never further off than 2,288 yards. No ship appears from the chart to have got any nearer to the enemy than she did (1,408 yards from the "Viscaya"), except the "Oregon" to the "Oquendo." She was always nearer to the "Teresa" and "Viscaya" than any other vessel of our fleet, and always nearer to the "Colon" than any except the "Oregon," which was closer to that ship at the beginning of the chase. All of the ships followed parallel paths westward, that of the "Iowa" being most northerly, those of the "Indiana," "Oregon," "Texas" and "Brooklyn" succeeding southwardly in the order named. The "Brooklyn's" track was from 880 to 528 yards south of that of the "Texas." The "Texas's" track was from 1,056 to 440 yards south of that of the "Iowa." Or, in other words, the "Brooklyn" ran on a line about as far south of the "Texas's" course as the course of the "Texas" from the course of the "Iowa."

Excluding the final position (7), when the surrender of the "Colon" of course stopped the firing of the chasing vessels, the approximation figures of the "Brooklyn" to the "Viscaya" show that she maintained a position relatively very near to that ship, especially when the effective range of modern guns and the thickness of her armor are considered. She has but 8 inches on her barbettes, 5½ inches on her turrets and 3 inches on her belt. The "Oregon," on the other hand, has 17 inches on her barbettes, 15 inches on her turrets and 18 inches on her belt.

That the "Brooklyn" kept generally nearer to the enemy than her consorts implies of necessity no disparagement of the latter. As already stated, she is a cruiser with a maximum speed of 21.91 knots. The maximum record speed of the "Oregon" was 16.79 knots; of the "Iowa" 16, of the "Indiana" 15.55, and of the "Texas" 17. As a matter of fact, however, the chart measurement shows that the average speed of the "Brooklyn" and "Oregon" for the entire run from Position 2 to Position 7 was about the same—a little over 13 miles per hour—while that of the "Colon" and "Viscaya," rated as 21 knot ships, was from 1.2 to 1.4 miles per hour greater. During the final rush from Position 6 to Position 7 both the "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon" appear to have increased their speed to about 15 miles per hour.

Having thus perceived the manner in which the "Brooklyn" stuck to the "Viscaya" and her constant and remarkably close proximity to that vessel,

the following from Mr. Maclay's "History" assumes a new interest:

"After making a wide circle, which landed her broad off to sea and placed the 'Oregon,' 'Iowa' and 'Texas' between him and his enemy, Schley put on full steam and tenaciously held a position to the south, or outside all our pursuing ships, except the 'Vixen.' . . . At the beginning of the action the cruiser ['Brooklyn'] was, much against her commander's will, in the thickest of the battle 'possibly ten minutes.' . . . but, as we have seen, he [Schley] promptly betook himself out of it against the respectful protest of his astounded navigator."

The "astounded navigator" certifies to the correctness of the chart which we have now measured. If the "Brooklyn" was "out of" that fight, what shall be said of the other vessels, which did not get as near to the enemy as she did in any position noted? It is not necessary also to ask what shall be said of the copy of the navigator's chart which Mr. Maclay publishes in his "History," *with all the numbers showing the relative positions of the several ships at the several selected times carefully removed.*

NEW YORK CITY.

Lèse Majesté.

By A German Judge.

[The author of the following article is one of the judges in Germany before whom cases of Lèse Majesté are tried. The reason his signature is withheld is obvious; were he known to be the author of the following he would be liable for trial himself under the very law he is writing about.—EDITOR.]

THE extraordinarily large number of cases which are brought before German courts of law on the grounds afforded by Paragraph 95 of the Criminal Code calls forth public attention to a high degree, not only at home, but likewise in foreign countries. The secrecy which is observed without exception concerning the trial of these cases tends furthermore to highten attention and prolong the exercise of a desire to penetrate into the reasons for them. For the exclusion of the public from the proceedings of the trial continues to be systematically demanded by the attorneys of the State, and to be regularly granted by the court presiding; exclusion of the public being "allowable" by law "in cases where knowledge may be disclosed to the ears of citizens liable to prove disadvantageous to morals and the public order."

In the first category of such "allowably" secret cases, sexual misdemeanors are commonly included; in the second category, cases of high treason; in the third, and without exception, all cases of the counterfeiting of money; finally, and likewise without exception, all cases that fall under the provisions of this Paragraph 95, the cases of so-called hurting or lesion of the majesty of royalty, or *lèse-majesté*. The code itself contains no such term as *lèse-majesté* (in German, *Majestäts-beleidigung*). The connection between Paragraph 95 of the German law and the *crimen læsæ majestatis* of Roman law has come about solely through practical juristic application and historical development in Germany since 1872; it is not founded on any precise definition of the code.

Now, whereas secrecy is advisable in cases of sexual crime, and may be in cases of treason, and whereas it is especially reasonable in cases of counterfeiting, when to disclose the means by which false money may be made would be to encourage attempts to make false money and so increase criminality, the secrecy in which prosecutions are shrouded that fall under Paragraph 95 appears, on the contrary, not only unreasonable, but positively evil. For nothing could tend toward diminishing the number of these misdemeanors so surely and so quickly as the simple fact which is brought out by trial—namely, that, in the vast majority of cases, only a harmless remark lies at the bottom of them, a remark made in a careless moment, so that the misdemeanor was entirely unintentional.

This Paragraph 95, be it known, has been made not only to cover such cases as are treated of in Paragraphs 185 to 200, as applied to libel against private persons, but *does away* with all the limitations imposed in these paragraphs in

favor of the person accused of libel (his right, for instance, to argue that he was defending his just interests; his right to prove that what he asserted is true, *et cetera*); and has been extended, on the other hand, to include what is defined as the "reverence" due to majesty. The reverence due to majesty—one has but to consider how varied have been the ideas understood by the term "reverence"—for instance in Byzantium, on the one hand, and among the old German tribes, on the other—and how varied such ideas are still to-day, in order to perceive that, with this clause, a term has been introduced into German jurisprudence of deplorable elasticity. Its fellow is the notorious *Groben Unfug,* or "gross nuisance," clause, so often complained of, in the Liberal press, since the term "the public," which occurs in it, has been extended to mean a single policeman. But, whereas the penalties inflicted for offenses against the "gross nuisance" clause are restricted to fines or to imprisonment for not over six weeks, an offense against "the reverence due" to the head of a German State, on German ground, brings upon the offender from two months' imprisonment to five years'!

The absence of an intent to offend obtains no influence, as has been said, in establishing the fact of offense, according to Paragraph 95. And hence the explanation why such numbers of persons are prosecuted and condemned for *lèse-majesté* who are not identified, in any way, with the political parties and tendencies opposed to the Government. They are simply victims of a habit of not weighing every word they utter in the balance of prudence and forethought. A slang expression even may prove fatal in a jovial moment, as an alderman of a provincial city, who formed one of a committee to greet the Emperor, discovered to his great consternation and harm. For, the reception being over, and the royal party having moved away to another part of the reception hall, which happened to be a theater, he set his *pince-nez* on his nose (a thing prohibited by etiquette in the presence of royalty), and exclaimed: "Now one can look at the *Blasé* (bubble)!"

This student term for "outsiders" (as here, the royal party on the stage where actors commonly belong), brought upon him a sentence for six months' imprisonment.

I mention the instance because it is typical, in so far as it is impulsiveness that entangles most men in the meshes of this Paragraph 95. And one of the most fruitful incitements to impulsiveness is naturally politics, especially since the Emperor has come to stand in the middle point of political interest—less, be it remarked, by reason of the specifications of the German Constitution than by reason of the individual State policy of the Hohenzollerns and the successfully sustained efforts of the Prussian Conservative party. The Emperor must thus be mentioned by name if home politics are broached, and yet the paragraph in consideration renders mention of him precarious; precarious and dangerous, because an opinion may be based on purely scientific, abstract or technical axioms; still, if the outcome be a conclusion expressed without "the reverence due" to majesty, the speaker falls without exception or excuse under the provisions of the paragraphs. The truth of an affirmation directed against majesty acts as no amelioration whatever, according to the decision of the Supreme Federal Court; so that even if a man were prepared to give proofs of a statement made against a sovereign German prince, on German ground, he would nevertheless be subjected to the penalties prescribed in the ninety-fifth paragraph. This reading must fall hard in Bavaria just now, where the common phrases used for describing the vagaries of the King's disease (insanity) are rendered liable by it to be interpreted as being wanting in due reverence and, accordingly, punishable by imprisonment.

Lèse-majesté is, furthermore, prosecuted, not by the person offended, as is the case in ordinary libel, but composes one of the misdemeanors which it is the duty of the public officials of the State to take up and prosecute. The direct organs of prosecution are thus the attorneys of State; the indirect organs, generally, the police.

The reason why thousands of denunciations more are made than come to trial is owing chiefly to this fact not being clearly understood by the would-be informers, who, therefore, carry their denunciations to the wrong door; local

magistrates and private attorneys incline to hush up or discourage home cases of scandal. None the less the truth remains that the bulk of the cases that do come to trial consists of private denunciations: a person takes a grudge against another; a friend turns into an enemy; a physician sees a chance of winning the practice of another; a merchant desires to put down the competition of another, and off he goes to the State attorneys and lays down an accusation against this other of *majestäts-beleidigung,* or *lèse-majesté.* One of the processes over which I had to preside took its start in an advertisement in a newspaper in the form of an inquiry "whether the manufacturer, Mr. So and So, had made an offensive remark against the Emperor?" The advertisement being signed, it had to be taken up by the State attorney.

Anonymous denunciations are not regarded as a rule; on the other hand, however, prosecution must ensue, as was the case here, if the offensive remark has occurred within five years back—the common term of limitation (two years) being extended over double in favor of sovereign princes.

The cases second in frequency to those arising from intentional denunciation by private parties are those that are gathered by the ferretings of the police of the cities and the visiting *gens d'armes* of village districts.

An instance of what may be called unintentional information was the case where a peasant woman, who had seen the Empress as a slender girl in Prein Kenau, gave blunt rustic expression to her astonishment as to how the figure is looking after the birth of several children. Her outcry was being mentioned in gossip, at a village inn, when it struck the ear of a gendarme who happened to be present. This gendarme reported the matter. His superior prosecuted it, and the amazed and bewildered old woman was transported from her cottage to a cell.

Thirdly come the cases of offense through the press and at public functions. These cases, in contradisinction to the two sorts first mentioned, are mainly conscious offenses, or, at least, avoidable offenses; as where a man remains sitting instead of rising to his feet, for instance, when a "Hoch!" is called for the Emperor, or when an article is written against his speeches, or measures, or doings. Offenders of this class know the risk, and have time to correct or suppress the moment of impulsiveness, which is the moment that plays a chief *rôle* in exclamations made in private. As a matter of fact, however, few press organs in Germany, besides those of the Social Democratic Party, possess either the courage or the wish to criticise adversely the speeches or the actions of the Emperor; so that the number of press cases are few. If criticism be undertaken, and is carried out with the genuine and evident aim to be patriotic and impartial, and yet offends in lacking "due reverence," the amelioration which is conceded by the court is a sentence in favor of imprisonment of the offender in a fortress, instead of a common jail. Instances of such sentences was the sentence against the late Socialist Deputy Liebknecht, one of whose remarks in a public speech was condemned as a *dolus eventualis* by the presiding court, a term that may be interpreted in common speech to signify an offense not apparent in actuality, but which eventually *might* be taken to conceal an intention to be offensive; and, further, in the sentence recently pronounced against the editor Maximilian Harden; both, sentences "to fortress."

Fortress incarceration, as I must stop to explain, involves less social mortification to the German mind, and less hardships, than jail imprisonment. It is the punishment known to old German law as *custodia honesta,* and is the penance of duelists, and may permissibly become that of persons condemned for high treason. "Fortress" includes the privilege of boarding one's self, and of passing the time as one likes within the fortress walls, and of exercise in the open spaces within the fortress district, for as long a time as the military commander of the stronghold sees fit.

The offender against Paragraph 95 who is sentenced to serve his term "in prison" is limited, on the other hand, to a few hours of exercise within the prison court yard, under the surveillance of the jailers, and must live on prison fare. Such an offender, in short, has no *right* to treatment in any wise different from that prescribed for

thieves, burglars and the like malefactors; he has even one hardship more than these common malefactors, since the cost of his maintenance may be reckoned by the State at eighty pfennige (20 cents) a day, and this bill be presented for payment when he has served out his term.

Furthermore, I may observe that, while the right of a citizen, as such, may not be withdrawn from a person sentenced for *lèse-majesté,* he yet loses through condemnation whatever public office he may be holding, together with its exemptions or privileges.

The office may be obtained again, but this must be done by means of a new election or appointment.

In former years, public bodies and political constituencies not infrequently resorted to such elections and appointments in order to express their disapproval of the sentence levied by the State; Congressmen that had criticised royalty were promptly re-elected, aldermen reinstated and editors re-engaged. But a decline may be remarked in most classes of late years in the ardor to make use of this legal right of passive criticism against juristic judgments and the existing laws. In provincial Prussian circles, social ostracism instead is apt to be the climax which is added by society to the sentence of the law courts; conservatism thus spreads, by being reflected from the laws to the people, and *vice versa.*

In summing up the whole of the phenomena involved, phenomena that include juristical abnormalities and exceptions both in letter and in practice, it seems hardly going too far, I think, to affirm that Paragraph 95 of the German Criminal Law is and brings forth a likeness to the laws and processes against witchcraft in the Middle Ages. In the one case, the dictates of a healthy common sense are disregarded, as they were in the other, both in the making of the law and in its application. In the case of witchcraft, an overstress and overestimation were placed on ecclesiastical dogmas such as to mislead the fantasy of the judges to conceive ideal crimes, for which the officials found the offenders; and, so to-day, an overstress and overestimation are laid on the dogma of State, which leads to the engulfing of persons of both sexes, of all ages, from all classes of society, the great majority of whom are confounded and ignorant as to what, or how, they have offended. *Lèse-majesté* is a misdemeanor, in other words, which exists infinitely more often in the heads of the propounders of the law than in the hearts of the so-called misdoers themselves.

The Saddest Thing

By Danske Dandridge

O HEART, so warm of old,
Why hast thou grown so cold?
There is no sadder thing in all the world
Than is a heart grown cold.

Not sin, for that may be
Cause of humility;
New vigor comes from wrestling with our foes,
Courage and victory.

Not pain, for pain is good,
A cleanser of the blood;
Restoring to the soul a wholesome zest
For her celestial food.

Not grief, which purifies,
Tears wash the spirit's eyes,
Until the strengthened vision pierces Heaven
Where Christ such weeping dries.

Not death, for death is just
Surety in place of trust,
At the long journey's end, dear home attained
Shaking off sandal dust.

O heart, so warm of old,
Why hast thou grown so old?
There is no sadder thing in all the world
Than is a heart grown cold.

SHEPHERDSTOWN, W VA.

The Scribbler and His Paymasters

By an Every Day Scribbler

[The writer of the following article is too modest in signing himself "Scribbler." He is a very well known author of books, and writes leading editorials on one of the best dailies in the United States.—Editor]

MUCH as literature writes about itself, it can give but a small idea of its material profits, for each contributor tells his own experience, and experience varies in the writer's calling even more widely than in most others. On one side we hear dismal tales of decreasing wages and royalties, on the other of the sudden lifting of men of no wonderful attainment to wealth and distinction, and I know a man who a few months ago was wandering forlornly along Broadway, wondering if he could find a place on one of the dailies that would enable him to appease his grocer and keep his little flat, who can write his check today for five figures. He has startled himself by writing a popular book. Also, I could mention a few others who might have written checks for five figures not many years ago who are to-day doing scrub work on cheap magazines and daily papers. Possibly they wrote checks too often while they could.

A dozen years ago it was estimated that 5,000 persons in the city of New York alone lived by writing. The growth of the journals, the increase in magazines, the upspring of a multitude of trade papers, unknown to the world at large, but paying handsomely, the adoption of literature for advertising purposes—a deal of it advertises itself—the employment of writers by statesmen (erewhile politicians), to compose speeches and letters for them, make 5,000 too small a number at present. And when we consider the other cities, likewise, it will be seen that the writing man and woman have come to be factors of almost as much consequence in the nation's economies as the tin plate man and the maker of steam whistles. Most of them are poor. So are most other people. Blithesome authors have thriftily turned their poverty to temporary riches by writing about it, and the man who has told us how he supports himself and family on fifty cents a day while writing novels, that he hopes will be worth at least some hundreds to him, profits by such pot boilers as much as by the novels.

If it is true that lower wages are paid in some of the newspaper offices than were paid twenty-five years ago, it is also true that higher ones are paid. The tendency has been toward a leveling, but what newspaper gave to any member of its staff a $10,000 salary a quarter century ago? Some managing editors are receiving almost as much as that to-day.

"Oh, tush!" exclaims the reader. "What has this to do with literature? You are speaking of newspapers." Ah! friend, the trades of author and newspaper man are hopelessly mixed. Tempted by a fat fee and large audience, your historian, essay writer, scientist, yes, and clergyman, will turn his hand to an editorial in a Sunday paper, and allow his portrait and signature to be printed along with it, and by the same token, your literary man has, in three cases out of four, been a reporter for the daily press. Stedman, Howells, Clemens, Warner, Harris, Bacheller, Maclay, Davis, Ralph, Barnes, Palmer, Dunne, Riis, Ade, London, Churchill, Hubbard, the younger Hawthorne, Lathrop, Le Gallienne, Bigelow—to throw together, haphazard, a few names, are or have been newspaper men, all. Indeed, if we seek for men of books who have never been connected with the press, where shall we find them? Shy, lovable John Burroughs, hiding among his grape vines, Marion Crawford, who is hardly an American, Henry James—well, who else? In any estimate, then, of the earning of the writer, his occasional check from the newspaper shop must be taken into account. As for quality, no important paper in this land has any lack of it. Well stocked, agile brains, that formerly atrophied in shops and offices, keep sound and are filled with happy thoughts in editorial rooms. Many of the editorials, reviews and special articles are so sane, so true, so learned, so bright, so instructive, are written with such gift and pains, that one ends his

reading of them with pity that they are to be forgotten to-morrow.

True, writing is precarious business at its best, and not ten literary men in America can rely on $10,000 as a yearly income. But how many others do so well? Few clergymen, certainly, no professors or teachers, few painters and sculptors and architects, no scientists, may be a dozen actors and as many singers. No mention is made of Wall street men and capitalists. They trade in money, and are a class apart.

Poverty is no deterrent to literary activity. On the contrary, it has been one of its most effective stimuli. And the possible rewards of to-day are great enough to encourage every one to try his hand. It is not once in a decade that a new comer makes a hit and draws $80,000 out of his first long story, but the fact that such things have been done sets every scribbler to writing novels, and even puts quirks of guilty intention into the heads of older and more sensible members of the craft. Then there is the stage, tho that is a different story, for the drama is acted, rather than told, and it is seldom literature. A popular play earns more than a popular book, if its popularity lasts as long as that of the average popular novel, and there is one co-author of a drama that had a popular success a few seasons ago who made over $40,000 as his share. He could not stop himself, and has been writing not very profitable plays ever since. The furthest remove from literature is reached in the variety farce, where people swat one another with slap sticks, and tumble through skylights. Such absolute rot as the speech in these compositions has never been published, and never will be. No man would make himself *particeps criminis* by printing it. In dramatic writing it is harder to gain the attention of a manager than of a publisher for a literary work. Our managers distrust their own taste, hence, they buy names. Henry Arthur Jones, of London, can sell a comedy in New York before he has written it. A New York manager returned a play of mine, unopened, with a brief note, saying that he had too many foreign plays in hand to bother with American work just then.

The pay of writers is improving. They are as well rewarded for their output of brain and time as other people are. Men not writers have received as much as a hundred dollars for a mere tip as to a matter of news, when the man who was to write the "beat" which came from this tip had no addition to his wages, but such things happen not so often as earthquakes. Thirty dollars a week is an average wage for a reporter, after he has proved himself reliable, enterprising and shown a disposition to advance himself. For the same reporter, after he has become useless and an editor, a salary of $50 is easily possible. There are star reporters who prefer to write on space at six to ten dollars a column, so long as they are assured of a certain figure every week, and are allowed to select their subjects. Such reporters have made as much as $100 a week through a term of years, but one who makes half as much by reporting the droppings of wisdom to be gathered in hotel lobbies and committee chambers, or describing the last successful murder, or the yacht race, has reason to be content. Isn't that better than bookkeeping, or measuring silk? To be sure, the chances are that the newspaper man will not make so much in his later years, for his place belongs to young men who have keen eyes, quick wits, courage, and the ability to do without food and sleep in emergencies. The trade gains a wonderful hold upon them. It is full of interest, contrast and excitement. It is the life that pays them, for it is life. Men have held to it after they had offers to become aldermen or theatrical agents.

The mistakes, grotesqueries and libel suits for which beginners are responsible make the editor cautious about paying them as much, at the outset, as a fashionable clergyman receives, and there is at least one paper in this land—excellent and well known paper, too—that gets much of its service free, because it persuades collegians to accept positions on its staff till they learn the business, and generously offers to teach the business for nothing. The hardest work I ever did was given for a wage of $8 a week. This involved the "covering" of three far apart police stations, two courts, a hospital and a morgue every morning, a hasty report of what I had found there, a second tour over the same ground in the afternoon, a rush back to the office for

new reports and for proof reading, copy holding and the preparation of matter, from one to four assignments in the evening—political meetings, prize fights, fairs and what not—sermons every Sunday, parades and oratory every holiday. The work lasted from ten to twenty hours a day, but it did not occur to me that I was abused. One of my fellow reporters was paid only $4 a week, and when somebody remonstrated with the editor—a rich man—that this was too little, he said, with cheerful surprise: "Why, he doesn't need money. He's living here with his brother, and his brother won't let him starve." Yet I recall that while I was on my $8 salary, and was paying $7 for board, the authorities in the office not infrequently criticised my appearance, and suggested that I clothe myself in a manner more calculated to support the dignity of the paper, when I went about town. My first raise of wages was 25 cents a week; another quarter of a dollar followed in the course of time, and then I leaped at one bound to $9.

Nowadays the respectable paper pays respectable wages to respectable men, and nearly all newspaper men are respectable. The bummers and borrowers and Bohemians have disappeared. There are fewer shirks in journalism than in any other trade. I know of none. The quality of manhood is constantly rising, too, even on the yellow papers, altho individuals may and sometimes do deteriorate after a few years in the office of the *Morning Shriek* and the *Evening Terror*.

All this is prelude to the statement that the reporter is in transit to authorship while he is seeking interviews with notables and describing raids on gaming houses. And having reached authorship, he is not going to be content with fame. His service on a paper has dispelled many illusions, and, altho he may write for love, he carries his goods to the best market. The magazine editor is good to him, if he notices him at all, and when his great American novel is printed he draws royalties of ten per cent. on all copies after the first 500.

Working for the magazines is a different thing from working for papers. Magazine copy takes twice, may be ten times the thought and preparation, and stands ten times the chance of rejection. Magazines must be studied, and some knowledge of their individual wants to be reached. Editorial tastes and tempers make conformity on the part of some writers impossible, and they can never hope to sell an article in certain quarters. I send a screed to the *Century*, or the *Atlantic*, with hope, and have received liberal pay from them, but I know that for me to send it to *Scribner's* or *Harper's* is a waste of postage stamps. It hasn't a mortal show in those magazines.

So with books, whereof I have been guilty of a few. Manuscripts come back in the next mail from A., with the usual elegant extract telling of sorrow that they are not available. He has not looked at them. B. keeps them a little longer, and returns them with the same sort of note. C. releases them reluctantly, with a kind little letter, telling how nearly it breaks his heart to let them go, and D. prints them. So I generally send them to D. And I do not believe at all in the wickedness of publishers. I can understand that A. does not wish to go in for histories, when his specialty is manuals on raising hens, and that B. refrains from dangerous undertakings because he prints French novels which a young woman translates for him at $20 a week. Nor do I blame C., that, as soon as my first book had appeared and made a little success, he softly upbraided me for not having submitted it to him, and begged the opportunity to read my next outbreak.

D. pays his royalties to the penny, makes no talk of his work or his value in pushing the book, advises me as to any schemes I have formulated, and is always friendly and honest. I trust him fully, and, when the sales begin to run down, as of all books they do, invariably, I realize that some other fellow ought to have a chance. All the gains of books are as money found, for, like dozens of others who have got themselves tucked between covers, it is the newspaper that feeds my family and keeps my soles nailed on. The work on these books has been the occupation of spare evenings, when I happened to feel in the humor, and of Sunday afternoons. Some newspaper owners will not allow an employee to do outside work of any kind, but aliases and anonymity cover acres of stories and jokes written by just those employees.

Which reminds me that jokes and quips and humorous verses are among the best

paying goods of the word pedler. One fluent fellow used to make $5,000 a year out of them. A dollar apiece for jokes is a common price, but so much as $5 has been paid. Common rates for what your scribbler terms, disrespectfully, "stuff," and even "guff," are a cent a word. A few magazines go below this figure, and there are occasional surprises. I had one in a letter from the editor of a paper that I had supposed to be prosperous, if not important, offering to print one of two stories I had submitted to him for $1.50, if I would let him print the other for nothing. Occurrences like these confirm the truth of De Quincey's aphorism that literature is a good staff, but a poor crutch. He would be a daring man, indeed, who would cut loose from all other employments and try to live by it. He ought at least to raise onions or keep a cow. For all that, it is possible for one to put aside from the pay for his compositions the foundation for an age retiring fund, and if his writing is kept above the purely commercial it will be in demand so long as his wits hold.

If publishers sometimes do scant justice to authors, let me tell you, men and brethren, that some authors have beautifully "done" their publishers. Have you heard of my friend P., who used to write for *The Stable Boys' Own?* The publisher of that remarkable paper—I am not sure that it had an editor—offered P. a cent a word for a story of adventure, and P. agreed to write it in chapters, supplying them weekly till the tale had been told. The chapters went to press as fast as they came. Presently the publisher became restive. People in this story were doing extraordinary things, and never getting anywhere. P. left them in the most awful plights whenever he wrote, "To be continued in our next." At the sixtieth chapter he was no nearer to a solution of the plot than he had been in the sixth. The publisher wrote to P. begging him to close the narrative as quickly as possible, but P. replied with another batch, which ended, like the others, with the heroine hanging over an abyss by the eyebrows and the villain holding her would-be rescuer by the throat against a tree a mile away and chortling with ghoulish glee. Every chapter ended like that, so that there simply had to be another one to explain it, and get the suffering people out of trouble. The publisher did not dare to interfere. His customers would insist on the end of the story. P. was an inventive cuss, and he kept that story going till the publisher's hair turned white, and he drew, under his cent-a-word contract, about $75 a week, and drank champagne. Violent threats at last obliged him to kill off most of his characters and write the long delayed word, Finis.

The usual fault finding on the part of authors comes from their willingness to have the publishers take all of the risks and none of the profits. This is a narrow and unworthy attitude. The man who spends a year on a novel expects compensation for that outlay of time, tho nobody asked him to write it, but surely the publisher, who does not believe in it, is excusable if he declines to put up a thousand dollars to have it printed. The British author generally insists on a small preliminary payment on acceptance, as well as on royalties of ten to fifteen per cent. on copies sold, but he is often charged for advertising, and the American author seldom asks for more than his royalties. As the publisher will reserve the first, say, 500 copies, to pay himself for his expense in the printing, binding, canvassing and advertising, it follows that the author gets not one red cent if the book sells only 500. Yet why, in such a case, is the publisher more to blame for selfishness than is the author for misdirected energy in giving to the public what it does not want?

Of course, if a fellow differs with all the publishers as to his being a heaven born genius, he can prove it by getting out his book at his own expense. There is one factory of novels that is now running a double shift of men, getting out the books of aspiring people, at so many dollars a page, price to be paid by the author. The novels pour out of this mill at an appalling rate. They are all pretty bad, and nobody ever hears of them after, but they enable the dry goods clerk or the society woman to put an impressive hand upon a truthful heart, and say: "I am a novelist." That person cannot get into the Authors' Club, but some day the writers who print their own stuff can organize a society of their own, and it will be a large and influential society, too. Meanwhile the writers who write be-

cause they like to, and because they have something which they will feel better for having said, will keep on pestering the printers and the editors, and in ignorance of the results many will clamorously insist that there is no good thing in literature. But many others will find, if not in literature, at least in writing, as good an income and twice as good a trade as that of most people. Detractors will never diminish their numbers nor dispel the glamour that is one of the solaces of the calling, and that is as precious to the veteran as to the beginner.

An Italian Brigand of To-day.

By Irenæus Prime-Stevenson.

[Since this article was written the cable announces that Musolino has eluded his pursuers and is touring through Europe taking in the sights of the capitals. He is not an illiterate peasant, but a remarkably well educated and well bred man, who, when away from his mountain fastnesses, dresses in the most perfect taste. When in Rome before leaving for his tour he is known to have been present in sessions of Parliament, and even to have shaken hands with the King, who, of course, took him for some one else. He is the most picturesque figure to-day in Italian life, and his capture would excite popular regret rather than satisfaction.—Editor.]

BRIGANDAGE, as that word is classically and operatically understood, has been stamped out of Italy during a decennium—even in Calabria and Sicily. It used to seem eternal and ineradicable there, as are the wild hills of the Aspromonte chain and the gorges of Etna. But now you have only the public officers, the hotel keepers, the railway porters, and cabmen to fleece you, instead of the romantic apparitions of the roadside—the Fra Diavolo, with gun on shoulder, peaked hat, cross-bandaged legs and other elementary signs of his good old profession—in all which Mr. Pickwick's friends were anxious to be so correct at Mrs. Leo Hunter's garden party.

But outlawry in Southern Italy is a different thing. It becomes a practicality with somebody every now and then. And to call it "brigandage" is often as wrong as it is usual. One can be both brigand and outlaw, but not necessarily; and there are classic precedents. Robin Hood was both; James of Douglas was not. The illustrious Sciarra, who befriended the unhappy Tasso; Michele Pezzi, known as "Fra Diavolo" (both of them of Middle Italy), combined the two situations. But a man who contravenes Italian law, or is its victim in misgoverned Italy, the offender who flees to the woods with a price on his head and a gun in his hand, and lives as best he can, may be no thief by nature or act; may have a heart and a pair of hands to which you would trust your life and purse with perfect wisdom and may scorn the crime of the highwayman with all the contempt of a nature fundamentally honest and humane.

As I write these lines there is being played down here in wild and primitive Calabria—the toe of Italy's boot-contour on the map—a drama of real, fierce life and outlawry, or "brigandage"—call it which you please—of that sort. It is of so astonishing, so romantic, so melodramatic a character that you will have to go to the most gifted depicters of outlawry in fiction for any parallels. And there is no telling when it will be played out. Probably it will never be ended in the arrest or shooting down of the hero, tho he is being hunted like a partridge on the mountains by detachments of infantry and *carabinieri* galore, now of one regiment, now of another. A whole district of wild nature conceals his movements. A whole provincial population is leagued to befriend, to shelter, to warn him. Every man, woman and little child in Calabria seems to love him—even if many certainly do fear him. He has never been caught, despite months of pursuit and every temptation to betrayal; quite likely he never will be caught. And as he is, apparently, a victim of miscarrying justice to begin with, and no common or vulgar spirit, and now is one man against arrays of soldiery, why, romance and bravery gild him with the sentimental brilliancy of a Dumas novel.

This man's name is Giuseppe Musolino. He was a humble but quick-witted,

open-natured and not at all uneducated Calabrian peasant, a wood-cutter. He was, and is, also a handsome, extremely robust and agile young man. One day, about three years ago, he became involved, quite blamelessly, in a sudden quarrel in his father's wine shop in the village of San Stefano. His two opponents, that he wished to separate, turned on him with their knives. He defended himself and the quarrelers were parted. A few days later Vincenzo Zoccali, one of the pair in whose wrangle Musolino had interfered, was shot dead, by some unseen marksman. Musolino was arrested, arraigned and by a chain of petty evidence, the falsity of which was admitted at the time (and it has since been demonstrated as a personal conspiracy against Musolino by some women concerned) he was condemned to twenty-one years of hard labor as the murderer of the unlucky Zoccali. He was sent to the prison at Gerace. From that hour young Giuseppe Musolino was a changed man in his attitude toward justice and authority in his country. He said, "I shall escape; and once I do escape all Italy shall hear of what I shall do." So he bided his hour to escape from the prison.

He is a devout Catholic. It is said that he never has yet missed saying, like a very child, his morning and evening prayers, and there is a pretty story of his calmly teaching a little boy to pray, some months ago, on a mountain road near Cerasi—with the *gendermeria* chasing after him! According to Musolino, St. Joseph, his patron saint, one night vouchsafed a dream to the unhappy convict, suggesting a way of escape. At any rate, almost miraculously Giuseppe Musolino did evade the walls and horrors of Gerace, by discovering a rotten course in the wall of the new prison that no other living being suspected. He made a hole. One night he dropped twenty-five feet, in the darkness, and crawled away from Gerace, uninjured. And therewith began his promised vengeance and a new career.

The first thing Musolino did was to proceed to assassinate every single person, man by man, woman by woman, who had sworn away his life at San Stefano or Reggio di Calabria. He is a "one shot and you die" fusileer. He prowled about San Stefano and other localities. But his haunts were known only to his true friends; and his carbine grew to be the dread of every guilty conscience in the already notorious Musolino case. But false witness, spy or hostile companion had much time to worry with conscience. First, the former friend, Zoccali (he of the original fight in the inn); next, the chief traducer, a soldier named Chirico; then a village woman, Francesca Morabito; then two spies, Agoslino and Saraceno; then a witness named Crea, then the wife of the said witness, Crea; then the uncle of Zoccali—in course of a few months each of these was a corpse, each one picked out in an unguarded moment by that awful rifle. Moreover, a young girl who had been betrothed to Musolino—a cousin in fact—had died during his imprisonment, broken-hearted and sneered at by all her village. Musolino was secretly and accurately informed as to just what persons had made life such a bitterness to this young girl. He made a most correct, conservative selection of those that plainly had been unkind to her. He killed them all!

By this time—it need not be said—Italy was talking of Musolino and his vengeance. Calabrian carabineers were hunting him—more or less. But here comes in the most characteristic phase of this young man's *vendette*. The whole of Calabria had long ago regarded him as a victim far more than a criminal. Calabria flouted the idea that Musolino was not infinitely more sinned against than sinning. And especially had all the countryside thoroughly approved of his avenging himself against law, order and anything or anybody at all to blame. And tho Musolino must have food, clothes, shelter, ammunition, money, yet he never has robbed anybody and he will not rob anybody! He will not kidnap. He is no brigand.

How, then, has Musolino kept himself supplied with necessaries, especially when roaming the wilds of the Aspromonte hills as he does, never sleeping in a village, however humble, seldom sheltered twice in the same cave or shepherd's hovel or cemetery tomb or ruin? By the same means that with an increasing force of soldiery prowling up hill and down hill after him, he is as safe as an outlaw can be. For all the region is in league to

supply Musolino with what he needs. He is Musolino, the hero, the admired, the beloved, the adored of poverty-stricken, passionate, rural Calabria. This is the more a popular sentiment—aside from the fact that Calabria believes Musolino wholly in the right and that the Government in this (as in other matters) is decidedly, oppressively, in the wrong. Now, there exists over Calabria a strong secret organization, expressly helpful to such virtuous and respected outlaws. This is the famous but little known "Picciotteria," a sort of secret society that works as it does just on the theory of protecting the weak from the strong—of shielding the victim from the cruel victor, whether against individual tyranny or Governmental abuses. It is what the Neapolitan "Camorra" began by being; to end in such hideous divergence from aught of good. The "Picciotteria" has its branches and agents everywhere in Calabria and Puglie. Every inn is a head center. It has its signals and jargon. So Musolino, being held to deserve well of the "Picciotteria," is carefully looked after by it. A rake-handle stuck out of a gable in a goatherd's empty cabin warns Musolino that a letter is hid down the pass. Fragments of broken jugs and a bit of cloth will tell him that the nearest tailor has good news or maybe a pair of trousers for him. A little child by the road suddenly appears and asks the solitary fugitive if he has seen two kids, and Musolino so learns that a couple of carabineers lie low in the gorge. The "Picciotteria" has no visible heads, rendezvous, officers or dictionary, but it functions to perfection without such formalities appearing to outsiders.

Of the honesty and gentleness and generosity of Musolino the stories are an endless chain. He is brave as a badger and friendly to the helpless as a Saint Bernard dog. He does not try to kill when a soldier in pursuit of him and of military duty is at close quarters, but instead he will merely break the soldier's arm or leg, with that unerring rifle ball, and prevent his continuing the chase. Awhile ago he was wandering in the hills and met a peasant weeping and lamenting. "What has happened to you?" he asked. The man, a poor drover, explained that he had been robbed of four thousand lire while returning from the cattle fair. "By whom?" "By Musolino," declared the man, and he described an impostor, a common road thief, who had done the deed, giving himself out to the victim as being Musolino the terrible. "We will go and find *this* Musolino," said the outlaw. And they did find him. Musolino, with his revolver, made the thief get down on his knees to the drover, confess that he had lied, confiscated his arms, obliged him to restore the money, and last gave him a thorough thrashing with the drover's whip. "Now be off!" cried the outlaw, "and remember that Giuseppe Musolino never steals." Then as his impudent counterfeit hobbled away, he turned to the drover and said: "*I* am Musolino! St. Joseph keep you, friend." A young woman, one bitter morning, was cutting sticks in the wood near Bova. She was shivering with the cold, shoeless and half-clad. Musolino came her way. He happened to speak of Bova and the soldiery nearing it in search of "the brigand, Musolino," and the girl answered that "nobody said anything but good of Musolino." Musolino cut her billets for her, gave her a hundred-lire note and his own warm silk scarf, carried the wood for her to within a mile of Bova, and then with the usual and simple declaration "Farewell—St. Joseph be with you. I am Musolino!" he vanished. The only church in a village near Cirace needed a new roof. The money came one day "from Musolino." Last November an elderly couple living on the Monte Scifa one Sunday night gave Musolino hospitality, not knowing to whom they were kind. In course of the evening they confided to him their trouble in regard to the illness of their son, for whose proper care they needed a small sum—but one impossible to such a household. After Musolino had gone away at dawn, they found a handful of notes, odd silver and copper, and with it the line: "I am sorry. I have no more. I will try to send *the rest.* Musolino." "The rest" came in a few days, the son was operated on and saved. And Musolino adores children. He has, too, like many children lovers, an immediate charm for children. One young boy, whom he met while in hiding in the savage Scifa region, had his clothes carefully repaired by Musolino's own hands, had two goats treated surgically by the

outlaw, was taught his letters, and only after days of companionship with the lonely fugitive, and on his begging Musolino "to take him with him to his village," discovered the identity of the stranger "who shot so beautifully at a mark." One morning Musolino—who wears always a perfectly plain hunting suit—was hastily crossing a wood near Brancaleone, when he encountered a certain rich but niggardly proprietor of the vicinity, face to face. The gentleman knew the outlaw at once by sight. Shaking with terror, he laid his purse, containing some five thousand lire, his watch, and his jewelry down on the grass at the feet of the ever dreaded "brigand." Musolino looked at him for a moment. He burst out laughing. Then, very soberly, he said: "Marchese X—— makes a mistake. I am still an avenger, not yet a robber." He took up the valuables, counted the money, returned everything scrupulously, put the Marchese's watch into its owner's pocket for him, and then added five lire to the sum! "For your struggling family, Marchese," he remarked politely, and was out of sight in a moment. Bravo Musolino!

When Musolino is ill, hidden like a wounded leopard, the carabineers may never know of it. But the peasants for miles around know; and he is cared for devotedly. Goatherds will carry him on their backs for leagues, if he is wounded and danger nears. With perfect fearlessness peasant girls of blameless character, yes, and the married women of the villages, will visit him in his lonely retreat, nurse him, or act as his spies and guides and cooks and helpers in general. Yet, however kind to womankind, Musolino is no woman-worshipper to-day; in fact, he is said to belong to the mystic fraternity of the Vranidi. Musolino has never insulted a woman or terrified a child. He has two books that he carries about with him; one is a certain little "book of piety," some poor trifle given him by his dead *fiancée*. The other is the "Inferno" section of Dante's "Divina Commedia." Does he ever have other men with him, as actual associates in his struggle against capture? Yes—now and then. But he prefers solitude, and besides all Calabria is his friend, and he need never lack for company, save when in real flight, when every embarrassment must be cast away.

I have not given anecdotes here of his thousand and one hairbreadth escapes, of his endurance of fatigues almost superhuman, of his incessant adventures as the soldiery from Reggio have invaded his mountain retreats, laid ambushes in his caves, hunted him day and night. That department of Musolino's biography would fill a book! I have merely sketched the singular and romantic personal character of this Calabrese Ishmael. And, allowing for all the illusive, softening and shimmer of the hues which it takes—like the fierce and cruel and gloomy ridges of the Aspromonte hills—one cannot but see in Giuseppe Musolino a figure of no vague courage, of desperate, self-depending effort, and of exceptionally romantic dignity—if not nobility. One realizes how the sick young carbineer, who spent a night with Musolino in a rude shelter last month, not knowing that the very man whom his fellows were seeking was his host, when he found next morning that Musolino had befriended him (Musolino's own confession revealing it), fired his rifle into the air, threw his arms about the outlaw and exclaimed, "I will kill myself before I will ever aim at you." There is such a thing as being an assassin—an avenger—and yet having that key to the human heart that is nature's divinist gift to any man!

Will Musolino be captured? Will the unequal battle inevitably end in his defeat? The struggle of one man against an army, so to say, is not so unequal as it would be were not the pathless cliffs and ravines of Calabria the scene of it, and a whole population leagued to hide the offender. Still it is one man against platoons of soldiers, hunting him down. Spies have been suborned and Musolino has often been betrayed. But it must be confessed that there is plenty of chance for Giuseppe Musolino to escape the hunt and die in his bed of old age—without further aid from Saint Joseph. The troopers have been marching up hill and down dale for a year and more, "discovering" Musolino's freshest hiding-place, almost finding his couch of leaves or straw warm; but somehow the troopers always are just a few hours too late. In

fact in the instances of some squads, their ill-luck and stupidity are so peculiar that one suspects that—but I do not dare more than to insinuate that Italian *gendarmeria* conduct their pursuit as do stage soldiers in melodramas, who exclaim in anguish, "Ha! We have lost the miscreant again!" while carefully looking away from where the miscreant stands behind a lighted street lamp. At any rate, the pursuit of Musolino still in full cry in Calabria at Gerite is the joy of those who scornfully expose after bitter study the problems of national and military characteristics in Southern Italy. The chase seems, at this writing, like futility in the abstract, and the more fuss the less success. Considering Musolino's provocation (however bloodily avenged by him), his bravery, endurance, the romance of it all, and the fire of the passionate human heart that burns through the story, one cannot help wishing this unsanctified "*protégé* of Saint Joseph" free foot, free field and escape or amnesty.

RGGEIO DI CALABRIA

Parties and Dinner-Parties in England

By Justin McCarthy

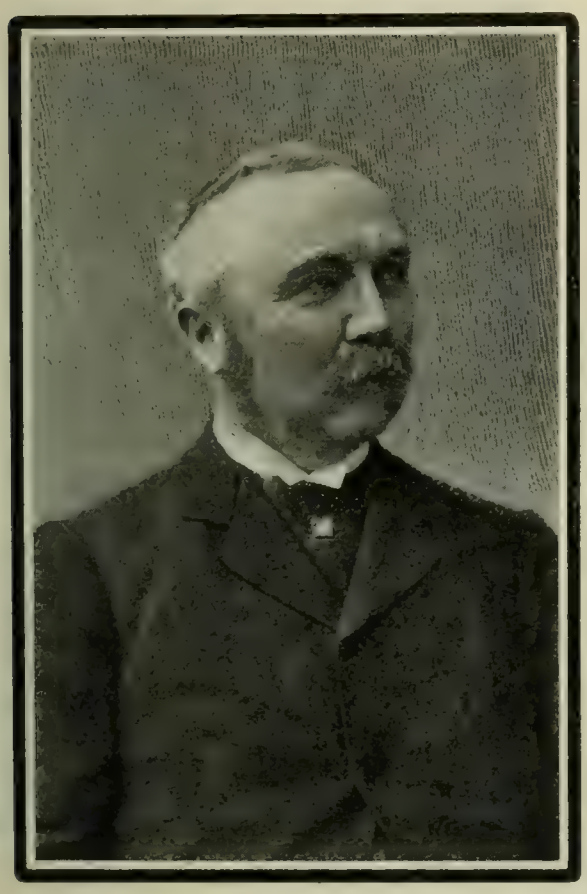
A POLITICAL dinner-party in England is not usually regarded as an extraordinary demonstration. Such events occur as a matter of course many times during every London season, and pass off without exciting any profound public interest. But a political dinner-party just now is an event of momentous importance, and has been the talk of the town for many weeks past. The political dinner-party which I am now considering is, of course, the entertainment to be given to Mr. Asquith by some admiring members of the English Liberal Party.

A dinner-party, to be sure, has often been described as an event of thrilling significance both in history and in fable. I am one of those who can remember the political entertainment announced in Paris during the earlier days of 1848, the bare announcement of which led to a revolution in France and the dethronement of a King. This was the entertainment which the Opposition Deputies announced to be held in Paris in February, 1848, and which was condemned by the Government of Louis Philippe. The proclamation of the Government prohibiting the demonstration contained some words which have a curious application to the present condition of affairs in the English Liberal Party. The proclamation declared that by the announcement of such a dinner-party "a Government is raised in opposition to the real Government," and that "in consequence the banquet must not take place." The recognized leaders of the English Liberal Party appear to have regarded the complimentary banquet to Mr. Asquith in much the same light, and to have considered it as an act of rebellion against the constituted authorities of the party.

Let us consider the meaning of the demonstration which has led the Liberal leaders to regard it as so serious a business. Mr. Asquith is a conspicuous member of the Liberal Party, and has held office more than once in a Liberal Government. Mr. Asquith is a leading member of the English bar, and one of the ablest debaters in the House of Commons. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is the elected leader of the Liberal Party. That party, however, has come into serious division on the conduct of the war in South Africa as well as on the whole policy of the war, and Mr. Asquith is one of those Liberals who lean toward the policy of what we call Imperialism when we desire to speak politely and jingoism when we do not care to measure our expressions. Mr. Asquith lately took an opportunity of expressing his difference from the leaders of the party on certain questions connected with the conduct of the war, and he expressed his opinion very em-

phatically in a speech which he delivered at a public meeting. Some of his Liberal admirers thereupon thought it well to demonstrate their approval of his speech by inviting him to a public dinner,

Now it must be owned that even the calmest observer would have to regard the announcement of such a demonstration as an open repudiation of the course pursued by the Liberal leader. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his friends naturally regarded the proposed entertainment in that light and expressed a strong desire that the banquet should be given up. To this course Mr. Asquith and his friends declined to accede. A meeting of the whole Liberal Party was, therefore, held at the Reform Club, and there Mr. Asquith and his friends expressed the fullest confidence in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as their leader and protested that they had not the slightest idea of repudiating his leadership. Mr. Asquith and others seem on that occasion to have imitated the example of the quarrelsome medical student described in Dickens's "Pickwick," who, after a fierce quarrel with a fellow student, announced that, on the whole, he rather preferred that student to his own brother. So far so good; and the outer world might have thought that as in the Pickwick story the whole quarrel was made up. Mr. Asquith and his friends, however, still refused to give up their dinner or to put it off to some more seemly occasion, and therefore the whole controversy remains very much as it was before any attempt at reconciliation had been made. Now as the motive for the entertainment was to pay a tribute of honor to Mr. Asquith for his speech in denunciation of his leader's policy, and as that was indeed the only apparent motive for such a demonstration, we can hardly wonder that the majority of the English Liberals still regard the dinner-party as an overt act of rebellion against the Liberal leader. Thus, therefore, we have the whole meaning of the controversy set clearly before us.



THE RIGHT HON. H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN

THE RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH

Perhaps it might have been a wiser course on the part of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his friends not to take quite so much notice of the proposed entertainment and to let it go its way and be the talk of the town for a sea_on. Mr. Asquith is as I have already said a very

able and rising man, but I do not suppose anybody ever thought of him as a likely leader for a really united Liberal Party. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is a strong man, all the stronger because he is a man of quiet demeanor, and is gifted with a very happy sense of humor. He is not by any means a heaven-born leader of a great party, but heaven-born leaders of political parties do not seem to be visiting the earth here in England just at present, and in the absence of a Gladstone or a Bright he might fairly be regarded as acceptable for his high position. He is certainly not by any means what I should regard as a man of strong and advanced Liberal policy, and there is very little of the genuine Radical about him. He is not an ambitious man, and indeed his political and social position might appear to absolve him from any suspicion of keen personal ambition in seeking just at present a leader's place in our somewhat nerveless and ineffective Liberal Opposition. Mr. Asquith is believed to be an ambitious man who may possibly have found little to gratify him in the position and prospects of the party to which he nominally belongs. It would not be very surprising if a man of such ability and with a natural desire to win a high place in politics should have felt a little discouraged by the condition of comparative obscurity and ineffectiveness to which the Liberal Opposition has lately condemned itself. There is always an impression prevailing in the House of Commons that a clever and rising lawyer is seldom quite willing to devote himself absolutely to the service of a party which for a long time to come has apparently no chance whatever of a return to office and to power. Mr. Asquith is at all events not quite in accord with the policy of his leader on some important questions connected with the conduct of the war and with its final settlement, and he had, of course, a perfect right to proclaim his differences of opinion in a public speech. I should, however, have thought that under such conditions the best course for a man with Mr. Asquith's opinions to take would be to avow his views frankly and accept the consequences—in other words, to regard himself as no longer pledged to follow the leadership which in former days he was quite willing to accept. Sir William Harcourt retired from the leadership of the Liberal Party when he found that he could not accept the tame and lifeless policy into which it seemed willing to subside. Mr. John Morley, as we all know, has also been long discontented with that tame and lifeless policy, and except on great occasions when he finds that he is called upon to interfere in debate he has seldom of late addressed the House of Commons. But nobody has thought of inviting Sir William Harcourt or John Morley to accept

LORD ROSEBERY

a public banquet as a reward for his differences of opinion on this question or that with the Liberal leader. If a man consents to accept a public banquet as a reward for his proclaimed differences of opinion with the leader of his party I at least cannot see how he is to be regarded as a devoted follower of that leader.

This is the whole question at issue, and altho this particular quarrel may be settled somehow for the time, I fail to understand how the public can regard it as anything but an open proclamation of the fact that the Liberal Party is hopelessly divided on certain questions. Everybody knows that the Liberal Party is thus divided. The Tory Government has an immense majority, owing principally

to the fact that the recent general election was purposely taken at a time when the English public, as a whole, was wrought up into passionate and what some would call patriotic fervor by the policy of the war, and when Mr. Chamberlain and all the jingo newspapers were proclaiming that every one who said a word in favor of generous dealings with the South African Republics must be a pro-Boer and an enemy to his country. Mr. Asquith is apparently in some sympathy with the so-called Imperialists, and no one can presume to say that his views are not perfectly conscientious. But I think it would be rather hard to expect that the leader and the majority of the existing Liberal Party could regard such a man as a perfectly suitable comrade in the difficult and disheartening part which they are compelled by their principles to perform. Every one who knows Mr. Asquith admires and likes him personally, and I for one am not in the least degree surprised to find that he holds the views which he has lately expressed in public. I never regarded him as a man of the firm and self-sacrificing temperament of John Morley, for instance—as one who could calmly make up his mind that his country had gone wrong on a great political question, and put up undismayed with the popular assumption that he must therefore be an unpatriotic Englishman.

Of course, the Liberal Party will recover in time from its present distracted and enfeebled condition. The war must come to an end some time, and then the Liberals will be free once more to unite their action on the great domestic reforms which must always divide the Liberal Party from the Tories, and then we shall see the immemorial battles of Liberal and Tory fought out again on the old lines. But in the meantime Lord Rosebery has just published a letter, which is, in fact, a sort of manifesto proclaiming to the world that he is still, above all things, an Imperialist, that he believes it utterly impossible for the dividing sections of the Liberal Party to act in union on that subject, and that, therefore, he is determined to keep absolutely out of political life for the present. Now I am not much surprised that Lord Rosebery should have come to this determination, or that having come to it he should take this opportunity of announcing his resolve. Lord Rosebery is, above all things, an Imperialist. He has never been what I should call an advanced Radical, and I think his resolve to hold himself aloof from political life for the present is characteristic of the man, is consistent with his principles and does nothing but credit to his personal character. But the letter is an event in itself and marks in the most emphatic way the reality of the division which exists, and which for some time must continue to exist, in the ranks of Liberalism. The crisis is just such another as that which arose when Mr. Gladstone proclaimed his determination to adopt the policy of Home Rule, and it marks a new era in the history of the English Liberal movement.

The death of W. J. Stillman has brought back to my mind a rush of old memories and associations. I had not seen Mr. Stillman for many years of late and my recollection of him carries me back to the days of the Rossettis and Ford Madox Brown and the brilliant circle of artistic and literary friends which once was formed around them. I used to meet Stillman at the house of Madox Brown, the founder of the famous Pre-Raphaelite school, at the house of William Michael Rossetti, and of others well known at the time; houses where Charles Algernon Swinburne and many others of the same artistic and literary group were accustomed to meet in those far-off days. Most of the brilliant men and women who made up that circle have long since passed away, and I at least do not expect to mingle ever again in life with such a group of friends. Ford Madox Brown's house in Fitzroy Square, London, might have been called the center of that remarkable companionship with which I shall ever associate the name of the gifted and versatile W. J. Stillman.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

The College Woman and Christianity

By Jane Addams

Founder and Head Worker of Hull House

AN American scholar who has been a Christian student of social matters for more than thirty years has lately said that the test which this generation, rightly or wrongly, is applying to Christianity is the power of its adaptability to social problems. If Christianity be able to face the social situation with moral power and creative energy, then, rightly or wrongly, the verdict will be in its favor; if it fails to meet this test it will suffer, rightly or wrongly, an eclipse in favor of a theory, a doctrine, or a social life which shall exhibit sufficient energy to deal adequately with the social situation, and to ease "the social compunctions" which stir in the hearts of all our contemporaries.

Let us assume the correctness of this statement, and ask ourselves what prospect there is that the college woman, avowedly Christian, may be of service in the process of making the finer adjustments of Christianity to social needs. What can we reasonably expect her to contribute to the task of modifying its settled customs and habits, of adapting it to the changed demands of the moment, and of bringing it to bear as an actual force upon human conduct.

One thing is clearly in favor of the college woman, she has presumably been taught to observe accurately and to state clearly what she sees, to reflect upon the data accumulated and to follow out the results of her observations and thinking to their full conclusion, and we hope that she can do this without fear as to what the conclusion may be. Certainly we have a right to demand more mental integrity from the college woman, be she Christian or non-Christian. She, with her brother students, has doubtless been taught that society is susceptible of modifications, and she may even believe John Morley's statement that "contented acquiescence in the ordering that has come down to us from the past is selfish and anti-social, and that all institutions demand progressive readaptation." If she has firmly grasped these principles, and if in addition she has convictions as to the truth of her Christian teaching and sufficient training and character to act upon the teaching in every crisis, we ought to be able to derive much solace from the thought that hundreds of Christian young women in all our colleges are coming to this great task. We are not willing to admit that Christianity shows a loss of power of adaptation, which is the unfailing symptom of decadence, and we would be glad to trust this task of adaptation to the generosity of youth when we have been able to add to youth the restraint of a mental training and a sense of historic continuity. Many older men and women at this very moment are hopefully looking toward the Christian young people in the colleges; they long to see them begin, and they would wish them Godspeed in their delicate and glorious task. Unfortunately, we cannot yet do this, and in spite of ourselves we see great difficulties arising from the very condition of college life. For many years these young people have been in the preparatory school, in the college and the university, surrounded by conditions which make dead against their power of adaptability. The first of these, as I have seen and experienced them, is that the college woman gets into habits of self-preparation. She habitually thinks that life is not here and now on the college campus, but somewhere outside—that after a while she is going to live a Christian and earnest life and cope with difficult situations, but at present it is her duty to get ready for them. She has fallen into "the snare of self-preparation," to borrow a phrase from Tolstoy. I recently called on a woman who was ninety-two years old, and who apologized to me because she was not neighborly—she said she had always meant to be neighborly, but had put it off from time to time, altho she hoped that with the coming of warm weather this summer she might begin. She certainly had

never been to a woman's college, but for some reason she had got into the habit of postponing what she meant to do until she was better prepared, and at the age of ninety-two she was still postponing her action and comforting herself with the promise of future achievement.

Another temptation to which the college woman is constantly subjected is to a tendency to make an exception of herself—to think that the college woman is different from other women, especially from those that work with their hands in the ordinary places of life. I once heard Father Huntington say that the essence of immorality is to make an exception of one's self, and I would like to add that to consider one's self as in any wise unlike the rank and file of human life is to walk straight toward the pit of self-righteousness. Both of these temptations, making against adaptability and against the perception of the situation, are peculiar temptations to the college student. Certainly twenty years ago, when I was a college student myself, these two—a sense of getting ready and a sense of special privilege—loomed big in our minds. The consciousness of being set apart leads first of all to the ridiculous motive of doing things for the "sake of the example," which, to my mind, is a canker worm at the heart of many of the societies organized for Christian young people. A church full of people who have gone to the church for the sake of the example they thus set to their neighbors is a church full of bored self-righteousness. A society of young people held together, or even partially held together, by such a notion, is a society of moral prigs, and every genuine person detects them as such. Young people with such a phrase on their lips, with such a concept in their minds, can do nothing toward adapting Christianity to social needs, and it is on the whole better that they do not try. If this adaptation is useful it must be made with vigor and power, and it can never be done by a self-conscious person. An educated man, altho he be a self-conscious one, may perform certain services for the community, but he cannot perform this particular service of adaptation.

A third danger, inherent in college life, is that study too long continued without independent and virile action tends to produce irresolute and timid people. The modern world has come to believe that progress comes through variation, taking place now and again in individuals differing from the type, until finally a variation persists and makes a distinct modification. It is difficult to see how this process can be carried on in society unless each individual who exhibits the variation clearly states his difference and is ready to act upon it, to be thrown out of his difference if not valuable, to find himself surrounded by an unconscious following if his difference is genuine. But this variation can never be made valuable through an irresolute or timid person. The individual who differs from the type is always a subject of hostility to those who have held to this type. If you urge that something else be substituted for the Wednesday evening prayer meeting, for the simple reason that people don't want to come to it and that it answers no genuine need, you will be surprised by the amount of hostility you invoke. You will be amazed at the opposition from people who have not been attending these meetings themselves, but who think that "the meeting should be kept up." It lies with you to make them see that a meeting filled with vigor and power might be held on every evening of the week—that its character might be changed as imperceptibly as the new sap within the plant shoves off the old sheath.

In reviewing let us say that the adaptation of Christianity cannot be made (1) by self-conscious people, because they from the very nature of the case can have no adaptability and because self-absorption precludes the power of perception—the egoist of every type becomes surrounded as in a shell by his own thoughts and ambitions and cannot break through; (2) it cannot be done by people careful of their reputation and influence, because the very situation demands those who must differ, who must expose themselves to criticism and misunderstanding, who must, moreover, receive this criticism from people high in Christian places, because those in high places too often lose touch with the real world; (3) it cannot be made by people who are habituated to an atmosphere of preparation, because the process of adaptation must be carried on, not only by

quick perception, but by power of prompt action; to see an opportunity for furthering this delicate adjustment, and to decide "to stay a little" is altogether to lose that opportunity; (4) last of all, it cannot be done by self-righteous people, because they have from the very beginning been a stumbling block to Christianity—the only people toward whom the gentle Founder allowed himself to be severe.

For the last twelve years I have had the opportunity to see many young people in their first year "out of college," and I have also known hundreds of young people who have never been to college, but who sturdily began to earn their own livings when college young people were trying to find out how Cæsar built his bridge across the Rhine. These young people exhibit the reverse of these qualities which I have mentioned. (1) They are not self-conscious—to be one of a large family in a tenement full of large families is not conducive to thoughts of one's self, or to a life of inner absorption. And unless they have had ability enough to go to a business college, to a normal school or to work their way to the university, no one has ever told them that they were remarkable. (2) They are not doing things for the sake of example, simply because it has not occurred to them that they are of sufficient importance to be observed. (3) They carry with them no marks of having stumbled in the snare of self-preparation, and most of them are pitifully unprepared for the tasks of life. (4) They are not self-righteous, but act most too often from impulse and irrational motives. Knowing as I do something of each of these streams of young people, which are found in Chicago and every large city, I sometimes stand blankly between the two, filled with a sort of despair; the units in one stream are Hamletized and pauperized, by constantly getting much and giving little—the units in the other are enervated and overworked, because they are put to the hard grind of life before they are ready for it. Personally I believe that the adaptation of Christianity, if it is made at all by this generation, must be made from contributions from both sets of the people. Christianity of the twentieth century must gather to itself—as did Christianity of the early centuries—both the learning of the wise and the virtues of the simple. Let us have clear thinking by all means, but let us never separate it from action, or we have thrown away the one clew which Jesus gave his followers, the interdependence of the spirit and the world, the doctrine and the will.

Long ago a brilliant woman came to call at Hull House and flatly announced that she did not believe in settlements. She said that they were all nonsense, and that this conviction had come to her at the tender age of four. She related an experience as follows: She was one day playing in her mother's garden when she discovered a large and disagreeable toad, which frightened her so badly that she hastily ran to the other end of the garden. Before she had recovered from her first fright she there discovered a very small toad which gradually appealed to her pity, it seemed so lonesome and forlorn by itself. With much fear and trembling, borne up only by the desire to be good to it, she finally poked the little toad into the neighborhood of the big toad, when to her horror and surprise the big toad opened his mouth and swallowed the little toad. She said that never after that had she believed in displacing people and putting them into the company which they did not seek, and into which they did not naturally go. It was in vain that I expounded, that the little toad might easily represent the settlement—a group of insignificant young people, only too anxious to be swallowed by the larger toad, representing a large group of working people—that if we could be swallowed and digested and contribute anything to the strength or comeliness of the larger group, then, indeed, the settlement would be a success. She was skeptical of my interpretation, and said so quite clearly. But it is a good story and perhaps I may be permitted to give it another interpretation, which, however, may be no more successful. Let us say that the little toad represents numbers of college women, the Intercollegiate Alumnæ Association, if you please. The association has been hopping about in its own end of the garden with a certain sense of aimlessness and without being very clear as to why it was put there. The story may show that the usefulness and mean-

ing of the association can be realized only as its activities are lost in those of the rest of the community.

To give up the consciousness of one's own identity and achievements is perhaps the hardest demand which life can make upon us, but certainly those who call themselves Christian, who are striving to be of use in this adaptation of Christianity to social needs, should be ready to meet this demand.

In all crises the college woman who undertakes this task must cling to the Christian training as over against the college training. In this new task of Christian adjustment she must observe accurately without laboratory aids, must reflect without the guidance of a professor, and at last act coherently upon her observation and conclusion. In college she has grown accustomed to working upon a motive power which had been predetermined when she resolved in the beginning to take the course, but in this new task she must be able to constantly extract from the situation itself a motive power to feed her energy and to give her zeal. Jesus alone of all great teachers made a masterly combination of method, aim and source of motive power. He alone taught that out of broken human nature continually springs the great moral power which perpetually recreates the world. The mystic life of the common people may at last touch the learning of the college woman and fuse into one her method and her aim. She will then for the first time be equipped to devote her powers to the adaptation of Christianity to social needs and to fulfil her obligations.

CHICAGO, ILL.

The Educational Crisis in England*

By Cloudesley Brereton

[Mr. Brereton is a well-known journalist who has interested himself deeply in the problems of education. He has made several special reports on Continental education for the English Education Department. He was the English member of the International Jury on Elementary Education and was made vice-president of that body. He is a graduate of Cambridge University and also of the Paris University and is thoroughly conversant with Continental affairs. He came to this country on the invitation of the National Educational Association to discuss before them the present crisis in English education.—EDITOR.]

THE most casual observer from abroad cannot fail to be struck by the intense and fervent belief of American democracy in its schools, which is only to be matched by the fervent belief of the schools in American democracy! Such a happy conjunction between the two seems fraught with limitless possibilities.

No doubt, in part, some of the immense and rapid progress in this country is due to the fact that you were able to begin, so to say, at the beginning, untrammeled by the excessive top-hamper with which all countries of an older civilization are encumbered. I do not know how often in seeing the ease and rapidity with which you have solved or are solving the various educational problems which confront you, I have experienced a regret that the age of miracles is past and that we, in England as a nation, cannot be recreated and born again, so that we, too, might start with a blank sheet, on which we might erect a brand-new system of national education. And yet a moment's reflection has always convinced me that even the worst and most antiquated of our traditions by which we are at times so sore let and hindered are not without their uses. In fact, the problem is to modify rather than to abolish them.

You cannot transfer bodily the system of one nation in education to another, because national education is the outgrowth of national life. And in this, America, in making the children of the strangers within her gates really American, is a typical instance. Yet this does not preclude the nations from learning from one another. Never, in fact, was the need of so doing greater than at present.

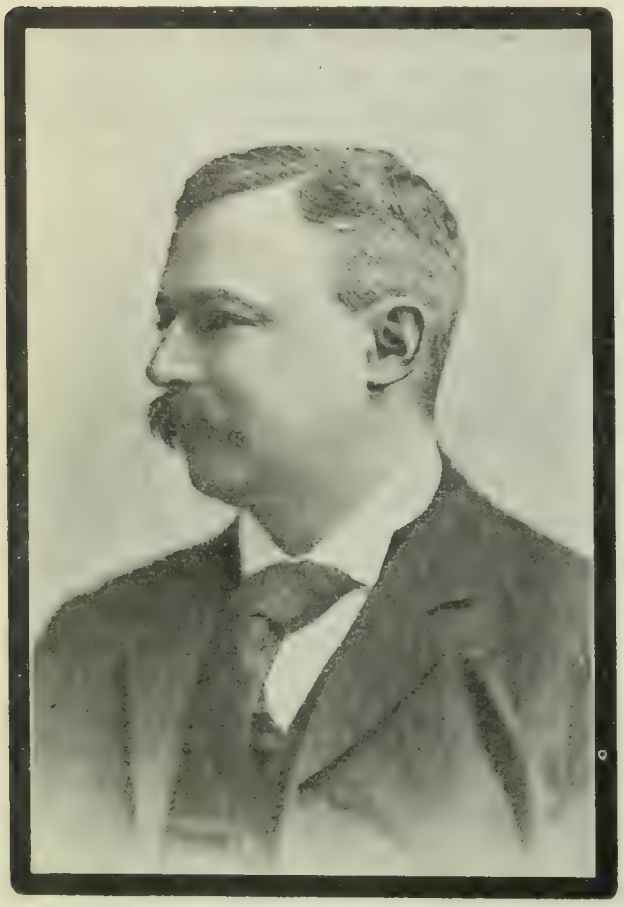
Many reforms, social and economic, are now necessary in England, and, above all, some reform in national education, in the sense of unifying educational effort at the center and in the locality. Attempts at unity have often been made.

* Address delivered before the National Educational Association, abridged for THE INDEPENDENT.

They have always failed. Only a historical investigation can explain why.

Such investigation shows England divided roughly into two schools of thought—one laying stress on ethical, and the other on intellectual education; each of these influences being hampered on the one hand by those who disbelieve in educating the working classes, and on the other by those who distrust the intervention or assistance of the State.

The first attempt to establish a national system of primary education was



CLOUDESLEY BRERETON

made as far back as 1806, by the celebrated Quaker, Mr. Whitehead. He sought to concilitate the clerical party, but failed to overcome the opposition of the obscurantists. But the problem itself became more acute. During the Napoleonic war we were passing from being a rural to an urban people. The industrial revolution was at its hight, the slums were growing at an alarming rate, our working classes were half starved through the high price of corn, and the horrors of child labor grew and intensified.

State aid having failed, the philanthropist stepped into the breach. Robert Raikes in 1810 started the Sunday schools. The numbers in these schools rose rapidly to half a million, but after 1810 they devoted themselves to the Sunday side of their work. Then the Royal Lancastrian Society was founded to extend the monitorial system of one Joseph Lancaster, a Quaker, and became in due course the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The activity of this non-sectarian society naturally awoke the slumbering energies of the other party, and a rival society called the National Society was started by Churchmen. People looked complacently on the rivalry of the two societies as a kind of sporting affair, hoping that the better would win, a spirit, I fancy, not altogether unknown in America. Unfortunately, the two societies did not cover anything like the whole ground. In 1820 Brougham pointed out that out of 12,000 parishes only 5,000 had some sort of school at all, and many of those were little better than dame schools.

The year 1832 is memorable as the first instance of State aid in the history of national education, when a building grant of £20,000 was given to the two societies. In 1835 a Royal Commission was appointed, which revealed the educational nakedness of the land. Once more an attempt was made to establish a national system of education; this time on undenominational lines. It failed before the opposition of the Church. At last a *via media* was found. In 1846 the Government adopted the system of subsidizing the denominational schools.

During the fifties we see the first beginnings of the ideas of local control in the schools, and the birth of two great questions—one whether education should be a branch of municipal and local government, or intrusted to a special *ad hoc* body; and the other, the still thornier one of aiding denominational schools out of the rates or local taxes. Meanwhile the reforms introduced by Arnold at Rugby had extended to other schools and made our public schools what they are to-day, the nurseries of public spirit and *esprit de corps.*

The electoral reform of 1868, and the sweeping Liberal majorities that followed, tended much to weaken the dislike of the *laissez faire* radicals to the

State, with which they began to identify themselves more and more. This opened the way for Mr. John Forster and his celebrated education bill of 1870. This bill was a compromise between denominational and undenominational ideals. It was avowedly meant only to supplement, not to supplant, voluntary or private effort. It gave extension to the principle of State subvention for voluntary schools. It adopted as a local form of government for the schools a specially elected educational body, the school board, in place of setting education under the then existing local authority. In the towns, apart from the religious wrangling, the school boards have generally done very good work. As there is no great popular feeling in favor of education in country districts, comparable to that in America, the country school boards have been mainly manned by persons who have got themselves elected for the purpose of keeping down rates.

Had the present county unit existed in a democratic shape in 1870, we should probably not have had an *ad hoc* body chosen to supplement merely primary education, but the county unit would most probably have been adopted to look after all forms of education in its area. The proof of this assertion lies in the fact that the County Council and County Borough Council were made the authority for technical instruction in 1889. Thus they have been brought into direct conflict with the school boards in the larger towns, which under encouragement from the Government have added to the three R's a superstructure of higher grade education.

The act of 1870 was a statesmanlike compromise between the denominational and undenominational parties in the sphere of primary education. What we need to-day is a second compromise between the two schools of thought in the sphere of secondary education. In 1896 an attempt was made to make the county the chief local authority for education. It failed; this time largely through the carelessness with which the bill was conducted in Parliament, and also from the jealousy shown by the small non-county boroughs toward the counties in which they were situated. This year again a bill has been presented which proposed once more to make the county the paramount authority. I understand it has been withdrawn owing to the exigencies of the parliamentary session.

And yet it seems to me, if we are to have educational unity in England, the County Council is the only possible authority we can have for local purposes.

The central authorities have also been partially unified, but the problem to-day is to relieve them of much of the burden of detail and make them more pedagogical in spirit. The ideal of the central authority should be a cross between the American educational bureau and the highly centralized ministry of public instruction in France.

Such is the present position of English education and its principal shortcomings, and in speaking so plainly of our failings I do not wish you to imagine for a moment there is little to be said in praise of English education. My abstention was rather intentional, because it seemed to me scarcely the place to say it, and yet as one reared in the traditions of our English public schools who have breathed their subtle atmosphere, as strong and life giving in its way as that of your American schools, who later on, as a teacher, have attempted to maintain and spread their high soaring and deep rooted traditions, I feel it is only fair to-night to express in public my eternal gratitude toward those public institutions which instilled into me, untoward scholar that I was, some scanty sense of the high ideals of patriotism, of *esprit de corps*, and of serving the State, of *noblesse oblige,* and the non-existence of rights unaccompanied by duties, of the virtue of self-control, of the spirit of never say die, of the belief in fair play, and other national qualities we deem belong preeminently to the Anglo-Saxon race. And if I also look on France as a sort of foster mother who, taking me late in life, deepened my ideas of culture and philosophy, it is because she gave me thereby a sort of *intellectuelle anschauung* into the ἦθος of English public school life, and helped me better to understand myself and my great debt to these ancient and religious foundations. I might also point with pride to the work of the great school boards like Leeds and London to show what thirty years of popular effort have done for the working classes, or extol the energy of the technical education board

for London, who in ten years have literally created the present network of technical education out of nothing.

There are two ideas which I would wish you to carry away with you. One, that a trim and geometrical system of education is probably impossible in England, not because of the stupidity or indifference of the English people, but because of the diversity that exists in the national character, and extraordinary sensitiveness of the English people to fundamentals, about which they rarely argue, but which as the suppressed premise give weight and direction to their arguments. I think no nation feels more deeply, or experiences greater difficulty in putting its feelings into words. I fancy at times it even half consciously shrinks from doing so.

The second is that any satisfactory settlement of the education question or even temporary *modus vivendi* must recognize this diversity in the national character and give fair play to the various sets of opposing tendencies which are not always symmetrically ranged under one banner or party, yet are ever carrying on a perpetual duel in England as prefigured by the battle between freedom and authority, between the spirit of inquiry and that of obedience, between individual liberty and State control, between private effort and corporate life, between the ethical and the intellectual conceptions of education.

This English duality, which Emerson himself has remarked upon, makes us appear at times strangely undecided, irresolute, illogical and cross grained, but there are moments when, as Pascal says, the heart has reasons the head knows not.

Yet I do not wish to imply that we should be forever halting between two opinions, and that there are not occasions when we must make up our minds to take a decided step. No one is more convinced than myself at the present time that we have need of overhauling the ship of State, and putting her into a better state of repair, making jettison of certain of the *laissez faire* notions with which we are encumbered and taking in a fresh consignment of State control. I only ask you to judge us gently. Our responsibilities are indeed great, yet I have no doubt whatever, once we have truly realized them, we shall prove fully equal to the task. For my part I cannot entertain the idea that the Anglo-Saxon race, whether on this side of the Atlantic or the other, can ever go under.

METON CONSTABLE, ENGLAND.

The Flood and Genesis

By G Frederick Wright, D.D.,

PROFESSOR OF THE HARMONY OF SCIENCE AND REVELATION IN OBERLIN COLLEGE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

I AGREE with the editorial in THE INDEPENDENT of July 25 in its position that the Noachian deluge cannot be correlated with any glacial submergence if that event must be fixed as late as 5,100 years ago. But I believe there may be good reason to question the correctness of the chronological inferences which are generally made from the genealogical tables which are given in the first chapters of Genesis. And in this I am supported by, or rather am following, the late Professor William Henry Green, of Princeton, whose article in THE INDEPENDENT for June 18, 1891, seems to make it very clear that those tables were not given for chronological purposes, but to indicate a line of descent; so that, in the words of Professor Green:

"We may conclude that the Scriptures furnish no data for a chronological computation prior to the life of Abraham; and that the Mosaic records do not fix, and were not intended to fix, the precise date either of the Flood or of the creation of the world."

Justice to the position of the Princeton professor upon this point demands that he should have at least a chance fairly to present his case, and that he should have the benefit of such relief from the charge of taking an absurdly untenable position as the argument in his case may afford.

I may be allowed, also, to say that twelve years ago, before going far in my investigation concerning the evidences of the antiquity of man, I went to Princeton and had a long consultation with

Professor Warfield and Professor Green upon this subject, and that at that time Professor Green referred me to his answer to Colenso, written thirty years before, in which this same position was substantially taken; and that a little later, at my request, he drew out the argument in the most complete form in which it has appeared and published it in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for April, 1890, filling twenty pages of that periodical. The decisive points in the argument may be briefly stated, and are certainly worthy of thoughtful consideration.

First, The arrangement of the tables from Adam to Noah, and from Noah to Abraham, in groups of ten, like the arrangement in Matthew in groups of fourteen, indicates that rhetorical or mnemonic considerations have shaped the statement of the facts. But it is well known that in Matthew the even number is obtained by omitting three well-known links in the line. When in Matt. 1:8 it is said that Joram begat Ozias, three individuals—namely, Ahaziah, Joash and Amaziah—are omitted, but no one would think of attributing this to ignorance upon the part of the writer. On the other hand, it serves to indicate that no chronological use was made of these tables. One of the best illustrations of this same point is found in I Chron. 26: 24, where we are told that "Shebuel, the son of Gershom, the son of Moses, was ruler of the treasures." Yet this man was in David's time, several hundred years after Moses, and Gershom was the son of Moses, while Shebuel was separated by many generations from Gershom, whose son he is said to be. Here in the same breath the word "son" is applied to the immediate descendant and to the descendant who was separated by twelve or fifteen generations.

Professor Green summed up the argument in several comprehensive conclusions from which the following extracts are specially pertinent:

"If, therefore, any really trustworthy data can be gathered from any source whatever, from any realm of scientific or antiquarian research, which can be brought into comparison with these genealogies for the sake of determining the question whether they have noted every link in the chain of descent, or whether, as in other manifest instances, links have been omitted, such data should be welcomed and the comparison fearlessly made. Science would simply perform the office, in this instance, which information gathered from other parts of Scripture is unhesitatingly allowed to do in regard to those genealogies previously examined."

"The notion of basing a chronological computation upon these genealogies is a fundamental mistake. It is putting them to a purpose they were not designed to subserve, and to which from the method of their construction they are not adapted. When it is said, for example, that 'Enosh lived ninety years and begat Kenan,' the well-established usage of the word 'begat' makes this statement equally true and equally accordant with analogy, whether Kenan was an immediate or a remote descendant of Enosh; whether Kenan was himself born when Enosh was ninety years of age, or one was born from whom Kenan sprang. These genealogies may yield us the minimum length of time that it is possible for us to accept for the period that they cover; but they can make no account of the duration represented by the names that have been dropped from the register, as needless for the author's particular purpose."

"The structure of the genealogies in Gen. v. and xi. also favors the belief that they do not register all the names in these respective lines of descent. Their regularity seems to indicate intentional arrangement. Each genealogy includes ten names, Noah being the tenth from Adam, and Terah the tenth from Noah. And each ends with a father having three sons, as is likewise the case with the Cainite genealogy (iv. 17-22). The Sethite genealogy (chap. v.) culminates in its seventh member, Enoch, who 'walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.' The Cainite genealogy also culminates in its seventh member, Lamech, with his polygamy, bloody revenge and boastful arrogance. The genealogy descending from Shem divides evenly at its fifth member, Peleg; and 'in his days was the earth divided.' Now as the adjustment of the genealogy in Matt. i. into three periods of fourteen generations each is brought about by dropping the requisite number of names, it seems in the highest degree probable that the symmetry of these primitive genealogies is artificial rather than natural. It is much more likely that this definite number of names fitting into a regular scheme has been selected as sufficiently representing the periods to which they belong, than that all these striking numerical coincidences should have happened to occur in these successive instances."

"The whole impression of the narrative in Abraham's days is that the Flood was an event long since past, and that the actors in it had passed away ages before. And yet if a chronology is to be constructed out of this genealogy, Noah was for fifty-eight years the contemporary of Abraham, and Shem actually survived him thirty-five years, provided xi. 26 is to be taken in its natural sense, that Abraham was born in Terah's seventieth year. This conclusion is well-nigh incredible. The calculation which leads to such a result must proceed upon a wrong assumption."

OBERLIN, OHIO.

How a Reporter Faced Danger in Disguise

By Major George Forrester Williams

Author of "Bullet and Shell," "The Memorial War Book," "How I Became a Scout," Etc., Etc.

[Major Williams was born on the Rock of Gibraltar March 21, 1840, and came of fighting stock. His father was an officer in the British army; his grandfather was the famous Sir Thomas Stephen Williams, knighted for "two lives," on account of distinguished services in India. The Major's boyhood was spent in the East and West Indies and on the gold coast of Africa. Drifting to Canada, he learned the trade of printer and at the age of nineteen became a New York reporter. When the Civil War broke out he enlisted at once as a private and rose rapidly to the rank of captain and brevet major. He was in the battles of Big Bethel, Hanover Courthouse, Squirrel Bridge, Gaines's Mills, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run and The Wilderness. Taken prisoner at the last engagement, he escaped from the Confederate lines and was mustered out on account of wounds. But he re-entered the field in 1864 as a war correspondent for *The New York Times* and was present at a great many of the important closing scenes of the Rebellion. During the Franco-Mexican war he served on the staff of President Juarez as a colonel and saw the execution of Maximilian. Then he entered the service of Guatemala and subsequently became a brigadier-general in the Peruvian army. Returning to journalism, he became successively and successfully managing editor of *The Times*, *The Herald* and *The Advertiser*, besides holding other positions on *The World*, *Journal*, *Star* and *Recorder*. We expect to print several more stories from Mr. Williams's "sword and pen" reminiscences.—Editor.]

THE young and untried Republican Party having, in 1861, selected, at its convention in Chicago, Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin as its candidates in the Presidential campaign, the Democratic Party became hopelessly divided and disorganized by sectional pride and prejudice, the result being two national conventions. The Southern wing of the Democracy met at Charleston and nominated Bell and Everett; the Northern wing assembled in Baltimore and named Douglas and Breckinridge. This wide and serious split in the ranks of the hitherto dominant political party in the country made the election of Lincoln a foregone conclusion.

Even as early as August and before the serious work of the campaign had begun, the newspapers published in the South were breathing defiance; loudly asserting their right of Secession, should the "railsplitter" be successful in reaching the Presidency. There were also pregnant hints that a recourse to arms might be necessary for the establishment of a new confederacy, recognizing and perpetuating slavery. But, undisguised as were these utterances, they were not taken seriously by the people of the Northern and Western States, for they could not believe that armed revolt would be attempted. Yet many intelligent men saw clouds of war looming up in the political horizon.

So, one hot afternoon, Mr. Henry J. Raymond, the founder and editor of the *New York Times*, called me into his room. After going rapidly, but clearly, over the political situation as it then existed, Mr. Raymond directed my attention to several editorial articles he had clipped from Charleston, Savannah and Atlanta newspapers, all of which were couched in violent language and covertly hinted that the people of the South were even then actively preparing for war.

"It is these hints of military preparation that have attracted my attention," remarked Mr. Raymond. "We may dismiss the fierce political diatribes these articles contain, but the possibility that secret steps are on foot for military organization among the people of the South must be looked upon as a danger to the Republic. I have endeavored to learn the precise facts from our correspondents in the South, but so far they have failed to respond, one way or the other."

"What do you propose to do?" I asked, knowing very well that Mr. Raymond's conversation was leading up to some sort of proposition.

"Well, you see, Mr. Williams, if it is really true that the people of the South have already gone so far as to organize military commands in the leading cities, there must be some visible indication of their existence or presence. The discovery that companies, battalions or regiments have been formed and are drilling so far in advance of the day of election would be a distinct stroke of newspaper enterprise and that is what I am aiming at."

"And you want me to make a tour of these States and write letters telling what I see or discover?"

"Yes."

"All right. When am I to start?"

"I do not doubt your readiness, Mr. Williams, else I would not have summoned you. But it is quite evident that you do not fully appreciate the difficulties and dangers attending such a trip."

"There may be difficulty, but I do not see any danger."

"You do not understand the bitter feeling that evidently exists in the South. A correspondent from a New York newspaper will be viewed with suspicion and probably be exposed to considerable personal annoyance. Besides that, he would find it almost impossible to discover military preparations."

"Then how do you intend to get the desired information?"

"By sending our correspondent cleverly disguised."

"But how?" I asked, beginning to be very keenly interested.

"You are young and I know you to be something of a mimic. I believe you can personate a young Englishman, and, by pretending ignorance of the precise condition of our political affairs, be able to pass through the South unsuspected."

To my surprise Mr. Raymond proceeded to unfold his plan. It included the procurement in London, England, of a complete outfit from top to toe, which was to be sent to Port-au-Prince, where I was to go and assume the tourist character assigned me. In due time I arrived in New Providence, and took possession of my London wardrobe that was awaiting me, the leathern portmanteau in which it had been packed aiding the deception.

Taking passage on the steamer that touched at Galveston, and adopting an assumed name I landed on United States territory, and stopped for a couple of days in the Island City. On the instant I discovered that the people were intensely excited and talking freely of withdrawing from the Union and setting up a new Republic; but the Galveston folks had not yet begun any military preparations. In New Orleans, my next stopping place, quiet recruiting was going forward under the disguise of campaign clubs, the members being drilled every afternoon to learn the manual of arms and the school of the company. Here I saw for the first time a slave auction sale, in Canal street, not far from the Clay statue, where parents and children were nonchalantly separated as if they were cattle. At Memphis, Nashville, Mobile, Atlanta, Charleston and Savannah these preparations were visible on a more extended scale; in fact, the further I went the more evident it became that the people of the entire South were in deadly earnest in adopting secession as an escape from the political dilemma in which they found themselves.

I naturally met with adventures, and was frequently amused by the so-called information given me by humorously-inclined young men of my own age. Being rather successful in aping the vernacular and apparent insular impudence so often displayed by Englishmen when visiting America for the first time, I was never weary of asking questions calculated to betray an ignorance of existing events and idioms in the United States. I invariably persisted in demanding why my Southern acquaintances called Lincoln a "railsplitter," and in Macon, Ga., was one day taken out to a beautiful plantation a few miles from the city where two negroes cut up a tree and split it into fence-rails for my delectation and education. When they talked of "Yankees," "Northern hirelings," or "Doughfaces," in alluding to the people of the West and North, I always asked the meaning of these epithets, being considerably astonished at the manifest ignorance displayed by these youthful fire-eaters concerning the men they were fated afterward to meet on many a bloody battlefield.

Giving full rein to their imagination and inherent bounce, these chance acquaintances would coolly tell me over our fraternal "brandy smashes" and "mint juleps" that the Northern men had become so debased by factory life, it was impossible they could be made into soldiers; and that the capitalists in the "Free" States were too timid and too fond of their money to risk a war which must be disastrous to them. All sorts of extraordinary yarns were spun until I grew weary of their repetition.

In the cities of Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia I was never suspected. It was only when I reached Charleston, S. C., the hotbed of Secessionism, that danger appeared. Here I was very closely questioned, and it was only owing to the fact that I was able to

mention many well-known men I had previously met in my journey through the South that I escaped detection.

One night I had visited a theater with some young men, and we entered a bar room for the inevitable brandy smash. At one end of the long counter, behind which three men were dispensing liquors in various forms, stood a tall, cadaverous-looking man. He was half drunk and quarrelsome. For some reason he began to suspect me, and remarked as he tossed down his five fingers of whisky that he did not believe I was an Englishman, but a dashed Lincoln spy.

Fortunately, having a few sovereigns in my pocket, I threw one down in payment of my order. The doubter reached over and seized the glittering coin.

"That's British, anyhow," he exclaimer. "Have you any more of them?"

"Enough to pay for another round of drinks," I replied, giving the necessary order and tossing down another sovereign. Taking the first opportunity I left the bar room and departed the next day. I realized that the first breath of suspicion was dangerous.

During my trip I had, of course, written several letters for Mr. Raymond, some of which he printed, reserving the others for data on which to base his ringing editorials. Each letter went piecemeal to several private friends who forwarded the enclosures to the *Times* office. Dates were purposely mixed and fictitious names used, whenever possible. The greatest difficulty was the posting of my missives, it being accomplished at night at the main offices.

Scarcely had some of my letters begun appearing in the *Times* when Southern newspapers alluded to them, at first sarcastically, then vengefully. It was freely asserted that, if the identity of the correspondent were detected, he might make an unpleasant acquaintance with Judge Lynch. Finally I decided that matters were getting too warm for comfort, and so started for Richmond and registered under my *nom de plume* at the Spottswood House. I had scarcely signed the book when I noticed that the clerk at the desk was secretly scrutinizing me. Walking into the street I was going toward the railroad depot, when a man whose face I never saw rapidly passed me.

"Don't notice me, sir!" said he, hurriedly, over his shoulder. "I'm a Union man. You are suspected of being a Yankee newspaper correspondent. Get out of town as quick as you can."

As he disappeared I proceeded to the railroad platform and boarded an Eastbound train on the point of starting. Tickets were usually sold by conductors on the trains in those days; so I had time to decide how to act. On the appearance of the conductor I paid for a ticket to Culpeper, and when the train stopped I quietly walked up the principal street and entering a restaurant ordered some fried chicken and coffee. My meal finished I strolled back to the station, and was lucky in finding another train for Washington on the eve of departure.

I subsequently discovered that my flight from Richmond had been noticed and the first train was carefully searched at Warrenton Junction, but no heed was paid to the second train, in which I traveled. Tho I was told that I had probably escaped from lynchers, I have never believed that my neck was in any danger; but it must be confessed that I felt much safer in Washington than in the capital city of Virginia.

Of course, I lost my English outfit; but when the martyr President entered Richmond in 1865, I went with him and entered the Spottswood House. To my surprise the same old clerk was on duty at the desk.

"Do you remember a Yankee correspondent disappearing from here in 1861, leaving his baggage behind him?" I asked, after some conversation.

"Indeed I do," was the response. "The boys were hot after him, and I reckon they'd have swung him up had they caught the fellow."

"What became of his portmanteau?"

"Well, you see, when supplies ran short here, during the war, I broke his trunk open and wore out all of his shirts."

"Have you the old portmanteau still?"

"No, indeed. It was cut up for washers for the artillery wheels long ago."

"It belonged to me."

"The d——l!"

"No, just me, war correspondent of the New York *Times*."

New York City.

LITERATURE

The Study of Insects *

THE appearance of popular text books in natural history indicates not only a growing interest, but a well seated demand for help to the intelligent study of animals and their ways. This is a wholesome sign of the times, for only good can come to our young folk by getting nearer to the heart of nature. Professor Comstock's *Insect Life* (edition in colors) is intended to open the way to a systematic knowledge of the most numerous living creatures known to men, and the most available for study. It is constructed with a special view to class work. The several chapters are subdivided into lessons of suitable length for daily study; and these again into sections containing directions, questions and suggestions. The lessons include practical work in observing, collecting, mounting and preparing specimens.

The plan of the book appears well adapted to interest and help a beginner in entomology. The first lessons take up structure, the locust or grasshopper being taken as the representative insect. Lessons follow in the habits of typical insects; and a chapter on classification and relations introduces the student to the more difficult task of systematically placing his collections. A valuable feature of the book is that part which considers insects according to their general habitat. Thus one who wishes to observe afield is able to look intelligently for the insect representatives of "Pond Life," "Brook Life," "Forest Life," etc., as the several chapters are arranged. The plan involves some repetition, but the student will be none the worse for that; and he will have the delightful exhilaration of frequent surprises that shall again and again recur as he falls upon the open and the barely occult wealth of natural life which lies along familar wayside walks, and is revealed to the "seeing eye."

It would have been impracticable in such a book to treat fully all the orders of insects. But one is inclined to think that Professor Comstock might have treated the orders more equally. In this respect the promise of the title is hardly fulfilled in the text. The days of the encyclopedist among naturalists is gone, and the modern entomologist must be a specialist. But the author's wide experience might have enabled him to give a fairer proportion of space to so widely distributed and well known an order as the Hymenoptera, which includes bees, ants and wasps. In their close relations to men, and in the deep interest with which they have always been regarded, especially because of the suggestive analogies with human society in the habits of the social hymenoptera, these creatures might well have been given more attention. The ants, for example, have short shrift; and the space assigned them is inadequately used. The author begins his remarks thereupon with the sentence, "The most abundant of all roadside insects are the ants." Yet the student is given no clew to their classification, by which he could identify even the most common species. One notes, by the way, that in the seven pages on emmet habits reference is twice made to the admirable studies of Sir John Lubbock—(whose honored name has now lapsed into "Lord Avebury")—but not a hint appears of the well-known work done by American and other myrmecologists. The book is sufficiently indexed; the illustrations are numerous, and, for the most part, excellent, many of them by the skillful hands of Mrs. Comstock. Some of them are veterans already overused, and a few, as the full-page cuts of "a brook" and "a forest aisle," savor strongly of "padding." The publishers' work is praiseworthy, and they have made a clean-faced, legible book. The introduction of poetical references to insects and their habits, by both Professor Comstock and Miss Dickerson, needs no apology. It is a part of the teacher's duty to awaken interest and to hold attention; and to

* INSECT LIFE. An Introduction to Nature Study. *By John Henry Comstock, Professor of Entomology in Cornell University* New York: D. Appleton & Co.
MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES. *By Mary C Dickerson.* Boston: Ginn & Co.

this end an appeal to imagination and taste is lawful because it is apt to be effective. At least, it comes within the scope of "a scientific use of the imagination." The poets' visions of nature have not been purely fanciful. Our singers have been true seers; and the naturalist who is familiar with the works of famous poets knows how close and clear and accurate has been their insight of the natural world.

Miss Dickerson's book on *Moths and Butterflies* falls into the same category as Professor Comstock's. But it is quite different in plan and structure. It has to do with a specialty, being limited to the Lepidoptera. It is more elementary; it is untechnical in its treatment; it deals chiefly with external forms and habits, altho the few illustrations of structure are effective. It savors more of the field than of the laboratory and class-room. Its two hundred illustrations are fresh, and most of them have been made from photographs from life. Nothing has been published better adapted to introduce the tyro to the wonderful life of butterflies and moths than this admirable book. It adds to the beauty, but also to the disadvantage in using the volume, that the half-tone cuts have required a paper which makes it so heavy in the hand as to be inconvenient. Otherwise the publisher's work is most satisfactory. There is one decided defect which the author should correct in following editions. The technical names of the insects are given in footnotes, but the student is left to find out which one of the two or even three alternate names thus printed is the correct one. Scientific names are necessarily being reconstructed as new forms are discovered which establish new relations and require readjustment of genera and shifting of species. This process of nomenclatural moulting is sufficiently perplexing to the expert; how shall the novice deal with it? Our author has left some of the "moults" in her footnotes, but unfortunately has failed to distinguish the fresh from the cast off names. Thus the Monarch butterfly (milkweed caterpillar) is "*Dan'a-is archip'pus* or *A-no'si-a plex-ip'pus.*" But which? If we infer that the first named title is the accepted one (as would be natural), we seem to err, for Comstock gives the last. If, then, we conclude that the second name is the correct one, and turn to the Black Swallowtail (p. 39), known as "*Papil'io aste'rias* or *Papil'io polyx'enes,*" we again err, for Comstock classifies the insect as *Papilio polyxenes!* In such an elementary work it would have been better to give every insect its present accepted name and leave synonyma to the scientific bibliologists.

Loti's Story of a Child*

THIS volume, which may be appropriately termed a symphony of childhood, is dedicated "To Her Majesty, Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania," and was written at her suggestion.

When translated into English the immodesty of French thought stands rudely revealed, a fault due in a measure to the morbid intensity and sensual quality of the Gallic imagination, and greatly magnified by the harsh frankness of English words, so that with Anglo-Saxons, at least, French literature in general has a well deserved reputation for indecency. But this story, which is a translation from the French of Pierre Loti, is a notable exception. It portrays not merely the faint reserve of a foreign mind, but there are sentences, little words even, in it, that drop like plummets into the tranquil depth of a sad and austerely beautiful nature. For after all the book reveals more of the man than it does of the child; and it comes to us in the form of an interpretation rather than an accurate rendering in English of the author's illusive ideas.

"Autobiographies written later in life cannot give us the absolute truth of childhood." The discriminating mind of the man colors and even distorts the illusions of that earlier period. He cannot divest himself of the intervening years. We behold the child, as he was, high up under the eaves of heaven, but only through the saddened eyes of a man. And for this reason the book will be no especial contribution to the science of child life. At best, it is a faithful effort to recall and express the lost charm and simplicity of childhood, a difficult task even for a man of extraordinary genius. The result is an exquisite rendering of

* THE STORY OF A CHILD. *By Pierre Loti* Translated by Caroline F. Smith. Boston: C. C. Birchard & Co.

beautiful dreams and fancies; for it will be observed that children rarely separate accurately facts from fancies, but do often convert the most prosaic truths into freaks of fresh imagination, and these are not too minutely told with the incisive words used to express the more perfectly defined ideas of a mature mind, but vaguely, with a delicate infusion of light through the rosy mists of childish thoughts. The author seems indeed to reach into the thin air of dreams for the bright tinsel terminology necessary to express these fading impressions of his youth. And there is throughout the volume a sweet confusion of hopes and fears, so innocent, so groundless, yet so binding upon the child's faith in the abounding of good that the effect is invariably serious rather than frivolous.

But, as we have already intimated, it is the author who makes the story remarkable. The average child's life is wonderful, but not often so rich in impressions. Usually children show more of the creature and less of the spirit than did the infant Loti. However, one is born now and then of whom Nature takes no particular notice. An indiscriminate little atom of human flesh, smiling his way up to intelligent reflection, is all that Nature brings to his creation. To her he is the rather commonplace periwinkle of a man. But from some source beyond the stars the child appears to have been supernaturally endowed. There is a telepathy between him and the invisible, a mysterious union in his consciousness of God and the world, a potential reserve which hints of power and a quickening of the senses, like a fine machine set to work the Master's will into an epic or a song. To this rare class of beings belonged the young Loti, whose earliest impressions took hold upon the shadowy mysteries of life and death. He had always his eyes fixed upon some void of light or darkness in lively anticipation. All very young children expect to behold the invisible, but few have the power of illusion developed so nearly to the point of actually seeing as in the case of Pierre Loti. And the element of prescience by which he projects himself as a child into the future sorrows of manhood is so remarkable that many will question the existence of such intuitions in a young child. Yet Loti expressly affirms the prophetic accuracy of certain early impressions.

But when all is said this is still a book of mysteries, to be understood only by the elect, by men who have been children somewhere in the green land of enchantment, and who have felt the union in their young spirit of life and sunlight, or have had dark forebodings at the sight of a moth, or the swift shadow of a bird's wing overpassing. These will see themselves fading through the pages of this story like brave young phantoms, bound for the world at large. But to many others, the uninitiated, the volume will have no significance.

The final effect upon the author himself is evidently unhappy. His breadth of vision appals the mind and destroys that bravado of force so noticeable in men who only see within narrow limits and project their energies accordingly.

The Oresteia of Æschylus *

To those familiar with the original any translation of the Oresteia, either in prose or verse, must seem but a faint reflex of its incomparable splendor, majesty and power. But it is much to have succeeded in giving even a partial revelation of these qualities, and Professor Warr's rendering of the masterpiece of Æschylus is, in many ways, satisfying. Taken as a whole, it excels, we are inclined to think, the translations of Morshead, Plumtre, Miss Swanwick and others, tho there are particular passages in which it falls far short of its predecessors. In several cases Professor Warr has managed to hit on the exact word or phrase that conveys in its fullness the significance of the Greek, or at least does so in as complete a degree as the genius of the English language allows. In one respect his translation is decidedly superior to any other with which we are acquainted; it discriminates character by language. The plebeians in the trilogy do not declaim in the stately blank verse which is the natural vehicle of the sentiments of Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, Orestes and Athena. The uncouthness, the surly discontent of the watchman, and the bluff, hirsute vigor of the herald

* THE ORESTEIA OF ÆSCHYLUS. *Translated and explained by George C. W. Warr, M.A.* With Illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

find expression in appropriately rugged phraseology. There is one passage, however, in the speech of the watchman to which Professor Warr gives an interpretation very different from that assigned to it by previous translators and editors. He renders:

ἡν κοιμώμενος
στέγαις Ἀτρειδῶν ἄγκυθεν

"while here abed
With Atreus' hoary housetop, cuddling cold."

The accepted and seemingly obvious meaning of κοιμώμενος ἄγκυθεν is "resting on my arms, or elbows," and it is rather difficult to see how the two words can mean "cuddling cold."

Professor Warr is at his best in the parts essentially dramatic, especially in rapid, hurried, vehement dialog, and his blank verse is generally virile and dignified. Many will, perhaps, prefer the renderings of Milman and Fitzgerald in the closing scenes of the Agamemnon. The following is Professor Warr's translation of the awful words in which Clytemnestra gives vent to her exultation when the blood of her murdered husband spouted over her garments:

"And I rejoiced in that dark gory dew,
As the green corn rejoices, when it swells
And burgeons in the welkin's wet embrace."

There is nothing about green corn in the original. Dean Milman's version is far closer to it, and, we fancy, finer:

"Yet not the less rejoiced I, than the flower
Within the pregnant folds of its sweet cup
Rejoices in the dropping dews of heaven."

The answer of Clytemnestra to the upbraidings of the chorus (beginning line 1461 in the original) seems rather tame when contrasted with Fitzgerald's magnificent, tho free, version. This is how Professor Warr translates it:

"Stay thy fretful tongue; invoke not
Death upon thee.
Cease thy rant of war and murder,
Tell me not the Danaan death-roll,
Nor recount the woes unscaled,
Wrought by Helen's naughtiness."

In Fitzgerald's adaptation there is something of the sweep and strength of Æschylus, with a savor of Omar Khayyam:

"Call not on death, old man, that, called or no,
Comes quick; nor spend your ebbing breath on me
Nor Helena, who but as arrows be
Shot by the hidden hand behind the bow."

The language of Professor Warr is archaic throughout, both in dialog and chorus. As the poetry of Æschylus is itself crowded with archaisms, it was natural for his translator to draw from the "well of English undefiled" of Elizabeth and James. The language of the Bible and Shakespeare is much better fitted than modern English for the interpretation of the simple and lofty grandeur of the poet's conceptions and the indomitable energies of his heroes struggling in the meshes of fatality.

But scholarly and idiomatic as Professor Warr's translation is, he employs words here and there which have an unfamiliar sound, even to the ears of those tolerably well acquainted with the English literature of the sixteenth century. The use of such terms as "hospitage," "warraid," "covin," "fang," in the sense of imprison, savors somewhat of affectation, besides further obscuring the meaning of sentences that are often obscure enough already. In one passage the triumphant Greeks are described as breaking their fast in Troy "with errant chance for ballotin." A reference to the original shows the meaning to be that the Greeks did not take their meals on this occasion in their usual orderly fashion; but we are completely at a loss to understand the meaning attached to the word "ballotin" by Professor Warr.

The lyrical portions of the trilogy are given partly in verse and partly in modulated prose. Rhythm is a severer taskmaster than meter, and therefore Professor Warr deserves high praise for the artistic deftness and ingenuity he has brought to bear on difficulties that must have been almost insurmountable. His prose versions of the odes have great animation, vigor and movement, and the material harmony of the words conveys admirably the immaterial harmony of the ideas intended to be expressed. Where he has failed is in his attempt to render the first ode in the Eumenides into the exact rhythms of the original. To the ear of the ordinary reader the lines printed as verse will sound very much like prose, and afford another proof that the meters and rhythms of a Greek ode can never be represented adequately in English.

The trilogy is followed by a running commentary intended to explain the

three dramas in detail. It is very thorough and helpful—as far as it goes. But there are many characteristic and complex phases of Greek life and thought embodied in the Attic drama which are left untouched, and which should have been elucidated for the instruction of the class of readers this translation is professedly designed to benefit.

Tribulations of a Princess *

THE humble reviewer, whose family coronet is merely a tradition, and whose coat-of-arms was long ago scratched out by the wildcat claws of a pioneer civilization, approaches this volume, so evidently written by a lady of quality, with serious misgivings. And the "Princess" is herself at some disadvantage as an autobiographer. She has the ancestral consciousness of the pageant she moves in, and naturally manifests her pomp and circumstance in order to be true to the facts of life. But the mere evidences of living in her sphere are too argent and golden to sound well in an autobiography. And "tribulations," masquerading under diadems, in purple and fine linen, excite interest and curiosity rather than compassion.

As a matter of fact, however, these tribulations do not greatly differ in essence from the average sorrows of womankind. The tale rests upon the author's supposition that they will prove interesting *because* they are the trials of a princess. She makes no attempt to join the threads of her narrative together or to construct it according to the canons of art. It is an autobiography with enough left out to confuse the reader and make the writer's identity a matter for conjecture. She digresses, when she chooses, into the traditions and folk-lore of her dear Brittany, introduces a royal preface of reflections in every chapter, and wings this way and that over the whole expanse of Europe, collecting the experiences of her eventful life, which vary all the way from embassy balls and court receptions to the arduous services of a nurse in an army hospital. She writes with a charming frankness, which is, however, subtly impersonal to the reader; for she never surmises his point of view, being engrossed with her own to a degree that would seem egotistical in a person of less importance.

But the steady dignity and courage that she shows in overcoming the mortifications and sorrows of an unhappy marriage relation, her wholesome hatred for whatever is iniquitous or degrading, and particularly the spirited femininity of a style which never grows hysterical under the strain of her grief, are all so admirable that we overlook her royal eccentricity of occasionally leaving the verbs out of her sentences. The adjectives she uses are so incisive and accurate in meaning that the clinching effect of a plebeian verb is scarcely necessary. Occasionally, also, she wearies of mere words as a mode of expression, and sets in a page of music with the notes swinging to the wiry staves like robins in a gale.

In a romance of this kind, purporting to be veracious, interest naturally centers upon the mysterious author—a woman who gives away all her secrets, discusses the salacious fancies of her *roué* husband and the fiendish persecutions of her Russian mother with shocking candor, but withholds localities and her own name so successfully that it is impossible to determine whether the monarch who made love to her and got repulsed for his boldness was the Czar of all the Russias, or only that man of cosmopolitan fancies, the old Imperator of Austria.

She shows neither levity nor humor, and there is scarcely the vulgar twinkle of a smile throughout the volume. The wit she has is shrewd and serious; and perhaps the one point where she approaches the ridiculous is the unconscious majesty and superfluous dignity with which she sometimes commits herself to the ordinary experiences of life. Near the beginning of her story she makes the incredible statement that during the first eight years of her life she believed herself to be a boy instead of a girl. And she is far from sharing the reader's amusement at this revelation. She is deeply mortified at the discovery of her inferior sex, and insists upon treating the matter seriously. But this early deception undoubtedly accounts for the fantastic way she afterward showed

* THE TRIBULATIONS OF A PRINCESS. *By the Author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress."* New York: Harper & Bros. $2.25.

of assuming, in the crucial instances of life, the strut and courage of a man.

The princess enjoys the usual spiritual gratification of her class—that of being impulsively good and lavishly generous; but her sympathy does not naturally radiate into the lower orders of life. It is an impersonal compassion for humanity, and once or twice she takes a fine lady's opportunity to sneer at the excitable nature of common people. Yet upon her own little dais of court life she displays the average emotions of womankind, and, finally, after a brief widowhood, gets herself folded away as naturally and informally into the arms of her English lover as any other woman.

The story is entertaining, of course, showing as it does, in a manner so intimate, the flinty pride and savage courage of a truly splendid nature; but even more delightful romances have come to us from women with less of the royal indigo in their blood.

The God of His Fathers. *By Jack London.* (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.) In this collection of admirable short stories the scenes are laid in the Klondike regions and along the Yukon River. These people who write for us from out of the way places invariably show something of Kipling's manner, a certain bravado in the use of words; and they all have the tragic accent. But Mr. London is most fortunate in selecting a stage for his tragedies—a bleak and frozen waste over which men and death stalk together. He leaves out nearly everything, even superfluous virtues, and narrows life down to the elemental philosophy of endurance. To exist there at all is the supreme test of courage. Justice is red handed, awful and inevitable. And the white wings of love circle as swiftly around the dark brows of Indian maidens as if they were of royal Saxon blood. Beneath the bear skin ferocity of the men only two or three emotions are left. Every energy is included in the passion to exist. And every man is locked in a death grip with the frozen ground for gold. Occasionally the author lights up his dismal twilight with a horrid flash of vulgar humor; but no one is deceived. In such surroundings nothing can be really amusing, and men laugh like demons at their own death warrants. The author gathers up every situation into his fists, squeezes the blood out of it upon the snow, scatters the bones of his heroes, and faces the next tragedy with astonishing nerve.

The Land of the Moors. *By Budgett Meakin.* With 83 Illustrations and a Map. (New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.) Mr. Meakin's handsome volume, which smacks of the traveler rather than the scholar, fails to enlighten us concerning those Kabyl tribesmen who are, according to Major Hume, of one blood with the ancient Iberians. Mr. Meakin has had rare opportunities for exploring Morocco, and has written several books upon the Moors. This, his latest work, is divided into three sections. The first deals with the physical features of the country, but the Atlas range, where the Berbers still maintain their independence, is practically closed to Europeans. The second division has to do with the towns, but of the Atlas towns almost nothing is known. The third division gives accounts of various journeys made by the author, often in Moorish guise, but when he tried to scale the "Lord of the Peaks," Miltsin, the fierceness of the mountaineers turned him back. Concerning the more accessible regions of Morocco, Mr. Meakin relates much of interest and value, but in the light of Major Hume's theory as to the basal stratum of the Spanish character, we can but regret that the Berber districts are still an undiscovered country.

Ralph Waldo Emerson. *By Frank B. Sanborn.* (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 75 cents.) This last volume of the "Beacon Biographies" is valuable for the reason that the writer was for many years an intimate friend of the Concord philosopher. The life of Emerson is contained in the twenty preliminary pages of "Chronology;" what follows is a pleasant and somewhat rambling essay with a number of first-hand anecdotes thrown in. It does not seem possible to us to call versatility the chief mark of Emerson's character, or to accede to such a statement as this: "No writer known to me save Shakespeare—not even Homer or Goethe—has this inimitable mark of versatile mind." Nor does Mr.

Sanborn appear to us quite happy when he compares Emerson with Virgil, Goethe or Milton; such comparisons rather miss the true significance of Emerson's genius. Nevertheless, the present study of Emerson, besides being sympathetic, is replete with good suggestions.

Literary Notes

In our review of "Domestic Service," published June 20th, we printed the author's name incorrectly. It should be Lucy Maynard Salmon.

....We acknowledge the receipt of the latest section of the ever welcome "New English Dictionary" (Jew—Kairine). The next section will finish K and complete Volume V.

....With its current number *The Social Gospel* will be discontinued. *The Social Gospel* was, as far as we know, the only organ of Christian Socialism published in the United States. Its most noteworthy characteristic was a kindly tone—a circumstance that sharply differentiated it from many other Socialist and Christian papers. It was very ably edited, but the yellow journals will carry on its work minus the "kindly tone."

....Whatever may be said of Lord Chesterfield's morals, his literary advice was good. Consider this from one of the "Letters to His Son:" "When you return here, I am apt to think that you will find something better to do than to run to Mr. Osborne's, at Gray's Inn, to pick up scarce books. Buy good books, and read them; the best books are the commonest, and the last editions are always the best, if the editors are not blockheads, for they may profit of the former."

....An entirely new and critical edition of Zwingli's works is to be published, forming a parallel undertaking to the great Imperial ("Kaiser") edition of Luther's works, begun in Weimar in the Luther year 1885 and not yet completed. Zwingli's works will constitute a kind of supplement to the famous "*Corpus Reformatorum*," which includes the complete writings of both Melanchthon and Calvin. The editors will be Prof. Dr. Egli and George Finsler. The whole is to be issued in 120 parts in large octavo, each to cost 2.40 marks.

....An invaluable little volume for social reformers and progressists generally is *The Reformers' Year Book* (in previous issues *The Labor Annual*. A great deal of information is given regarding current movements, reform societies and trade-unions. There are also biographies, addresses and portraits of prominent reformers, lists of recent books and pamphlets on social questions, and a number of special articles by well-known names. The book is compiled by Joseph Edwards, of Wallasey, Cheshire, England, and can be obtained in America from Leonard D. Abbott, 336 West Seventy-first street, New York City, at 30 cents per copy.

Pebbles

It may be that you haven't more trouble than others, but that you have more time to think about it.—*Atchison Globe.*

....Mr. Carnegie's refusal to accept an office in Greater New York may be regarded as another evidence of his determination not to die rich.—*The Baltimore Herald.*

...."That canvas of mine that I call 'Sunset on the Jersey Meadows' is the most realistic thing I ever did." "Is it?" "Yes. You see that stagnant pool in the foreground? Well, sir, I had to sprinkle crude petroleum all over it to keep the mosquitoes off."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

AS IT'S WROTE.

She calls herself Cathryn Mae,
And yet there are gossips who sae
  Catherine Mary's her name,
  Yn supportyng whych claym
They ynsyst she was chrystened that wae.
—*Philadelphia Press.*

....A Delightful Reminiscence.—*Mrs. Gotham:* "What did you most enjoy during your trip abroad?" *Miss Flightie:* "My visit to the home of Thomas Carlyle." 'You did?" "Yes, indeed. The handsomest young man I ever saw was watching me when I wrote my name in the visitors' book."—*New York Weekly.*

The Gospel of Wealth.—"Hands up!" shouted the Road Agent. As he was going through the pockets of the passengers, one of them remonstrated. "This is very hard," said he, "to give up——." "Nonsense," shouted the Road Magnate, "if it were not for us leisure classes there would be no demand for your watches." "But you give us nothing for them," urged the Discontented Passenger. "I have organized the production of valuables," replied the Captain of Industry; "consider what a waste it would be to pick all your pockets separately." "But we don't want our pockets picked," said the Agitator. "I am charging only what the traffic will bear," returned the Capitalist. "I leave your clothes and enough food to last you till the end of your journey; besides, I leave you free to earn more valuables." "This is simple thef—benevolent assimilation, I mean," said the Passenger. "I give you permission to use the road. What more do you want, you Demagogs!" "We want to control our own highway." "If you controlled the road yourselves the dear public would be robbed. Much better to leave the highways to professional highwaymen." "We——." "You forget the immense sums I have given to the public by leaving purses and trunks when I took the valuables; that, as Comrade Rockefeller says, 'is the best sort of giving.'" "But——." "I'm only taking what you have now, whereas the Trusts take mortgages on all you may ever have." "But you have no right at all to anything we produce." "I am holding it only as a trustee," said the Leading Citizen, "and I have founded a library with my gains."—*Bolton Hall in Life.*

EDITORIALS

Socialism and the Municipal Problem

When socialism about the middle of the nineteenth century began to assume definiteness as an economic and political program, and to command a measure of popular attention, its realization seemed to conservative minds to be forbidden by those deep instincts of human nature which crave the utmost freedom for individual enterprise. It did not happen to occur to the conservative minds of 1850 that by 1901 individual enterprise, without any help from socialism, would have built a gigantic wall around the vast world of industrial opportunity and locked itself not *in* but *out!* Until 1850 the animal that "looks before and after" had not looked after very far, nor before to much purpose. Thanks to Mr. Darwin and his contemporaries the vision backward has been prolonged, but the outlook ahead is still foreshortened. Perhaps we are as much in the dark to-day about the future of individual opportunity as were the men of 1850.

But, even if we are, it is well to observe the direction of such tendencies as we can see. The unexpected may head them off, and then again it may not. What if the unexpected this time should be the unhindered flow of the tendencies that just now are bearing business, politics and social "swelldom" into new and startling relations?

One of these tendencies is converting the great middle class, which so long has been regarded as more stable than the everlasting hills, from a class of employers into a class of employees. The middle class includes farmers, tradesmen and manufacturers on a small scale. All these have been regarded, and have regarded themselves, as sympathizing on the whole with Capital, with a big C, rather than with Labor, with a big L. They have been conducting independent business enterprises which they have owned, and in which they have employed subordinates. What more natural than that they should complacently think of themselves as belonging to the happy pack of upper dogs, at whom the unhappy under dogs might snarl and snap, but would hardly dare to spring?

But now has come the Trust. The small manufacturers it has absorbed, and converted into employees pure and simple. The tradesmen and the farmers it is converting into dependents, by practically absorbing the economic rent of land and opportunity not less effectually, if less openly, than the English or the Irish landlord absorbed it from his tenants. In the present generation the middle class may not fully comprehend its changed position, but the revolution it is undergoing will be made clear enough to the ambitious boys as they attempt to make new places in life for themselves. Instead of carving out independent business careers, as their fathers did before them, they must go into the employ of corporations, as salaried dependents.

What will be the effect of this mighty revolution upon the attitude of the middle class toward the questions of socialism and of individualism? It is all very well to say that business cannot be conducted "on the town meeting plan" if you happen to be an independent business man, and prospering well enough to lay by a snug sum every year. But when your business has been remorselessly crushed, and when the combination that has "walked all over" you magnanimously gives you a job at so much a month and "mind you obey orders"—well, that's another story! Possibly you would just as soon work for a "town meeting" as to work for a "general manager," who is not at all likely to ask you to drop around to his club, and whose wife, it is absolutely certain, will never invite you and your wife to dinner.

The middle class has never yet voted with Labor, with a big L. But when the "trusts" and the "magnates" have crushed every business and social ambition of the middle class, will the middle class continue to vote with Capital with a big C?

Another tendency worth observing is

that which is changing the relative magnitudes of the "big" and the "small" business enterprises, and grouping the big ones in a very distinct class by themselves. A business that employs a capital of half a million dollars is no longer "big." To be "big" it must grow up to at least ten millions, and aspire to fifty or a hundred millions. The small business enterprises are still in many instances, and may continue to be, conducted by individuals or partnerships. But, as we have said, they are no longer independent in the old-fashioned sense of the word. They are either dependent upon the great corporations, or in some way tributary to them. The great corporations are necessarily managed by agents. All that intensely personal motive which formerly went into the building up of business reputations and "old established houses" has disappeared. Here, then, is a possible line of division between a field for individualism and a field for socialism. A generation ago, when there was practically no such thing as a business worth more than a million dollars, the social ownership of capital would necessarily have meant the extinction of individual business. But to-day, if all the capital of the great corporations —yclept the trusts—should be "socialized," there could still be left to the individual a field of opportunity as big as individualism has ever enjoyed in its most flourishing days. What, then, if somebody should propose a compromise between socialism and individualism, permitting the individual to accomplish whatever he can with a capital of, say, not more than five millions of dollars, and converting into social enterprises all undertakings employing capital in greater amounts?

"Ah, yes; but," the conservative man will say, "look at the rottenness of our city governments, at the imbecility of our State governments, and at the slow, clumsy pottering of our national administration. Can the great business of the world be done by any such machinery?" And the answer, of course, is that it cannot be. But right here appears the significance of the third present tendency to which we would call attention. Everywhere the people are waking up as never before in the history of the human race to the imperativeness and the immeasurable importance of civic duty. The reform of State and municipal administration has not yet progressed far, but the universal interest in its possibilities, and the magnificent work that is being accomplished by those who are marshaling the forces, give certain promise of great achievements in the future. In these reforms lies the whole question of the practicability of a juster and nobler social system than that which we enjoy to-day. The municipal problem is *the* practical problem of the whole human race at this moment. It contains within itself every possibility of a more just distribution of wealth, of a wider opportunity for every ambitious individual. If the municipal problem can be solved the problem of a relative economic equality and the problem of a relative social equality can be solved also. If the municipal problem is insoluble, republics are a failure and "liberty, equality and fraternity" will never be attained by the human race.

Wake up then and be a *Citizen,* in order that you also may be a *Man!*

The Steel-Workers' Strike

The questions in controversy between the steel workers' union and the great Steel Corporation were so modified by concessions on each side at last Saturday's conference in New York that they should not be permitted to cause a long and bitter contest in the steel industry. We assume that the statement given to the public by the union is trustworthy; no other account of the negotiations is now available. It shows that the union withdrew its demand for a signing of the union scale at all non-union mills. This important change is explained by the union as follows:

> "We ask now that the scale be signed for none but those mills that are organized, and where the men ceasing to work have signified their desire to be connected with the Amalgamated Association. This modification has been made because the Trust officials declared that we wished to force men into the organization against their will and desire. We therefore asked that the scale be signed for only those men who desire it."

On the other hand, the provision that all mills should be open to both union and non-union men, which was opposed so strenuously by the union, does not appear

in the Corporation's proposition. By these two changes much cause of controversy was removed. The union's statement also shows that a complete agreement as to the mills of the Tin Plate Company was reached, both parties accepting the conditions existing when the strike was ordered. As to the mills of the Steel Hoop Company, the Corporation was willing to accept the scale for all to which it was applied last year; the union asked for all the mills "now organized," thus including two which were non-union last year, but in which the workmen have recently joined the union and gone on strike. Here there should be no difficulty in reaching an agreement. These two mills are "organized" now; the employees in them are members of the union; why should not the Corporation treat them as such and give them the union scale? This would involve no concession in wages, for the Corporation has offered to pay union prices in all the mills.

The differences appear to be slight, therefore, until the mills of the Sheet Steel Company are taken up. We are considering them in detail because this labor controversy may become one of great bitterness and exert a far-reaching influence. Both sides were willing that the scale should be signed for all the Sheet Steel mills in which it was used last year, with some exceptions or additions. The union excepted Saltsburg and Scottdale. The Corporation at the Pittsburg conference offered to adopt the scale for one of these (which is still non-union), and to leave the question to the decision of the men themselves in the other. The union adds the McKeesport and Wellsville mills, where a large majority of the men are members of the organization and on strike. The Corporation agrees with the union in excepting Saltsburg, and also excepts the Old Meadow mill, to which at the Pittsburg conference it offered to apply the scale. This ends the list, according to the union's statement, no reference having been made to the organization of workmen in other departments of the Corporation.

Is there enough in these points of disagreement to serve as a reasonable excuse for a conflict that promises to shock and depress the entire iron and steel industry of the United States, to take a hundred thousand skilled men, and possibly three times as many, from their work, and to be marked by violence and bloodshed? Clearly, there is not. The strikers having withdrawn that demand for applying the union scale to non-union mills which the Corporation opposed so vigorously, and having committed themselves to the principle that the scale should be signed "for only those men who desire it"—a principle approved by the Corporation itself at the Pittsburg conference—an agreement ought easily to be reached, upon the basis of that principle, as to the few mills mentioned in the exceptions and additions of the two propositions.

But, instead of settling these minor differences by peaceful argument and mutual concessions, if these should be required, the two parties have put an end to all negotiations and are now preparing for "a fight to the finish," a test of endurance, resources and force. We are not saying that either the union or the Corporation is in the wrong. At the beginning of the controversy there was a conflict of testimony, as we then pointed out, concerning certain facts that were essential as a foundation for an opinion. The conditions have changed since that time; objectionable demands have been withdrawn, and both sides have expressed approval of certain principles, in accordance with which all remaining differences could be removed. But who is to apply these principles and thus to bring about an agreement, if the two parties give up all negotiations and insist upon a fight?

Arbitrators could make peace in a day by deciding every pending question in accordance with the principles or doctrines approved by both sides—by the union in its recent statement and in the signed utterances of its officers; by the Corporation at the Pittsburg conference and during the negotiations that followed it. They could safely be required to confine their action within those bounds. But there will be no arbitration to enforce the expressed and agreeing desires and purposes of both parties to this threatening controversy, unless public opinion throughout the country shall demand it. The possibilities of great disturbance and loss resulting from an extension of the strike are so clearly to be seen that such a demand should be made with irresistible force.

What Is the American Spirit?

A French Canadian, Mr. Edmond de Nevers, published a book a year or two ago entitled (we translate), "The American Spirit." The purpose of it was to show that so many other streams of immigration have flowed into this country, French, Spanish, German, Dutch, Irish, Polish, Hungarian, Russian, that it is impossible to characterize the American spirit as predominantly derived from our English ancestors. The American spirit, this author seems to think, is a simple matter of heredity, and where so much comes from other nationalities, and so many of them, it is really doubtful whether there can be any distinctive American spirit.

But there is such a spirit, and we all know it. Never was there so big a melting caldron of races as is found here in the United States. In the second, or at most the third generation, the separate constituents are completely fused in the American mass. Intermarriage does part of the work, and language and education do the rest. M. de Nevers would have it that the New Yorker is pure Dutch by descent; but he could hardly find a child of the Knickerbockers that is not even more a child of the New England Puritans, with a dash of Irish and Scotch.

Now all these nationalities unite, in the second generation, or sooner, in adopting the English language. There is no solvent like a common language. Those who speak our tongue are our brothers. Those who speak another tongue are strangers, barbarians, enemies. If a German or a Frenchman or a Russian gives up his native tongue he severs himself completely from the influences of his ancestry. His children forget, or never knew, the old ties and influences, and surrender themselves to that which surrounds them. The English literature, with the traditions it represents, is all theirs. They do not remain in compact, foreign masses that hand down unchanged the inheritance of their fathers, but, one by one, they pass over into what is the mass of traditions and opinions about them and accept them and become themselves a portion of this vigorously fusing force. They marry into the population about them, and the next generation gets whatever influence and pride comes from being inheritors of the American history. Mr. Roosevelt says, "I am Dutch and Irish." That is for political effect, as he has been accused of hostility to the Irish; but we doubt not he might as truly have said that he was English; at any rate, his Dutch and Irish and English are all American.

The influence of community of language in fusing populations has been proved over and over again. The French who have German names are as French in spirit as any other. There are few countries of Europe that are not of most mixed races, long-headed and round-headed, black haired and light haired, representing successive waves of immigration from the south or the north; but intermarriage and language have made them one. It is a recognition of the influence of a common tongue that makes France require the use of her language in her colonies, and this explains the severity with which Russia forbids the use of Finnish in the schools of Finland. The children of our immigrants talk English by preference, whatever their parents' tongue. The parents now have their German, French, Italian, Polish, Welsh churches and papers, but their children want none of them. M. de Nevers says he lived three years in a Canadian colony in Rhode Island and had no more than five or six occasions to speak English. He must have cultivated much aloofness. His children would have found occasions enough.

Not less than the influence of a common language is that of a common education. Here we seem to watch the very process of the creation of the American spirit. The common school is a State school. It teaches English to the immigrant child, and it teaches him American history and institutions in place of those of the country he has left. The latter he forgets, the new relations he learns. He is taught of the discovery of America, of Jamestown and Plymouth and New Amsterdam and Bunker Hill and Yorktown, and all our glorious history. He learns of Washington and Lincoln, of the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution, of liberty in a free State and a free Church. He is taught to think for himself, to be self-reliant, to have a mind of his own, to combine liberty and

justice into human rights, to admire the institutions of his country. Thus he acquires the American spirit, for this it is. There is no mystery about it, no occult force of heredity, no medley of hostile ethnic contrarieties; nothing but the sure outcome of the influences of social environment, of example, of a common language and a dominant, purposeful system of the education of youth in schools that teach the doctrine of liberty, and in homes that send their voters to rule the State. Thus is created a substantially uniform American spirit, whose local and exceptional irregularities are being harmonized and unified by closer intercourse and better education.

The Passing of Childhood

In the beginning of life it is not wisdom that we get, but understanding. Such faculties as we then had were natural rather than intellectual. We comprehended the waggery of sparrows with a keenness which no mere humorist knows, and we had intuitions that reached so near to the golden hearts of flowers that there was little in consciousness to distinguish our hearts from them. The lilies were elder brothers to us, and we knew how to keep company with primroses and violets. We perceived readily the logical sequence of butterflies circling in the sunshine, and our own lack of wings appeared to be the one incredible, illogical fact in the universe.

We were sorcerers of happiness, gay little midgets, whirling around the short May pole of childhood, working charms and casting out devils of our own accord. Sorrow and care fled before the light of our faces, and the prayers that we prayed were mere sentiment. Instinctively we relegated salvation to that broad region beyond the stars as being apart from our necessities. For we had not then that spiritual apex to our being which terminates in human beggary to God; but we were entirely spiritual and in full enjoyment of our eternal inheritance of bliss.

Truly, we were not of this world, nor did we come under its laws as men do. We were adventurers, not fugitives, grave young pilgrims with the sun in our eyes taking the rainbow route through this vale of tears. No man knew or could divine the "private instructions" with which we left the heavenly country, but one thing is certain—a long time elapsed before we were open to convictions here. We insisted unreasonably upon our own terrors and mysteries. And we had a sort of candle light theology which made us intolerant of the dark.

This prejudice, indeed, brought our earliest experience in martyrdom—when the night lamp was removed, and we lay beneath the gray coverlid, a little mollusk of spirit, made for joy and light, quaking in the outer darkness of our mother's bed chamber. Does any man ever forget that first hour of childish terror in the dark, when he peered over the edge of the pillow and saw the red roses in the carpet sink into pits of fire (so graphically described in Sabbath school lesson), and the old man in the moon glaring at him through the shaking window curtains? Surely it was then that our guardian angel forsook us, and the elders of this world assumed the care of our up-bringing!

Very soon our training for the trades and pretensions of this life began. We were segregated from the lilies, plucked out from among the violets, and set to the hard task of acquiring all the spiritual and intellectual limitations of our fathers. Our fairies were banished, and we came up from the land of enchantment veritable little Ichabods, our glory departed. Henceforth we were united to the things of this earth by so many furlongs of ether, and banished from the dear heavens by an infinity of numeral spaces.

And while we failed to prove at once that clause in theology which declares our total depravity, the longer we remained in bondage the more orthodox we became in this particular. The knowledge we gained of right and wrong far exceeded our moral ability; and the first deceits we practiced were sins committed to escape burdens and responsibilities which, we shrewdly perceived, failed to enhance the joys of living. And when admonitions had created within us an artificial conscience we bravely clung to our liberty, abandoning our virtues one by one and substituting the necessary vices instead. We squared the potential evil in us into elbows of defense and in our extremity organized a private system of morals beyond the contaminating influences of overgrown ethics. We de-

spaired of philosophy, and the political economy we practiced consisted for the most part of diplomacy and conspiracies. And from being creatures of sublimated dust with sparks of spirit showing through, we stiffened into reprobate clay, despising the chastening of the Lord and working out tribulations with a reckless hand.

Thus did we pass from the glory and perfection of childhood into the manners and customs of men. And the angels in heaven bear record of how we have fallen.

Revised Versions

We much regret the hitch in the publication of Professor Haupt's series of the Polychrome Bible. Through some failure of funds, we believe, the issue of the successive parts has been interrupted, only temporarily we trust. This is the most ambitious and important work in Bible revision since the issue of the Anglo-American Revised Version, and it is much more radical than that. It differs from the Revised Version in several important points, but chiefly in this, that it supplies a new Hebrew text. The Revised Version was from a new Greek text, but nothing so radical or reasonable was done for the Old Testament. For that the old Masoretic text, with not a few palpable errors that might have been easily corrected, was retained. To be sure the translation of the old Hebrew text was greatly improved, but the errors in that text itself were scrupulously followed. This weakness Professor Haupt endeavored to remove in his Polychrome Bible. He issued the separate books in two forms, one the Hebrew text revised, with critical notes explaining the changes, and another which gave a modern English translation of this revised text. There was much difference in the process of revision, as the books were divided among almost as many scholars as there are books in the Old Testament, and some editors were much more radical than others. The greatest surprise was in the case of Professor Kuenen, supposed to be the prince of radicals, but who made scarcely a textual change in the Psalms assigned to him, regarding it as a substantially correct copy of the psalm book of the Second Temple.

The necessity of revision of our old Received Version appears as soon as any one begins its critical study. We have just had a very interesting proof of this fact. Our Protestant Episcopal Church is known to be most conservative. It has not even put the version of King James into its prayer-book, but keeps an older version of the Psalms; and when, years ago, the American Bible Society published a new edition of King James's Version, with the correction of some typographical mistakes and with improved punctuation and with revised chapter-headings, Bishop Coxe made so much ado about it that the Bible Society actually had to suppress the work, which had been admirably done by a number of scholars, among whom Dr. R. S. Storrs was prominent. But the Episcopal General Convention's Commission on Marginal Readings, appointed to make what it was supposed would be "not more than sixty or seventy" marginal readings, has compiled a full volume of what turn out to be *alternative* readings of the Bible, and more than six thousand of them, introduced bodily into the text. It is evident that nothing less than a complete revision can be accepted, and those conservatives are unwise who are unwilling to accept provisionally this Revised Version, still waiting for anything better. A little better will be the American Revisers' edition, soon to appear, which introduces into the text the amendments rejected by the English Revisers under their stringent rules, by which a majority could be overruled.

But even that will not be finally satisfactory for the Old Testament. We need for it something like what Professor Haupt has attempted, only it must not be, like the separate books of the Polychrome Bible, the work of single scholars. We should wait till that great work is completed, as we hope it will be, and has been thoroughly criticised, and then an international committee ought to do for the Hebrew text of the Old Testament what a succession of scholars for two hundred years have been doing for the Greek Testament, Mill, Griesbach, Lachmann, Tischendorf, Westcott and

Hort, and many others; and then we can be ready to translate this corrected but yet not quite perfect text into readable English. This is the principal task now before Biblical scholars.

The Right to Change of Residence

One of the most dangerous exhibitions in the current labor disputes is the effort frequently made by rioters, and sometimes even by mayors of cities, to prevent by force the migration of people from one town or one State to another. In Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania this past week or two workmen who desired to better their condition by changing their homes were met by violence, and in one notable case the Mayor of McKeesport announced that he would forbid the importation of laborers and deputies to protect them. In a former strike the Governor of Illinois said the same. The Constitution of the United States, Article IV, Section 2, reads:

> "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States."

This paragraph settles the right of a citizen of Virginia to come to Pennsylvania, or of Alabama to come to Ohio, whatever may be his politics, his color, or his relation to labor unions, and there to carry on his lawful business. In such business he is as much entitled to the protection of the law as is any old citizen of McKeesport. No mayor and no organization and no mob has the right to interfere with his rights, assured to him by the Constitution of the United States.

The maintenance and defense of liberty is the chief duty of government. The right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness involves the right to work, and the right to go where one can get work. We make no objection to the peaceful combination of capitalists or workmen, nor to their liberty on the one hand to shut down their shops; on the other, to stop work; for this belongs to liberty; but we do object, and we have the right to object, with all the might of law, to the attempt, on the one side, to force men to work, which is slavery, or, on the other, to force men not to work, which is a new crime that has hardly got a name yet, but which is no less an offense against liberty than is slavery itself.

Now the right, the liberty, to work implies the right, the liberty, to go to work, to go to find work, to travel after work, to change one's residence in order to get work. It makes no difference whether it be in another part of the city, or of the State, or of the country that one goes to seek work; he has the same liberty everywhere. We deny it in theory, and we should in practice, to no citizen of the country. To citizens only our laws and Constitution extend their full protection; but out of justice and courtesy, and profit too, we give the same privilege to foreigners, except imported laborers and the Chinese, inconsistently and unfortunately. Those who would forbid a citizen's moving from one place to another to get work are, unconsciously perhaps, enemies of law and liberty.

This is not a matter at all of color. It is true that to the white striker it seems a special offense that a black workman from Virginia or Alabama should come and take the work which, under current conditions, he does not wish to do. But prejudice should not count against the right of liberty and the pursuit of work. Indeed, the white comer is resisted as effectually, if not as virulently, as the black.

In our manufacturing districts the offense against the liberty to change one's residence takes the form of violence upon those who come from abroad; but in certain agricultural sections in the South it occasionally takes the form of violence against those who would emigrate to other States, thus reducing the number of those who can work in the local cotton fields. It may be very unwise for them to go, or it may be well; but in either case they should have the right to seek to better their fortunes. To restrain them is the same offense committed by the employing capitalist against the workmen, which, in our iron or coal strikes, is committed by the workmen against each other, and against the capitalist who seeks to employ workmen. The offense is the same, because against liberty.

These simple applications of the principles of liberty hold whatever be the nature or justice of the quarrel between capital and labor. Our sympathies may

go with one side or the other, but they must always go with liberty. More frequently we desire the success of the workmen in a strike, because their demands are, in the majority of cases, reasonable. But when liberty is infringed, when violence is used to prevent those from working, or from coming for work, who desire to work, the sympathy which the workmen's just demands have claimed is lost. It does not pay to fight liberty.

Is There a "Land Hunger?"

The eagerness with which people of all classes and from all sections of the country entered the lists of the Governments land-lottery in Oklahoma has been held by many as indicating a widespread "land hunger," the product of the lessening amount of public domain open to settlement. An analysis of the situation, both as to the prizes offered and the character of the applicants, makes this conclusion questionable. Among the 167,000 who registered as applicants and took a chance on getting one of the 13,000 160-acre farms a large majority were speculators.

From every town in the Middle West went young men—clerks, office boys, business men, county officials, railway employees—seeking, not a farm nor a home in the new country, but a chance on the two or three big prizes, claims that lie adjoining the business centers of the new lands. They openly boasted of their intention to sell out as soon as they filed, provided they drew a valuable property. Only a few prizes were offered to the crowds that made El Reno a Mecca. Out of the reservation the Indian allotments took 3,000 choice quarter-sections, leaving little except dry upland and mountain-side for the white settler. So well was this understood that it was estimated that not more than three per cent. of those registered seriously intended to make a residence in the new country.

The trans-Mississippi congress just held at Cripple Creek, Col., has called attention to the fact that more than 100,000,000 acres of the public domain in the Western States is yet open to homestead entry. Much of it is far better adapted to agriculture and stock-raising than the uplands of the Kiowa reservation, all of which lies in the longitude of Western Kansas and Nebraska. Where irrigation can be practiced, even on a small scale, this land is wonderfully productive, and the advice of the congress to the land-seeker to utilize some of this vast acreage in a practical way is supported by reports of actual accomplishments.

The real land movement of the West—for the Kiowa rush was but a speculative spasm—is seen in the steady transference of home-makers from the older States to the newer. This has been somewhat accelerated, perhaps, by the good crops of recent years in the prairie States, but it is, on the whole, a progressive change resulting from the conditions under which the newer portions of the nation are developed. Farmers in older and high-priced States are selling out to richer or more contented neighbors and moving into the West, where, in turn, they buy out those desirous of seeking yet cheaper lands.

Land in Michigan, Illinois and adjoining States brings $60 to $100 an acre. Moving into Southern Minnesota, Iowa or Missouri, there may be found equally productive lands at $30 to $50 an acre. They are located as advantageously as regards market, and crop failures are as rare. Yet the moving farmer may have made several thousand dollars by the change. In the meantime the man whose farm he bought has gone on into the forest regions of Northern Minnesota, the valley of the Red River, the well improved sections of Eastern Kansas, Eastern Nebraska and the older sections of Oklahoma, there to repeat the operation. In the end the so-called semi-arid belt and the stock ranch country are the winners.

The available cheap lands may be roughly divided into railroad lands, cut-over timber lands and homesteads. The railroad lands were granted to the roads by the Federal or State Governments. The policy is to dispose of them as rapidly as possible, in order to settle up the country. Some are sold as low as 75 cents an acre, many large tracts not exceeding $2. The cut-over timber lands in Southern Minnesota and Wisconsin are generally barren, but often are well watered and capable of being made into good farms. The lumber companies sell them cheap. The homesteads are those not yet selected, or which have been se-

lected, but no continuous residence made. Some far Western counties have large tracts forfeited to the county because of non-payment of taxes, and sell them for fifty cents to a dollar an acre. They are generally suitable only for ranch purposes.

The westward march of the population is rather a development than a stampede. It is not so much a "land hunger" as it is the inevitable movement of a growing population and the natural method of occupying the remoter portions of the national domain. It is to a large extent a speculation—in the case of the Kiowa opening almost wholly so—and, while progress in this direction is of much value to the nation in an economic sense, it should be considered in its true aspect. A businesslike, orderly advance of the farming population from high-priced lands to cheaper lands is not the manifestation of "hunger." It is, however, a tendency that is worthy of encouragement, and, continued through a series of years, will mean much for the Middle West.

The Schley Controversy

Park Benjamin in his article this week does not wish to argue the Schley controversy while it is before the naval court, nor do we. He simply presents an official chart of the battle and allows the reader to follow the movement of the ships. Our readers can follow it for themselves. It will be seen that Schley's vessel, the "Brooklyn," not only did not keep out of the way, but hung as close to the "Viscaya" as she could get, and always at a distance less than a mile and a half and always nearer than any other ship. This is not forestalling any decision of Dewey's court; it is simply physically measuring a solemnly authenticated official map of the action. The reader will see how the famous "loop" shrinks in size and appears to show that the "Brooklyn" turned about to get the ship around as quickly as possible. Mr. Maclay's "history" is not on trial before the Dewey court, and so we can fairly call attention to a wretched trick of his. He has in his map actually taken the numbers away from the letters designating the ships, so that all idea of time intervals is destroyed. The figures "'Viscaya' 3," "'Iowa' 5." "'Oregon' 4," "'Brooklyn' 3," all in line, show that at 10.15 A. M. the "Viscaya" and "Brooklyn" were opposite each other. The "Oregon" did not reach the point shown in position 4 till five minutes later, and the "Iowa" the point shown in position 5 until fifteen minutes later; therefore manifestly the "Iowa" and "Oregon" were not between the "Brooklyn" and "Viscaya" when these ships were in the places represented. But take off all the numbers, then the "Iowa" and "Oregon" do appear between the "Brooklyn" and "Viscaya." This suits Maclay's particular purpose, and so he has taken the numbers off in the copy of the chart which he publishes. Another queer thing may be mentioned. One of the stock reasons given to account why the "Brooklyn" got hit so many more times than any other of our ships is that she kept so far away to the southward of the Spaniards that she got in danger distance of their guns, which were kept sighted at high elevations, the projectiles going harmlessly over the "intervening" ships. But the "Brooklyn" was never more than a mile and a half from the nearest Spanish ship. What sort of guns are they which at high elevations carry no further than this? Mr. Benjamin sends us with the "proof" of his article the following addition, received too late to incorporate with his article:

Mr. Maclay says that the "Brooklyn" turned tail and ran away. When? Certainly not while advancing directly upon the enemy to Position 2; certainly not while chasing on course parallel to her consorts; but while swinging to complete the second half of that loop, a distance of half a mile (880 yards). But the inexorable chart shows that in going from Position 2 to Position 3, thus including the second half of the loop, she traversed six miles in twenty-five minutes. Therefore she must have traveled that culpable half-mile in just two minutes and three seconds; and so, according to Mr. Maclay, got "out of" a battle which nevertheless lasted three hours and a half.

This is bad—and to Mr. Maclay and all the distinguished commanding officers who approved his proof sheets infinitely more distressing than the five loops of the "craven" "Olympia," flagship of Commodore George Dewey at Manila, in each of which she "turned tail and ran away" from a distance of something over a mile from the enemy to a distance of over three miles, and not only this but in the very middle of the fight scampered over to the other side of the bay and pumped up fresh courage by the aid of a pusillanimous breakfast. Well placed is Admiral

Dewey on that court. He knows all about loops.

Is it not fortunate that this chart exists? Even the coming tribunal cannot alter the unanswerable logic of its simple measurements, which enable the readers of THE INDEPENDENT to estimate for themselves the "Brooklyn's" work in the famous battle and so to decide between the "historian" who asserts that her commodore "promptly betook himself out of it"—and Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson, who with even greater solemnity in his official report of the action informs his countrymen that:

"The 'Brooklyn's' westerly blockading position gave her an advantage in the chase which she maintained to the end, and she employed her fine battery with telling effect."

The Flood and Genesis

There can be no dispute between Professor Wright and us on the question of the Noachian Flood, for he says that he agrees with us that it "cannot be correlated with any glacial submergence if that event must be fixed as late as 5,100 years ago." But it must, and Professor Green is no authority to the contrary; the text of the Bible is perfectly clear. Professor Green's explanation is that generations have been left out, and that "the symmetry of these primitive genealogies is artificial rather than natural." Doubtless it is artificial, and the argument which justifies the explaining away of the symmetry of the genealogies as artificial, and the overlapping ages of Shem and Abraham as "incredible," will justify us in explaining away much more as unhistorical. Professor Green's theory is that intervening names of patriarchs of the Genesis genealogies have been omitted. This seems to deny their extreme longevity as stated in Genesis. But the supposition of omitted links in the genealogy does not remove the difficulty, for the dates are not thereby affected. "Shem begat Arphaxad two years after the Flood;" "Arphaxad lived five and thirty years and begat Salah;" "Salah lived thirty years and begat Eber;" "Eber lived four and thirty years and begat Peleg;" "Peleg lived thirty years and begat Reu;" "Reu lived two and thirty years and begat Serug;" "Serug lived thirty years and begat Nahor;" "Nahor lived nine and twenty years and begat Terah;" "Terah lived seventy years and begat Abram, Nahor and Haran." Here we come to Abraham, and inexorable arithmetic makes the interval from the Flood to the time of Abraham to be 291 years, or several hundred more if we follow the Septuagint readings. But there is no dodging the arithmetic of it. Professor Green saw that the extreme limit, 5,100 years ago, was too short to agree with history, as Professor Wright sees it is too short to agree with geology, and they may be pardoned for trying to force the figures into harmony with the facts; but the fairer way is to admit frankly that the figures are wrong, and that the story of the Flood, like that of Creation in six successive days, is part of the folk lore of the early ages, which has been grandly utilized to teach the noblest religious lessons. The Creation story teaches the greatness of the one God, and the Flood story teaches his punishment of sin and his grace to man. No better material for these lessons could have been found. By the way, the statement in Genesis that Tubal-cain, who lived before the Flood, was "the forger of every cutting instrument of brass and iron" is not easily reconcilable with Professor Wright's statement that "the Paleolithic man of science may well be the Antediluvian man of Genesis." The use of iron does not go much back of 2000 B. C.

Diocletian's Cabbages

A pastor, forty-four years of age, writes that he is facing the probable need of retirement within a few years. He "lacks the nerve force" for moving a body of people who must go habitually with all their cares to a pastor. He is led to follow the suggestion of THE INDEPENDENT, and try to get a footing in the country. He believes that with the sentiment of independence connected with such a home, he could do much better intellectual work; and probably have more moral fiber for obeying his convictions of duty. He has not money "to buy a farm," as he expresses it, but must content himself with "from ten to thirty acres." This he may set down as a Providence. From ten acres to twenty are quite enough for any minister to undertake to bring into subjection. As a rule, we may set it down that five acres will be quite enough to experiment with. Bring these to their best cultivation, and they will make larger returns than fifty acres under average til-

lage—and as for exercise, they will probably furnish sufficient. What is wanted more than cash is experience. Experience is the total of the conclusions of the work of years—including mistakes. To succeed on the land needs first of all the teachable spirit; and as some one says, "teachable hands." No one will succeed unless he is willing to work, and work in the dirt. In fact, it may be as well to understand that there must be a sort of enthusiasm for dirt—a sympathy for mother earth, and what she can do for us, and with us. A good farmer may also be a good literary man; but he will do most of his writing with a hoe. On the whole, this preacher does well to anticipate retirement from present occupation; even if he can do fairly good work in the pulpit for many years yet. Why not combine the two occupations? Why should not every preacher in these days do, as our earlier pastors did, plant orchards and cultivate gardens? It was stipulated with a pastor in the early part of the nineteenth century that he should have a good garden plot and "a corn lot." Nearly all our professional men with the training that they have ought to succeed in small farming or horticulture—or at least in some branch of this sort of work. The land is peculiarly welcome to a man whose life has had a flavor of dependence on other people's wills and whims. When a man can put his foot on his own property he gains a sense of independence; especially if he can say to himself that he can dig a good living out of the soil. Buy a few acres; within ten miles, if possible, of a good market; and then begin your experience. Do not plant too freely of any one crop; but more or less of all kinds of fruits or vegetables. Let the experiment expand with experience, and the plantings increase according to the market secured. But do not go near the soil unless you can be as proud of your cabbages as was the Emperor Diocletian.

On the occasion of the anniversary of the murder of King Humbert, the Italian anarchists of Paterson, N. J., who had sent Bresci, the murderer, to Italy, held a meeting in his honor. Addresses were made in which the conspiracy was confessed and glorified in. It appears to us that the authorities of the State of New Jersey might properly be a little more strict in their supervision of these anarchists and murderers. To kill a king is a political offense, but it is also a personal crime. They say there were other men selected by lot to kill other rulers, and names are mentioned of those chosen, and one man thus designated was abused because his courage failed him. All this is conspiracy to commit an atrocious crime, conspiracy confessed. It would seem that the good name of our country would be advanced if some care were taken to prevent and punish conspiracies to murder foreigners, even if they are kings or queens.

At last we are having a bit of prohibition in the Philippines. General Kobbe has issued an order absolutely forbidding the retail sale of all liquors, whether fermented or distilled, in the Department of Mindanao and Jolo. Every saloon must be closed. Beer and wine can be sold in the original packages of not less than a dozen bottles, for consumption by the purchaser, and stronger liquors only in wholesale quantities, on the written order of the senior commanding officer, but not for resale, and under no condition to Moros, or people living in Moro communities. The chief disgrace of our Government in the Philippines has come from saloons, which ought to have had much more restraint, and we are glad to see this rule, especially in Mohammedan communities where Christians should set a good example.

Historical learning suffered a severe loss last week in the death of Prof. Herbert B. Adams, for many years head of the Department of History in Johns Hopkins University. He was not simply an accomplished student of history, and a writer of admirable monographs, but an organizer of historical research, an editor of historical publications, a teacher of unusual enthusiasm, and the active force in the American Historical Association, whose papers and reports he edited for fifteen years. Hardly any other teacher of history was more honored or could be more regretted than Professor Adams, who had done so much to raise history to its true rank in this country as a philosophical study, and not a mere record of events.

INSURANCE

The Hard Fact

From the first of its appearance until now, the assessment scheme of life insurance has offered no other claim than that of alleged low cost. But in the nature of the case there are only three possible ways by which the cost of insuring can ever be lowered, comparatively speaking. If one combination of insured men ever surpass any other combination, it must be because they either (1) live longer, as an average, and thus collect more premiums and have longer use of those premiums; or because (2) they are able to realize a higher rate of interest; or (3) because they manage with a lower rate of expense. The alternatives are lower mortality (*i. e.,* higher longevity) or higher interest or lower expenses. Neither human ingenuity nor any twisting of words nor any rhetorical flowers can change this nature of the case.

Very much has been said of the palatial buildings and the vast accumulations of the large life companies. There are blemishes and errors, and there are extravagances—it is undeniable. But after wild denunciation has paused to take breath, the fact is that the expenses of the business bear only the minor part. Why does life insurance "cost so much?" Just because to pay somebody a thousand dollars involves getting a thousand dollars out of somebody—that is the simple yet immovable reason. The meaning is that the cost of insurance is the constant mortality drain; that insured persons are dying daily and that for the claim of each one the full sum, dollar for dollar, has to be raised—almost always in part, and sometimes almost wholly, from others.

Observe, now, that when men talk about old line, or assessment, or "Natural Premium," or of any fine phrase into which they choose to put it, they are really talking about differences in method. A church, for example, has to be pecuniarily supported, if it is to exist. If the members find it more agreeable (as probably the young and lively ones do) to draw the funds from their pockets by the desires of church fairs at which a five-cent dish of something is sold for fifty cents, and the rule is "no change," it is for them to so decide; but they would be silly to think they alter the fact. So if people choose to imagine that a string of gilt-paper phrases such as Supremes and Fraternals and all the rest of it can alter the facts of life and make insurance cost less than dollar for dollar, they choose to delude themselves. That they do so choose, we find by observation. Then the discovery comes that they have been borrowing of the future by paying only a part of the cost and that the rest has been charged up against them. Then come "liens," proposed and fiercely denounced. Then come bitter regrets and really hard individual situations. The fortunate ones, monetarily speaking, are then those who have died. Their claims have been settled. Their advantage has been won. The others are left to deal with the case as they can.

It comes down to this: life insurance cost is mortality cost. This fact is inexorable. It cannot be altered. It can be evaded for a little while, but it will have its day of reckoning.

For Partners

You have (let us suppose so) duly attended to insuring your own life. So far, good; yet as you have a partner in business (by further supposition) another consideration comes into the case. But insurance on him is his own affair, you think? Consider a moment whether it is not also yours. He has his place and his distinctive value in the business, presumably, knowing something and doing something which nobody else knows or can do as well. Just as nobody is ever literally free from accrued obligations so nobody (at least nobody still in the busy world) has all his affairs completed up to date; they are in all stages of progress, of interdependence, of intricate relation. Nothing in our journey through this world is so blunt, so rude, so untimely, so utterly unregardful of convenience, and so inconsiderate as death is. It disarranges hopelessly, wrecks plans that needed only more time, loses the key of

problems, upsets things. Suppose your partner's death happens to come at the most inconvenient imaginable time. Is it not clear that there is a real tho indefinite risk on that score?

Moreover, a partner's death necessitates some disposition of his interest. The survivor may find himself compelled by circumstances to either buy or sell, with the alternative of a forced closing of the business or a continuance under intolerable conditions. Nor is he sure with whom he might have to deal. It might be with a woman of the unmanageable sort who can neither reason nor be moved by reason; it may be with a cranky executor. Whatever the circumstances, it is certain that they will put a strain of some degree upon the business, and that a sum of money receivable will be highly convenient. As one form of this strain, the death of a partner puts creditors upon inquiry as to the probable bearing upon existing debts and the propriety of future credit. The question may be answered one way or the other, but it is sure to be raised; is there any doubt how the knowledge that life insurance was coming in would affect the creditor's view?

Any precaution which is good when death or other mishap comes is quite certain to have some beneficial effects before that time. Allowing that to have it known that partners have protected themselves and the business by partnership insurance will help their credit when the death of one of them occurs, will not the firm be in better credit at once and continuously thereby? Let a man's ability be ever so great, and let his plans be ever so well laid, there is always one weak spot: that he may not live to complete them. The time is coming when life insurance for one's own family or estate will be assumed as a thing of course, because the most obvious dictate of simple prudence; partnership insurance is gradually becoming recognized as similarly demanded for business safety.

A CERTAIN man whose life was insured in favor of his daughter recently perished by drowning, together with the daughter. Thus arose an interestingly difficult legal question: Which died first? Nor is the question lacking in practicality, for if the father died first the interest of the daughter in the policy would follow from her to her heirs, but if the daughter died first the policy would follow the father's estate, not hers. How is a question so impossible to determine as one of fact to be disposed of as one of law? In some similar cases, where the disposition of property depended upon which one of a married pair was survivor even by the smallest interval of time, it has been held that as the male is the stronger sex the husband must be assumed to have been the slower to die. In this recent case the court disposed of the question by an ingenious resort to the rule of burden of proof. The insurance was to go to the daughter at the father's death; admitted—also that the father was dead. Then the money belonged to the declared beneficiary, and next to her heirs, she having died. As for those who would divert it from her estate to the father's, let them prove affirmatively that he survived her; moreover, this disposition of the money is more in accordance with his intention when he took out the policy. The matter may have to pass review on appeal, but this decision of it certainly seems to be the most rational which an insoluble question can receive.

....Prior to June 20th, 1897, fraternal associations were entirely exempt in Missouri from State supervision and from the operation of any insurance laws; they were let alone completely. At that date a law went into effect which provided for their supervision, but did little to furnish any guaranty of solvency and responsibility; no standard was set up as to these associations, and little discretion was granted in dealing officially with them. During twelve years preceding the above date 346 such concerns had been organized and incorporated in Missouri, but of this large number less than 50 were in existence in 1897. Since 1897, also, 32 of the 50, besides a number of outside associations operating in Missouri, have for various reasons gone out of existence or ceased to do business in the State. These statements are from the recent annual report of Commissioner Orear, who adds the remark that "it is a melancholy reflection that with the demise of each of them there also died the last hope of many men to provide for their families when they were no longer here to earn a living for them."

FINANCIAL

Another Giant Bank

THE enlargement of the capital of the First National Bank furnishes fresh evidence of the recent remarkable growth of the banks of New York in resources and power. By voting to increase the bank's capital stock from $500,000 to $10,000,000 the stockholders of the First National made that institution the largest bank in the United States and on the continent, upon a basis of capital and surplus combined, for the surplus is $10,000,000 and will be maintained at that sum. There are two other banks whose capital stock is $10,000,000—the National City and the National Bank of Commerce; but the surplus of either of these does not exceed $7,000,000. This increase of capital was followed by the purchase of the National Bank of the Republic (capital $1,500,000, with $1,300,000 in surplus and undivided profits), the price offered and accepted having been $275 per share in cash, or one share of First National for two of Republic stock. The two banks have been joint owners of the building at the corner of Wall street and Broadway, in which the offices of both are situated. The stockholders of the First National practically own the Liberty National Bank and also control the Astor National.

The increase of capital from $500,000 to $10,000,000 was accompanied by the payment of a dividend of 1,900 per cent. This enormous and unprecedented dividend has been the subject of much comment, mainly because it directed attention to the great profits of the bank's business. It will be observed that the sum divided was just enough, $9,500,000, to provide for the increase of capital. It was really used for that purpose, the stockholders thus obtaining the additional shares without any other expenditure of cash. There are only eighteen stockholders, and a controlling interest is held by five of these. Altho the annual dividends for ten years past have been 100 per cent. (on $500,000), the profits have accumulated in the bank. No shares were for sale, the recent nominal quotation having been $6,000 (par value $100), with no offerings.

The bank's business was profitable years ago, when it was sometimes called "Fort Sherman," because of its prominence in connection with refunding operations when John Sherman was Secretary of the Treasury. Its more recent investments in securities have been highly successful. There was a large profit in its sale of the Central Railroad of New Jersey some months ago to J. P. Morgan & Co., who transferred the property to the Reading Railroad Company. In the last two years there has been a great increase in the value of stocks which it owned and which may have appeared in public statements at the prices that were paid for them. It was an easy matter for the few stockholders to use $9,500,000 of their undivided profits for this huge dividend and the increase of capital. The First National's president is George F. Baker, and its vice-presidents are H. C. Fahnestock and Francis L. Hine. Owing to his large interest in the institution, this bank, like the Bank of Commerce, is associated in banking circles with the name of J. Pierpont Morgan, just as another great bank, the National City, is associated with the names of the Standard Oil capitalists.

Trade with Russia

THE investments of the New York Life Insurance Company in the Russian loans of last year were influential in promoting the growth of our exports of manufactures to Russia, because most of the money thus borrowed here was expended by Russia in paying for products of our factories. The relations thus established by the company give special weight to an article recently contributed to *Leslie's Weekly* by President John A. McCall, who argues against a continuation of tariff controversies between this country and Russia, because our export trade may suffer severely by reason of them. It seemed to us unfortunate that Secretary Gage deemed it necessary, under the law, to proclaim a countervailing duty on Russian sugar. Our imports of Russian sugar were little or nothing. But we do not think his action was the sole cause of the Russian Government's

increase of duties on our iron and steel manufactures. The Russian Minister was quite reasonably disappointed because the treaty of reciprocity proposed by our Government and approved by him was not even sent to the Senate, but was laid aside. At the same time, the iron and steel industry in Russia was so seriously depressed that the Government found it expedient to give to the factories large supporting orders, one of these being for 200,000 tons of rails. There was from domestic industries a demand for help and protection, and in the Minister's tariff order there was more protection than retaliation. The true remedy for our tariff difficulties with Russia is the ratification of the neglected treaty of reciprocity. President McCall is in a position to know how great are the commercial dangers of the present situation, and we have no doubt that he perceives the great value of such a reciprocal agreement.

Financial Items.

FINAL returns show that the Government's surplus of receipts over expenditures in the last fiscal year was $77,717,984.

....In 1900 the United States produced 34 per cent. of the world's output of pig iron, and nearly 38 per cent. of the total output of steel.

....The United States Treasury's stock of gold on the 1st inst., $504,354,297, was the largest it had ever held, and larger than that of any other nation.

....The cereal crops in Siberia are almost a total failure, owing to a drought of two months' duration. In the Volga provinces of Russia there is also a great shortage of grain.

....The new combination of manufacturers of oil cloth, called the Standard Table Oil Cloth Company, is capitalized at $10,000,000, and includes factories producing nine-tenths of the American output of light weight oil cloth. Organization was promptly followed by an advance of 6 cents a yard in prices.

....The principal operating companies whose boards are linked to the board of the Northern Pacific by the affiliations and connections of the present members of that board have a railway mileage of 102,411 miles (or 55 per cent. of the entire mileage of this country), a capitalization of $2,842,000,000, and a bonded debt of $3,023,000,000.

....Sales of listed stocks on the Stock Exchange for the first six months of the present calendar year were 151,890,696 shares, against only 50,257,411 in the corresponding months of 1900. For the full fiscal year ending with June the total was 205,910,835, against 98,730,994 in the preceding year.

....The *Engineering and Mining Journal's* estimates show that the world's output of gold in 1900 was $255,924,654, against $311,505,947 in 1899, the reduction having been caused by the war in South Africa. The gold output of mines in the United States was $78,159,000, or an increase of $8,000,000.

....An American syndicate has made an offer for a forty-year lease of the Southeastern Railway in England, guaranteeing a dividend of 3 per cent. the first year, and ultimately dividends of 5 per cent., altho the road was operated last year at a considerable loss. The Southeastern lines extend from London to Dover, Margate and other points southeast of the city.

....British locomotives were recently bought for use on the railway in Jamaica, where American locomotives had been used for the last five years. On steep grades the engines from England failed to draw the loads which their predecessors had moved easily. The price of the American locomotives had been $9,700 each; but $19,400 was paid for the new ones.

....The Government of Canada has granted in bonuses to railways $90,038,578 and nearly 40,000,000 acres of land, about two-thirds of this cash and land having been given to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The railways have also received in cash from the provinces $28,700,251, and from the municipalities $12,141,086. An official report shows that when the loans are added, the aid to the railways in cash from the Dominion, the provinces and the municipalities has amounted to $218,297,407, or more than one-fifth of the entire capital invested in Canadian railroads.

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Survey of the World

In the Field of Politics

The recent convention of Maryland Democrats, with its platform declaration for white supremacy and the disfranchisement of negroes, has now been followed by the convention of the Republicans of that State, who promise to repeal the new election law if they obtain control of the legislature. Concerning Mr. Gorman and his aims the platform says:

"We appeal to all good citizens to unite in defeating the selfish political bosses in their conspiracy, begun with the extra session, to perpetuate themselves and their methods by one-sided elections; and to thwart the first purpose of that conspiracy by defeating the election to the United States Senate of the Democratic leader who dictated the disfranchising election law to a servile Assembly. Their victory will again fasten upon our State the reign of corruption and violence overthrown in 1895, and enable them to intrench themselves for a generation behind a far worse disfranchising law than the un-American law we are pledged to repeal."

The Iowa Republicans have nominated A. B. Cummins for Governor on a platform favoring reciprocity as the natural complement of protection, and touching upon combinations and the tariff as follows:

"We assert the sovereignty of the people over all corporations and aggregations of capital, and the right residing in the people to enforce such regulations, restrictions or prohibitions upon corporate management as will protect the individual and society from abuse of the power which great combinations of capital wield. We favor such amendment of the Interstate Commerce Act as will more fully carry out its prohibition of discrimination in rate-making, and any modification of the tariff schedules that may be required to prevent their affording shelter to monopoly."

Returning from a visit to the President at Canton, Senator Cullom says he doesn't think there will be any tariff legislation next winter in the form of a general revision, altho some of the treaties of reciprocity ought to be ratified. Senator Stewart, of Nevada, admitting that the silver issue is dead, explains that the extraordinary output of gold has settled the money question for the time being, but he looks forward with a shudder to the "appalling suffering" that will be experienced when "the gold mines fail and the money question shall become paramount again." In South Carolina Senator McLaurin, replying at length to the resolution recently aimed at him by the Democratic Committee, remarks that Senator Tillman is a buffoon and a bully, "who proclaimed on the floor of the Senate that he represented a constituency of ballot-box stuffers and murderers who wanted their share of the stealings." Having returned from Wisconsin, where he made a public address in defense of lynching, Senator Tillman is responding with a rude eloquence of vituperation which his colleague can scarcely hope to equal.

The Steel Workers' Strike Extended

The order for a general strike of the members of the Amalgamated Association in the mills of the Steel Corporation was issued by President Shaffer on the evening of the 6th inst. It called upon them to stop work on the evening of Saturday, the 10th. But the men in one of the mills at New Castle were ordered out at once, because that mill was preparing raw material for other mills operated by non-

union men. Until the end of the week both sides were strengthening their defenses. The Corporation opened without opposition and with non-union men a mill at Wellsville, another at Hyde Park, and parts of the two mills in Pittsburg where the men had joined the union and unexpectedly gone on strike. In McKeesport, where Mayor Black has so conspicuously supported the strikers by withholding police protection from the mills and promising to arrest all non-union newcomers, the Corporation gave orders that the old Dewees Wood mill should be at once dismantled and abandoned, the machinery to be set up at some point in the Kiskiminetas Valley where non-union mills are now in operation. The mill is forty years old, and has employed 1,200 men in factories covering fourteen acres. McKeesport suffers much loss by the removal of it. A steel hoop mill in Warren will also be removed. The Tin Plate Company gave notice that the capacity of its non-union mill at Monessen would be doubled, and that several other mills now idle by reason of the strike would be dismantled. The Corporation has evidently taken advantage of the opportunity to concentrate its scattered mills, and has decided to increase the capacity of its works in places where local sentiment is not controlled by the union. Early in the week President Gompers, of the Federation of Labor, was in conference with Shaffer; and on the 9th he published a long statement approving the action of the steel workers, and saying: "We shall stand by the Amalgamated Association in the present conflict to the full extent of our power, both morally and financially." On Saturday the Executive Board of the United Mine Workers officially recognized the strike and pledged the support of the miners' union. It is said that an offer to submit the whole matter to arbitration was laid before the Corporation on Friday, and rejected. The offer was repeated on Saturday by Shaffer in a public address. At the same time he urged the strikers to withdraw their savings from the banks because the Corporation was making use of the money to their disadvantage. He defends the apparent repudiation of contracts by the strikers and the union by saying that the contracts were transferred by the companies to the Corporation without the workmen's consent. The contracts were made, however, some time after the Corporation had taken possession of the companies. During the week the price of the Corporation's securities on the Stock Exchange was well sustained. The National Anti-Trust League has retained ex-Attorney-General Monnett, of Ohio—who prosecuted the Standard Oil Company—to proceed in the courts against the Corporation for alleged violation of the Federal Anti-Trust law and of the similar laws in Ohio and other States. Not until Monday morning was it known how far the strike would be extended by the response to Shaffer's general order. It was announced then that the union had suffered a reverse in the refusal of the union men in the great mills of the Federal Steel Company at Chicago, Joliet and Milwaukee to join them. There are about 12,000 employees in these factories, but the skilled workmen are, of course, a minority. After thorough discussion the union lodges in the three mills decided by almost unanimous votes to continue at work, for the reason that they were all under contract and had no grievances. "We do not wish," said the Chicago lodge, "to bring the Amalgamated Association into disrepute with our employers, all labor organizations, and the general public, by breaking a contract at this time." But they would give the strikers a part of their wages. Work was resumed in all the Carnegie mills without loss of men. In Wheeling and elsewhere a few mills were crippled by the response to the general order, but it was estimated that the number of men on strike had been increased by not more than 10,000. Secretary Williams published a statement complaining because arbitration had been rejected, and saying that if the strike should fail to settle the question there would be a resort to legislation and the ballot. "If all else fails," he added, "I believe that it will result in an appeal to the bayonet."

Cuba and Porto Rico

While the Constitutional Convention is slowly making a law for the coming elections, further evidence that the political future of Cuba will be shaped by the is-

land's trade relations with the United States is seen in a statement which the Association of Tobacco Merchants in Havana has published. This association will ask our Government to reduce the duty on cigars to $2.50 a pound (from $4.50 a pound and 25 per cent. of the value), and the duty on leaf tobacco to about 25 cents a pound, the present rate for wrappers being $1.85, while fillers are dutiable at 35 cents. It says that if we grant no concessions on tobacco and sugar, Cuba will be helpless and must ask for annexation. The protected producers of tobacco and sugar in this country, the association remarks, ought not to oppose the tariff concessions desired by Cuba, because annexation would sweep away all the duties and expose these producers to the full force of unrestricted competition with the sugar and tobacco of the island. The present duties on the ordinary grades of Cuban cigars imported into this country exceed 100 per cent. The free admission of Porto Rican tobacco and sugar at our ports will now stimulate the Cuban demand for reductions. It is plain enough that while the sugar refiners here will try to obtain a reduction or the removal of the present duty on raw sugar the producers of beet sugar will strenuously oppose such a change. The leader of the manufacturers of beet sugar says that the present tariff ought to be retained for ten years, and that the refiners' purpose is to destroy the beet sugar industry. On the other hand, the refiners say that the large profits of this industry, which are due chiefly to the tariff, go to the manufacturer and not to the farmer. A sharp contest over the proposed treaty of reciprocity with Cuba is thus foreshadowed. There has been published in Havana a long letter from T. Estrada Palma, who reminds the Cubans that it will be very difficult for their President to accomplish anything if the Cuban Congress has no majority to support him, but is broken up into factional groups. He told General Gomez, he adds, that he himself, being a man of independent character, was not brave enough to be a candidate with no prospect of a strong supporting majority, because the important thing was not to be elected, but to be successful in office. He strives to impress upon the political leaders the necessity of organizing a legislative majority to support the President. As there are in the Constitutional Convention several Civil Governors who are said to be using their influence to procure their election to the offices which they now hold, Gualberto Gomez moved last week that all office-holders who intended to be candidates should retire from their offices one month before the election; but the motion was lost. A company of 150 white Cubans will be trained by American officers to take charge of the artillery in Cabanas fortress after the withdrawal of our troops.—In Porto Rico the Commissioner of Education expects that Mr. Carnegie will set up a library in San Juan. The Council of the city has voted to spend $6,000 a year for the maintenance of such an institution, and the Commissioner hopes that Mr. Carnegie will give $150,000, in order that the library may be housed in a fine building on the Plaza Colon, near the statue of Columbus, and may also supply the wants of other cities by distribution.

The Philippine Islands

General MacArthur's annual report, covering the nine months ending with June, has been received in Washington. We quote from it the following interesting passages:

"In due time, and beyond any question, if beneficent republican institutions are permitted to operate with full force, the Filipino people will become warmly attached to the United States by a sense of self-interest and gratitude. In the meantime the molding force in the islands must be a well-organized army and navy. Anything in the immediate future calculated to impede the activity or reduce the efficiency of these instruments will not only be a menace to the present, but put in jeopardy the entire future of American possibilities in the archipelago. . . . Properly speaking, and in broad scope, there is no Church question in the Philippines. Under conservative procedure, and if no extra-constitutional methods are invoked, there is nothing presented of serious import or calculated to cause any considerable public concern. . . . The power that holds these islands must of necessity exert an active and potential influence upon the affairs of Asia. . . . The presence of America in thse islands is simply one of the results. in logical sequence, of great material prosperity; and in remote consequences is likely to transcend in importance anything recorded in the history of the world since the discovery of America. To doubt the wisdom of the United States remaining in the islands is to doubt the stability of republican institutions, and amounts to a declaration that a nation thus

governed is incapable of resisting strains that arise naturally from its own freedom and its own productive energy."

The capture of Aguinaldo he regards as a most momentous event, because it dispelled the growing tendency to idealize this leader's personality and "to surround him with mythical legends of invincibility, which millions of natives believed to be true, and which would have insured the ultimate success of the rebellion." The Chinese, he says, are not needed as laborers, and he recommends that the number of them in the islands be decreased gradually by immigration restrictions. Colonel Crowder's recommendations for a Philippine coinage system are approved. The proposed currency would have for its basis a gold peso equal to one-half of our gold dollar. There is now in circulation in the islands about $60,000,000, of which $35,000,000 is Mexican and Filipino silver.—General Malvar, who asserts that he is the successor of Aguinaldo, is trying to distribute 50,000 copies of a proclamation in which he tells the natives that the insurrection will be carried forward to a successful issue; but at last accounts he was running away from General Sumner's cavalry. In Mindoro, Arthur Howard, the deserter, and his followers have fled to the mountains. The government of Manila was turned over to the new civil authorities on the 7th; and the new code of civil procedure will be in force on September 1st. In completing the organization of the Insular Constabulary many who were formerly officers of Volunteer regiments have been made Inspectors or Captains.

Colombia and Venezuela

Altho new light is leaking out bit by bit in regard to the situation in the northern part of South America, the censored press and the partisan sources of the news still make the general situation a mystery. President Castro announces that he has defeated a second invasion from Colombia under the generalship of an ex-Colombian Minister of War. If this statement is a fact it is tantamount to a declaration of war. The members of the Colombian Legation at Caracas, moreover, have left town for a short period, tho they have not asked for their passports. In the meantime the manifesto of General Uribe-Uribe, the Colombian insurgent leader, has been received in this country. In it he gives the reasons for his participation in the revolution. He says that he is fighting for the reunion of "Great Colombia," as the federation of Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador was known previous to the year 1830. This, he says, was the ambition of the great South American liberator, General Simon Bolivar. The impression among South American residents in this country is that President Castro, of Venezuela, President Alfaro, of Ecuador, and General Uribe-Uribe have an agreement to the effect that the forces of the three are to work together for the overthrow of the Conservative government in Colombia, which is the only obstacle to the re-establishment of "Great Colombia." As General Uribe is a Liberal like Presidents Castro and Alfaro, it may be that this whole turmoil has been stirred up for the purpose of liberalizing the northern section of South America and freeing it from the Conservative or Clerical domination. Castro and Alfaro have already put the Catholic Church and the Clerical Party to political rout, and it is for their interest to support the insurgents, who are trying to do likewise in Colombia. In case, however, there should be an actual war between Colombia and Venezuela, Colombia would probably win, as her population is five millions to Venezuela's three millions. At present we have a treaty with Colombia by which we agree to preserve and defend her sovereignty in Panama in exchange for a railroad and a guarantee of free transit across the Isthmus. Now, as the Colombian insurgents stopped this traffic last week our Government has ordered the "Wisconsin" on the Pacific Coast, and the "Machias" on the Atlantic Coast, to proceed to the Isthmian waters to see that the transit across the Isthmus is kept open, and generally to protect American interests. The moral effect of the presence of these ships must, of course, be disheartening to the insurgents. The situation, in fine, is critical, but, as in many other critical situations, there may be no crisis.

English Affairs

Parliament expects to prorogue on Saturday of this week, and sessions have been held lasting till five and six o'clock in the

morning, which does not help the good temper of the members. The Government party is encouraged by three by-elections which resulted in their favor, while two or three unimportant divisions have shown but a narrow margin in a House that is overwhelmingly Conservative. The most dangerous thing for them, however, is the courage which the Liberals are showing, even if we cannot call it harmony. They now understand how they stand, and Lord Rosebery has declared himself independent of the party, and says he will travel alone. This leaves such leaders as Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Gray, who sympathize most nearly with him, free to assert themselves, and relieves them from their present obligation to follow his lead. The general policy of the Liberal Party is best announced by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who is a Liberal leader in the House of Commons. He opposes the relentless policy against the Boers in the field which is believed to be imposed upon General Kitchener by Colonial Secretary Chamberlain, opposes the use of Kaffirs in war, advocates amnesty to all belligerents, whether from the two republics or rebels in Cape Colony, and demands the speediest restoration of self-government for the conquered territories. The Liberals are likely to find plenty of grounds to criticise the Government's home policy when the war is concluded, so that their chances seem much better than a few weeks ago. Especially the futile education policy of the Government invites opposition, and local government will be a feature of the Liberal platform. During the session Mr. Herbert Gladstone has been the chief Liberal whip, and great credit is given to him for keeping the Liberals from utterly breaking up. He is engaged to be married to Miss Dorothy Paget, daughter of Sir Richard Paget, for thirty years a stanch Tory member of Parliament.—The naval maneuvers came to a sudden end after a week. It was the effort of the defending fleet to prevent the attacking fleet from securing control of the English Channel and cutting off the English food supplies, and ravaging English commerce. After seven days it was clear that the defense had failed, and the disaster would have been great if this had been anything more than merely playing at war. The failure of the defense is charged to the lack of enough fast cruisers; and the lesson adds to the burden of the taxpayer, as more and swifter ships will have to be built. The advantage is as great on the water as on land of great mobility. The lesson of the South African war has been that slow infantry can do little against trained mounted soldiers.

Death of Crispi

Francisco Crispi, ex-Prime Minister of Italy, died last Sunday evening in his eighty-second year. He was a Sicilian by birth, and was well educated as a lawyer. He had an early passion for political reform, and took part in a futile insurrection against King "Bomba," and was compelled to flee the country and after being expelled from Paris found a refuge in London, where he gave lessons in Greek, Latin, Italian and French. There he engaged with Mazzini in the plots which finally freed Sicily. He accompanied Garibaldi to Sicily in the expedition of 1859, and remained, after its success, to organize the Government. Then he was elected from Palermo to the first Italian Parliament, and from this time his rise was rapid, as he showed unusual political genius. He entered one cabinet after another, became Prime Minister, was the leader in bringing Italy into the Dreibund and in renewing its obligations. He also claimed credit for the colonial policy in Abyssinia, but the terrible reverse of Adowa was a sad blow to his credit, which was further lowered by his connection with the Roman Bank scandal, so that in his old age he was driven out of political life. The most diverse views were held as to his character. He was charged with bigamy, and Queen Margherita for some time refused to receive him at court. He was bitterly hated by the ecclesiastics, who could not forgive his policy toward the Pope, and who made the most of the charge that he had married again during the life of his former wife, and accused him of being the tool of the Free Masons. On his death-bed efforts were made to persuade him to accept the dying offices of the Church, but he refused, saying it was a matter between him and Christ. Doubtless he will be remembered as the most influential man, after Cavour, in securing the recognition of Italy as a great Power, but

at the expense of very heavy financial burdens.

Mourning for Empress Frederick

The usual period of court mourning has been decreed for the Empress Dowager, full mourning till August 26th, medium mourning four weeks longer, and minor mourning seven weeks, until November 5th. All musical and theatrical performances are forbidden till after the funeral, August 13th. These orders are more formal and strict than those which the Emperor Frederick promulgated on the death of William I, when he declined to issue any regulations, leaving the people to express their grief and sympathy in their own way. Fuller details are given of the last hours of the Empress. It is stated that Emperor William and the Empress were at the bedside from 5.30 a. m. until the end. Frequently the Emperor held his mother's hand warmly clasped. She was fully conscious until noon and suffering great agony. Then she gradually became unconscious. Soon after 6 p. m. the physicians gave a sign that dissolution was approaching. The Emperor grasped her hand and held it until the last, the other members of the family kneeling silently around the bed. The German press is, of course, courteous in reference to the dead, and generally confines its comments to her personal character and ability, and her abundant charities. Occasion has been taken, however, to deny the reports which have generally circulated as to her opposition to Prince Bismarck. The editor of the *Hamburger Nachrichten,* Prince Bismarck's old organ, says Prince Bismarck repeatedly asserted in private conversation that it was quite untrue that the Empress Frederick caused him great obstacles during Emperor Frederick's reign, adding that, on the contrary, there was no time in his entire career in which he was freer from friction than during the "ninety-nine days." The *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten,* an influential Conservative organ, which also cherishes Bismarckian traditions, has repeatedly denied that Empress Frederick took part in the intrigues which caused Prince Bismarck's downfall, saying, "She was much too shrewd a woman to do so." One result of the death of the Empress Dowager has been that there are no pyrotechnics about the return of General Count von Waldersee from China. His work in China is highly praised, but yet it is evident that there was no chance for any great laurels for German arms, especially as Von Waldersee's command of the allied forces was not as complete as was expected. Neither the French nor the Americans put themselves under his direction unreservedly, while the Russians were off by themselves. Only the British and a little handful of Austrians and Italians, were really under his command, the rest being so only *pro forma.*

Armenian Explorations

While the English are taking the lead in the exploration of Ancient Crete, the Germans are now showing the chief energy in opening the archeological treasures of the further East of Asia Minor and Babylonia, where French and English led the way. Perhaps the German concession for the Baghdad Railway has led to the dispatch of several important expeditions, of which one under Dr. R. Koldewey is now engaged in opening the mounds of Babylon itself. The Armenian region was explored with considerable success by the Frenchman, E. I. Schulz, in 1827, who found cuneiform inscriptions in the old Armenian capital at Van, but he was murdered by the Kurds. His manuscripts were recovered and published in 1840, giving us a long series of inscriptions. It was found that a number of these were in a peculiar language, which gradually yielded to scholars, until the first satisfactory translations were made by Prof. A. H. Sayce in 1881, following up the clues given by Hincks, Rawlinson, Lenormant, Mordtmann and Guyard. The study was then taken up in Germany by Dr. C. F. Lehmann and Dr. W. Belck, who published in 1895-6 a series of papers explaining the history of this Vannic people. They had an important kingdom in Armenia, and their inscriptions are by such kings as Ishpuinish, Minuas and Argistis, nearly 800 B. C. They are properly the Khaldians (not Chaldeans, who were a different people), and their chief god was Khaldi. Their language is not Indo-Germanic, like the modern Armenian, but is in the same

class as the modern Georgian, as Lenormant first showed. In 1898 Drs. Belck and Lehmann began an expedition in Armenia, the results of which are now being published. The capital city of the Khaldians was Van, called Dhuspas, and a royal residence was at Toprak-kaleh. The extent of the kingdom is unknown, but inscriptions are found even in Russian Armenia, and at Lake Urumia, in Persia. The inscriptions record wars against the Hittites, Assyrians and the Barsuas, who seem not to be the Persians, but possibly some Aryan vanguard. The earliest inscriptions are in the Assyrian language, but the Vannic scribes soon applied the cuneiform syllabary to their own language, and in the time of Minuas all inscriptions are in Khaldian. Drs. Belck and Lehmann have brought home bronze bulls, shields, etc., with the names of Argistis and Rusas, who were contemporary with Sargon of Assyria (721-705 B. C.). It is found that the Persians in the decoration of their palaces at Persepolis followed the Khaldian models, which, in turn, had been taken from the Assyrian. Thus considerable addition is made to our knowledge of Armenian history and of the succession of art.

The Air Ship

The air ship of M. Santos-Dumont is a wreck. In his eagerness to get the prize for the first successful flight about the Eiffel Tower and back to an assigned position, M. Santos-Dumont attempted the task last Thursday morning in too high a wind. By the conditions under which the prize of $20,000 was offered by M. Deutsch, the time limit of the round trip was thirty minutes. He took only nine minutes to reach the Tower, went around it, and started back. Then the gas began to escape from the balloon. This required the aeronaut to pump air into the small air balloon inside of the gas balloon, but the motor failed to work, and the rear of the balloon flapped down, and threatened to catch the screw. Thereupon M. Santos-Dumont stopped the engine and let the balloon drift. It fell suspended between two blocks of the Exposition Trocadero Hotel, from which a rope was let down to him by which he escaped. The motor was not damaged, only the balloon, which will be replaced by a better one, and M. Santos-Dumont declares that he will renew his attempt in the first half of September. He attributes his safety to his wearing a religious medal presented to him by the Countess D'Eu, daughter of the Emperor Dom Pedro, of Brazil. The balloon is a pointed silk-covered cylinder 111 feet long, with a capacity of 19,300 cubic feet. Inside of it is the air balloonet, the purpose of which is to keep the balloon inflated with air if the gas should escape. The car is hung by piano wire some thirty or forty feet below the balloon, and is a light framework, supporting the aeronaut at one end, and at the other a four-cylinder sixteen horse-power motor. Great care has to be taken to have the whole properly balanced. In his light basket the aeronaut is able to control all the machinery for maneuvering the balloon, and also the ballast and guide-ropes.

General Gribski's Suicide

The report comes, which may be received with some reserve, of the death by suicide of General Gribski, the Russian officer in command of Blagovestchensk at the time of the terrible massacre of the Chinese there. The first word the public had of it was from Professor Wright, of Oberlin College, who happened to be there just after the massacre, and saw the river filled with corpses; and his report was soon confirmed in all its horrible details. It was in August, 1900, that some Chinese rebels across the river Amur fired on the city. The Russians were terribly excited, not knowing what fearful uprising there might be. General Gribski telegraphed to St. Petersburg for instructions and received the reply: "Fling Chinese across Amur." The chief of police interpreted the message literally. He gathered the five thousand Chinese of Blagovestchensk on the bank, where there was scarce a boat or raft, and literally flung them, men, women and children, into the water, where all were drowned, and their bodies filled the river. General Gribski was called to St. Petersburg to explain the affair, and it is said that his explanation was not regarded satisfactory, and he was returning in disgrace

when he decided to take his life just before reaching Blagovestchensk.

South Africa The principal news of the week from South Africa is of the proclamation issued by Lord Kitchener August 7th, under instructions from the Imperial Government, and with the concurrence of the Governments of Cape Colony and Natal. It declares that His Majesty's forces have complete possession of the seats of government and all the machinery of administration in the Orange Free State and the South African Republic, as well as of all the principal towns; that the burghers of these late republics still in arms are very few and unable to carry on regular warfare, but yet gather in small plundering bands and keep the country in a state of disturbance; and it therefore declares that all leaders of armed bands who do not surrender before September 15th shall be permanently banished from South Africa, and that the cost of the maintenance of the families of any burghers in the field after that date shall be a charge upon their property. This apparently means partial or total confiscation. The proclamation meets general approval in England, inasmuch as the continuance of the war after independence has been lost seems an act of reckless folly. The report receives general credence that General Kitchener will shortly be relieved of the command and sent to take charge of the army in India. There has been a bit of trouble on the border near Cashmere, where a militia post was captured, but there does not appear to be any present danger of a rising of the tribes, altho some anxiety is felt as to the loyalty of the Ameer of Afghanistan. There is much more danger of disturbance before many years in Persia, where the Russians have quite displaced the British in influence at the court.

The Sudan Having finished practically the work of irrigation for Egypt, begun in 1885, Lord Cromer is now wisely looking forward to the extension of this work, which will be necessary for the Sudan. The great dams at Assuan and Assiut will enable wide tracts of land that now bear but one crop in the year to bear two, and will be in use by the middle of 1902. But even so Egypt will need more water, and still more will be needed for the Sudan. Sir William Garstin is at the head of the irrigation work, and has been devoting much study to the problems involved. If Egypt alone were concerned another dam might be constructed near the Second or Third Cataract. But much more is needed. There are three courses that are open: One, and that which naturally first occurs, is the damming up of the exit of the great Victoria Nyanza, which covers a space nearly as large as all Scotland. But it is surrounded by swamps and has a large population, and the southern half of the lake is within the territory of German East Africa, and Germans may object. Another possible plan would be the creation of a dam at the outlet of the Albert Nyanza. This would injure nobody and give plenty of water. But it is in an earthquake region, and earthquakes are not good for masonry which has to resist a heavy pressure of water. Further, the country between Lake Albert and Khartum is full of immense swamps and lagoons. Both of these lakes are on the White Nile, where it will be a slow work to develop a population. Sir William Garstin much prefers the plan of utilizing the little known Lake Tsana, the head waters of the Blue Nile. It appears to be admirably adapted for the purpose, and the plains through which it passes are wonderfully fertile and greatly need irrigation, and there is a vigorous population. But here there is another very serious difficulty—namely, that Lake Tsana is not in British territory, but within the limits of Abyssinia, and it would be impossible to utilize it without the hearty consent of King Menelek. But there is no hurry about it; indeed a number of years can be passed while surveys are being made and the conditions of peace are being restored in the Sudan. Further, the first need is not more water, but a railroad from Khartum to the Red Sea, and this has not yet been begun, and its building is urgently advised by Lord Cromer. Lake Nyanza is now connected by railroad with the Indian Ocean, or at least will be in two months. This work has taken several years, and opens up a magnificent region to commerce.

New Work for the Republican Party

THE SUPPRESSION OF ENORMOUS CORPORATIONS. THE ENFORCEMENT OF COMPETITION IN PRODUCTION AND TRADE. THE PROTECTION OF THE WAGES OF LABOR.

By the Hon. William E. Chandler

Lately United States Senator from New Hampshire

A CORPORATION charter authorizing $350,000,000 of bonds, $500,000,000 of preferred stock and $500,000,000 of common stock, all for the purpose of creating a monopoly in the iron and steel manufactures of the United States, should be repealed by the Legislature of the State which created it, and the Republican voters of the State should elect a Republican Legislature pledged to such repeal.

That such a gigantic monopoly should be created or allowed by any State is a grievous wrong done to 76,000,000 of people. All gain through the economy of production on a large scale is more than overcome by the evil of giving power to the monopolists to fix any price of the product to the consumer which they choose to exact, and any rate of wages to their workmen which they choose to force upon their helpless victims. The increased profits will only go to swell the enormous fortunes of the multi-millionaires, whose enormous wealth already enables them to organize a $1,350,000,000 monopoly.

Only one such overgrown monopoly has been hitherto tried in this country—namely, the Joint Traffic Association, consisting of the nine lines of railroads between New York and Chicago, owned by 30 corporations, with a capital of $2,500,000,000, and a gross income of $300,000,000. Practically this association dominated all the railroads of the country, with a capital of $11,000,000,000, an income of $1,200,000,000 and a force of employees numbering 900,000.

This railroad Joint Traffic Association was nominally dissolved after a decision of the United States Supreme Court (made by five judges against four) that it was illegal under the United States Anti-Monopoly act of 1890. But the railroads endeavored to force the passage of a law of Congress authorizing all the railroads of the country to pool their earnings substantially as was done by the railroads in the Joint Traffic Association. In 1895 such a bill passed the House, but failed to come to a vote on the merits in the Senate and did not become a law. Two principal amendments were offered in the Senate, one providing that, under pooling with competition abolished, there should be no raising of fares and freights except with the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the second a provision for the compulsory arbitration of the rates of wages of the railroad employees under the Arbitration law of Congress of October 1st, 1888.

But both these amendments were voted down in the Senate Committee through railroad influence; and, altho the bill has never become a law, yet an illegal combination of the railroads to maintain rates continues to exist; the leading railroad companies formerly in competition are coming under the same ownership; all railroad competition is abolished, and the charges to passengers and shippers and the wages of the railroad employees are fixed by the arbitrary and uncontrolled power of a few enormously wealthy owners and managers.

Such is the railroad combination of not less than $3,000,000,000, and practically of $11,000,000,000. Now it is supplemented and fortified by an alliance with a steel corporation of $1,350,000,000. The people have stood so far almost paralyzed in the face of such enormous masses of money concentrated in two absolutely monopolized industries, with others quite as objectionable but of less magnitude co-operating to suppress competition, maintain the prices of products and keep down the wages of labor.

But the voters are beginning to wake up; not yet the consumers of iron and steel, but the workmen in the iron and steel factories. Necessarily such a huge combination as the Steel Corporation, employing thousands of laborers, will cause the formation of a huge labor organization. The power of the producers of any

of the great staple commodities constituting the necessaries of human life at the present day to fix the prices for the consumers and the wages for their workmen without competition will not be tolerated. Bargains of all kinds should be mutual. There is no mutuality where the consumer can buy of only one producer, and where the workman has only one employer through whom he can earn the daily bread for himself and his family.

So we are to have gigantic struggles between vast aggregations of capital and vast bodies of organized laborers. The last are inevitable if the first exist; and are legitimate and justifiable. If all the manufacturers of iron and steel can combine, then all the laborers skilled only in that kind of work have the right to unite in one labor organization and agree that no one will work unless the wages for all are fixed by the organization and assented to by the manufacturers. Neither employers nor laborers have a right to resort to illegal or unfair means; to violence of any sort. But we all know the tendency.

In 1895 Mr. Carnegie's employees struck, he ran away to Europe, riots took place, Mr. Frick was shot and others killed, the whole National Guard of Pennsylvania was called to arms; and in consequence of this controversy Mr. Cleveland was elected President instead of Mr. Harrison.

Further disturbances of this kind are sure to follow persistency in the attempts to annihilate the rule of competition in business which has governed production and commerce since the dawn of civilization, and thus to revolutionize human affairs without any provision for keeping down the prices of commodities to the consumers and keeping up the rates of wages for the laborers. The ancient and natural law of the business world which has protected consumers and laborers is to be abolished in favor of the capitalists; and no method is to be provided by which the latter are to be kept back from raising prices and lowering wages at their pleasure.

Wild words are not wise; but it may be usefully said that there should be a fearful looking forward to judgment on the part of the men who are doing these things.

What is the remedy for the threatening evils? It is easy and sure: the exercise of legislative control over corporation organizations. No abolition of competition in any business can take place through agreements of individuals or partnerships of individuals alone. Corporate powers are indispensable. Bonds and stock must be issued and thrust upon the market. But the legislatures can decide what shall be the quantities of bonds and stocks, and can limit the business which each corporation may do. Congress can absolutely control the interstate commerce railroads. The State legislatures can also govern them and all other corporation monopolies, and force them back to the ancient ways. The people have the remedy in their own hands; and if the suffrage is not overcome by corruption, fraud or violence, success will attend the coming counter movement against the twentieth century attempt to revolutionize the laws of production and commerce by organizing huge combinations of wealth in the form of corporations, by abolishing competition, by oppressing consumers and laborers, by making the rich enormously richer, while the poor stand still in their poverty, and, above all, by arousing the many poor voters in our republic into a dangerous crusade against the comparatively few rich voters, which will endanger the stability of the republic itself.

This is the new work for the Republican Party, worthy of its reputation. It has abolished slavery, given to every settler a farm on our public lands; established manhood suffrage throughout the nation, saved the Union in civil war; liberated two races in Cuba and the Orient; and it will continue to be the party of the people and not degenerate into a mere enslaved organization owned by the money power of America and Europe.

The Democratic Party will do nothing helpful. Its first purpose at the South is to suppress the votes of two millions of citizens entitled to suffrage under the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution. Its first purpose at the North is to keep in power in New York City a corrupt political organization with $90,000,000 of annual income. Incidentally it seeks to ruin our manufacturing industries by destroying the American tariff system. Some of its leaders make loud professions of desire to protect the masses

from the oppressions of capital. But they say this must be done by extreme measures tending to repudiation, socialism and anarchy. Wherever locally the Republican Party is corrupt it finds no difficulty in holding its power by buying up local Democratic leaders. The Democratic Party has no fixed principles generally concurred in by its members; has lost the confidence of the country; has no real strength except at the South through the suppression there of legal votes; and has to-day no prospect of obtaining power to any considerable extent at the North or in the National Government—unless the Republican Party seeks its own destruction by failing to do its new duty in a wise, careful, conservative but effective way—the duty of maintaining competition in commerce and manufactures against the unfair demands of aggregated capital, and in protecting from extortion the consumers of the necessaries of life and from oppression the toiling millions of American laborers.

CONCORD, N. H.

Recognition of the Trade Unions

By John Mitchell

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA

AS a consequence of the recent and present industrial disturbances, the question of the recognition of the trade unions by the employers of labor is being much discussed; and, judging by the varied sentiments expressed, it is evident that there is a great diversity of opinion upon this important subject. It is also apparent that a vast number of otherwise well informed persons do not understand the purpose which prompts the officers and members of the trade unions to insist so strenuously upon their organizations receiving official recognition. And if one were to accept without investigation the statements of many of those opposed to the recognition of the union he would be led to believe that there were no vital principles involved in the issue, and that the unions were not actuated by high ideals or lofty motives in making this demand; in fact, it is frequently asserted through the columns of the public press and by men prominent in various walks of life that the demand for the recognition of the union is the result of a desire on the part of what they term demagogic and irresponsible labor leaders to impress their own personalities upon the public mind and attract attention to themselves regardless of the interests of the great mass of the people who are compelled to work from day to day for their livelihood.

There is another class, principally large employers of labor, who assume that a contract made with a labor organization is impractical and valueless because they say that labor organizations are not incorporated; that they have no legal existence, and consequently a contract fixing the wages and regulating the conditions of employment of their employees, made with a labor organization, would not be observed; or, in other words, the workers would be under no obligation whatever to carry out either the letter or the spirit of the contract, because the labor organization with which the contract was made could neither sue nor be sued.

There are also employers who justify their refusal to recognize the union upon the specious ground that they are opposed to the interference of persons who are not directly in their employment—that is to say, they object to the intervention of the officials of the labor organizations, who, as a rule, are not employed in the mills, the mines or the factories; but, on the contrary, devote their entire time and attention to their duties as officials of the organizations they represent. My observation has been that where an employer has refused to recognize the union for any of the reasons enumerated, he is invariably opposed to the union itself. It must be apparent to every fair minded man that a labor organization, like any and every other institution, must have trained men, specialists indeed, to direct its affairs; and in these days of industrial

concentration the organizations require and employ as officers the most skilled and the best informed persons they can find in their respective trades; and particularly is it essential that the unions be represented by men of wide experience and honest motives; men who are fearless in the prosecution of their duties; men who will insist upon labor receiving that portion of the profits of industry which properly belongs to it; but who, at the same time, will recognize the right of the employers to receive that portion of

JOHN MITCHELL

the profits to which their investments entitle them.

That none of the reasons assigned by those who oppose recognition of the union are valid can, I think, be demonstrated beyond the possibility of reasonable doubt. While it is true that a large majority of the trade unions are not incorporated; that they have no legal existence; that they can neither sue nor be sued; I do contend that the contracts made between them and the employers of labor have been and would be observed as sacredly and their provisions carried out as religiously as tho it were a penal offense to violate them; and I am sure that experience has demonstrated that in those trades and industries where the employees are best organized and where the trade union is recognized and contracted with, strikes and labor disturbances have been least numerous. To illustrate this point I would call attention to the situation in the bituminous and anthracite coal fields of the United States, for the purpose of contrasting conditions in fields where the union is recognized and where it is ignored. There are four hundred thousand men and boys employed in the coal mining industry of this country; of the two hundred and fifty thousand working in the bituminous fields nearly all are members of the United Mine Workers of America, a national trade organization. The union is recognized by the mine owners, and once each year representatives of the miners' union and representatives of the mine owners meet in joint interstate convention, and enter into an agreement stipulating the wages and fixing the conditions of employment which shall obtain during the life of the contract, or for a period of one year. The contract is signed by the officers of the Miners' National Union; and while its provisions cannot be enforced by any court, while there is nothing but the honor and good faith of the parties to it to make it operative and binding, yet in the three and one-half years in which these contracts have been in existence there is not a single instance in which a violation of contract can be cited, either on the part of the mine owners or of the mine workers. On the other hand, take the anthracite coal fields, in which one hundred and fifty thousand men and boys are employed, who are also members of the United Mine Workers of America. In this important branch of the coal industry specific contracts are not entered into between the mine workers and the mine owners; and the organization of which all these men and boys are members is not recognized by the employers. The conditions there are the exact reverse of those prevailing in the bituminous coal fields; strikes are of frequent occurrence, and neither the miners, the mine owners nor the public have any guarantee that the coal supply of all the Eastern States may not be cut off at almost any moment; and in this district the miners constantly complain that they are being treated unjustly by the mine owners; that wages are reduced without

warning and without giving the workers an opportunity to discuss the equity of the action or the necessity for it; and the mine owners as often complain that their mines are closed by strikes inaugurated by the mine workers without cause or justification. Whereas if the mine owners and the representatives of the Miners' National Union should meet in conference and fix specifically the amount of wages to be paid and the conditions of employment which should obtain—as is done in the bituminous coal fields—there would be a positive assurance that work would continue uninterruptedly during the life of the contract. And what is true of the mining industry applies with equal force to every other industry of the United States.

It goes without saying that every strike and every lockout affects seriously others than those directly engaged in the strike or lockout. Great public interests are involved, and it is certainly a matter of no small concern to the public that some method be adopted through which strikes and lockouts may be entirely avoided, or at least reduced to the minimum. Experience has demonstrated that the most practical plan which the ingenuity of man has been able, up to this time, to devise is for employers to recognize the union; meet its representatives in conference; enter into trade agreements which define in detail the conditions of employment which shall obtain during the life of such agreements. The constitution and laws of nearly every labor organization make it an offense punishable by expulsion for any member to violate a trade agreement or even by subterfuge to evade any of its provisions. The officers of the trade organizations of the present day recognize the great responsibility resting upon them, and they are few indeed who dare, even if they were so inclined, ruthlessly to disregard the sacred obligations of a contract. I know of many instances where contracts which were in conflict with the constitution and laws of trade unions have been entered into with employers, and yet the officers and members of the trade organizations have insisted that the contracts superseded the constitution and laws and took precedence of them; in fact, I recall several specific cases where the members of a local union connected with a national organization went on strike for the purpose of enforcing a higher rate of wages than was provided for in the contract made between the national organization and an employers' association, in which the officers of the national union promptly filled the places of the strikers with other men in order that the union could not be charged with or convicted of breach of faith.

As the unions have grown in numerical strength, as their power and responsibility have increased, they have become correspondingly conservative in their administration. The labor unions are here; they are here to stay; they are a power which must be reckoned with; they were not formed from sentimental ideas; they do not advocate Utopian theories or impractical policies; they have not grown to their present vast magnitude without good cause. The time has passed when wages and conditions of employment can be fixed satisfactorily at the door of the factory or at the mouth of the mine; the workers insist—and justly, too—that their wages shall be agreed to in conference halls where reason and logic, conservatism and equity shall be the controlling influences; they insist upon being represented in these conferences by men qualified by education and experience to defend their interests in as able a manner as the interests of capital are defended and protected by its representatives.

The assumption of some employers of labor that because they own a mine, a mill, a railroad or a factory they have the absolute right to do with their property as they choose, regardless of the effect of their action upon the welfare of the men and women they employ, or upon the public interests, is so superficial as scarcely to deserve notice. Any quasi public institution, be it mine, mill, railroad or factory, which is chartered by the State and consequently responsible to the people, is certainly not invested with absolute authority to injure the welfare of society by throwing its employees into idleness simply because they demand the right to bargain collectively as to the wages and conditions which shall govern their employment; and it is a certainty that there will be no industrial peace until this right is conceded by the employers of labor. I have never known an instance where the representatives of capital and labor have

failed to agree when the two sat down together, put their feet under the table and told one another the absolute truth. I am confident that every great strike which has taken place in our country could have been avoided if each side had been reasonable and honest with the other. It is not only positively absurd but also unwise for employers of labor to stand upon their own preconceived ideas of their individual rights and declare to the world that they would rather close their mills, their factories or their mines than recognize the trade unions or discuss the wages they shall pay the labor they employ. There would be as much logic and as much reason in the position were the employees to refuse to treat with the managers, the superintendents or the counsel employed by the stockholders of any corporation. If the employers are honest in their public declarations that they desire to treat labor fairly they should have no fear of recognizing the trade union.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Velvet Mask

By Andrew Lang.

IT would ill become a mere foreigner, and an ignorant foreigner, to hint at a defect in the development of the United States. But perhaps I may put an idea in the form of a question. Are the records of your national past not a little deficient in mystery? I may be imperfectly informed, but I think that your historical writers generally know who everybody was, what became of everybody, and, roughly speaking, what everybody did. To the scientific historian (a dull dog) this condition of knowledge is satisfactory. But the general public has long regarded history as Stephenson regarded rivers. "The purpose of rivers," he said, "is to feed navigable canals." And the purpose of history is to supply materials for historical novels, which are later put on the stage.

Now, American history (as far as I know it) has not mystery enough for a really exciting romance. Nobody of the highest importance ever vanished away, disappeared; nobody except a certain regicide, and *he* was of English importation. The amiable and beautiful wife of none of your Presidents was ever accused of plotting, with an admiral of your fleet, to blow up the President in the White House, the question of her guilt remaining deliciously obscure. Not one of your Presidents, after fighting his way to within a lance's length of a hostile general, ever vanished away, leaving public opinion uncertain as to whether he had gone, literally, to Jericho, or been put down a well. No occupant of the White House ever had two nephews who disappeared from the State prison, nor did any sane citizen ever turn up who claimed to be one of these missing children. Finally, your republic never kept a captive in a black velvet mask, concerning whom it was disputed whether he was a European diplomatist, a valet, a royal duke, a distinguished actor, a member of the Bonaparte family, a high class Irish patriot, or—the rightful President, whose place was being occupied by an impostor.

The chronicles of Europe, especially of France, Scotland and England, are rich in this kind of Rembrandtlike effects. We have plenty of *chiaroscuro,* especially of *oscuro,* and you have little, if any, of this element. Hawthorne felt the want; he had to invent his own mysteries. All your many historical novelists feel the want. Miss Runkle has to come to France for her effects, which are not subject to duty at the Custom House.

These reflections naturally occur to the mind after reading Mr. Tighe Hopkins's new book, "The Man in the Iron Mask." That name was only a fable; the mask was of velvet, not iron. It is really "as interesting as a novel," nay, more so. Mr. Hopkins thinks that he, or, rather, the French authors on whom he relies, have solved the problem. The Man in the Iron Mask was Count Hercule Antoine Mattioli, born 1640, a professor at Bologna, secretary of the Duke of

Mantua, who, after betraying Louis XIV and the Duke, was certainly shut up in a French prison, in 1679. We never hear his name in State papers after 1693, and the Man in the Iron Mask died, at the Bastille, in 1703. Now this is no new discovery. In 1801 a citizen named Roux Fazillac published a tiny book to prove this very case. That was exactly a century ago. Roux was a regicide and was banished at the restoration of Louis XVIII, after Waterloo. Says Roux in his tract: "I have settled the question; no book on this topic will ever again be written." Mistaken Roux! About seventy books, not to speak of plays, novels, pamphlets, articles, and memoirs in biographical dictionaries, have since been published on the problem which he had solved a hundred years ago. The latest book of all, that of Mr. Tighe Hopkins, comes back to Roux, and decides that Mattioli is the Man in the Iron Mask. But Roux, in 1801, was in advance of Mr. Hopkins, in 1901. Roux says, practically, that the Man in the Iron Mask is not one man, but several single gentlemen rolled into one. Mr. Hopkins does not seem to see this fact, for a fact it is. While his claimant, Mattioli, was still free and guiltless, and, again, after he was in prison, the stories concerning the Man in the Iron Mask were being told about somebody else—about another prisoner. As early as 1669 (and Mattioli was kidnapped in 1679), that other mysterious prisoner was looked on as no less than a marshal of France. In 1687, when Mattioli was languishing in a dungeon in Piedmont, *and was known to be there* (the fact was published in a book of 1682), this other somebody was a captive in the castle of the Ste. Marguerite Islands, in the pretty bay of Cannes. People now said that he was a son of Oliver Cromwell, or was the Royal Duc de Beaufort, who mysteriously vanished for ever five weeks before this somebody was first put in prison (June 25-July 12, 1669). This wonderful somebody was also said to have written his secret with a knife on a silver plate, which he threw out of a window; and with a pen on a laced shirt, which he tossed into the sea. He did not do so, but the things were really done (the plate being only pewter) by an imprisoned Protestant preacher, in the same fortress. All this occurred while Mattioli lay, and was well known to be lying, in his dungeon far away, in Piedmont.

Here, then, are the best known elements in the story of the Man in the Iron Mask, and they were first told, *not* about Mattioli, but about the other somebody. Therefore, even if Mattioli was brought from Piedmont to the island in the bay of Cannes, even if he did not die there (as there is fairly good reason for thinking that he did), even if he was taken, in a mask, to the Bastille in 1698 (as somebody certainly was), even if he died there, masked, in 1703, still the other somebody was good for seven-eighths of the story of the Man in the Iron Mask. He, not Mattioli, was taken for a marshal, a son of Cromwell, a Duke of Royal, though illegitimate, birth. He, not Mattioli, was in the island prison when the incidents of the writing on the plate, and the writing on the shirt, occurred in the prison-castle on the little sunny island. As everybody was interested in him, the stories of the plate and shirt were attributed to him, not to Mattioli, who was not there! Consequently the regicide, Roux, was right in 1801, when he said that the Mask story was a compound of tales told about various persons. And, in 1901, Mr. Tighe Hopkins, and other authors, are wrong, when they omit this circumstance.

Now it is plain, and Roux Fazillac said so (as also does the learned M. Funck-Brentano), that the masked man who died in 1703, at the Bastille, was either Mattioli, or my mysterious somebody. We have reason to believe that Mattioli, in 1694, was taken to the island prison where my mysterious somebody lay. But there is a strong presumption, tho not a certainty, that Mattioli died there within a month of his arrival. In any case, a person always called "the other prisoner" was taken out of the island, masked, to the Bastille, in 1698, where he expired in 1703.

Was this person Mattioli or my somebody, the prisoner supposed to be the Duc de Beaufort? If Mattioli died in 1694, the man cannot be Mattioli. Now pray observe this fact; no scholar of the many who work in the Archives has ever found any record of the death of my somebody. The deaths of other prisoners in the island fortress are chronicled.

His is never mentioned, or, at least, no scholar has published the discovery. Of course, if he lived till 1698, and was then carried to the Bastille, we have the record of his decease there in 1703. Now, till assurance of his death at the island is discovered, my somebody has a very fair claim to be the Man in the Iron Mask.

An objection is made; my somebody captured in 1669 was only a valet. He appears to have been mixed up in a plot, perhaps that of Roux de Marsily, a Protestant executed in June, 1669. At all events, he knew something which must never be known to others, and therefore he was so carefully watched that he was taken for some very great personage. But, being only a valet, he would not, it is urged, be treated with respect at the Bastille, and fed only by the "major," the chief officer as regarded prisoners. To this I reply that, when first caught, my valet received his food only at the hands of the famous Saint-Mars, later Governor of the Bastille. Again, the Masked Man was not, otherwise, treated with respect. Entering the Bastille in 1698, in 1701 he was ousted from his chamber, which was given to a female fortune-teller. *He* now shared the room of a valet, a disreputable scoundrel of nineteen. Valet with valet; it is more probable than Count and diplomatist (Mattioli) chumming with a valet.

When he died, the Man in the Iron Mask was registered, in the parish register, as Marchialy, or Marchioly—I really cannot say which, after consulting a *facsimile* of the autograph register. Marchioly may readily be Mattioli, wrongly spelled. But prisoners were often buried under false names. So there the matter stands; the Man in the Iron Mask was either Mattioli, or the most mysterious lackey of whom history holds record. What had the man done? What did he know? In any case, he supplied seven-eighths of the legend of the Man in the Iron Mask.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Federate the Young People's Societies

By William T. Ellis

[Mr. Ellis has been active in Christian Endeavor affairs for ten years He was one of the editors of *The Golden Rule*, the Christian Endeavor paper, from '94 to '97, and in charge of the United Society's Information Committee or bureau of publicity. Then he was called to Philadelphia to enter the editorial work of the Presbyterian Board of Publication. He is editor of *Forward*, the Presbyterian young people's paper, and author of several Christian Endeavor works. Mr. Ellis has been an officer of the Pennsylvania Christian Endeavor Union and president of the Philadelphia Christian Endeavor Union, and is still an officer of the latter. He is an elder in one of the Philadelphia churches.—EDITOR.]

JULY was a notable convention month this year for the young people. First the Endeavors met in Cincinnati. Then came the Epworth Leaguers in San Francisco. Next the Baptist Young People's Union and the Young People's Christian Union of the United Presbyterian Church met in Chicago and in Warsaw, Ind., respectively. And there are yet others. The spectacle of all these great gatherings, meeting in widely romote places and at almost the same time, for similar purposes, causes one to ask, why not one convention, instead of half a dozen or more? The societies are practically identical in their objects and in their form of organization; why not, therefore, a convention in which all could share, separating, of course, as often as might be necessary, for denominational sessions? This would be a manifestation of practical fellowship that would impress the world at large more profoundly than do the entire present list of conventions. Moreover, this plan would result in a large saving of thought, time, labor and money.

Some of us, believing that Christian Endeavor affords a full and satisfactory basis of fellowship, had hoped to see these conventions fully represent the Christian youth of the land, of all denominational names. The withdrawal of the Methodists into the Epworth League and the partial withdrawal of Baptists into the Baptist Young People's

Union, together with other causes which it is not necessary to specify here, have prevented the realization of these dreams. So, too, has vanished the expectation which the present writer, with many others, once held, that in the Christian Endeavor movement would be found the tie to bind all these young people's organizations together as a visible whole. Nevertheless, that unity is coming, and let it be said that to Christian Endeavor will be due in large part the honor of having brought it to pass.

Plainly, the trend of the day is toward a liberal denominationalism. The narrow sectarianism and jealousies of the past are no more. The Christian Endeavor idea has been, perhaps, the greatest contributing factor in rendering these forever impossible. Practical fellowship between the young people of all evangelical churches is now an assured thing, whatever the changes in names and organizations that may come to pass. But along with this fellowship, there is, or will be, a denominational oversight and a denominational purpose that are not at all inharmonious with true and practical interdenominational fellowship.

Experience has taught some Churches, and is teaching others, that to secure proper results from the young people's movement it must be denominationally directed. The same experience has made plain to careful observers that the highest welfare of the young people is not served when this denominational oversight precludes interdenominational fellowship. Ever bearing this last fact in mind, we recognize that young people's work should assume greater definiteness, and have more clearly marked ultimate purposes and methods of development. What has proved a rather difficult problem in the general work of Christian Endeavor—namely, the sustaining of the interests of the members in the movement—may be accomplished by each denomination's keeping before its young people's societies certain large and specific enterprises.

The Tenth Legion, the Macedonian Phalanx, the Good-Citizenship Movement, the Veteran's Corps, Local Union Unification, etc., which methods, meritorious enough in themselves, have been the Christian Endeavor means of keeping the interest of the young people alive, are neither so proper nor so effective as would be the objects which the denominations could substitute—the prosecution of special missionary work, the raising of extraordinary funds, the training of church officers, the maintenance of a denominational reading course, and so forth. As is natural, each denomination has certain messages to speak to her own young people, and certain truths to lay especially upon their hearts; that she may effectively come into touch with them for this end some simple form of denominational organization is necessary.

What is the conclusion, then, to which we come? It is the conclusion reached four years ago by THE INDEPENDENT when it printed an extensive symposium on this subject—namely, that the wise, feasible and simple method of extracting the largest possible good from the young people's movement is by a federation of all the denominational organizations, this federation, perhaps, I may add, gradually to take the place of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, which in times past has done such splendid service as a herald of the new day of youth's power and of practical Christian unity.

We need not, as a federation, do many kinds of work—should not, in fact. The federation's part will be to encourage the denominations to lead out in definite work for and with and by the young people. The federation need do no more than to provide a visible bond of union, to make possible the holding of all the national conventions of the young people at the same time and place, and to furnish topics for the weekly prayer meetings.

Thus far, or at least up to the preceding paragraph, I think that most readers are willing to go with me. It is plain that if the limited fellowship found in Christian Endeavor is good, a still larger fellowship will be better. And if denominational oversight of young people's work is good in some cases, why not in all? But right here arises a difficulty. The price of this denominational oversight in certain instances has been the loss of interdenominational fellowship. The proposed federation makes possible both of these desired ends. It will give denominational identity to the young people's work, while at the same time afford-

ing the freest and fullest fellowship and co-operation.

Other objects of the federation, briefly stated, are the preparation of the prayer meeting topics; the co-operation of the denominations, so far as practicable, in the arrangement of courses of study for the young people, and in the publishing of supplies for the societies; the collation of accurate statistics of the work and the indication of the phases of the movement that may need special emphasis from time to time. It is to be noted that this new organization, if formed, will be not an institution or a corporation, but a federation. Therefore, its chief aim will be the welfare of the young people of the churches.

Is the time ripe for such a federation? I think so. The subject of the young people's movement is just now attracting special attention in the denominational papers. The fact that there will be no convention of any of the larger organizations until two years hence gives ample time for the consideration and practical application of the plan.

Who shall practically inaugurate this new movement? is the next question. The initiative ought properly be taken by the United Society of Christian Endeavor. It is the most widely representative of all the existing young people's organizations, and should therefore be the pioneer in any movement looking toward broader fellowship in young people's work. I fear, however, that the United Society will not act in this matter, for it stands committed to one form and name of organization, and it makes the latter a prerequisite to entrance into its fellowship. May I be the first to suggest, what will naturally occur to everybody, that when the federation has become an accomplished fact it should most fittingly choose as its head the man who has been recognized the world around as the leader of the modern young people's movement, Dr. Francis E. Clark?

If no overture is made by the United Society, then the Epworth League, as the oldest and largest of the denominational organizations, ought to propose to the general officers of the young people's organizations which exist in most denominations a preliminary conference, to meet in New York this fall or winter. This conference should include representatives of the Epworth League, the Baptist Young People's Union, the Luther League, the Young People's Christian Union, the Keystone League of Christian Endeavor, the Christian Endeavor Superintendent of the Disciples of Christ, and representatives of the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches—perhaps the Moderator in the former case and the Secretary of the Publishing Society in the latter. There are other young people's denominational societies which I have not mentioned, and these, of course, should be included. It goes without saying that the United Society of Christian Endeavor should also, through its head, participate in such a conference. I would lay stress upon the fact that it is highly desirable that the men who gather in this preliminary meeting should be official representatives of the churches. This is one drawback in the case of the Christian Endeavor organization; except in a very few instances the trustees do not officially represent their denominations.

This conference should make a preliminary report to the public and to the denominations concerning the advantages and the scope of the proposed federation. Criticism from the pastors should be invited, and within a year the federation would be ready to proceed with its work for the first convention.

This convention proposal is not as serious a problem as some other features of the federation. The first step would be to secure an agreement whereby all the 1903 conventions could meet at the same time and place. It would be easy then to bring about at least one or two joint sessions. At such times the address would naturally deal with Christian fellowship, young people's work in its general aspects, and with the life and activity of the individual Christian. In the denominational sessions more specific plans of work might be considered. As to the expenses of the convention, scarcely anything need be said here. There would be practically no expense for this first year; later the denominational organizations could contribute pro rata to any expense that might be incurred in conducting the general sessions of the convention.

Another plan, and one which Christian

Endeavor's experience has shown to be perfectly feasible, would be for the local committee of entertainment to provide all the money for the general expenses of the convention, such as speakers' bills, auditorium hire, etc.

As to a name for the federation, I have no suggestion to offer, other than that the words "young people's" and "federation" should be included in it in some form. The local societies would retain their denominational names, and in the case of Christian Endeavor societies, of course, no change whatever would be needed; they would continue Christian Endeavor societies always.

The question of the publishing interests involved is the most difficult one to solve. While the United Society of Christian Endeavor has never claimed to be more than a representative of the churches in its extensive publishing business, yet the problem of making over all of these important business interests to the denominational houses is a grave one which will require patience and sweetness of spirit in its settlement. *The Christian Endeavor World* will naturally continue to find a separate field for itself, as it is not owned by the United Society of Christian Endeavor.

In spite of all difficulties the federation *can* be brought to pass. Trifles and even personalities will not be allowed to interfere with this glorious achievement in behalf of the Kingdom. We shall see, when federation day dawns, languishing societies all over the land revived, interest in young people's work universally quickened, an increased concern manifested by the denominations for their young people, and a larger impression made upon the general public, an economy of Christian power achieved, and the real unity of the hosts of Christ demonstrated.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

An Unlighted Lamp

By Rebecca Harding Davis

THERE is no more significant index to the condition of a people than the advertising columns of a popular newspaper. For example, here are some religious advertisements taken from the Saturday edition of the most conservative paper in probably the most conservative city in this country. They are published by the pastors of different churches and are meant to attract the public to their services on the following day. How do they attract them? What lures do they hold out? Here we can find a hint as to what religion is now among us and why we go to church.

These advertisements, understand, were not intended for Easter or any special feast day.

The churches frequented by the fashionable class make a feature, as theatrical folks say, of high class music. They promise Gounod, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Schubert, etc., and give the names of the organists and the famous singers who will render the arias or lead the choruses. The Episcopalians announce with dignity organ recitals and anthems, with the names of each soprano and tenor. The Reformed branch of that Church bids for patronage with more liveliness and heat. They promise "Enrapturing Music! The Trinity Quartette! Solo: 'Lord God of Abraham,' by Mr. P——, the noted Baritone! Illustrated Hymns with Stereopticon and Calcium Lights! Seventeen Colored Views!"

The sedate Baptists advertise Processional Choirs, Orchestras and sensational topics for sermons.

I remember that I was once taken when I was a child to a Methodist meeting-house. I can see now the square white-washed hall, the rows of poorly dressed men, stern and attentive, on one side and the rows of women in faded shawls and poke bonnets on the other. I can hear the sermon on hell preached in a nasal twang, but in deadly earnest, and constant, eager shouts of "Amen!" "Glory be to God!" from the men. The hymn was read out line by line, and so sung by the congregation. There was neither

melody nor tune nor time in it, but there was the cry to God of souls in danger who wanted help—help.

But that was a long time ago.

Our Methodist friends to-day, I see, lure us to their costly churches by "The Heavens are Telling," by Haydn; an "Aria from the Farmer's Mass in B flat," "The Celebrated Smith Quartet," "Recitations by Chinese Boys," and "Singing by a Choir of Indian Girls."

Nor are the sober followers of Calvin and John Knox behindhand with their temptations for the public. They, too, have famous soprani and tenore. They, too, promise Bellini and Schubert; the Chinese and Indians give them also a helping hand and a well-known lay orator and politician is advertised to lecture in several of the churches with the Four Cox Sisters, cornettists, to add to his drawing power.

The irregular religious bodies, whose work is principally in the slums, are still more vivacious and daring in their attractions. They propose to draw audiences by biographs and graphophones. If you will but go to their churches you shall hear messages from Nansen near the Pole, and Roosevelt in Cuba, from McKinley in the White House and Bryan out of it, genuine squeaks from their own voices; the Six-year-old Nightingale shall sing for you, and the Boy Preacher, aged nine, shall tell you of your sins. But his sermons and all other sermons in these churches are carefully advertised as—"short."

Now, I do not mean to say that great music is not helpful to the soul—in its place. Graphophones and Chinese choirs and six-year-old nightingales are also good things, no doubt. But do they help the overworked man or drunken boy or silly girl to find God?

Of course, we all know the answer. These things are only meant to allure men and women into the church and there they will be taught of Christ.

But is it true that any living man, however vile or weak, cares more for stereopticon pictures or Cox Sisters, cornettists, than for his own soul and the God who can save or damn it?

A generation ago there can be no doubt religion was made grim and repellant in the churches to outsiders by too many Christians. But is it necessary to fly to the other extreme and bring men to consider the condition of their souls by the arts of a vaudeville theatre?

Ten years ago I saw among the thousand sculptured figures in the Cathedral at Milan one of Christ as he lay upon the ground after he was taken from the Cross. The Magdalen crouched beside him, her hand upon his foot. The disciples stood looking at the dead body in despair, but her eyes were turned to heaven in a rapture of triumph. She knew that here, in this dead outcast, crucified with thieves, was the answer to the cry of every human soul—How shall I be saved? Here was the first answer from the other shore to the question which the world had been asking for ages.

They were grim, terrible figures—the woman who had sinned and Jesus who died to save her—but no man or woman could look at them and not be helped and strengthened.

When I came to Milan again, a few years later, I hurried to find them. But they were shoved into a dark corner, and a modern wax figure of a smiling saint, bedecked in tulle and spangles, with a crown of paste jewels on her head, was standing before them, holding out her hands with an amiable invitation to us all to come and be good. It was the old method by which the Church tried to save sinners, and the new.

Is it not true that the same new method is found now in most of our modern charitable work?

Charity, as we all know, is the hobby of the hour in this country. We never had a better one, but it is undeniably new; the product of Christianity fermenting in our modern life.

The queerest and most unreasonable trait in our American character is the suddenness with which we, as individuals, or a nation, can shift our base and take up alertly a new whim.

For instance, during the first half of the last century, the whole nation was busy building an altar to liberty. We had won our freedom from the British, now we would give it to the downtrodden and oppressed of all nations! Our gates were set wide open. Hans and Paddy and Giuseppe should come in and have a vote and worship God as they chose!

Liberty! Our fathers prayed and toiled, and died, when it was necessary—for that one thing—the freedom of the individual.

The civil war was probably the most vehement expression of this national faith. The New Englander fought for the freedom of the slave; the Southerner for his right to choose his own government, and the mass of Northern people to protect the Republic, to save it from degenerating into the slave-dealing, half Mexican empire planned by South Carolinian demagogs. Millions were spent, the country was laid waste, tens of thousands of lives were sacrificed for "liberty." At last the work was done. The Republic was saved and the negro had his chance in life as well as Hans or Paddy.

It is probable, too, that this war will be the last vehement expression of our belief in liberty. As a nation our interest in the freedom of the individual has become languid of late years.

When we had quieted down after the civil war, a new enthusiasm—for it was something better than a whim—took hold of us.

This was charity.

Religion, before that time, thanks to our Puritan and Scotch-Irish ancestors, expressed itself in dogma rather than in action. Faith in this or that doctrine was essential—not works. Good men and women busied themselves more with predestination or the origin of Adam's bad propensities than with the wretch at their back gate. Suddenly it flashed on them that this heathen in the alley had a soul to be saved as well as those in China or Ceylon. It was as important, too, that this miserable brother should be taught to be sober and decent and to know that he had a God, as that they should squabble through life about the eternal purposes of the Almighty or as to whether a convert should be sprinkled or dipped into the water. The clean, educated, church-going class in this country set to work to uplift the ignorant and criminal mass below them with a fervor that was unspeakably noble and fine. The feeling of brotherhood which Christ came to teach us never has had purer development.

Rich and poor united to build churches on all waste places from sea to sea; to establish hospitals and asylums, to found colleges and schools—night schools, art schools, schools for the deaf, the dumb, the blind and the idiot. Schools were the most popular method of cure for all diseases in the body politic. Education was to make every man capable, useful, good and happy. The poor man gave his pennies, the rich man his millions, to educate the ignorant immigrant, the Indian and the negro. Here was a charity in which you could make no mistake. The door of the Temple of Learning was set wide open for every boy and girl in the United States to go in without money and without price, to push his way if he chose into the very holy of holies of its courts.

In all this effort the intention was good and the effect in general has been beneficial to the national intelligence. It has at least made the American an acute man.

But in some directions this charitable zeal has made dangerous mistakes in the very fervor of its kindness. The hearts of the good man and woman to whom the comforts and luxuries of life have come as a matter of course ache with pity for the men and women to whom they have not come. "Let us lift them up," they cry. "Let us give them of our good things. Why should we quiet our nerves with Wagner or stimulate our brains with Shakespeare and the man in the alley find his only tonic for body or soul in a five-cent dram of whisky? We will take away his whisky and give him the trilogy and "As You Like It."

Is this exaggeration? How many of the countless efforts by well-meaning kindly folk to lift their poorer brethren to their own level have been as fantastic as this?

A few years ago two or three ardent young fellows—English gentlemen—on leaving Oxford, went to live in one of the worst slums of London. Their purpose was to show its filthy drunken denizens that it was possible to be clean, sober and decent in talk and action. They preached more by example than words, and have been successful in making the lives of many of the London poor more useful and happy.

Their plans have been imitated in England and this country, often by zealous, unpractical young people. Thousands of

generous, inexperienced women have taken up this work of "elevating the poor." They never ask: "Am I my brother's keeper?" They never doubt it. Is he not ignorant and hard worked with an often empty pocket? Are they not rich and educated? What other qualifications are needed to make them his superiors and guides?

In many cases their work has been successful. When they have confined their labors to their own sex, have taught poor women to cook a meal that a hungry husband can eat, to nurse a sick child, to make decent clothes for themselves, to keep their children and their kitchens clean, in a word, to be home-makers, their efforts have been useful and rational. It is God's work and he speeds them in it.

But many of these eager women set out with the intention of helping their poorer sisters by glimpses of better things than they have had in their own lives. Is this wise? Is it kind or cruel?

"I always," said one enthusiastic woman, "take the carriage and servants in livery when I go slumming. It pleases the poor creatures and gives me authority."

They often invite the poor shop or factory girls to their houses on one or two evenings in the winter, give them unknown dainties to eat, and a concert or some little dramatic entertainment. In the club houses established for women and men there are books, music, pictures and games. All these are vaguely supposed to be levers which will lift the vicious poor man to a higher level of being. At a convention of all the reformatory clubs in one of our seaboard cities, held two or three years ago, dancing was unanimously decided to be the quickest and most certain method of "getting a hold" on these lost men and women. Free dancing classes are taught in many of the club houses. The lower and more vicious the men and women who come to dance and sing or look at magic lantern slides, the better pleased are the innocent young teachers who zealously contrive fresh amusements to strengthen their hold upon their guests. So convinced are they of the purity of their own motives that it probably has not occurred to them to look closely into the actual effects of their methods.

The motives are to keep these poor wretches out of the grog-shop and the brothel, to amuse them, to let a few rays of sunshine fall into their dark lives and thus to gain an influence over them by means of which they can be elevated.

The fatal mistake in their methods, it seems to me, is that in the majority of these clubs and entertainments all religious influence is prohibited in the fear that "the men and women will be scared away by it."

"We don't want to convert the poor wretches to this Church or that," say the eager young philanthropists. "We want to incite them to be sober and chaste, to keep their bodies and houses decent, to lift them out of the gutter, giving them social ambitions and teaching them the habits of educated people."

Now, amusement or social ambition never kept a man or woman from the grog-shop or brothel when they wanted to go to them. You cannot fight liquor or lust in the soul with magic lanterns or even by clean clothes and nice table-manners. It is like planting morning glories on a dung-heap—the flowers bloom, but the rottenness and decay are untouched beneath.

These kindly attempts to uplift the sunken classes remind me of a strange scene which I once saw in a Philadelphia theatre. Salvini was playing "Othello;" the house was crowded, but two proscenium boxes were filled with Indian boys from the school at Carlisle. They scarcely understood an English word, naturally their knowledge of Italian was not large. But some enthusiastic woman "wished to give them a glimpse of pleasure." So she had brought them and they sat and looked at the brilliant crowd and the great artist for an hour, immovable as stone. Then they went back to school and a year later to the reservation. The kind lady did not follow them there. They went back to the muddy tepees and to their blankets and to paganism and degradation. But she had done her part; she was satisfied with her efforts to save them. She had shown them Salvini!

Another instance. I know a town which is noted for the costly efforts made by philanthropists to brighten the lives of its inhabitants. There are two free libraries, an art gallery and three

casinos or Palaces of Delight, where they can while away the evenings with music, games, etc. The ministers of the two churches try to elevate them by occasional teas or concerts, even tableaux of scenes from Shakespeare.

But there is no occupation for these people; as in many Southern towns, they are gangrened with idleness. If the same money which has been given to amuse them had been spent in establishing some honest, paying industry—if the women had been taught to weave lace, or the men to make shoes, they would be of some use to the world and to God, and not, as now, a burden to themselves, finding life intolerable.

The truth is that we Americans have a natural tendency to good-humored surface dealing with all evils. Is it not so? It is so much more easy to amuse and feed a vicious, needy brother than to set him to work, to force him to fight the devil and to fear God. We expect to reform the anarchist, the thief and the murderer by teaching them to eat with their forks, to read Browning and to trim their nails.

This same kindly habit of surface, decorative treatment of the problems of life has dictated our public school system of education. We never have tried to give each boy the especial knowledge which he would need in his trade or profession. We saw that a thorough acquaintance with the highest literature, with science, with art and philosophy in men who had leisure to master and use them, had helped the world. Very well. Then we would give a smattering, a morsel of each to every boy and girl in the country.

We have done it to sons of fishermen and mechanics, and the daughters of washerwomen and seamstresses. We have taught them just enough to make them despise the work of their fathers and mothers, and not enough to enable them to earn their bread. We have not qualified these women to be teachers and we have spoiled them as cooks and chambermaids, and now leave them to starve.

Many of the higher class of girls in the Northern States are sent to college, where, during the four years in which they are made fit (or unfit) for the work of life, they are taught scraps of all kinds of philosophies, sciences, languages and arts except the one head-craft and hand-craft which God gave to them to practice, that of home-maker for a man and his children. In the Southern States, I am glad to say, domestic science is taught in most of the schools for girls.

In our zeal to help the Indian we established schools in which handicrafts as well as the higher education were taught. But when the pupil has left school we wash our hands of him. He goes back to the reservation to find as a rule the positions which an educated man can fill occupied by white men who have "a pull" at Washington. His mother and father are blanket Indians. What is he to do with his incomplete knowledge? It is the heaviest weight in his load of misery.

Here is another case:

When the negroes were freed they were suddenly thrown, an idle, seething mass, upon the country. Common sense would have pointed out to their new friends in the North that they should be trained to do the work which they had formerly done and which somebody must now do, more skilfully than before, and for wages. A common school education would have been enough with the training for this work, which is not only that of field laborers, but of masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, etc. Every plantation and village in the South before the war had its corps of trained black mechanics. If among the pupils of these trade schools a boy of more ability than the others demanded the higher education it should have been given to him, but to him only.

One such school, thanks to the wisdom of General Armstrong, was established in the country, but only one. The other friends of the negro endowed universities for him. They took him out of the field and set him to studying Greek and the higher mathematics, law and medicine.

Now, when he has mastered these studies, they refuse to allow him to use them to earn a living. With the universities for colored men turning out hundreds of graduates yearly it is impossible to find a position for one of them in a Northern city higher than that of a waiter or valet. The Northerner is as brutal in his injustice to the educated negro to-day as the slaveholder was to the field hand. He cannot enter into any

profession or business in the North without a struggle more bitter than death. The unions shut him out of the trades. His only chance of success is as a mechanic, among his old masters in the South.

Now, in our education of the Indian, of the negro, and in our attempts to elevate the poor man by pleasant glimpses of the agreeable side of life, we have simply indulged our sentimental sympathy regardles of the actual facts of the case, or needs of the man.

The fact which we ignore is, that in this country, as in every other, there are, and always must be, widely differing occupations for men and women. We cannot all be millionaires or *grandes dames*. There must be plowmen and mechanics, cooks and seamstresses. The mistake we make is in thinking that the ease and luxuries of one condition make it more honorable than the other, and that we elevate and console the poor man by giving him an occasional nibble at the amusements and luxuries of his better-paid brother.

You do not uplift the poor factory girl or the workingman by amusing them or teaching them literature or the habits of educated people, unless you go below this surface work and put into their souls a great living purpose which will leaven their thoughts and actions, and help them to bear their squalor and misery.

Here we find the cause of the failure of these modern efforts at reform which leave out religion. They are unlighted lamps.

The workingman, the negro, the Indian, the factory girl, can live as useful, noble lives without a smattering of art or literature as with them. These things have their value, but like clothes or furniture, they are outside of a man. They may be casual helps and hindrances, but they do not touch *him*, his soul and life. He may play his part greatly and never have heard of them, nor even of the comforts or luxuries of well-to-do people. The barren sheep folds of Tuscany nourished Giotto for the world, and bare cabins gave us Shakespeare and Burns and Abraham Lincoln.

A man's life is made low or high, not by the things he has nor even by the things he knows, but by his purpose in living. What did the moldy bread or flock bed of Bedford gaol matter to John Bunyan when God's fire blazed in his soul?

You cannot give a soft bed or food to every poor man, but you can help to kindle that flame in his soul which will make these things of no account.

The old Methodist gospellers, who tried to convert the soul of the man—to turn it to God and away from the devil—had found the secret.

These old ideas bore our eager young reformers. The Bible is out of fashion just now. The Cross and Jesus are thrust into the background, behind the spangles of modern art, and literature, and we are drawn even into His churches by our love of Beethoven, or our curiosity to hear infant nightingales, or women cornettists.

But the world holds now, as in its first day, the same man, the same God, and the same devil, and in the soul of every one of us is the old cry—"What shall I do to be saved?"

The answer to that question is the help which every man wants. Without it our charity, which works through guilds, clubs and settlements, is like Roland's horse, "The horse is a perfect horse; it has but one fault. It is dead."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Flowers

By Josephine Mason Leslie

THE flowers of hope that, budding, fade and die,
And never grace the gardens of our years,
Shall surely bloom the fairer, by and by,
For having here been watered by our tears.

NEWARK, N. J.

The Situation in Venezuela

By Col. J. J. Diaz Bárcenas

Venezuelan Consul at Philadelphia

[Colonel Bárcenas is an old comrade in arms of General Cypriano Castro, constitutional President of Venezuela. Thoroughly experienced in the Republic's changeful political aspects and intimately acquainted with all its relations with Colombia, its neighbor, he is perhaps the Venezuelan best qualified in this country to speak upon the conditions prevailing there at present. During the term of his consulate Colonel Bárcenas has been active in promoting trade relations between the United States and Venezuela, and his chief concern, with regard to the current rebellion, is the effect upon the investment, in the near future, of American capital.—Editor.]

As a preface—and an important one—to any analysis of the political conditions existing now in Venezuela, it may be well to touch upon the circumstance that, during the administration of General Castro, the investment of American capital in Venezuelan enterprises has materially increased. The stability of the Government, for the first time apparently definitely assured, the economy and conservatism which have marked the administration from the time of its induction into office, together with a new and widespread knowledge of the great natural resources of the Republic, have brought American investors to a realization of the large opportunities which await their wealth and their enterprise. Steamer after steamer, arriving at Caracas, has brought to Venezuela men of resources who make investigations of the country's resources with results at first promising, and later profitable.

Venezuela, recognizing the advantages to be derived, has sought to afford every avenue for the investment of Northern capital which shall be consistent with the integrity of her institutions and the welfare of her people. In the United States the representatives of the Republic have found it part of their duty—and a grateful part—to foster trade relations and to bring closer the ties of the two countries.

Widely separated, and with the means of reliable communication in danger of frequent interruption, it is not surprising that much of error has crept into the reports which reach the United States with regard to the state of affairs in its sister Republic in South America. Many of these errors should be promptly corrected; and, while it cannot be said upon explicit denials that there exist no hostile relations between Venezuela and Colombia, it is nevertheless patently absurd to any one well informed as to the political affairs of these two Republics to consider them at war with each other. Colombia has disorders of its own, for the correction of which all its strength and stability are urgently and immediately requisite. Colombia could not now, under any circumstances save those of wanton affront, afford to provoke a quarrel with her neighbor, whose State of Los Andes lies next to her frontier. We may as well, in the beginning, eliminate Colombia from the consideration of the dissensions which harass Venezuela.

The simple declaration is: Venezuela has a rebellion on its hands. It is an inheritance from the strife of previous revolutions; and now, as in the past, the trouble is the outgrowth of the ambition of a single man. General Rangel Garlbiros, who is reported to be the leader of a force of Colombians, is a Venezuelan who leads Venezuelans. Such Colombians as may be in arms at his back are no part, officially, of the Colombian forces. At best, they can be mere mercenaries, hired to augment his force's ranks, and bringing to the territory they invade no power other than their arms possess, no menace beyond that of individual hardihood.

A comprehension of the magnitude of Venezuela's current insurrection is premised upon an understanding of the circumstances which led to the election, by the recent constitutional convention, of General Castro as President of the Republic. From the time when Joaquin Crespo came into power, by the revolution of 1892, until General Castro was elected President, *ad interim,* to serve until February, 1902, the story of Venezuela has

been one of plot and counterplot, intermixed with insurrection more or less successfully carried on.

The revolution of 1892, which brought Crespo into power, had rather unpleasant consequences for a Venezuelan named J. Manuel Hernandez. A commander under General Crespo, Hernandez led his forces, in 1892, into the city of Bolivar. It was alleged that the men under him seriously damaged the water works of the town, which were being constructed under contract by some citizens of the United States. Two years later General Hernandez, in the political developments arising under the rule of Crespo, found it advisable, for his peace of mind and well-being of body, to go away from Venezuela and come to the United States. Arrived in New York, suit was brought against him for the damage done by his soldiery during the Crespo campaign. Put under bonds, he fought the suit, and fought it successfully until, after the lapse of one year, a verdict was returned in his favor. Meanwhile he enjoyed the opportunity—rare to a Venezuelan—of studying political methods as applied to popular sentiment in the United States. The campaign of William J. Bryan for the Presidency, with the great throngs that heard and applauded his public addresses, made a profound impression upon General Hernandez, who entertained, in the recesses of an aspiring soul, an ambition for the Presidency.

The elections in Venezuela, in 1898, brought forward three candidates, the two most conspicuous being General Hernandez and Ignacio Andrade. General Hernandez, his memories of Bryan's campaign fresh and inspiring in his mind, announced himself his own candidate, and took the stump with vigor, and marked declamatory powers. He told all Venezuela, as he went from town to town, that he was bound to be elected, and that the country could not find a better President. All Venezuela, new to such methods, was startled from its self-possession. A little later, as all Venezuela realized that General Hernandez was making a serious campaign, it laughed at him. It continued to laugh until the campaign ended. And every one of those laughs sank into the spirit of Manuel Hernandez, turning a strong and earnest ambition into an iron resolve.

Andrade's quest of office is another tale to tell. Here all was politics and shrewd devising. Under the constitution then operative in Venezuela no President could be re-elected. Crespo sought in Andrade, an old political lieutenant, his successor in office. In nominating Andrade Crespo felt he was putting his power into the hands of a friend. And he relied upon it that, when Andrade's four years' term of office would have expired, the favor would be returned.

The three candidates in the field in 1898—Hernandez, Andrade and Paul—professed identical intents. Their watchwords were liberal principles, economy and honesty of administration—this last a quality urgently needed in South American countries. But the conclusion was foregone. Andrade had the unqualified support of his friend Crespo, who furthered the interests of his candidacy by every means which lay in the power of a Government controlling both the civil and military authorities. He was elected, apparently by the free, popular will. But it was current comment that the influence of Crespo was the sole factor which determined his election, and that Crespo's ulterior motive was the securing of his own return to office four years afterward.

Venezuela submitted; but Venezuela chafed under the double domination.

General Hernandez saw his rival take the oath of office before the Congress at Caracas. Two days had not elapsed before the defeated candidate, with the memory of the mocking laughter that had followed his campaign stirring him to hot anger, and with the chagrin of his rejection burning fiercely in his veins, departed in haste from the capital and betook himself to Valencia. He called together a small force of malcontents, no greater in number than a hundred men. For two months, with his hundred men, Hernandez campaigned in the Carabobo, proclaiming wherever he went that Andrade's election had been brought about by force and fraud, and that the election was null. The discontent of the country at large, because of Crespo's methods, brought to Hernandez a general sympathy, if not an active support. Three months passed by, and his hundred malcontents grew to five hundred revolu-

tionaries. Yet the country at large, sympathizing with him a little, and disliking his enemies very much, treated his revolt with the same indulgent disdain which had attended his candidacy.

A little more time elapsed, and a few more men gathered under the shadow of Hernandez's flag, such as it was. Andrade, secure in his office, was still enough of the politician to discern that, however slow might be the growth of the tiny rebellion, it bore the germ of serious annoyance in the future. He had dutifully turned over to his friend and sponsor, Crespo, the command of the army, numbering some four thousand men. Now he asked him to take a couple of thousand soldiers and go out and crush the revolt. It was the prospect of a pleasing military pageant that presented itself to General Crespo, with an issue no more saddening, in the near future, than the sudden and violent death of a man who had really given too much trouble already. The army of Crespo and the little force of Hernandez met in a skirmish at Carmeloras; and it happened that Hernandez and his five hundred men were behind some bushes. At the first exchange of rifle shots a bullet caught General Crespo in the breast and dropped him to the ground, stone dead.

The news of Crespo's death was startling to the city of Caracas. The engagement was the most trivial of skirmishes; but the bare news of the killing of Crespo brought with it the surmise of total rout. The capital rejoiced over the end of its erstwhile dictator, and yet it was appalled at the unknown chances of the war which lay beyond. I was there at the time; and I have never in the history of the country seen a man leap so suddenly into huge prestige as did this man Hernandez, who hitherto had won no more than his country's derisive smile.

His army grew with his fame, until he had at his back two thousand men, and it appeared that he could speedily engage in a pitched battle with the Government forces, and defeat them. Andrade, after making careful preparations, sent against him the present Minister of War, Ramon Guerra, who whipped him, captured him, and brought him a prisoner to Caracas.

By this time, however, the Presidency of Ignacio Andrade had degenerated to a frank dictatorship. The country was sore at heart, and hot to rise. Andrade and Crespo had enemies other than the man at whom the people laughed. One of them was Cypriano Castro. In him courage, shrewdness, and a long foresight were united. His own plantation was located in the State of Los Andes, and partly also in the adjacent territory of Colombia. In Los Andes, where the frontiers meet, there are many soldiers waiting for enlistment. General Castro, owning his ground on either side of the boundary line, was able to perfect the organization of his force with immunity from interference by the officials of the Government. General Hernandez had scarcely been flung into his jail in Caracas when Castro took the field in Los Andes. He made a brilliantly successful march to the capital, fighting for the whole length of the thousand miles that intervened. General Hernandez had derived the major portion of his support from the Conservative Party, while Castro was a Liberal. But, at Valencia, the Conservatives who had fought under Hernandez saw in the advent of this new liberator their friend and their ally. They took up arms again and joined him. At the word of their assistance Andrade took alarm and fled the capital, to wander on thenceforward, from continent to continent, with little machinations as his weak resource in hope of coming back, some time, to power.

Castro, assuming with a firm decision the reins of government in Caracas, declared himself dictator, and released from prison the unfortunate Hernandez. He did better by Hernandez, and gave him more than freedom, for he made him Minister of Fomentos, which is the Department of Progress and Commerce. Hernandez, ostensibly acquiescent, consented to fill the post; but his ambition reached beyond a commonplace portfolio. With him it was the Presidency or nothing. One week after General Castro had complied with the constitutional formality of the oath of office, his Minister of Fomentos, with plans well laid beforehand, decamped from the capital and took with him fifteen hundred of the men who, a few days before, entered the city under the leadership of his benefactor. He had concluded that, after his experiences, he could conduct a second revolu-

tion more successfully than he did his first.

General Castro, without qualm of doubt or hesitation, sent in pursuit of him the remainder of his army—in all two thousand men. A running fight ensued, which lasted for five long months, until at length Hernandez was laid by the heels in Calaboso. Again Hernandez went to prison. This time he stayed there; and he is there yet.

It remained only to effect the defeat and capture of the one time Presidential candidate to enable General Castro to restore to the people of Venezuela the franchises which, under stress of military necessity, he had been constrained to hold in abeyance. He summoned in the capital a convention which should decide finally upon a permanent constitution for the Republic, and should appoint a date, a twelvemonth in advance, on which a Presidential election would be held. It was necessary that, during the interval, the country have some one at its head who could act under the title of constitutional President. The date chosen was February 20th, 1902. The man selected was General Castro. He found no need to solicit his nomination to the place, for to the country at large he had proved his courage and his energy, to the people about him he had given ample evidence of his tact, in all affairs he had displayed executive ability of a high order and even within the short period of his residence in Caracas he had drawn to him, as to a man on whom they could rely, the influential men of every shade of opinion.

This man, of so much firmness and of so much prudence, left behind him in Los Andes, when he began his skillful, swift campaign of those strenuous thousand miles, a mortal enemy. When he raised the standard of revolt in the distant border State, his friend, Rangel Garlbiros, pledged himself to give effective aid. But, when occasion came, when forces were to join, when emergencies arose where quick thought and strong will were the factors requisite, General Garlbiros proved both irresolute and slow. Time of war is time of no dubiety, and men need men upon an instant's call. The swift, determined Castro found slow Garlbiros more of hindrance than of aid. He severed all relations with him and went on to his victories alone.

The uprising which the newly but firmly established Government of Venezuela now faces is one born of the resentment of a neglected leader. It is impossible that General Garlbiros should have aroused in his behalf the Government of Colombia. At most he can have purchased only some of the people who are under arms in the internal disorders which keep Colombia's own hands full.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Sacrament

By Nora Barnhart

WHO holds the untouched lips of her he loves
More sacred than the sacramental wine,
The smile of those sweet eyes that droop or shine
As blessed bread—who honestly removes
All taint of earthiness and oft reproves
His eagerness to win, lest more divine
Be her sweet state alone—he builds a shrine
Whose sure foundations year by year shall prove
His right to worship. Tho he never guess
All he has builded, to this holy place
She, too, will steal to rest and oft to pray
Half to her God, half to her happiness,
And grow to be as pure in heart and face
As is his angel reverenced each day.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

A New England Festival

By Alyn Yates Keith

IT was a poor little corner of a rocky New England township, but not too poor nor too rocky for humanity to live and die and be buried in.

There was to be a funeral two miles away; and on this bright August afternoon came rumors of a great gathering of the clans. No fiery Scottish cross could have borne tidings faster than this somber bit of news was passed on and on like a word of command from farm to farm.

"Well, poor Aunt Almy's gone at last," said my hostess, with a final turn of the wooden button that shut her blue china treasures into the small cupboard over the fire place. "I thought might be you'd enjoy going to the funeral?" she added, with interrogation in her tone.

"But she was a stranger to me;" I replied, with inborn reluctance to thrusting myself needlessly into scenes of grief.

"'Twon't make one mite o' diff'rence," was the brisk reply. "Father, he's busy's ever was with that rowen crop down to far meadow, thinkin' its likely to set in an' rain. But he didn't take the colt, an' I can hitch up an' drive just as good's men folks. He's dre'dful sorry not to go. It's the first funeral he's missed since I do' know when. I don't take much stock in its rainin'. Moon ain't in the right quarter, an' I observed the sun set clear last night.

"He remembers Almy from the time folks first begun to call her 'old maid.'"

"Was she very old?" I ventured, as some sort of response was waited for.

"Well, yes; she was—considerable. Seems to me I'd say so, even for Stony Ridge, where 'tis said folks mostly dries up an' blows away. Foolish sort o' say now, ain't it? Yes, she was considerable old—risin' of seventy. Well there! the' ain't but just one house left standin' where the' use' to be four five long ago's I can recollect. Some chimneys left, an' them beginnin' to tottle! Kind o' creepy I say when you think back to how they was young once, an' built accordin' to their notion; settled down an' raised a family, an' all died off or married off or moved away, till finally the old houses seemed to sort o' give out an' die off, too, to keep 'em comp'ny like. Don't it seem so? And all the trouble they went through first to last. Poor crops mebbe, an' mor'gages on the farm; things gettin' run down, babies havin' scarlet fever an' whoopin' cough, every soul of 'em that was born into this world; an' marryin' poor, likely, some of 'em that lived to grow up. Now an' then a-drinkin' one, an' boys gettin' into all sorts o' mischief, an' mebbe goin' out West to start again."

"Perhaps it was the best thing they could do," I suggested.

"Well, yes; for some of 'em that wouldn't ever amount to anything. Just as well to get 'em off where they wa'n't talked about so much. Aunt Almy's father, now, he made a sight o' talk hereabout. Name in everybody's mouth. "My boys didn't grow up," she added, with a comfortable sigh. "His folks was weakly, an' the boys seemed to take after them. I don't see why. I was rugged, an' it wa'n't 'sins of the fathers visited onto the children.' But I must say I've been spared some things; an' a little row in the buryin' ground ain't the worst that happens to folks."

There was a brief pause which called for no response.

"If you can't go, I'll step over an' ask Tilly Chris; but, like as not, he's got his crop all in by this time, an' then he's sure to go. He's young an' spry, an' he'd hate to miss it."

"Who is Tilly Chris?" I asked, with an uneasy consciousness of curiosity.

"Well, of course, you ain't expected to know so soon, an' not residin' here, too. You see there was two Tillys, first cousins named after their grandmother; an' they married two twin brothers, Christopher Pike an' Columbus Pike. Not that I think much of such far fetched names myself, but it's none o' my concern one way or another. So when the's a call to speak of them, we say,

'Tilly Chris' an' 'Tilly Clum.' Sounds queer, I presume, to strangers, but we're all use' to it."

There was no question as to my desire to attend the funeral—that was taken for granted. But there might be some unknown disabilities that did not stand in the way of the native, trivial in their way, and of secondary importance, such as letter writing and the reading of books other than "Beckwith's Almanac," and "Young's Night Thoughts."

"I can go if you wish me to," I said, with selfish reluctance, thinking of the joy of a country afternoon with an unopened box of books that the stage had dropped at the door just before dinner.

"Don't you *wan'* to go?" my hostess asked in cold surprise. There was an air of something lacking about me in her tone; as if Nature, usually beneficent, had grudged me some essential faculty; left out some legitimate source of pleasure.

"I thought you'd be real pleased," she added, dejectedly. "Why, I presume, we haven't missed a funeral, him an' me, for upward of thirty years. Wet or dry, hot or cold, freeze or thaw, we was there—always to be depended on. But I'm free to say I don't enjoy goin' alone anywheres the way I used to. I was spryer then, an' could get in an' out of any sort of wagon. Yes, or cart, when I use' to go up meadow hayin' time, foolish like, year we was just married. Didn't like to have him out o' sight. All is, colt's good to go, but he hates to stan' still when you're gettin' in, so it's handy to have somebody along to hold the lines. He'd ruther I would; tho it's seldom enough I go to the store, even without him. If I do, they bring things out to me."

"Shall I go down to the meadow and tell him?" I asked, thinking it proper that some ceremony should be observed on such an occasion.

"Oh, my, no! It's too hot. When we start I'll just set a broom alongside the door an' he'll know."

What connection a broom had with funeral rites I did not try to think out. There are mysteries of this twentieth century as profound as those that obtained in the young years of Greece, tho we build no visible temples for them.

In due time the colt came to the door: a shaggy creature, of the color of a faded cow, with lank mane and tail somewhat knotted with burrs; a drooping head, hollow back, and several worn places on his sides and hips, where some misfit harness or much rubbing against the stall had spoiled the growth of hair.

But, for all that, the colt had a wise eye that took in the situation, and an alert instinct that missed the curb. So as soon as his mistress had dismounted, slowly, and quite bunchily like Dickens's *Peggotty,* he swerved toward a great clump of tiger lilies that adorned the front yard, and snapped off two tall stalks viciously.

"You won't do that again, I can tell you!" cried his driver, as she pulled up the curb and snapped it in place with a vigorous, freckled hand, adding to me in a quiet aside: "If you'll just stand by his head while I step in an' get my hat, an' give him a han'ful of grass 'f he gets jerky," and I pulled up the long blades with fragrant heads of clover, and held them so far from his nose, that the great feet coming nearer and nearer and the loud breathing with a wheeze in some deep chest region forced me quite up on the top stone step.

"I thought likely!" my hostess exclaimed, as she thrust a stick through the latch to let any chance passerby know that she was not in and set the kitchen broom against the door. "He knows the minute you're afraid. Back there, Ceph! you old——" and she laid a strong hand on the bit. "Now then, if you'll take the lines, so, an' hold 'em tight. Here, I guess I can manage it an' get in by myself. He knows better'n to fool with me."

"What is his name?" I asked, deferentially, as we went out at the great gate which a passing boy was told to shut behind us.

"Why, we call him Ceph? 'Twas Parson Tuller named him for father when we'd as many as six, an' got all out o' names ourselves. The' was *Gray* an' *Prince* an' *Major* an' *Gen'ral* an' *Jube;* an' we couldn't think of another proper name to save us."

"Why not *Tom* or *Dick?*" I asked, futilely.

"Why, you see some o' the folks we know had them names, an' all is they might not like it. So one day Parson Tuller was up in the horse lot, an' father says: 'What's a good name for a colt?'

He wa'n't a man to make words; an' the parson looked him in the eye—the colt's eye I mean, an' he says as if he was thinkin' in his mind to find somethin' suitable, *Bucepholis;* right out quick, like that. Some great name or another I presume, an' we didn't like to seem to slight it since he'd been so obligin' and took the trouble to study it up. An' Ceph he is, to this day; for the other was too long to speak suddenly, an' that's the way he has to be spoke to as you can see. Sounds foolish to you, I'll be bound, to call him the colt; but the others was sold off when they was three or four years old, an' he seemed kind o' young an' frisky to us then. An' he does now, I'm free to say, long side the old horse. Get up! Now if that ain't just like you, Ceph, stoppin' in the middle o' the road, an' all them teams comin' up behind. I declare, I'm mortified at you, Ceph!"

But the colt stood still, with an air of perfect unconcern, reaching out a hampered nose toward the alder bushes that leaned near and hindering the long procession of wagons coming after us, till Tilly Chris and her husband drove on ahead and offered to attach us to the rear of their buggy. This neighborly kindness was graciously accepted, and as the leading horse set off at a good pace Ceph decided that it was the part of discretion to keep up.

It was humiliating to be towed to a funeral in this fashion, as if horse and family needed persuasion to do a good deed; so at the top of the first long hill the colt's mistress begged to have the rope loosed, adding that it would be well not to get too far ahead, as she hated dreadfully to be late at the funeral.

It must be said for Bucephalus that he was a horse of dignity and spirit; for after his own self-respecting fling—a silent protest perhaps at being controlled by womenfolks—there was no more occasion for the leading string. And he kept up so well in the procession, with such decided setting down of his feet, that not only did we take the dust of all the teams ahead, but passed it on as well to the long line coming after us. No ordinary dust was this—just thickened and glorified trails of light, sifting over us and softening the landscape.

It was a wonderful road. No sooner did we climb to the top of a stony hill with painful effort and much lathering of the horses under the harness, than we dropped as painfully down, Ceph holding back faithfully, even cheerfully, with a sitting down effect in the steepest places, but with no disposition to be childish. The gravity of the occasion had reached his brain at last, and his grateful mistress said there'd be no more foolin' now that he understood.

"And he can walk b'utiful to the grave," she added. "You'll see how when they begin to slow up. Why, when he was young—younger, that is, we was on the way to Deacon Swift's funeral, an' he wouldn't walk in line. My! wa'n't I scared. An' mortified, too. First, he'd pull out one side, then over to th' other; an' when father jerked him in sharp, what did he do but wheel round, an' go smack over the stone wall! I can show you the very identical spot. There; you see that big elder clump ahead? 'Twas just th' other side of that; an' the gap's in the wall yet where he fetched down the top stones.

"But he was 'shamed enough, I can tell you, when the whole procession went past, folks afoot and all, an' he had to be took out o' the buggy to get 'em both back into the road.

"Father give him a few lashes then an' there to let him know who was master. He's a mild man, an' didn't train him the way some would; but Ceph knew just as well's you would that he wa'n't to cut up any more didoes goin' to funerals. And he never did. I don't count this time, for you see he didn't rightly sense what we was settin' off for.

"Like as not he'd thought it over an' made up his mind I wanted somethin' another from the store; an' when we took the wrong road he suspicioned I didn't know what I was about, an' so just stopped to let me straighten out things in my own mind. Anybody can think better keepin' still, you know.

"See how good he was when they took that rope off! Oh, he won't disgrace himself that way again! He's thinkin' it all over, I know, by the way that off ear lops. Father'd say he was philosophizin'."

It was a beautiful country that we were jogging and creaking along; poor enough for meadow or planting, but lovely for situation. From the tops of the

hills, oaks and chestnuts stood up against the white, summer clouds, and bees and butterflies stopped at every thistle. Prodigal nature loves to shower gifts on waste and lovely lands in token of her tremendous reserves.

In the lowlands the drought had not yet yellowed the foliage, and the hedges were riotously thick and green; white and fragrant with clethra, the sweet pepper bush of New England, which the bees hung about with contented blurring of the soft air; and deep, yellow heads of tansy, whose Greek name stands for immortality, its strong tonic odor typical of the bitter herbs of the Paschal season. Goldenrod was in full bud, with here and there an early blossom, and the intense purple of iron weed reared its royal banner under the tall heads and coarse leaves of Joe-Pye-weed, sown by the artist hand of nature that brings into gracious harmony her blues and pinks and purples of all degrees.

"I declare, if there ain't pennyr'yal right in the horses' tracks!" broke out the colt's driver, suddenly. "Did you ever see such a smell! B'utiful, ain't it? I'll stop an' gether some when we go home, if so be Ceph ll wait. I like to keep it up garret long o' boneset an' chamomile an' mint."

We had left the dusty thoroughfare and were climbing up a narrow, green lane with overgrown wheel ruts strewed with last year's leaves, through which young oaks and chestnuts sent up shoots, and dark green pipsissura spread its exquisite growth. Above this soft track birches whispered together, and pines sifted the wind that passed through their tops, and gave out the balmy odor that is like nothing else in the tree kingdom.

We caught glimpses of sailing, white clouds through delicate twigs of alder and black birch that leaned quite across the road and brushed our faces when we failed to stoop in time.

Presently we left even this shadow of a road, and turned into a rough cart track between great bowlders, where some hidden spring glistened in the long grass, and the cardinal flower knee deep in the water tossed up its splendor of color that makes even the wood lily pale.

"I'd just love to get some of that!" cried Ceph's mistress, with a strong, backward pull on the reins. "And I would, too, if it wa'n't for a funeral. You go on, Ceph."

"And why not for a funeral?" I asked, with the simpleness of an alien.

"For a funeral!"

The rebuke in the tone was sufficient reply. It might have been inferred from my lack of enthusiasm at the start that I knew nothing of these proprieties.

The cart path wound up and up by easy stages, passing the kitchen door on its slow way to an unused barn with sagging roof and gaping sides.

The stone step leading to the front door was quite choked with grass and blackberry vines. It must have been years since any one had driven that way. So one by one the teams halted at the kitchen porch, then passed on to the shady side of the barn, where the horses were taken out and tethered to the backs of the wagons, whinneying softly to each other with reticent comment on the quality of deep grass and clover at their feet but out of reach.

It was a little, brown shingled house of one story, weather beaten to the universal tint of rocks and stone walls and lichens. Nature gathers such gently into her large embrace, and lulls it to its final repose. But over its porch ran the wild splendor of a trumpet creeper into whose scarlet horns the humming birds thrust themselves half out of sight with a purring sound. It must have been the one strenuous voice of animate nature here at other times.

There was no sign of dog or cat, nor of the universal chicken that makes the abomination of desolation on the hardened face of earth.

Two downcast neighbors from a mile or more away came to the door, and one, the bolder of them, asked us to come into the keepin' room and take chairs. They spoke in whispers as if we stood before a shrine.

It was difficult to explain why I preferred the porch, and impossible for them to understand why I should not care to see her that had passed away. One capable woman detached herself from a slowly formed group, and urged the matter as we stood under the shade of the trumpet vine.

"Nobody's made us acquainted," she began, modestly, with native dignity and sweetness; "but I hope you'll excuse me

for taking the liberty. I presume you're a stranger here—one of the ladies intimated as much; and, of course, you didn't know Aunt Almy.

"But we've fixed her up b'utiful, and I'd take it kindly if you'd step in and look at her. She's laid out in her old, black alapaccy. 'Twas all she had, tho I wish't had been silk. We've sponged it off and pressed it, and my girls made her a nice cap with white ribbons, and she's got two of her own white lilies in her hand. She looks b'utiful, if I do say it, and I wish't you'd step in."

So I went within by way of amends for my tardy courtesy, and to praise the generous care that had been so lovingly given by those in no way akin. It was a sweet, strong face, with thin, brown hair softly powdered with gray under the lace cap, and a look of absolute peace on the clear cut features.

There were no mourners, for Aunt Almy was alone in the world. And there was only a deacon-service; for Parson Tuller had died some months earlier, after more than a half century of faithful ministering to his feeble parish. But there were remarks from two tremulous deacons, very old men from whom the joy of even middle life had departed, who made much of the occasion, with mournful allusions to the brevity of life, and the surety of a better country that the best among us might hope to attain. Then the audience that quite filled the three small rooms lifted up quavering voices, with here and there one fresh and young, and sang: "Why Should We Mourn Departed Friends," to the heart-rending tune of *China,* whose mournful cadences wailed through the narrow rooms and passages, filling the house quite full of melancholy. I thought of it shut in like the odor of bitter herbs, with the youth of Aunt Almy, and only going out of it when the framework went to ruin, and let in the sun, and summer wind to sweeten and scatter it.

Four withered old men lifted the plain coffin from the keeping room table and carried it haltingly to the door, at which younger men took their places. Then the long procession followed across a meadow to the back of the garden wall, where two dark, lichened headstones leaned away as if shrinking from the newly opened grave.

The garden was a miracle of neatness and bloom; for its owner and lover had died suddenly, and nothing had suffered from neglect.

A mulberry tree, in full fruit, hung over the wall, and the robins were jubilantly returning thanks among its branches.

Along the tidy walks crossing each other at right angles blossomed late sweet peas and nasturtiums, bordered by delicate sweet alyssum, pink-edged poppies, mignonnette, and the dainty blue fairy flax. Jasmine past blooming climbed and fell over the wall at the garden's foot, making a background for flaming hollyhocks, blue larkspur, tiger lilies and marigolds.

Scarlet poppies grew rank and high in full view from the keeping room window, and the lonely soul who watched their springing time and summer must have loved them like sunny-hearted friends. To the north, just where the land fell off suddenly over masses of rock that guarded a deep, stony pasture-valley, stood a single, high bowlder, split into two by a sturdy, many branched chestnut tree that leaned its ripening burrs within easy reach. At its foot blackberry vine and wild clematis wrestled together in dense masses. Rude steps cut in the lower half of the rock led to a broad platform to which the tree lent a back.

"She use' to keep a red shawl folded there to sit on," said the woman, who had first invited me in. "They say she was a master hand to climb up there and read, all by herself, day in and day out.

"My Tommy spoke with her there just a few hours before she past away. He was after blackberries, and strayed off as boys will, and she asked him to come and pick some."

"Did she have many books?" I asked, in the pause that followed.

"Oh, a sight! There was 'Paradise Lost' and Pollock's 'Course of Time;' that's a b'utiful book; I presume you've heard of it? and Martin Tupper's 'Poetical Works,' and some stories, and Walter Scott's books—quite a shelf full; and——," she hesitated and dropped her voice— "some says she had a big book, coarse print, named Dant's Hell, and that she was fond of it. Livin' all stark alone she couldn't help bein' a little queer

I say, and there's them that'll bear me out in it—meanin' no disrespect to the dead. But over and above them all 'tis said she set great store by William Shakespeare's 'Poems.' She was a reader! They say he wrote plays, too. The minister told me once, himself, that he'd read one or two of them, and there was good in them.

"But I do' know. We wasn't brought up that way."

II.

The neighbors who had cared for the last of her family with generous giving of time and service stayed behind to set the house in order and lock the door. One by one the teams jotted along the cart path, but with a jauntier air than that of the early afternoon. It was the welcome breathing spell after the repression of the service; like the beginning of a new life—like what we imagine of a resurrection when shadows flee away.

Ceph was led out last, and as he stepped slowly along, still in contemplative mood, with no ambition to outstrip faster teams, I had time to impress the whole beautiful, lonely landscape on my mind. Suddenly a strange figure appeared beyond the great bowlder. It was that of a tall, white haired man who carried long stemmed roses across his arm which he laid at the head of the grave, pausing reverently for a moment with his bared head bent.

My hostess evidently had not seen him. When we reached the lane we were quite alone.

A turn in it had hidden those preceding us from view.

The reins lay loosely on the colt's back, and he foraged from the roadside without rebuke. "I've been thinkin' an' thinkin'," said his driver. "'Twas real sober, wa'n't it? Mebbe you'd take int'rest in hearin' about her that's just passed away."

Not only that, but I was filled with compunction at having been such an unwilling guest on an occasion that these busy fellow beings never omitted; and made what decent amends were possible.

"She was a proper, nice looking girl," the narrator began; "and pretty disposed. Not that I knew her so very well, for it's lonesome up here, an' she didn't go to meetin'. They say she didn't go to school when she was a girl.

"Her ma had been a teacher, an' I expect she learnt her. But before my day she use' to walk to meetin' time and again; an' it come about that my brother Cephas took to carryin' her home. She wa'n't more than sixteen, I presume, and he was some older.

"I was a little girl, but I use' to hear the folks speakin' about it. When he took her to singin' school, ma said he was keepin' comp'ny with her. And I s'pose he was. He wa'n't one to make words about it.

"Well, the next spring, just about apple-blow time, her aunt come down from Boston for a spell an' wanted that Almy should go home with her. 'Twas dre'dful hard for her mother to let 'er go, but they made out 'twas best for the girl, an' you know mothers don't think about their own feelin's. You see her father was a-drinkin' man, an' 'twa'n't any too pleasant there when he had his spells.

"The boys got away from home soon's they could; for they do say he was abusive at times, an' you know boys won't stan' that if they've got any spirit. They done well, too. I expect 'twas the Martin blood. That was on her side. 'Twas a high family; pretty spoken, pretty behaved, an' always tryin' to have the children *be* somebody.

"All is, I don't see how Almy's mother ever come to marry Tom Giles. He wanted her bad, I s'pose, an' girls married before they come to know their own minds, them days. He was well enough when he was young, accordin' to what I've heard tell, an' good lookin' as folks goes; but han'some is as han'some does, I hold. And he never 'mounted to a row of pins. He'd sooner sit 'round in the tavern an' tell stories an' treat, way they use' to them days, than to be farmin' of it. An' tho 'twa'n't much of a farm to start with, he'd neighbors that made a good livin', poor soil an' all. One of 'em left some money in the bank, too. 'Twa'n't much—a couple of hundred or so, but it helped start the boys. Well, this Tom Giles, as I was sayin', tho he'd got a likely family, smart workers and all, didn't try to bring 'em up. Just let 'em come up. If the boys wanted to plant corn two or three years a-goin' in the

same place, not knowin' any better, why he let 'em. An' he used up his best land, an' let it go to paştur' when he might've had tol'rable crops just as well as not.

"But he wouldn't turn his head over. Smoke a pipe an' drink—drink an' smoke a pipe; 'twas all the business he ever calc'lated on. Mis' Giles was a close-mouthed lady, an' nobody ever heard a word from her, even when the boys left an' the stock was sold off. She couldn't go to meetin' after that, an' nobody went there scarcely, 'twas so far away. An' besides, nobody wanted to run acrost him.

"He had a raspy sort of tongue when he was in liquor, an' that was the heft o' the time. Seems like gossipin' about neighbors behind their backs; but 'twas town talk. Besides they're all dead an' gone now, all but the boys out West. What be I talkin' about! Why, they was a sight older'n Almy, an' I presume the' ain't one of 'em above ground now, as we say. Where did I get to? Oh, yes; Almy's aunt that took her off to Boston, an' her poor mother never so much as sayin', ay, yes or no.

"The aunt was a hard workin' woman an' took boarders. An' Almy was to help, an' have her board an' clothes.

"She was a proper, pretty girl, I told you before, an' held her head high, proud-like as all her mother's folks was. And her aunt done well by her. She had books to read, when the' was any time, an' two pink calico dresses for summer, besides a white muslin for meetin', an' a good blue merino for winter. Tilly Chris told me all about it. Her grandmother was neighbor to them, an' she an' Almy was great friends.

"Well, the old folks lived on, kind o' hand to mouth, poor's poverty all the time. An' Mis' Giles she spun some for folks that got behindhand into their fall work, an' wove rag carpets. No joke that, weavin' rag carpet.

"Ev'ry spring an' ev'ry fall Almy come home for a visit, pretty as a posy, with a new, purple calico mebbe, for her ma, an' what money her aunt could spare, which wa'n't much, tho she was open-handed. I use' to hear our folks tell all about it. And she'd coax some o' the neighbors to take them two to church, an' make jell to pay for't. Almy wa'n't the sort to take favors from anybody. She did make b'utiful jell—pick the berries an' grapes herself, an' they'd furnish sugar. 'Twas winter set in, in earnest when she had to go back.

"I presume Cephas would've done as much for her as any of 'em, if she'd a-let him. But the young folks was all crazy after her, boys an' girls alike. Seemed as if they wore off the grass round the front door short as if sheep'd nibbled it, with their teams drivin' up day an' night.

"Don't look that way now, does it? But that's the way it use' to be told. Tired o' my long story? Well, I'm glad if you ain't. Father says you can't stop me when I get a-goin' more'n a wind mill in a gale. I get so intent on it, you see, I forget everything.

"Ma use' to say Cephas took it hard her goin' back. Not that he said so—he wa'n't like me; but he kind o' peaked an' pined, an' didn't relish his vittles. And ma was the best of cooks.

"Why, she believed he'd a-gone clear up to Boston to see her if it took ev'ry cent he'd got, he was that lonesome.

"But folks didn't jig about, them days, way they does now. Just stuck to their bus'ness steady, an' laid up a trifle year by year, an' bymeby got to be forehanded. My father, he'd laid up five hundred dollars in the bank before he died. But Cephas wa'n't twenty-one then, an' worked for his keep. When he was, he got his freedom suit. Ma made it for him. But the' wa'n't any money to go with it, except as he done extry work an' was allowed some for it—a York shillin' a day, overtime, I guess 'twas.

"Bymeby he somehow got onto a big farm, six or seven miles away, when John grew along to take his place; an' we 'lowed he'd get Almy after a spell."

"And didn't he?" I asked, with deep interest.

"I was goin' to tell you. When she come home next time the' was a sight o' sickness, an' she went 'round an' set up nights, an' was that busy days she couldn't even go to meetin'. An' Cephas he took it pretty hard. Not that he said so, but it was his only chance, you know; an' ma would have it he looked peaked-eder'n ever. She took sick herself, to end up with, an' had to stay a week over time. Tilly's grandmother took her back, for she wa'n't fit to go alone. She

was a girl then, an' had been home visitin' her own folks. But she went sooner'n she would, on Almy's account. 'Twas a terrible long stage ride. But now comes the worst of it. When she come home next time, sort o' lively seein' all her folks, she let out that one o' the aunt's boarders was keepin' comp'ny with Almy.

"A spruce young fellow, she said he was, an' likely into the bargain. He was part owner in a book store, with some money laid by, an' he was farse to get married; but Almy wouldn't.

"Well, it went on and on; an' it was a proper, pretty match, her aunt said; but Almy she held off. An' in some way they found out that he wanted to go home with her an' talk it over with her folks, an' she wouldn't let him.

"Her aunt would've told him fast enough what the matter was, an' made no bones about it; but Almy as much as said she wasn't to. You see I use' to hear all this from ma, over an' over again.

"As I was tellin' you before, Almy was proud, like all the Martins, an' I s'pose she didn't wan' to take anybody she set store by to such a tumble-down ramshackle sort of a place as her house was then, with a poor sot for a father. An' I don't know's I blame her. Her mother was nice as could be; but I tell you 'tis a terrible thing for a girl to be ashamed of her own father.

An' so it went on for a year or two, an' Almy, bein' pretty close-mouthed, likely didn't tell him the reason she wouldn't let 'im go home with 'er, an' he got offish, man-fashion, because he couldn't have his own way; an' twa'n't long till he up an' married a city lady. An' 'twas the year after that Mis' Giles took sick, an' Almy had to come home. He got worse an' worse, kind o' drinkin' his brains soft; but he didn't die. Such critters never does. An', after a spell, she kind o' faded an' faded away, an' you couldn't scercely tell when the breath re'lly went out of her."

"Almy?" I asked, with a lapse of intellect.

"My, no! her mother. Almy's only just gone now. An' Tom Giles he held on, an' held on; and ev'ry cent they could rake an' scrape went for liquor. I'd a-throwed him onto the town! Why, Almy raised chickens, they said, an' planted corn an' potaties, an' tended to 'em all herself, or they'd starved. Not but that the neighbors would've looked after her some, but she was that proud, I presume, if they'd sent in things she'd have hove 'em outdoors. Well, here we be; and if I didn't forget that penny-r'yal. Come right over it, an' didn't get a sniff of it. An' a powerful, pretty smell it has, too."

III.

It was the first part of the week following the funeral. I had been for a long tramp over the hills, and came home just before sunset with an armful of boneset and mountain mint, the best thing in the world for a cough, I was told, and a necessity in every household.

These would give pleasure all through the long, cold winter, I was sure, and make the very rafters fragrant as they dried slowly under the garret roof.

While I sat to rest a moment on a gray rock under the shade of a clump of chestnuts, and looked off toward the golden sea in which a faint shallop of moon was floating, there was a sudden flurry of bushes pushed aside, and my hostess broke panting through.

"My, but I'm glad to find you so near!" she sighed. "Such news! And he's milkin' still, so I'll just drop down here an' tell you.

"Tilly run over half an hour ago, all burstin' with it; an' I venture it's half over town by this time.

"P'r'aps you didn't take notice; but Sarah Winterses girls stayed to lock up the house that day; an' what do you think! They said no sooner was the teams out o' sight than a man come walkin' up the hill other side. He'd left a black man and a buggy down to the foot, for they went up garret to see. He had a long box, an' he was dressed up slick, like a city man, an' he had a weed on his hat an' a cane in his hand. An' first he laid down his cane' an' pulled off his hat an' set that down, an' he took something out o' the box—for they set up garret an' watched 'im; an' he bent down his head without any hat on, just like he was sayin' a prayer. When he was gone they crep' down stairs an' went over to see what 'twas; an' there was roses an'

roses—pink ones—stems long's your arm—laid all 'round the head o' the grave. An' they said come to think it over they was sure he knelt down there with his hat off; but I don't believe it. He'd be too old, an' still besides, likely. I s'pose he recollected the pink dresses she use' to wear. Well there! I've no call to say so. Such things do come into your mind, tho, an' stick. And I say 'twas pretty of him, whatever other folks thinks. And his wife likely was passed away by that weed on his hat, an' he'd had time to think back. Queer, ain't it, how we will go back to things that's past an' gone.

"An' the girls thought, an' I b'lieve it myself, that 'twas *him*—why, I hadn't told you that! an' he'd heard of it, some way, an' he'd come all the way from Boston with a team, to 'tend the funeral.

"I reckon he was disappointed. But Tilly, she thinks he'd rather wait till the folks was gone, an' kind o' have it all to himself, an' no remarks made.

"I wish't he could've seen her, she looked so nice. 'Most pretty if she hadn't been so old. But mebbe he'd rather think of her as she was.

"I've made up my mind, an' Tilly says she has, too, that he's a widower. The weed looks like it. And if his wife had been livin' it might've pestered her to know how much he set store by Almy after all these years. I don't b'lieve he'd done it.

"But it'll all be found out in time. Even Tilly Clum, who's the stay-at-home sort, says she shan't rest till she knows for sure if he's the same, an' what his name is, an' if his wife *is* dead, an' what fam'ly she left. We'll know all the' is to be known, pretty quick.

"The reason we was so slow gettin' at it before now, you see the Winterses they live over 'cross Five Mile Brook, an' bring down their butter an' fowls once a week for the stage man to take. An' they drove a good two mile out o' the way to carry the news to Chris. Pike in the up-meadow."

"Did I meet your brother at the funeral?" I asked, with keen sympathy. "For I do not remember your speaking of him, or introducing him. There were so many there."

"Cephas? Why, bless your heart, he's been in heaven these thirty years! Went right from the supper table, as you may say, 'twas that sudden.

"Ma did hope he'd get reconciled an' take a wife; an' she was free to urge him some, as he was gettin' along, an' there'd be nobody to look after him when she was gone. But he wa'n't that sort. We ain't, not one of us.

"When our sort o' folks gets their mind set, they're terrible hard to unset. Might as well try to end over this rock. Well, it did seem kind o' sober up there that day, didn't it? But come to get home, what with the yellow clouds all over, some purple 'round the edges, not quite sundown you recollect—just the way it looks to-night, so sweet an' homey like, 'twas diff'rent. Seems as if you could look right through, only the sun blinds you so.

"I always think about Almy when it comes this time o' day—kind o' as if she'd gone back again an' was young. She did look real young, now didn't she, for a person risin' of seventy?

"Some way as if all the years was droppin' off, droppin' off gradual, soon as she got rid of the body, an' kind of givin' her a new chance to begin over again.

"Why, I expect she's just sittin' down with her ma in the shade o' the glory now—not bein' use' to it so soon—an' talkin' it all over. Cephas, too, mebbe he'll put in a word. *He'd be there!*

"Seems to me when I stop an' think it over just like it use' to when I was young, an' I'd been off over night to our folkses. When I got back the little fellows they'd come racin' out, hoppin' up an' down, an' hangin' round, an' catchin' hold of me, shoutin' out: '*Mummy's got home! Mummy's got home! Mummy's got home!*' just plain cryin' for joy to see me.

"Seems to me 'twill be same way up there. I wouldn't stand it other ways. I declare to it, if I ain't cryin' myself for joy! An' there's father with his two milk pails—I hear 'im lettin' down the bars this minit, an' I ain't so much as got the kettle on! I couldn't blame 'im if he spoke up ha'sh to me—workin' away in the hot sun all day long, real tired, an' me off gaddin', enjoyin' myself! But there, he never did in all his life, however deservin' I might be. Come in pretty

quick, won't you? I'll have the table set an' the tea a-drawin' in a jiffy. The's quince preserves that he likes; but if you want sweet cream on your baked apples instead—an' you seem to—the's a whole pitcherful sittin' on the butt'ry shelf waitin'. It's been coolin' all day in the well."

The Intelligence of Our Wasps

By A. S. Packard, MD., Ph.D.,

Professor of Zoology and Geology in Brown University

THIS subject has been recently discussed in a beautifully illustrated volume on the instincts and habits of the solitary wasps, by Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Peckham, so well known for their remarkable works on the habits of spiders and allied topics. Their studies were suggested by the attractive "Souvenirs Entomologiques" of a French naturalist, J. H. Fabre, but in some cases their conclusions differed radically from his, being based on different species, and also on a broader, more scientific way of looking at things.

As is well known, most of the solitary wasps sting, paralyze and store up in their deep tunnels spiders or caterpillars as food for their young. A favorite subject for observation was *Ammophila arenaria,* which uses caterpillars to store its nest. One was observed attacking a caterpillar. Notwithstanding the struggles of the worm, she finally lifted it from the ground, curved the end of her abdomen under its body and darted her sting between the third and fourth segments. The worm was paralyzed, limp and helpless. But, not content with this, withdrawing her sting she plunged it successively between the third and second, and between the second and first segments, and then left it lying on the ground. "For a moment the wasp circled above it, and then, descending, seized it again, further back this time, and with great deliberation and nicety of action gave it four more stings, beginning between the ninth and tenth segments and progressing backward." Then she rested, and smoothing her body with her long hind legs, washed her face with her fore legs. Two other wasps of the same kind stung their prey in different places, and one of them adopted the process of *malaxation,* which consists in repeatedly squeezing the neck of the caterpillar between her jaws, turning it around and around so that all sides were equally affected. The wasp lays her egg on one side in the middle of the caterpillar. In making her nest she bores in the earth an inch deep, and then excavates a larger chamber or pocket in which the caterpillars are stored. On closing up the hole the wasp wedges a good sized piece of earth or a stone deep down into the neck of the burrow, filling the space above solidly with smaller stones and earth. In all cases the mode of closing and other details differ with different individuals. There seems considerable variation in their nesting instincts. In fact in all the wasps the nature of the work differs with the individual. The most remarkable case was that of an *Ammophila* which used a little stone as a tool and made an intelligent use of it. She actually, after covering over her nest with her jaws, picked up a little pebble and used it as a hammer in pounding down the dirt with rapid strokes, thus making this spot as hard and firm as the surrounding surface. She did this not only once, but a second time. It might be doubted whether this should be credited, but a similar instance was observed and published some years ago by Dr. Williston in Western Kansas, where an *Ammophila* flew to her hole, which she had just covered in, with a small pebble, "perhaps an eighth of an inch in diameter," in her jaws, which she used to press "down the dust all over and about the opening, smoothing off the surface, and accompanying the action with a peculiar rasping sound. After all this was done, and

she spent several minutes each time in thus stamping the earth so that only a keen eye could detect any abrasion of the surface, she laid aside the little pebble and flew away, to be gone some minutes."

The striking fact ever present in all these actions and habits is variability. "Variability in every particular—in the shape of the nest, and the manner of digging it, in the condition of the nest (whether closed or open) when left temporarily, in the method of stinging the prey, in the degree of malaxation, in the manner of carrying the victim, in the way of closing the nest, and last, and most important of all, in the condition produced in the victims of the stinging, some of them dying and becoming 'veritable cadavers,' to use an expression of Fabre's, long before the larva is ready to begin on them, while others live long past the time at which they would have been attacked and destroyed if we had not interfered with the natural course of events. And all this variability we get from a study of nine wasps and fifteen caterpillars!"

As regards the stinging of the caterpillars and other insects stored up by the wasps as food for their young in hatching, it has always been supposed that the wasp had the wonderful instinct to aim the sting so as to penetrate the nervous ganglia, and thus paralyze the victim in order that the young larva might have living food. We do not see but that our authors have fairly shown that this may not be the case. No one has actually detected the wound of the wasp's sting in a ganglion. Our authors maintain that "the purpose of the stinging is not to paralyze and preserve the prey alive, since the wasp has no reason for attempting any such difficult procedure, for the larva thrives quite as well upon dead as upon living food." They believe that "the primary purpose of the stinging is to overcome resistance and to prevent the escape of the victims, and that incidentally some of them are killed and others are paralyzed." Thus one of the most cherished beliefs as to the wonderful and unerring instincts of these insects will have to be given up.

The Peckhams also confirm the observations of others that some of the solitary wasps have the remarkable habit of cutting off some or all of the legs of the spiders that they use for storing in their nests. If the legs were not removed they would be too large for their coffin.

Another point about which there is now a decided difference of opinion is that of the "homing faculty" or "sense of direction" of insects. A recent German naturalist denies that ants and bees are guided by memory in returning to their homes, and thinks that they are guided by something like scent; hence the act, he thinks, is rather reflex than instinctive or rational. As our authors state: "The sight of a bee or wasp returning to its home, without hesitation or uncertainty, from some far distant spot is, indeed, marvelous. When we saw our first *Ammophila* perform this feat, we were filled with wonder." Our authors repeatedly saw different wasps study the locality about their nest, apparently observing the objects near, until they became so thoroughly acquainted with the topography that they could return directly to their nest. They claim that from their observations both of social and solitary wasps the homing faculty is not instinctive, but is the direct outcome of individual experience.

Finally they conclude that wasps act intelligently as well as instinctively; that acts which are instinctive in one species may be intelligent in another, while there is a considerable variation in the amount of intelligence displayed by different indiduals of the same species. After many years spent in studies on the habits of insects they corroborate the view expressed by others, remarking that a single wasp, "uninfluenced in any way by the example of those about it, displays unusual intelligence in grappling with the affairs of life." They change their mode of nesting, all their changes being "intelligent adaptations to new modes of life, serving to keep the species in harmony with its surroundings." The work is published by the Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey, and from the painstaking and critical way in which the observations have been made, and the novelty and beauty of the plate, will remain a classical monograph

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

LITERATURE

Books on Mosquitoes*

THE mosquito is the most noticed just now of all insects, and justifies the attention bestowed upon him. Dr. Howard's volume on the universal pest tells us, as we learn from the subtitle, "How They Live; How They Carry Disease; How They are Classified; How They May Be Destroyed." We do not have a doubt that every reader will turn first to the last section, to discover if there be a way of ridding the world of this rogue among insects. Dr. Howard declares that he has no doubt whatever that the mosquito is the agency in the spread of diseases, and on this basis the book is written. He argues that with the knowledge which we now possess it is quite possible to rid ourselves of the whole tormenting plague. While we very much doubt this general assertion, it is quite certain that the pest can be greatly reduced; and the worst breeding places transformed into wholesome ground. The interest in the subject has become so general, from the medical standpoint as well as from that of comfort, that an authoritative book of this sort is warranted. It tells what is known about mosquitoes from the biological point of view, from the medical point of view, and from the practical side. Our able specialist has undertaken to illustrate the different kinds of mosquitoes, so that they can be distinguished by a physician. At the same time the book is admirably adapted for students of entomology.

In the chapter on remedies, he refers to beautiful localities, situated near New York, which cannot be utilized so long as the mosquito is in possession. Extermination he holds to be a very easy and simple matter. Professor Fermi estimates the expense of freeing a town of 50,000 inhabitants at from $200 to $300. There must be, in the first place, treatment of the breeding places with insecticides; in the second place the abolition of breeding places by drainage; and thirdly the introduction of natural enemies into breeding pools that cannot be drained or treated with oil. "In 1867 the writer used kerosene in a watering trough in Ithaca, N. Y., and found that mosquito larvæ were killed by it." In 1892 he conducted an experiment in the Catskill Mountains, indicating how much kerosene was necessary for a given water surface, and showing also that adult mosquitoes are caught in the kerosene film. Mr. H. E. Weed rid the college campus of the Mississippi Agricultural College by treating with kerosene eleven large water tanks. At Stanford University some post holes had been left filled with surface water and were giving out large numbers of mosquitoes; the insects were destroyed by pouring into each hole a quantity of kerosene. A long list of experiments with similar success are given by Mr. Howard. Kerosene can be applied by simply pouring it on the water; or it can be sprayed with a nozzle. But it must be constantly borne in mind that all forms of this oil are as destructive to plant life as to animal life, so that it cannot be used with any freedom about the roots of trees and shrubs. The application must be renewed about once a week. The question of frequency is an important one. Dr. Howard finds the kerosene effective for some days after the odor disappears, and after the eye perceives no trace of kerosene on the water. He advises an application to a pool certainly as often as every twelfth day. Other remedies are discussed. He thinks it possible that creosote oils may prove more permanent than lighter illuminating oils. Of course, very little can be accomplished where vast fens and swamps are left undrained. It is therefore necessary that a crusade against the mosquito should be considered in connection with local enterprise. We may believe, or may doubt, the recent charges that the mosquito is the main cause of the spread of malignant diseases; we know that his presence makes unsalable much rural property, or greatly reduces its value. Dr. Howard discusses this phase of the question in a

* MOSQUITOES. *By L. O. Howard, United States Entomologist.* New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
OUR NEAR NEIGHBOR, THE MOSQUITO. *By A. B. Rich.* New York: The Abbey Press. 50 cents.

way that should make his book of great value to farmers and to the governing boards of villages.

Along with Dr. Howard's book may be placed a little volume of decided interest by A. B. Rich, entitled *Our Near Neighbor, the Mosquito.* He holds that the problem is quite unsettled as to the agency of the mosquito in carrying disease. He discusses their possible value in the agencies of nature, as, for example, in *preventing* some forms of disease. But the object of the book is thoroughly scientific—a discussion of the egg; the larva; the pupa; the female mosquito, and the male mosquito. The illustrations are unique and admirable. It is an excellent handbook for those who desire to look at this subject from a strictly scientific standpoint.

Mr. Landor on the Chinese Campaign *

THE "Boxer" movement in China, and the consequent campaign of the allies are too complicated and far-reaching events to be recorded offhand by a man with a camera, however energetic, inquisitive and fair-intentioned he may be. Those who take up Mr. Landor's two handsome volumes, expecting to find real history in the generously illustrated pages must, therefore, feel in the end that here are rather the partial and rough materials of a history. The events are perhaps, in any case, too recent as yet to be judicially sifted, so that Mr. Landor's work may fairly stand justified by his enterprise in amassing facts—an enterprise, to judge from his photographs of troops in action, often amounting to recklessness—and by his evident effort at accuracy.

The character of this work as war correspondence rather than history is in large measure owing to the haste with which it was prepared for the press. Much of the narrative reads like a transcription of diary entries from various sources, so unassorted and fragmentary that one can hardly call it composition at all. Between the accounts of the siege of Tientsin and of the advance on Peking are inserted fifty entertaining but irrelevant pages about a tour taken by the author in 1891 to the monastery of La Trappe and Hsiao Ou-Tai Mountain. The translations of Chinese edicts are so loose that one feels that Mr. Landor relied too much on his own knowledge of the language—a knowledge creditable enough for a tourist, but not extending to the ambiguities of state documents. Indeed his otherwise harmless vanity as a linguist betrays him into little absurdities, as when he makes himself out as conversing in Latin with a Chinese Trappist about questions in cookery, gaining admittance to the Temple of Heaven by salaaming and talking Hindustanee to the Sikh guard, and turning aside in a Peking street to administer comfort in Mandarin to a Chinese woman, who was weeping over her son just shot in an encounter with the troops.

The permanent value of these books will be in the detailed record of the fighting, in the illustrations, and in the full description of the Forbidden City, which has hitherto been inaccessible to Europeans. Where the pictures and plans are so abundant it is perhaps ungrateful to remark that a large scale plan of the legation defenses is lacking, altho frequently needed in following the movements described. It would make clear the special difficulties in defending the *Fu,* and such points as the blunder in the first American intrenchment on the city wall, where by occupying the wrong side of a bastion the defenders exposed themselves to a cross-fire. (Mr. Landor overlooks this reason for the temporary abandonment of the wall.) Criticism of the soldiery and of their superiors is plentiful, but chiefly of the kind that could be gathered from the talk of officers at mess. The author evidently means to cap with praise any stricture that might endanger his popularity. Thus he describes the general looting in Tienstin, and the particular vandalism of Americans and Cossacks, but adds that, after all, they were good fellows. The graver blunders of the campaign he leaves undiscussed. We have yet to hear a satisfactory explanation of these uncompromising facts: Tientsin native city fell on June 14th, and the relief of the European settlement was accomplished. "After the fighting and the looting," Landor says, "a rest was deemed neces-

* CHINA AND THE ALLIES. *By A. Henry Savage Landor* Two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50.

sary." The allies accordingly rested, the city filling with newly arrived regiments, their officers giving dinners and their soldiers disposing of loot, and no one thinking of the legations for over a month! On July 7th a message was received that the legations were still holding out, which the generals declined to believe. It was, therefore, not until August 4th, when one out of the several attempts to get a messenger from the legations to Tientsin had luckily succeeded, that the march upon Peking was made. It is frightful to think that the brave little bands of defenders might have succumbed, after two months' successful resistance, while 16,000 troops of their own blood were lying idle less than ninety miles away.

Mr. Landor's understanding of the Chinese is that of an unsympathetic tourist. His former misadventures with fanatical Buddhist monks makes him unfair in laying the blame of the "Boxer" movement to them. His unqualified statement of the hostile feeling of China toward foreigners is unfair to the large and energetic reform party among the Chinese. The Yamen Ministers, Yuan and Hsii, whom he merely mentions as rumored killed, were Yuan Ch'ang, president of the Yamen of Sacrifice, and Hsii Ching Ch'eng, vice-president of the Board of Civil Office, two genuine patriots, who denounced the "Boxers" and their sympathizers in full court before the Emperor and the Empress Dowager, and calmly took death as their reward. The numbers and the spirit of such Chinese developed by the great crisis make clear the fact that it was not a fight of China against the world, but the last struggle of the old order and the new in a country already awake to splendid possibilities.

Mills of God *

THIS story trails like a Virginia rose vine through the end of the eighteenth into the beginning of the nineteenth century. It is a volume of fragrant memories, taken from days when lords and ladies still made little love flights up the James River. And there is a lightness in the touch as if the old man who tells the tale forever struggled with the sweet confusion of these illusive memoirs. Over and over again he drifts into the sad refrain of his own young passions—chastened now into words that sing of eternal hope and bloom like flowers above the grave of his lost love.

The author claims to be the heroine's namesake, and declares that she received her manuscript from her father, who had it directly from his uncle, Robert Killduff Macartney, himself one of the principal characters in the story. And it is written with quaint little phrases used for emphasis, in a style which is a charming imitation of the Anglo-Saxon simplicity peculiar to educated gentlemen a hundred years ago.

Properly speaking, *Mills of God* is an historical novel; for "Robin Killduff" reaches over the whole earth for men grand enough to kiss his lady's hand. A Prince of Wales struts in the pageant, and once Goethe bends his great face in a look of grim compassion upon her. And once also President Monroe sends an invitation to a ball at the "White House." But the interest really centers about Elinor, Lady Grafton, the illegitimate daughter of George IV (then Prince of Wales), a beautiful and gifted woman, but having in her blood the royal disease of an irregular virtue, a splendid madness of love, which somehow brought to pass in her qualities of greatness and dignity of soul when a less noble woman might have abandoned herself to a life of shame.

Immediately after her marriage to Sir William Grafton, a man many years her senior, Lord Henry Bedford, a supple eel of the English nobility, carrying beneath his sleek coat a serpent's irresponsible passion for women, comes to Virginia on a secret mission and meets Elinor, overcomes her sense of loyalty to her husband, outrages her heart of its love and commits her to irremedial dishonor.

The knowledge of her shame never passes beyond the adoring silence of "Robin Killduff," the poor young Scottish gentleman who acts as steward of her husband's estates, and whose secret love for his mistress makes him keen to understand. But it is at this point that the *Mills of God* begin to grind. With

* MILLS OF GOD. *By Elinor Macartney Lane.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

the birth of her child comes the awakening not merely of the great mother's moral sense, but the magnificent courage to do right in the face of an old folly. For twenty years Elinor sets her soul against temptation, rearing herself like a white column to virtue upon a tragic foundation, standing now and then in the gay pageant of some dissolute court, a type of all that is good and faithful in women—but carrying ever in her sad heart the prescience of her doom, and awaiting it with the gravity and fortitude of one who looks unto the hills for help. There are those who bear the burden of a sin so bravely that it may be chastened into the white wings of sorrow upon which they eventually rise to the very gates of Paradise. Of such a mold was the "Lady Elinor Grafton." She survived her own iniquity, and passed up through great tribulations. Long after the god of her heart turns to clay, the holy flame of her love consecrates life anew and sets the dark night of her fate thick with stars.

And "Robin Killduff," who weathers it through with his mistress—following her wayward heart over the rosy summits of love, under the shadows of crime, along the hard road of retribution, on into the very candle light of death, giving and forgiving all, pausing here and there close to the rim of her tragedy to wring his hands over desolations to come—this is a figure worth remembering in modern fiction.

In art and literature, as in life, the fall of man is always evident. The author who is strong enough invariably turns his lovers out of their garden and sets up a rank of fierce cherubim with flaming swords to keep them out. Eventually the man may sneak back with some other Eve; but our last sight of the first woman shows her far away among the thorns and thistles, with the sweat on her face. So it is with Tolstoy's "Resurrection," and so it is with Elinor in *Mills of God*. Whether the woman ranks high or low, the real pit is digged for her. However brave or innocent, she cannot escape her predestination in the author's mind. He circumvents virtue and casts her over. There is no tragedy nowadays that does not show the broken wings of some fair spirit dragging through it.

The Problem of Conduct*

Some decades since writers on political economy reached certain grotesquely absurd conclusions by reasoning on the hypothesis of an "economic man," who wanted to make money first and last and all the time, and who permitted nothing to interrupt his energy in that pursuit. Writers on ethics have begot a similar abstraction, a man who has an infinite number of desires, all of them active and unsatisfiable, first and last and all the time. "I have an infinity of desires," Mr. Taylor says, "which I can only gratify one at a time. Every experience of satisfaction would be eternal if it could, and, from our very constitution, none can last but for a moment." If Mr. Taylor has an infinity of desires he is an exception to the general rule; if he can satisfy but one of them at a time, he is singularly unfortunate; if he is incapable of reaching a state of satiation in respect to any of his desires, he is possessed of a superhuman energy. The assumption that all men, or most men, are like himself runs through his book, and vitiates his criticisms of human ideals and of current systems of ethics. The difficulty with most men is that they have not desires enough, and that the few they have are too quickly satisfied. They want to work, for example, but they do not want to work as much or as often as they are obliged to; and in leisure they spend hours in sheer listlessness and boredom because they cannot get their own consent to want anything sufficiently to go in search of it. One might think that Mr. Taylor, and writers on ethics generally, had never heard the cry of *vanitas vanitatum*.

The Problem of Conduct is an intelligent and scholarly re-reading of the theories of ethics which the English student has learned to associate with the names of Green and Bradley. Mr. Taylor discusses the doctrine of "My Station and Its Duties" more in detail than either Green or Bradley, and has the merit of insisting upon the recognition, in any theory of the conduct of life that is to be at all adequate, of worth of every kind that can be of service to a man's fellows or to himself—of high intelli-

* The Problem of Conduct. *By Alfred Edward Taylor.* New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25.

gence, of artistic talents, of the spirit of adventure. To the general reader the most interesting part of the book, perhaps, will be that which deals both with the relation of the worshiper to the particular sort of Absolute that Green and Bradley have manufactured, and with the transformation of ethical ideas in the presence of religion. From the point of view of Mr. Green's and Mr. Bradley's idealism, the Deity is dependent upon man for certain of his attributes, and in particular is not worshipful unless and until he is worshiped.

"We may even say then that, in a sense, the religious experience must be regarded as adding an important element to the life not only of man, but also of the Absolute itself. If man is not fully man until he has learned to worship, God, too, is not fully God until man has learned to worship him."

And again:

"Apart from the felt reality of the religious life as a permanent aspect of human experience, God, we are driven to say, would be not God but a merely logical or metaphysical Absolute or system."

These statements would possess all the essentials of blasphemy were it not that Mr. Taylor's Absolute is sufficiently unidentifiable with the Creator of heaven and earth. It is not irreverent, in the circumstances, to say that Mr. Taylor's Absolute, being dependent in "important" particulars on the existence and behavior of a creature so recently brought forth and so ephemeral as man, would do well to go to the legislature and to get its name changed.

In regard to religion, Mr. Taylor is convinced that the purely ethical or moral conceptions of "obligation, merit, worth, and the rest, are so transformed as to be emptied of all significance."

"The characteristic feature of the purely ethical view of the world is its conviction that it is possible satisfactorily and finally to classify men and their acts as good or bad." (p. 472.)

"For religion the classification of men and acts as 'good' and 'bad' must appear unsatisfactory and superficial. For, on the one hand, ultimately all acts and characters are good as fulfilling, each in its own place, the perfect world system, and on the other, every act and every character is bad as failing to realize the perfect world system in more than an infinitesimal fragment of its concrete fullness. Religion thus knows nothing of merit or demerit. . . . . On the one hand, the outcast and the sinner are already, as members of the perfect world order, really perfect if they only had the faith to perceive it, and, on the other, all men alike—the man of rigid virtue and strict habits no less than the reprobate—are equally condemned and equally guilty before God."

This is comfortable doctrine.

The Evolution of the English Bible. An Historical Sketch of the Successive Versions from 1382 to 1885. *By H. W. Hoare, Late of Balliol College, Oxford.* (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.00.) The history of the Bible in English is so closely associated with the history of the English people that an adequate account of the successive versions must relate them to the historical conditions out of which they sprang. We have had critical histories of the English Bible, such as Westcott's and Eadie's, but as yet, oddly enough, no popular historical treatment of the subject. Canon Talbot's little book on "How the Bible Has Come to Us" and J. Patterson Smyth's "How We Got Our Bible" both touched on it, but it has been left to Mr. Hoare to write what will be for some time the standard popular work. Beginning with Cædmon and Bede and their rude paraphrases, he tells the story of how each version was the product of the England of its day and how each in its turn became a force for the molding of the England to come. Mr. Hoare knows and loves his English history, and by his sympathetic handling the story has lost none of its romantic charm. There are many situations in the history of the Bible in England fitted to evoke the literary powers as well as the historical imagination, and the author has let slip no opportunity. Wycliffe and Tyndale, in deservedly high relief, are exceedingly well drawn. The dawn of the Renaissance, with its sudden extension of the bounds of thought; the ferment of the Reformation days, with eager people and vacillating King and heroic translators; the conflicting spirits of liberty and intolerance—all these receive their due places in Mr. Hoare's glowing narrative. His literary habit of thought, however, inclines him, perhaps, to overestimate the King James Version and to do a corresponding injustice to the scholarship of the new Revision. A true text and a faithful translation are, after all, more important than sonorous diction. The external features

of the book are wholly worthy of it. It is beautifully printed on fine paper, and has the additional excellence of being very light and easy to hold in the hand.

William Herschel and His Work. *By James Sime, M.A., F.R.S.E.* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.) Mr. Sime is not always as clear and definite in recording particulars as could be wished; and he indulges too often in digressions which prove rather confusing to his narrative. Yet on the whole he has given us an excellent appreciation of the work of Herschel and his sister. He has evidently striven, tho with only qualified success, to unravel something of the mystery of Herschel's life in England from the time of his desertion from the Hanoverian army (1757) to the time of his settling in Bath (1766); and he has sought with somewhat better success to clear up some of the uncertainties due to conflicting statements regarding the astronomer's later life. It is all a very interesting record—this story of a half-educated refugee, earning his bread as an organist and music teacher and giving his scant leisure to the study of the heavens; prosecuting his work under every disadvantage, making his own instruments, until in a few years his marvelous discoveries had attracted the attention of the whole world. Mr. Sime is rather disposed to shield George III from the usual charge of shabbiness in his treatment of Herschel; on the one hand the King felt the necessity of materially acknowledging the astronomer's work, and on the other he was for a time held back by an unwillingness to honor a deserter. What he did for Herschel, therefore, represented a polite compromise, the best that could reasonably be hoped for. The author admits that Herschel was not a mathematician of the order of Newton, Laplace, or even of Sir John Herschel; yet his unflagging industry, his mechanical ingenuity, his daring imagination and his originality of method enabled him to add to the world's stock of knowledge a greater total of assured results than can perhaps be claimed for any other astronomer. A good deal of light is thrown on the personality of Caroline Herschel, whose noble unselfishness played so great a part in her brother's success. Her ill-treatment at home no doubt left a permanent impress on her character, particularly on her temper, which was none the best. Happier, tho no less laborious, times came when she joined her brother in England, and after that her lifework was practically merged in his. She survived him by twenty-six years, dying at the great age of 97 years and 10 months.

An American Engineer in China. *By Wm. Barclay Parsons.* (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.) Readers of this pleasant little volume will learn some facts at variance with the accepted ideas about China. Chief among these is the readiness with which Chinese exclusiveness can be overcome, when once the tradition of it is broken; the willingness of the Chinese to travel, when they have the facilities; the extraordinary accessibility by water-ways of the coal and mineral wealth of the interior provinces, Ssu-chuen and Hu-nan; the taste and knowledge of theory displayed in Chinese architectural construction; and the fact that the population of China has been immensely overestimated. Mr. Parsons had the rare opportunity of making his observations while surveying for the railway to be built between Hankow and Canton, a tour which took him through the hitherto closed Province of Hu-nan.

The Wilderness Road. *By Joseph A. Altsheler.* (New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.) The military operations of St. Clair and Wayne against the Indians swept into their current an ex-officer of the American army, whose misfortunes, loves and adventures are here recounted. The author has given study to the political and social conditions of the times he writes of, and, while he does not affect the historian's painful fidelity to details, he illustrates with good success the artist's fidelity to essential facts. The narrative hangs together well, and tho the story drags here and there, our interest in the hero and his fortunes is sustained. We do not lose or forget him in the rush of events. He remains as he should, the figure of commanding interest throughout the story—and, on the

whole, it is a better one than the average historical romance.

War's Brighter Side. *By Julian Ralph.* (New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.) "On March 16th, 1900, there glimmered (it cannot be said to have flashed) upon the army and the half-wondering, half-treacherous population of Bloemfontein, the first number of The Friend." So the second chapter of this journalist's record begins, and the story of how the paper was conducted in the dusty old printing house, the picture of the mysterious printers and all, is indeed a page from war's brighter side. *The Friend* was edited by H. A. Gwynne, Perceval London, Rudyard Kipling and Julian Ralph with half-serious and half-jocular intentions. A good many pages of the paper are quoted in the present book, giving a broken but not uninteresting account of the town during the British occupation. A good deal is said about Lord Roberts and other officers in the course of the narrative.

The Abandoned Farmer. *By Sydney H. Preston.* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.) This abandoned farmer has an exuberant imagination, an elastic temperament, and a wife with a New England conscience. Anxiety for the health of that remarkable offspring, little Paul, suggests country living, a promotion from "Music and the Drama" to the agricultural page of the *Observer* makes such a life possible. The peculiar temptations to which farm life exposes him, and the art with which he rounds his deeds and motives into something like consistency, can be appreciated only by the reader. His frankness in playing audience to himself is most captivating. Modest applause is sure to be forthcoming in the situations which disclose his heroic side, while he is able in due season to contemplate the humorous aspects of his "errors of judgment" with an "impersonal relish." With him we recognize the self-sacrifice he shows in promising to buy only "a spade, a rake and a hoe," while visions of resplendent red and green machinery unloaded by a hired man dawn before his eyes; but our sympathy inclines a little to Marion, who has insisted on discussing how much they can afford not to spend on the farm. Marsyas himself could not have accepted a skinning more gracefully than he does at the hands of Farmer Waydean and his brother. In brief, the abandoned farmer is such rare, good company on the farm that we cannot believe he would prove otherwise anywhere else.

The Moriscos of Spain. Their Conversion and Expulsion. *By Henry Charles Lea.* (Philadelphia: Lea Brothers & Co.) Dr. Lea, whose diligent studies in Church history, especially in matters pertaining to Spain, have made him a recognized authority within his appointed limits, has now bent his scrutiny on the Moriscos. Major Hume holds that Ferdinand and Isabella established the Inquisition as a national protection, to guard the purity of the Spanish blood no less than the Spanish faith. Yet he admits, as Dr. Lea insists, that the amalgamation of both Jews and Moors would have been simple and natural, except for priestly fanaticism. Dr. Lea's book, with its quiet array of facts and figures, documents and records, is worse than denunciation in its exposure, detail upon detail, of that criminal folly which forced out of Spain the very pith and marrow of her industrial being. The best evidence of Spain's vitality is the fact that she has survived such a terrible process of blood-lettings and amputations.

Euphrosyne, and Her "Golden Book." *By Elsworth Lawson.* (Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. $1.25.) The book is evidently written for "those who have loved Love," and the touching little romance therein, which a practical person might pronounce impossibly ideal, holds the attention to the end; but three parts of the book's power lies in its consideration of those problems of life and conduct which appeal to the cultured, reflective mind. The diction marks the author as no unworthy disciple of his master, Walter Pater. There is, however, an occasional incongruity of expression which seems to betoken the lack of a sense of humor. The "Golden Book" proves to be "Marius, the Epicurean," which is discussed with penetrative insight and appreciation.

Literary Notes

HALL CAINE's new novel, "The Eternal City," will start this fall with an edition of 100,000.

....The Pan-American Number of *The World's Work* contains the best and most complete account of the Buffalo Exposition yet given to the public.

....F. G. Boune, for the past twelve years business manager of the *Dial,* has entered the employment of A. C. McClurg & Co., and will hereafter manage their publishing department.

....Baron Iwasaki, said to be the richest man in Japan, has purchased the library of the late Prof. Max Müller, consisting of 13,000 volumes, for the University of Tokyo.

....Among the autumn announcements of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons are "The Art of Life," by R. de Maulde La Clavière; "Romance of the Renaissance Château," by Elizabeth W. Champney; "Johnnie Courteau, and Other Poems," by William Henry Drummond; "Lights of Childhood," by Maud Ballington Booth, and "Pottery and Porcelain of the United States," by Edwin A. Barber.

....The current issue of *The Critic* contains extracts from a letter, written by George Brandes as it were from Ibsen's bedside, which gives a picture of the immense popularity of the dying poet. The following quotation from the letter promises a literary sensation:. "He is writing the ἀπολογία of his life (ἀπολογία, not apology). Whether this will be a drama or an essay no one knows and he himself will not tell. With characteristic stubbornness he refuses the aid of an amanuensis and writes every word himself. No man has yet been allowed to read it. Even his attendants must retire to the opposite end of the room while he is working. . . . In one of his fits of anger he recently began to destroy the MS. of his autobiography, and it took the combined efforts of all his friends to save his notes and the greatest part of the MS."

....The latest venture in the monthly magazine field is *The Current Encyclopedia,* whose initial number is just received. It is edited by Samuel Fallows, D.D., LL.D., President of Illinois Wesleyan University, and a list of editorial contributors whose names include such well-known specialists as Lester F. Ward, Russel Sturgis, Edward W. Bemis, L. H. Bailey, etc. The aim of the periodical is to furnish a monthly summary of current events arranged alphabetically for ready reference. No attempt will be made to create or direct public opinion, but simply to present in an attractive manner and with copious illustrations all the obtainable facts in regard to the events of the month. If the editors will give just as much of the documentary evidence of the month unabridged as possible they will be wise. People nowadays prefer to go to sources and judge for themselves. The idea of this magazine is a good one, and we look to see it fill a long felt want.

Pebbles

"YOUNG man," exclaimed her father, with emotion, "do you think you can keep her in golf-balls at the rate she has been accustomed to losing them?"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

...."My daughter," said Mrs. Gaswell, "can play all kinds of games. She's at the whist tournament in Milwaukee now, and I suppose that when she hears there's to be a Eucharist congress in St. Louis this fall she'll want to go to that, too."—*Chicago Tribune.*

....*Disagreeable Passenger* (to commercial traveler sitting by open window): "Excuse me, sir, but that open window is very annoying." *C. T.* (pleasantly): "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to grin and bear it." *D. P.:* "I wish you would close it, sir." *C. T.:* "Would like to accommodate you, but I can't." *D. P.:* "Do you refuse to close that window, sir?" *C. T.:* "I certainly do." *D. P.:* "If you don't close it I will." *C. T.:* "I'll bet you won't." *D. P.:* "If I go over there I will." *C. T.:* "I'll give you odds you won't." *D. P.:* "I'll ask you once more, sir, will you close that window?", *C. T.:* "No, sir; I will not." *D. P.* (getting on his feet): "Then I will, sir." *C. T.:* "I would like to see you do it." *D. P.* (placing his hands on the objectionable window): "I'll show you whether I will or not, sir." *C. T.* (as disagreeable passenger tugs at window): "Why don't you close it?" *D. P.* (getting red in the face): "It—appears to be stuck." *C. T.:* "Of course it is. I tried to close it before you came in."—*Railroad Gazette.*

....The degree of Doctor of Philosophy (Ph.D.) was conferred this year by our American universities on 253 candidates. We mention the names of the following few Ph.D. recipients with the titles of their essays as examples of what the American learned class of the future are now interesting themselves in:

Victor John Chambers: A Further Investigation of the Action of Phenols and Alcohols on the Chlorides of Paranitroorthosulphobenzoic Acid.

William Chambers Coker: Observations on the Gametophyte and Embryo of Taxodium Distichum.

Edwin Bidwell Wilson: The Decomposition of the General Collineation in Space into three Skew Reflections.

William Findlay: The Sylow Subgroups of the Symmetric Group on *K* Letters.

Virgil Everett McCaskill: The Metamerism of Hirudo Medicinalis.

Grace Andrews: The Primitive Double Minimal Surface of the Seventh Class and its Conjugate.

Caroline Burling Thompson: Zygeupolia Litoralis: A New Herteronemertean.

Charles William McGowan Black: The Parametric Representation of the Neighborhood of a Singular Point of an Analytic Surface.

Thomas Harvey Haines: The Temporal Relations of Mental Processes: An Experimental Study of Objective and Subjective Simultaneity.—*Science.*

EDITORIALS

The New City

THE INDEPENDENT desires to see the population of our cities distributed. It believes in more land and more pure air for each person; more elbow room and more individuality. The city has its noble record and its glorious mission. It was necessary to develop nuclei of thought, action and art. As a temporary aggregation of brains and capital, offering an unrivaled wealth of personal and social opportunity, the city was and is a necessity. It is power brought to its highest application. As a result of steam, the highest hitherto known force, it was the greatest achievement of power. One does not have to look far to find the noble, the beautiful and the humane of city life, even if he cannot escape the vulgar, the tawdry and the degenerate. Dr. Guthrie says of cities:

> "They have been as lamps along the pathway of humanity and religion. Within them science has given birth to her noblest discoveries. Behind their walls freedom has fought her noblest battles. Cities have been the cradle of human liberty. They have been the radiating centers of almost all Church and State reformation."

Much more can be said of the office of the city, as having been in the vanguard of civilization. The country has bred its stalwart and vigorous bodies and its freedom-loving souls; but it has not afforded means for carrying forward art and invention. The country produces great men and women, the city develops them.

What we object to is that shallow conception of national prosperity, and of social dignity, which finds the end of evolution in multiplying huge cities and increasing the density of the population. Large cities have ceased to be something to boast of. If London can stop growing, and if Chicago can overtake her, it is no argument that Chicago is more prosperous or more fortunate. The probabilities are at present the other way. The question is whether London has not reached the limit of useful solidarity. Has Greater New York any good reason to become still greater? Would it not be better to spend her energies in looking outward? At all events, the best judges of economic conditions believe this to be so; and we are taught to believe that the present drift toward suburbanism and rural life is a token of prosperity. A population that cannot get out from the slums, or from compacted life, may be said to be lacking in the elements of prosperity. Therefore we are glad when city edges become broader, and the heart becomes less congested. The electric car that hurries us about among the trees and away from the grime is a token of the highest stage of prosperity and civilization.

The new city will be something so unlike the old city that they will scarcely bear to be known by the same title. The present city has lost many of the features of the walled *tûn* or town of our ancestors; the coming city will change much further in the same direction. Streets will grow wider, as they have already developed out of mere paths for horse and man. The idea of avenues, embracing lines of trees, crept in very slowly during the last century. There already is a good deal of nature folded into the better parts of our large cities; there will be much more. There is no longer any reason why a new street should be laid out less than one hundred and fifty feet wide, while most of them may as readily be two hundred or even three hundred feet wide. Down the middle of all these streets should be planted, not flowers, or at least not flowers only, but shading trees—beech or linden or magnolia or Norway maple. Stately elms should reach their arms over man and beast throughout their whole length. Parks should appear at each half mile, and these should afford the purest water and abundant shade. It is not alone public franchises that the people should own —that is, investments—but more of the city itself. What do the masses, the crowds that go up and down the streets and fill the shops, own—that is, in their own right? Not anything, anywhere. The city is not theirs in any sense of the word. Let them own parks, resting

places, breathing places, parts of blocks here and there given up to their use. Every fifth corner lot should be everybody's yard, and it should be large and beautiful. Let it be shady; never mind about flowers, but let it have plenty of trees and grass. Let it be kept sprinkled and cool, with everywhere the best water. Nor is there any reason why there should not be coffee and cheap and healthful food furnished in the larger of these people's parks. Get rid of long benches and abolish promiscuity. Let it be so arranged that any one who desires may rest. Have cozy chairs. These may be grouped for families. Let the children play on the grass. Get rid of police control and substitute matrons. In other words, have American gardens, where the tired may have a chance to rest and refresh themselves. Let all this be the people's property; not kept from them, but kept by them.

It is, however, the suburban feature of the new city that is now growing most important. At least two-thirds of a large city, we think, will be spread out as thinly as a country village. Each house will have its quarter or half acre garden, and its orchards of small fruits. Here will be, for most people, an ideal home; half city and half country, city water, and gas or electricity, with country soil and country air. Outside your suburban will come another vast circumscribing area, consisting of residences in groves and gardens, of from five to fifty acres. These will not be farms, but truly city residences. They are occasionally to be found to-day; they will be the order of to-morrow. The rich will not get into the city's heart, in palaces that climb skyward, but will incline to the outer circle of city life. They will connect by telephone with their banks, their stores and their offices. There is land enough. The rapid transit problem is being solved. We have only been waiting for a storage battery such as Edison now proffers us.

The municipal problem does not appear to be so serious when we consider the spread of population. The boss and the ward heeler rely largely on slums and ignorance. Scattering population and increasing individualism make for independence of character. With this comes a steady increase of popular control of those franchises which have been the chief plunder and support of the machine. Several of our cities have proved the wisdom of municipal ownership of water and gas. Public control of street cars and transportation is likely to be general before the close of another decade. This is true of European cities as well as American. Glasgow owns a large number of model tenements. It has torn down unsanitary dwellings and is renting better buildings to the poor at a lower charge per month. Public baths and food are provided; and public lodging houses, with clean beds, for seven cents a night. Water works were made municipal in 1885, and in 1892 electric plants for public and private use were established. Street railways became city property in 1894, with fares less than two cents a mile. The public telephone system has 5,000 subscribers at $26.00 a year for unlimited service. Glasgow is an object lesson. What it has done may be called socialism, but in no other sense than common ownership of highways is communism.

The new city will thus become a combination of country and city; it will be more sanitary than either; it will afford social privileges, without reducing individual rights; it will have rapid transit, but at less cost; while it will be possible to trade, to preach, to sing, to have reading circles by telephone connection.

To Reclaim New York

As the time draws near for marshaling at the polls the foes of bad government in New York, we have at hand fresh proof of the corruption with which the Tammany organization is saturated. If any link was lacking in the chain of evidence against the ruffians who rule the police force, it was supplied last week by the remarkable work of Mr. Frank Moss and the agents employed by him for Dr. Parkhurst's Society for the Prevention of Crime. In brief, the story of this latest exposure of the protectors of vice is as follows: One Whitney, acting for the gamblers and their official protectors, was led to believe that he had procured the assistance of one of the Society's agents by a bribe. To this agent he gave a list of forty-three pool-rooms. If the Society should decide to raid one of these places, the agent was to give warning by a tele-

phone message to the police station of the precinct, through police headquarters, where the operators had been instructed to forward such warnings to the law-breakers who were in danger. Mr. Moss and the agent made the experiment of giving warnings in this way for several pool-rooms and other disorderly places, with the result that the news was promptly conveyed to the places in question—sometimes by policemen—and that these places were immediately closed, altho no raids upon them had been planned. Whitney was arrested, and has made a full confession. A dozen captains of police appear to have been caught in this trap, together with Deputy-Chief Devery and his "wardman."

Useful as this exposure may be, however, it was not required for the enlightenment of intelligent citizens of New York as to the piratical character of Croker's government. The list of Tammany's offenses and of the exposures which have directed public attention to them is so long, and the accumulated mass of proof is so great, that the case against Croker and his men was made up for such citizens long ago. What a foul record it is! The "taking of private business by the throat for gain," the looting of the Third Avenue road, the assaults upon the bench, Ramapo, the Ice Trust, the appointment of an illiterate gambler in Waring's place, the great increase of expenses, the multiplication of offices, the corrupt practices of Fire Commissioner Scannell, the systematic protection of vice and crime for a price, the horrible wickedness of such protection on the East Side—these brief references serve to remind us of some of the offenses that should insure the overwhelming defeat at the polls of this association of thieves, illiterates and beneficiaries of licensed wickedness to which the great city was delivered in 1897 by a deplorable division of the reform forces.

Is the record enough to insure the defeat of these political pirates at the coming election? It seems incredible that a great majority of the voters of New York should not already have determined to turn these rascals out. The combined vote of Low and Tracy in 1897 was 253,400, against Van Wyck's 234,000, and Tammany then had 30,000 less than half of all the votes cast. After Tammany's foul record since that year, is it possible that a majority will not be counted against its candidates in November? We cannot think so. All that is required to insure a victory for honest government is the united action of those by whom such government is desired.

The combination that is essential to success requires an agreement of the Republicans, the Citizens' Union and the other reform organizations concerning a candidate and a platform. Fortunately, such a combination now seems to be assured. No candidate has been named, for the nominating conventions will not be held until the middle or latter part of September; but the Republican leaders are willing to support an Anti-Tammany Democrat. Each member of the Citizens' Union Committee of 107 has been asked to submit three names to the sub-committee that will make an agreement with the other organizations. Inquiry and discussion will soon disclose the names of those who are foremost in the minds of the men who are to make the ticket. Theoretically the selection of a candidate for this campaign ought not to be determined by his partisan affiliations, but practical conditions may make it expedient to choose an independent Democrat. It is the desire of the reform leaders that discussion as to candidates be deferred for a time. We may say, however, that in the character and aims of ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt the type to be sought is clearly shown. It is unfortunate that advancing age, as we suppose, excludes him from the list; but the united foes of Tammany will do wisely if they select a man of his kind.

The platform? That is another question. Will it not be enough, after the selection of a candidate whose character is a platform in itself, to speak emphatically for honest government and in denunciation of the vices and corruption and crimes of the ring that is to be deprived of power? For some this is sufficient; for others it is not. With respect to this matter some difficulty may be encountered. We have spoken heretofore of signs of a possible division of the Anti-Tammany forces as to a municipal policy, the workingmen and many others asking for such "positive benefits for the people" as are demanded in the platform of the Citizens' Union, while a majority

of the well-to-do prefer that nearly all of these projects for social betterment, municipal ownership, and the guarding of franchises should be omitted.

With the right man at the head of the ticket, a demand for good government and a denunciation of Tammany corruption ought to be enough; but it does not follow that it would satisfy thousands of voters whose support is needed. We do not refer to the "40,000 in the tenement districts" of whom Mr. Hewitt says that to them Tammany is a kind of co-operative business association in which they acquire an interest in exchange for their votes, and that they can be drawn away from it only by "a revolutionized material environment," but to others who made the Citizens' Union platform. The question is one that should be handled with care and wisdom. The well-to-do in the reform party will not be driven to the support of Croker by a social betterment platform, but the more numerous workingmen in the same party might be chilled and repelled if their entire municipal program should be thrown out. As to this matter, nothing should be permitted to prevent that friendly agreement which the situation imperatively demands.

Kipling's Last Poem

A VERSE of Kipling's last poem in the London *Times* was cabled over, and was sufficiently ridiculed. The Poet Laureate could not have fared worse. Now we have the entire poem by mail, and are able to judge its quality.

The journals that sympathize with the Boers are unanimous in their condemnation, and we may therefore discount their criticism as political rather than artistic. They say that he has sadly deteriorated, has become a strident, whooping bacchant of war, a pothouse melodramatist whose downfall began with his "Absent-minded Beggar," and has reached its nadir in such shocking prose as:

"It was our fault, our very great fault, and not the judgment of Heaven!
We made an army in our own image, on an island nine by seven,
Which faithfully mirrored its maker's ideals, equipment and mental attitude—
And so we got our lesson: and we ought to accept it with gratitude!"

Now that we have the whole poem there are some things to be said in its defense, and not a little deprecatingly, if this is to be given as a fair show of the movement of the mind of an author from whom we have expected, and still expect, more than from any other living author of the English tongue. We certainly cannot afford to lose the force or the poetic merit of "The Ballad of East and West," "To Walcott Balestier," "Gunga-din," "The White Man's Burden," and a score of other stirring ballad-like poems.

Let it be understood that in its unkempt rudeness this last poem, "The Lesson," is no worse than what Kipling has often done; nor is it any more a screed or scream of war than what he wrote long ago:

"So 'ere's good luck to those that wear the Widow's clo'es,
An' the Devil send 'em all they want o' loot!
(*Chorus*) Yes, the loot,
Bloomin' loot,
In the tunic an' the mess-tin and the boot!
It's the same with dogs and men,
If you'd make 'em come again
Whoop 'em forward with a Loo! loo! Lu! lu!
Loot! loot! loot!
Heeya! Sick 'im, puppy! Loo! loo! Lulu!
Loot! loot! loot!"

The sentiment of this chorus seems to have been rather popular a year ago in China.

It is the merit of Kipling's verse that it has a purpose. He does not write for prettiness' sake. He went to South Africa not to write famous poetry, but to give his help to the Empire. He believes in the British Empire, and, whether the war is right or wrong, the purpose is worthy of a poet and makes his poetry more worthy. To make a poem dynamic is vastly to ennoble it. In this poem the purpose, to teach the British people that they must accept and profit by their blunders in the Boer War, is introduced sharply in the opening lines:

"Let us admit it fairly, as a business people should,
We have had no end of a lesson: it will do us no end of good.

"Not on a single issue, or in one direction or twain,
But conclusively, comprehensively, and several times and again,
Were all our most holy illusions knocked higher than Gilderoy's kite.
We have had a jolly good lesson, and it serves us jolly well right."

This is no dilettante verse, no study of poetic colors; it is just thrusts from the shoulder, such as the commonest people can understand; it does not have to be read twice. But it is overrunning with its purpose, which purpose keeps master of its plebeian art.

But can art be Bœotian? Kipling has already proved that it can. He has given us the very anthithesis to Tennyson. He has descended, which Tennyson could not do, to the barracks and the tap-room, and yet it is poetry, coarse, but strong, sometimes grand—for the grand can be very plebeian in tongue and dress. The utter simplicity of this verse is admirable with its mononsyllables, and it lends itself excellently to travesty, a proof of excellence. Hear it:

"We have spent a hundred million pounds to prove the fact once more
That horses are quicker than men afoot, since two and two make four;
And horses have four legs and men have two legs, and two into four goes twice,
And nothing over except our lesson—and very cheap at the price. . . .

"Then let us develop this marvelous asset which we alone command,
And which, it may subsequently transpire, will be worth as much as the Rand; . . .
So the more we work and the less we talk the better results we shall get—
We have had an Imperial lesson; it will make us an Empire yet!"

The tone of this poem is humble enough, and resolute enough. It is fine British; for no people grumbles more, or does more, than the Britons. The tone is something of that of the one poem of the Queen's Jubilee, "Recessional," "Lest We Forget," but more that which concludes another of his fine poems:

"Take up the White Man's Burden!
Have done with childish days—
The lightly proffered laurel,
The easy ungrudged praise;
Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers."

A word may be said as to the meter of these lines. It is Kipling's favorite meter, a heptameter which in its best ballad form breaks with a cesura after the fourth foot, but which in this case is more lawless in its mixture of iambi and anapests and in its mid-line breaks than is usual or is really metrical. We hope that Kipling will not forget the importance of the mechanism of verse. We have said that there is in this poem very little "color" of assonance of vowels or alliteration of consonants. And yet Kipling is not deaf to these helpful arts. Witness:

"They are purged of pride because they died; they know the worth of their bays;
They sit at wine with the Maidens' Nine, and the Gods of the Elder Days—
It is their will to serve or be still as fitteth our Father's praise."

The six first lines with which "The Lesson" begins are inartistic in that they deceive one as to the meter. They are more easily read as hexameters, with a redundant syllable in the middle of the line, at the cesura. To make them heptameters we must accent "as," and "it," and "or," and "-ly," when it is much easier to jump the syllable, tho that is irregular enough; but the succeeding verses require the seven feet. Well, Shakespeare got careless in his later plays. If a poem must be "simple, sensuous, passionate," this of Kipling's fills two of the requirements, but it is not "sensuous."

A National University

The establishment of the Washington Memorial Institution as a corporation to promote the use of the libraries, laboratories and museums of Washington by students appears to be another case in which diplomacy has succeeded where direct methods have failed. To bring together in any sort of harmony for a single purpose those who have worked hard for a national university and those who have opposed it; departmental chiefs who want assistants and scientific men eager for the advancement of research; those who want a memorial to the Father of his Country and those who want education for his children; educators and philanthropists; Washingtonians and Westerners, is a triumph of tact and management worthy of attention for itself, whatever may come of it in the future. Like all compromises it is being attacked from both sides. It is denounced as a sly scheme to work in a national university without anybody's knowing it, and as a surreptitious measure to check the movement for the establishment of such an institution. As a matter of fact, the project for a Univer-

sity of the United States at Washington has been before Congress for a century, indorsed by most people of importance from Washington and Jefferson down, and energetically lobbied for by John W. Hoyt and many others; yet it does not seem to be any nearer realization in the twentieth than it was in the eighteenth century.

It is true the bill establishing it has "nearly got through" several Congresses, but as we all know, that does not necessarily mean that there was ever much chance of its passing. There is now no apparent prospect that Congress will be persuaded to appropriate a million dollars a year to add another university to those now so well supported by the several States and private beneficence. In the meantime the National Government is spending about three million dollars a year directly and indirectly for the increase of knowledge and its propagation; and if the Washington Memorial Institution can do anything toward opening the departments at Washington to students it will be doing a good work, and will not interfere with anything else. Research is properly the business of a university as distinguished from a college; and if the various agencies supported or assisted by the Government are zealous for the discovery of new truth there are plenty of colleges ready to teach it to our youth and to reward them for learning it. There is no country where a new scientific discovery is so quickly made known to the people and applied in the arts and manufactures as in ours; but there are many other countries which contribute more each year than the United States to the sum of human wisdom. If the research work of the Government is enlarged, and more young men and women given an opportunity to take part in it, we may well be content for the present to let the colleges now existing examine and reward them. The custom of advanced students doing their graduate work at several different institutions, which has worked so well in Germany, is now coming in vogue here, and the Governmental departments will fit in nicely with this plan of migratory study. The University of London does no teaching, but only examines and grants degrees. Our National University while it is in its present inchoate state may well be the complement of this; carrying on scientific investigations and training students but giving no examinations or degrees. This, we venture to think, is the more important of the two.

If anything more is to be done by the Government for education, it would seem that the establishment of a school for the training of young men for the colonial civil service and consular and diplomatic positions, somewhat on the lines of West Point and Annapolis, is more needed than another university like those we have. This is something that could be better done by the National Government than by State or private colleges, and would react beneficially on our own civil service; for people would come to realize the desirability of having as efficient public servants as the Filipinos would have.

About $21,000,000 is spent every year on higher education in the United States; and while no doubt some of this is practically wasted by being divided among so many so-called colleges and universities, still there would be some loss to both students and communities by its greater concentration. The same problem recurs in many forms, and in no case can it be decided off-hand. For example, the National Government appropriates this year $710,000 to the several States to be expended for experimenting in agriculture and publishing the results. Would it be better to have the experiment stations managed by the Department of Agriculture at Washington? The advantages of such a plan are obvious. Some of the stations are inefficient, doing little either toward the solutions of the problems of agriculture or the education of their people. In some parts of the country the stations are a few miles apart; in some large districts there are none. There is a great deal of waste through duplication which would be saved by systematizing the work. As it is now, a half a dozen men in different States attack the same problem at the same time. If they get the same results they feel badly because they realize that they have wasted their time; if they do not get the same results they feel worse for the same reason. The disadvantages of centralization, on the other hand, are less obvious, altho no less real. Among them may be mentioned less adaptation

to local needs, less flexibility of purpose, and less interest on the part of the people in the work.

The question of a National University versus State and other local universities is even more complex. The French Government has been making great efforts without much success to strengthen the provincial faculties, so as to avoid the congestion of students in the overgrown University of Paris. Germany has been remarkable for its numerous universities of nearly equal rank; but now the University of Berlin is rapidly sapping the other universities of their professors, students and income. On the whole, it may be best to let the University of the United States come, if it is to come, by a process of slow evolution rather than to attempt to establish it in full force just now.

The Offside Habit

By the offside habit we mean the habit in religious discussion of asserting one's escape from the conventional faith by dwelling on the objections to belief, and making the most of the arguments for disbelief in the current religious tenets of the Church. It is a frequent tone of mind found among young students; it exhibits a certain vagariousness of thought, but even more, it flatters the offside disputant with the comfortable assurance of his independence of the traditions of his fathers. He feels that he is thinking for himself, that he is the slave of no old dogma, that he is ready to sacrifice tradition to truth.

But the offside attitude is not the true inquirer's attitude. The true inquirer cannot acquire an offside habit. His business is to seek eagerly and impartially for the indications of truth. If his mind is balancing its evidences he will just as freely consider the arguments that make for religious faith as those that make against it, and will be just as likely to call attention to them. He cannot be an offside man.

The fact is that offsidedness is not the temper of an inquiring mind, but of a slack and listless mind, or at least a mind either inert or unwilling to give serious attention to the subject involved. This is particularly true when the subject is one so personal in its nature as is religion. Religion involves duty and conduct. A conclusion reached may affect profoundly one's whole manner of life. This ought to be a reason for careful investigation of all the data available to reach a conclusion; but instead of that it is likely to be a reason for delaying and avoiding a conclusion, in order that one may, as long as possible, escape the possible obligation to accept in conduct and life the result to be reached. In this case the easiest way is to hang off, to dwell in thought and in conversation on the offside and make this emphasis in the objections to religious faith a way of pacifying one's conscience as to the duty of reaching a conclusion one way or the other. There is nothing noble and brave about this dallying and nibbling offside habit; it is rather timorous and culpable.

Far better is the earnest spirit which seeks a conclusion in opinion and conduct, and then attempts to proselyte others to it. We respect a man who has a mind of his own, and all the more if he feels enough responsibility for the right thinking and right conduct of the community to attempt to bring them over to his opinions. We feel this approval without regard to the supposed correctness of the conclusions reached and urged; it is the earnest purpose that we approve. We cannot help liking positiveness; the man who wilfully dangles in the air, hooked like a Hindu fakir, resting neither in heaven nor on the earth, is not a sight to inspire enthusiam in others or to do any good.

Such a man in business would never take a venture or win a fortune. Think of such a man. He is considering the purchase of a property; he will not make up his mind; he refuses to balance the arguments for with arguments against and then let the weight settle into decision, but thinks only of the difficulties, the dangers, and does nothing. Why is it any less foolish in matters of religious faith to talk of nothing but the objections, while yet admitting that they may not be conclusive? It is the part of wisdom either to accept or to reject the Christian life and the profession of the Christian faith. A probable conclusion any one can reach that wants to. If one reaches no conclusion, if he keeps swinging on the tenterhooks of indecision, the

explanation is clear that he does not want to make a decision. He prefers, either through mental laziness or from unwillingness, to accept a likely conclusion, or through moral cowardice to give himself the liberty of a life for which he is willing to apologize, but which he cannot vigorously defend. In either case the offside habit is not manly or commendable. It is the last thing on which one should pride himself.

Housekeeping as a Fine Art

A BRIGHT correspondent writes:

You have been saying a good deal lately about woman in the country, as if she could do nothing else but go out of doors to find work. In my opinion, the grandest thing about this whole reaction to country life is that it makes possible a higher sort of housekeeping. Keeping a house in the city is very different from keeping a house in the country. I never can get anything like a home feeling in the one, while the other distinctly gives me the sensation of ownership. I think it is because we are ourselves part of nature; and the nearer we get to nature the more we find ourselves at home. The city house has to be wound up a good deal like a clock; servants set in motion; and then the family manages to touch together at given hours. But here in the country we are in and out, and all about, and weave our lives together. I recognize the need of order and system, but the chief point is to live so that no one shall disturb the other. Now what I write for is to say that you are putting too much emphasis on this garden work and orchard work and bee-keeping for women in the country. Yes, we do have our rose beds and lily beds; but we also have the house full of fresh roses in season, and then there is another sort of bed-making that we find quite as delightful. The house is a part of the garden; the garden is a part of the house. That is where I think living in the country has the advantage. I should like to know what revelation is greater than that which comes to a housekeeper when for the first time she begins to cook green peas out of her own garden—a woman who all her life before has only smelled such peas as one may buy in a city market. The delicious odor is not only something new, but it is a poem; and such poems go together to make up a dinner that is inconceivable to those who only get served from a grocery around the corner.

This delightful letter goes on to say that what is best of all in the country is doing away with conventionalism. There is a possibility here, the writer thinks, of escaping from slavery to system as well as to dress. To be sure, there is danger of a lapse into too little regard for form—and that would be to sacrifice art—which glorifies nature. This the wise housekeeper comprehends; and about it will not be neglectful. Above all, she will not forget the sun dial, and do her work out of time; for only thus can there be rhythm in life.

In the country even more than in the city it is easy to disarrange affairs. As my Tom says, "Don't disjoint our plans with a late breakfast." Nature has a wonderful clock; and it keeps wonderful time. Tom says a cow knows twelve o'clock to a minute and he hates to annoy a beast with waiting for its dinner. So between us we believe in keeping in time, as we do in tune.

Clothes cost less both in money and in care; but they should be appropriate—that is, people should dress somewhat as nature dresses. Diamonds are out of place with roses; and costly fabrics do not fit either to a shrubbery lawn or a vegetable garden. That is, the tendency to mere cost and display should not appear in the country. Yet it is wonderful how charmingly one can dress when not on parade. The writer says that it starts a great many questions in her mind about what is good taste, and the relation of dress to character as well as comfort.

Everything here, says the writer, goes by contraries to the city:

We don't sit up half the night; but we do get up with the daylight. Tim, our neighbor, calls over the fence, from the meadow where he is mowing, "The top of the morning to you, madam! the cream of the day!" And then his cheery laugh is followed by the swish of the scythe in the morning dew. A little further up the hillside you see the reaper at work; and you never tire of thinking how man has mastered all things with tools; until at last the American has a tool instinct. All this, while the orioles flash, like shuttles of fire, through the orchard trees. One of them found a window open yesterday, and pulled a ball of my yarn into a snarl, wove it through all the chairs, and in and out of the window, in her efforts to get bits of it to weave into her nest.

The whole world is akin. We are all nest building and trying to find our unknown relationships. The birds come in all sorts of ways to companion us.

Our genial correspondent tells the story so well that we have let her tell it mostly in her own language. Housekeeping as a fine art is, after all, only keeping a house as "home beautiful"—not as home costly. It is to have everything in time, so that all the household shall be comfortable. Irritation, if persisted in, is a social crime. We remember that Mr. Beecher called sour bread a sin, and sour bread all the year around a

mortal sin. It is the small things that combine to make the great ones. We remember a Quaker mother in Michigan whose cottage was, not to exceed, five or six rooms; but each room having a purpose. Order was everywhere; primness nowhere. The atmosphere was peaceful and quiet; and yet there was a sensation of untiring industry. Roses grew over the porch as if they comprehended that they were a part of the household. Outside and inside there was unity. But the best of all was that the animals caught the spirit of the housekeeper, and seemed to bear a certain relationship to the home, and to constitute a part of it. The folk were all in sympathy. There are many things that never go to the mint; but they are better than gold. The drift toward country life should be welcomed as a tendency toward simpler, sweeter home life, with more material to make it of. Yet no one can live in the country, and make the best of it, without high purpose and moral aim. Simply to get crops, and turn them over into cash, may be done anywhere, without final success. True farming means love of nature; animals, plants, trees as well as flowers. A country house that is close, prim, formal and unnatural, merely polite, is misplaced—and there are such in the country. Our correspondent is right, woman's great work in the country is not raising fowls, or keeping bees; nor is it capacity to manage machinery; but it is creating a natural household and keeping the home full of soul-shine in every department.

Hot Spells and Sun Spots

The popular belief that "sun spots" are responsible for the prevalence during long periods of the summer of temperatures of unusual heat has cropped up with much vehemence of iteration during the past summer. Science has sought, vainly, to prove the connection; and science now, smiling indulgently on the sweltering lay world, brings in, as ever during the century that is gone, its verdict of "not proven."

Science made its first serious attempt in the earnest and august person of Sir William Herschel—and the retrospective eye finds much therein to smile at. As a gauge of the weather conditions he took the price of corn; and, as a result, he believed he had established a definite connection between weather phenomena and solar conditions. Little further attention was paid to the subject until about the middle of the century, when the periodicity of the solar spots had been established, and their connection with magnetic activity and with the aurora borealis had been recognized. It was very natural, then, to attempt to establish a similar connection with the weather. The results were far from satisfactory. Some of the investigators, in a partial way, agreed with Herschel, and others came to an opposite conclusion.

During the last twenty-five years the subject of solar physics has received a great deal of attention, but no progress whatever has been made in the way of connecting the solar activities with changes of the weather. Professor Young, who is one of the authorities in celestial physics, in his "General Astronomy" sums up the matter with the general statement that "As to temperature, it may be higher or lower at the time of a spot maximum. On the whole, it is now quite certain that whatever influence the sun spots exert upon terrestrial meteorology is very slight, if it exists at all."

It is not at all improbable that the fluctuations in solar activity, as indicated by the occurrence of the maxima and minima of sun spots, have some effect upon terrestrial meteorology; but in order to settle the question long series of observations spread over large areas of the earth's surface will be necessary. The effect, if any exist, will probably be confined to a range of temperature of perhaps a degree or a fraction of a degree. The fact that extremes of temperature such as we have been experiencing are not due to this cause is very conclusively demonstrated by the circumstance that they are limited to comparatively small areas of the earth's surface; if they were of solar origin, the whole earth should be affected in the same general way.

We have seen that there is a definite connection between solar activity and terrestrial magnetism. It is manifested by what are called magnetic storms, which are not to be associated with storms as generally understood. The magnetic storm is usually manifested by slight vibrations or tremblings of the magnetic

needle, generally so slight that a delicate instrument is necessary for its detection. Magnetic storms are also very often present in connection with the aurora borealis, but no relation whatever has been found to exist between them manifestations and terrestrial meteorology. The ancient fiction that a change of the weather accompanies or follows a conspicuous aurora borealis is of the same character as the more familiar fiction which associates changes of the weather with the changes of the moon.

It is quite likely that all of these phenomena have some slight connection one with another. But at present our information upon the general subject is very limited, and in many cases we are not in a position to hazard a guess as to what that connection may be. These are some of the problems which remain for the physicists of the future to struggle with.

Municipal Telephones

Tunbridge Wells is a municipality in England. It should be watched by every civilized town and city in the world; for last week the corporation of the town declared open for use the first municipal telephone undertaking ever established in England. This progressive municipality, like most others in England, had long been a sufferer under the grievous monopoly of the National Telephone Company, whose service became so unbearable that it practically forced the municipality to attempt the business itself. Of course, all the vast capital (somewhat watered) of the National Company was enlisted in the fight for its life. Finding the town obdurate the company reduced its charges from $40 to $20 a year, to underbid the $28 a year proposed by the municipal company. But even that reduction was of little avail. The Municipal Telephone Company before it did a stroke of business had many more subscribers than the old company, and now everybody who is competent to express an opinion looks on the venture as already a success. In this country the city of Grand Rapids, Wis., has just made an interesting and instructive experiment in telephones by which the subscribers own the stock of the company, but in none of our American towns or cities does the municipality own and operate its telephones. The whole movement, however, is in the wake of Tunbridge Wells's lead. Municipal telephones have got to come for the good of the people. Private corporations may "not be in business for their health," but the people in their corporate capacity are.

Christian Endeavor Federation

The federation of the young people's societies, which Mr. Ellis urges in our issue this week, is a wise proposition, we may say an essential duty. But it is not the first-best thing, only the best that is feasible. The division ought never to have taken place. It came out of denominational ambition, and the desire to control the young people and their contributions and publications for sectarian purposes. The publishing interests have a great deal to do with it. But the division, for which the Methodists are chiefly responsible, has been effected, and the next thing is to reduce the evil as much as possible. This can be done only by federation, and Mr. Ellis's plan seems to be a good one. The denominational oversight, which Mr. Ellis desires, is not inconsistent with the united Christian Endeavor idea, and we do not see but that all the "messages" which each denomination has for its young people, whether doctrinal or missionary, can be secured without separation. We only fear that Mr. Ellis's plan of federation may be made an excuse for breaking up the denominations still united in the old Society of Christian Endeavor, and making them as separate as the Epworth League, which would be a misfortune. The plan is good, if it means more union, but bad if it is to be used for more division.

Militarism in South America

We have not been much concerned about the danger, which Senator Lodge discovered, of German political aspirations in Brazil; but there is an unfortunate German influence on the Pacific side of the continent which may loom large. General Körner, a German officer, has for a number of years been at the head of the military system of Chile, and his influence has at last prevailed to have a law enacted requiring every citizen between the ages of 18 and 48 to render

military service for at least one year. The tendency is to make the business interests of the country yield to the military, and militarism will make war easy. The natural result is that Chile's rival, Argentina, with whom she divided Patagonia a few years ago, is arming fast and trying to introduce obligatory military service, while Peru is making popular subscriptions for war ships, and Bolivia has applied to Germany for military instructors. The public debt of Chile is $113,000,000, and that of Argentina $510,000,000. The *per capita* debt of Argentina is about $100, and that of Chile $36.40, while that of the United States is but $14.52. Argentina has to pay interest charges of $6.80 *per capita,* while this country pays but $0.44.

Medical Education

A contrast is drawn in *Nature* between the methods of medical education in England and the United States. The Harvard student, says the writer, is taught a wider course of practical physiology than is attempted in any London medical school, taught in a more inductive and scientific way, the student trained to think for himself, and this wider course covered in a period of four months, while in England the student takes two years for physiology. The explanation is that the Harvard student gives *all* his time to physiology during these months, whereas in England the medical student's time is wasted in hopping about between physiology, anatomy, organic chemistry and therapeutics, and at the end of two years he has not spent a sufficient time at one sitting on any one branch to gain much real benefit from it. We are learning the advantage of studying one thing at a time, in our advanced courses; perhaps we may yet find a resolute college president or school superintendent who will apply the radical but useful principle, one study at a time, to non-professional education.

In Dr. M. G. Brumbaugh the right kind of a man has been found for Commissioner of Education for Porto Rico. While devoted to the establishment of a system of free schools for the island, he knows that much must be done there, as here, by private benevolence for education, and he welcomes the help of all, Catholic and Protestant, but only the public schools can have the public money. Each must come in its own cloak and do its own work. There is now being held, in San Juan, a summer normal school with 750 pupils, who will be teachers of free schools. There are now in the island a dozen fine school buildings where there was not one two years ago, and 21 more are being built at a cost of $240,000. This means much for Porto Rico.

The North China Herald is the leading English paper published in China, and its judgment is more valuable than that of a multitude of prejudiced detractors of mission work. This is what it says in its leading editorial of July 3:

> "The good work that is being done all over China by missionary doctors, missionary schoolmasters and professors, and the men who devote themselves to such periodicals as the *Wan Kwoh Kung Pao* is not rewarded by the grant of C. M. G.'s or C. B.'s, or by recognition of any kind from kings or governments, but it does the work just the same. The transformation of China, which is coming on gradually, is the work of these men."

We hope that the Tampa, Fla., way of ending strikes may not be tried in the North. A large open-air meeting was called, ostensibly in the interests of the Spanish and Cuban strikers. The leaders were there, and were suddenly seized by a band of kidnappers, and shipped out of town, to Venezuela or somewhere else. Then the kidnappers issued a proclamation quite after the Latin American style. This is no laughing matter; it is an outrage of the worst sort. It is the kind of violence that provokes civil war.

Mr. McCrackan's faithfulness at rushing into the breach to protect the Christian Scientists whenever the New York press may attack them, and the fact that they have their advocates detailed to do the same work in other cities, has suggested that other religious bodies might do the same. The American Catholics have a defense association which attends to this very duty, and does it well. It follows up all lies or slanders and immediately corrects them. It is a wise use of the press.

INSURANCE

Stock vs. Mutual

THE Travelers' is an exclusively stock company, with rates below usual mutual rates; policyholders buy their insurance for an agreed price and any accruing profits therefore belong to stockholders. A good argument can be offered for this plan; but how the contract rates compare with net rates, in fact, paid under the mutual plan is a question which can be and is disputed. Mutual companies have non-participating tables, not much used, however; but a certain Mutual Benefit agent, in course of competitive operation, issued a comparative statement which seemed to show that had the holder of a certain matured Mutual Benefit policy taken a Travelers' policy instead he would have yielded up to stockholders a large sum which, in fact, he had saved to himself. As one retort, the Travelers' quoted portions of the Mutual Benefit's charter which apparently showed a liability of policyholders to assessment; but this was answered by citing other portions which exclude all individual liability beyond any indebtedness for loans on policies in force. The Travelers' then took another turn by attacking the legality of non-participating policies by the Mutual Benefit, broadly charging that they are a discrimination against the mutual members, who are liable to be assessed for any deficiencies. The meaning of this is that the non-participating rate is scaled down very low (perhaps too low) for competitive reasons, and that, since the company must stand by these contracts, if any shortages should arise on them such shortages must be made up by cutting down the dividends of the mutual members.

The last clause of this argument is a plain proposition in arithmetic. If any shortages arise under a purely stock plan, those must come out of the property of the stockholders, or else the contracts cannot be fulfilled; so, in the other case, the mutual policyholders—who, by a figure of speech, may be called liable to assessment, since their dividends are decided by the workings of the business—would have to stand in the breach. But to assume that there will or can be any shortage in either case is a controversial position. The Travelers' cannot make this out more than an imaginary danger in case of mutual companies without hitting back upon itself, unless it can unmistakably show material differences. The mutual companies substantially say to the public: "We do not recommend non-participating policies; but if you are of the opinion that such a policy is preferable, as an exclusively stock company of course urges upon you, here is a non-participating policy which is at least quite as favorable."

The comparative merits of the two forms we do not now discuss, but there certainly appears no basis for the complaint about "discrimination" made to the Massachusetts Department on behalf of the Travelers'. There is a partial analogue in case of public parks. Those are under a special control, which lawfully excludes heavy trucks and in barring a specific class makes no discrimination, but discrimination could not be exercised against individuals. The non-participating policy, whatever its merits or demerits, is open alike to all and does not come under the ban of an anti-discrimination law. To say that its effect will be to unduly burden one class of policyholders is to make an assertion without means of proving it.

The Mutual Reserve Situation

ABOUT the end of June, the Mutual Reserve Fund sent to Commissioner Dearth, of Minnesota, a notice of the special and extra call to be made, this notice being presumably in substance the same as that sent to Commissioner Hendricks, of this State, and summarized in this column. Mr. Dearth acknowledged receipt, but added that "it is to be hoped that the result of said assessment will enable the association to promptly pay its excessive accumulations in full; many needy beneficiaries of [in] Minnesota are looking anxiously for a remittance." To this President Burnham replied that the statement about waiting beneficiaries is

false and was known by the writer to be such; that the association has not now and never had a single just claim due and unpaid in Minnesota; that at present it has proofs as to five, one of which has been passed for payment and proofs on the others were received since May 1st last; and that the sum required for the five is much less than Mr. Dearth "proposed to realize through your recent attempted unnecessary examination."

We did not comment at the time upon the examination affair referred to. Mr. Dearth appeared to be prepared for a situation if not to be inciting one; and while the association's managers might reasonably enough consider the privilege of doing business in Minnesota not worth the cost of a special examination they could not be so foolish as to try to avoid examinations or even to close the door upon any one individual examiner. The expressions which Mr. Dearth employs in his letter pleased him in the writing, but they are unseemly. We will add that no public officer who appreciates his position and no newspaper writer who recognizes the public interest can indulge in flings whose only effect can be to make harder the hard enough task of the Mutual Reserve. To record the failure of that society would give us no pleasure. There have been too many failures already, and another notable one is not necessary to vindicate the principles of insurance.

Insurance Items

Henry C. Frick, of Pittsburgh, was last week elected a director of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late A. Van Santvoord. Mr. Frick is one of the best known men in Western Pennsylvania, and was for many years the most active one in the management of the Pittsburgh Iron and Steel Works. He was also President of the H. C. Frick Coke Company, the largest producers of coke in the world, and is a director in many Pittsburgh institutions, and also of the Mercantile Trust Company, of this city.

....Friendly societies which have been flourishing in England more than a century are pretty regularly cited by assessment societies. All the evidence in the world will not sustain a mathematical impossibility, and with whatever emphasis and detail it is asserted that others have been paying a dollar with less than a hundred cents, the answer is that there is something wrong with the story. The Travelers' Record says that no such English societies as several mentioned by name in a recent circular of the Modern Woodmen of America are on the records or are known to antiquarians as ever existing, and that several others named have nothing in common with assessment fraternal orders. The London *Review* (insurance) also denies that any such societies exist in Great Britain, and declares it a deliberate falsehood, "for American speculators to assert that societies are working in England and have worked solvently and honestly for a long period of time upon principles similar to those of the co-operative life insurance societies."

....Inquiry is made of us as to whether it is true that a distinction in rates is now made (presumably by accident companies) as to bicycle scorchers and automobile drivers. We are not aware of any, nor would it be easy to distinguish scorchers from non-scorchers, for insurance purposes, nor is automobile driving a dangerous occupation. But the inquirer evidently regards all bicyclists as scorching nuisances, and he thinks an extra rate upon them and upon automobile users would be "a just discrimination in view of the awful fear" and danger which they cause pedestrians and horse-users. However great and well-founded such fear, it is not the part of insurance companies to try to regulate things generally, and if the hated improvements caused any increase of rates the increase would have to be laid on the endangered pedestrians. That some automobile drivers do misbehave and need to be taught limitations by summary dealing nobody admits more frankly and regrets more deeply than those who are most interested in the new order. So much having been said, the rest of it is that the automobile has its place, and will take it; that the horse does not gain control of the highway by priority of use, and that the sensible and necessary course for horse-users is to conform to progress, not to fight it.

FINANCIAL

Crop Reports

The Government's crop report for August 1st, issued on the 10th, shows that the average condition of corn declined in July from 81.3 to 54. According to the estimates of the Statistician of the New York Produce Exchange, a crop of 2,098,000,000 bushels was indicated on July 1st, and this quantity is reduced by the average of 54 to only 1,393,000,000. Other crop statisticians make a still smaller total. A canvass of the seven leading corn States by the New York *Herald* points to additional losses in the first ten days of August, and indicates a crop of only 1,103,223,000 bushels. The evidence is conclusive that the country has suffered a great loss in the corn fields. Spring wheat was affected by the weather, but a wheat crop of nearly 660,000,000 bushels has been saved. This quantity has been exceeded only once. There was a loss of 25 points in the condition of potatoes during July. Tobacco has suffered, and there will be a poor crop of apples.

New National Banks and the Increase of Currency

THE Comptroller of the Currency has issued a statement showing the effect of the National Banking Act of March 14th, 1900 (the Gold Standard Act), in enlarging the number of banks and increasing the bank-note circulation. Immediately after the enactment of this law, those who opposed it predicted that the currency in circulation would be largely "inflated" by the additional issues of notes for which provision was made. The high estimates published at that time by partisan foes of the bill were based upon erroneous statements as to the profits to be gained from the issue of circulating notes. We said in THE INDEPENDENT of March 15th, 1900:

> "A safe conclusion seems to be this, that the increase will be gradual, that there will be no injurious expansion, and that the situation at present does not permit a trustworthy estimate of the sum to be added. It may in twelve months be $100,000,000; it may eventually be twice as much, but the probabilities do not point to so large an increase."

The Comptroller's statement shows that up to July 31st (sixteen and one-half months after the enactment of the law) the net increase of bank-note circulation was $101,750,173. This addition has been very useful, owing to the unprecedented commercial and financial activity. It has been accompanied by the organization of 665 national banks and a net increase of 600 in the total number of such banks, which is now 4,217.

The average capital of these new banks is about $51,500; and 457 of them are the small banks, having a capital of less than $50,000, the organization of which was for the first time authorized by the Act of 1900. As the average capital of these 457 banks is only $26,000, it will be seen that in almost every instance the investment was the minimum ($25,000) permitted by the new law.

The most significant growth of the small banks has taken place in Texas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and the Middle West. Here is a part of the list:

	Less than $50,000	$50,000 or more.	Total.
Texas	59	26	85
Pennsylvania	36	37	73
Iowa	42	9	51
Ohio	25	17	42
Illinois	30	10	40
Oklahoma	31	3	34
Indian Territory	25	6	31
Minnesota	24	3	27
New York	17	9	26
Indiana	16	7	23
Kansas	16	4	20
Nebraska	16	1	17

Texas, Oklahoma and Indian Territory have nearly one-fourth of the entire number; twelve Southern States (Texas excluded) have only 74; and 22 have been organized west of the Rocky Mountains. These small banks have not only been of much service to the people of agricultural districts, but have also, by the mere fact of their existence and ordinary operations, been doing missionary work for the cause of honest money and a sound currency in places where such work was greatly needed.

Financial Items

MANITOBA has a very large crop of wheat. The yield may exceed 50,000,000 bushels, which would allow 30,000,000 bushels for export.

....The cotton acreage planted this year exceeds that of last year by 8 per cent., but the condition of the growing crop is the lowest for twenty years, one year excepted.

....Machinery for the electrical equipment of the underground road from Liverpool to Birkenhead, and of the Dublin street railways, will be manufactured in this country.

....The Indiana National Bank, of Indianapolis, has declared out of its surplus and undivided profits a dividend of 233 per cent., and has thus increased its capital from $300,000 to $1,000,000.

....Through shipments from Chicago to Europe by steamship over the St. Lawrence route will be discontinued, chiefly on account of the high rates of insurance and the failure to obtain return cargoes.

....An order for eighteen locomotives for the Kinshiu railway in Japan has been given to the American Locomotive Company. This will be the sixth order of the kind to be filled for that railway at the Schenectady works.

....The value of the raw cotton exported in the last fiscal year, $313,673,443, was the highest on record. The total for raw cotton, cotton goods and other cotton products was $365,405,707, or more than $1,000,000 a day.

....Certain commercial and financial organizations hope to induce M. de Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, now on his way to China by the Siberian route, to return to St. Petersburg by way of San Francisco and New York.

....The purchases of bonds under the recent policy of Secretary Gage amount to $15,945,000, the sum paid, including premiums, having been a little more than $18,000,000. The purchases of five-per-cents have been less than $1,700,000.

....The Standard Oil Company has declared a dividend of 8 per cent., payable on September 16th, making 40 per cent., or about $40,000,000, for the first three quarters of the calendar year. Last year's dividends were 48 per cent. John D. Rockefeller owns about one-third of the stock.

....Commercial relations between this country and Spain seem to have been fully restored, and our exports to Spain in the last fiscal year exceeded those of any previous year except 1883. They were about $16,000,000, and the imports from Spain were in the neighborhood of $5,000,000.

....The Canadian Government is making an official inquiry concerning the exactions of a combination of manufacturers of paper in the Dominion. Under the Canadian tariff law the duty upon a product may be reduced when it has been shown that the price of that product is raised unduly by a combination or trust.

....The assets of the grain-drying company to which the Leipsic Bank loaned a great sum of money are reported to be only 2½ per cent. of its liabilities. Additional failures and suicides have recently been announced in Berlin, and the industries and trade of Germany are clearly involved in a crisis of much severity.

....The industries and trade of the South show marked progress. Manufacturing plants are increasing more rapidly in Georgia than in Massachusetts. During the first six months of this year 1,818 miles of railway were laid; of which 1,275 miles were laid in the Southern States. Texas leads with 295 miles. This is precisely what the South has needed—rapid means of transportation and intercommunication. The sudden leap of New Orleans to the rank of second city of exports in the United States cannot be accounted for on sentimental grounds. Trade moves inexorably along lines of least resistance. It shows that the productive interests of the South are determined to reach foreign markets. The exports from New Orleans during the fiscal year 1900 were over $115,000,000. During the months of 1901 they have been $122,000,000. This places New Orleans next after New York, and ahead of Boston. An enormous increase in population is shown in Texas and Oklahoma. The bank clearings of St. Louis show an expansion of 33 per cent. over the previous fiscal year. Galveston increased her exports over last year $7,000,000, and Newport News shows progress quite as marked.

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Survey of the World

Two Democratic Conventions

The Democrats of Pennsylvania, in their State Convention last week, adopted a platform in which no reference to national questions or Mr. Bryan was made. Judge Harman Yerkes was nominated for Supreme Court Judge, and Andrew J. Palm for Treasurer. The campaign is to be conducted with reference to State issues alone. From the long platform, which is one of the most remarkable declarations ever made by a political party, we take the following:

"With incredulous amazement the people of our sister States turn their eyes upon the spectacle presented by our Commonwealth. Every department of our State Government is honeycombed with profligacy, dishonesty, and a reckless disregard of Constitutional or moral obligations.

"The powers of government are prostituted to the purpose of public thieves. Constitutional restraints and commands, the sanctity of law, the obligations of official oaths, and the demands of common honesty are thrust aside by the substitution of a higher law, the demands of an insatiate greed of public plunderers for money, money, more money.

"Shamelessly and openly the votes of legislators are bought and so persistently and constantly that market values for legislators have been established by settled custom. The apparent indifference of our people to these outrages emboldened the corruptionists to such an extent that the last session of our Legislature out-Heroded Herod in its infamies.

"All men pronounce it the most corrupt legislative body that ever convened in any State of the Union. Its very organization was founded on the purchase of venal legislators with money and place, and it closed its session with the crowning infamy of that most stupendous franchise steal, shocking the moral sense of the entire country. The selection of a United States Senator was accomplished in a carnival of corruption and bribery. In the reckless determination to punish enemies and reward subservient tools established municipal governments were ruthlessly overturned and the chosen servants of the people expelled from their offices to make place for the creatures of a corrupt machine.

"The faith of the people in the sanctity of the judiciary was broken by its halting efforts to find plausible excuse for the crime. Foiled in its efforts to rob the State of millions of dollars, of valuable coal deposits, the Legislature proceeded to that other and greater robbery of the railway franchises of the State, worth millions to the plunderers, and stripping every city, town and township in the Commonwealth of the proper control of its streets for trolley improvements.

"Even the public charities of the State—its hospitals and asylums and the comfort of their unfortunate inmates—were made the sport of political greed, and their appropriations measured and determined by their use and services to the machine.

"No possible field of corruption was left uncultivated by the crew of public plunderers who have seized upon your State—plunderers who, in the name of a great political party, have prostituted all the purposes and powers of government to their own enrichment. For these crimes we indict the Republican organization of Pennsylvania as it is now controlled. Of the participation and assistance of unworthy Democratic legislators in these wrongs this convention declares its strongest denunciation."

A sharp contest over the claims of the warring factions and delegations from Philadelphia ended in an agreement by which a committee was appointed to adjust all differences arising in the projected reorganization of the party in that city. The State convention of the Virginia Democrats was also held last week. National issues were not mentioned in the platform, but the party declared its "admiration for its leaders, from Jefferson to Bryan." The temporary chairman, Mr. Barksdale, made the following significant remarks about the silver candidate and his platform:

"Twice we have followed William Jennings

Bryan and free silver to the sepulcher and not once to the resurrection. There can be no more resurrection of the dead, no more rising from the grave. In the Democratic temple of fame, which is the hearts of the people, alongside Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Samuel J. Tilden and other great leaders of the Democracy, we will place the equally great Nebraskan, and in the memories of our past glorious record, free silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 will have an abiding place as another cause nobly fought and hopelessly lost."

A. J. Montague was nominated for Governor. The platform declares "unalterable opposition to the criminal trusts," and denounces such trusts as "a serious menace to public welfare" because they "restrict the opportunities and absorb the substance of the people." Nothing was said about submitting to the people the new Constitution, with its provisions for the disfranchisment of negroes. It is reported that the prevailing sentiment of the party is now opposed to submission, altho a declaration in favor of it was made in last year's platform.

Strike of the Steel Workers

The men on strike at the works of the Steel Corporation made some important gains in the closing days of last week, owing chiefly to reinforcements from Joliet and Milwaukee, and to indications of revolt in the Carnegie mills at Duquesne. The refusal of the union men at the works of the Federal Steel Company in Chicago, Joliet and Milwaukee to obey Shaffer's order caused the strike leaders to make an earnest appeal for a reversal of the original decision. Assistant Secretary Tighe was sent West to argue with these men, and to take away the charters of their lodges if they should persist in being faithful to their contracts with the company. He was successful at Joliet on the 15th, where the obedience of a small lodge of skilled workmen has made 2,500 men idle, and may in a few days deprive 3,000 more of work. At Chicago Tighe's arguments were ineffective, and it was announced that the obstinate workmen would be expelled from the union. At Milwaukee the question was warmly debated for five hours on Saturday last, and then the men voted to go on strike. No notice of the decision was given to the company, although the men were under contract. Here the action of 219 men stopped work for 1,200 more. It was predicted at the end of the week that eventually the men in Chicago would follow those of Joliet and Milwaukee. These changes, together with some small gains at McKeesport and Wheeling, increased to about 25,000 the number of those responding to Shaffer's second or general order, and to about 75,000 the entire number of those on strike. Early in the week five skilled men from one of the Carnegie mills in Pittsburg joined the strikers. On Friday the Carnegie Company began to discharge men at the Duquesne works who had joined the union; and on Saturday it was announced that at these works —the largest billet and bar plant in the country—a majority of the skilled men had formed a union lodge and voted to go on strike. At McKeesport work in the great mills of the National Tube Company was stopped by the strike of 450 boys, whose departure made 5,500 men idle. In that city there are now 15,000 men out of work, but it is said that only 2,500 are members of the union; the remaining 12,500 have been deprived of work by these 2,500 strikers. A considerable number of the skilled members of the union have gone into the service of independent manufacturers, but the unskilled men are not so fortunate. Several small cities are to suffer loss by the removal of Corporation mills. The Dewees Wood mill will be removed from McKeesport to Vandergrift, and the same city—whose Mayor and police assist the strikers—may see its great tube mill removed to Conneaut. Joliet's tin plate mill will be taken away; Lisbon is to lose its tin plate mill; Canal Dover's similar mill will be dismantled if the strikers do not speedily resume work in it. The Chartiers sheet mill at Carnegie will be torn down and removed to Leechburg. Warning was given to the employees of that mill that the works would be ready for them at 2 p.m. on the 13th, and that if they did not then return to work the fires would never be relighted. They did not come, and the company is dismantling the mill. The sheet steel industry will be concentrated at Vandergrift and Leechburg, where the union has no foothold. The union has issued an appeal for aid, addressed to the public at large. In the Mahoning and She-

nango valleys the furnacemen have decided to continue at work making pig iron. The Amalgamated Association, which has made this strike, is not well liked by other labor organizations. President Powell, of the union which includes the unskilled workmen of the tin plate factories, desires that these men shall be permitted to work up 6,000 tons of steel sheets imported from Wales. This is not approved by Shaffer's union. Therefore there is published an attack upon his union, in which it is said that Shaffer refused to assist the unskilled men three years ago, that he afterward said they ought not to have a union, and that he and his union in 1899 helped the companies to overcome these unskilled men when they went on strike. It is quite plain that thousands of the unskilled men who are compelled to be idle because of the strike of the skilled men are dissatisfied and uneasy. Up to the end of last week the strike had not been marked by disorder, although in McKeesport the police, by Mayor Black's order, were arresting all strangers—even commercial travelers—and compelling them to be identified and to disclose the nature of their business in the city. In Wheeling the workingmen have decided to vote against the reception of the library offered by Mr. Carnegie, whose name, they say in a published statement, is "drenched in the blood of his fellow men, and furrowed in the hearts of fatherless children."

Cuba and Porto Rico Following the Association of Tobacco Buyers, the Cigar Makers' Association publishes in Havana a statement in which it is said that, unless tariff concessions affecting the island's products are granted by the United States, Cuba will have to ask for annexation. Upon cigars of the average value of $37 per thousand imported into this country the pound duty and ad valorem duty, with other charges, the Association says, amount to $63, or 170 per cent. It asks that the pound duty be reduced one-half, that the ad valorem duty (25 per cent.) be removed, and that half the duty on leaf tobacco be cut off. To the committee of the National Party that recently chose him as its candidate for the Presidency, General Gomez has addressed a letter declining the nomination and saying that in his opinion Señor T. Estrada Palma and Señor Maso are the men who should be elected to the offices of President and Vice-President. He urges all Cubans to agree in supporting these men. It is said that Maso is unwilling to take the second place, but hopes to gain the first by the votes of the negroes. It has been decided that there shall be minority representation in the choice of senatorial electors. No one will be permitted to vote for more than two-thirds of the electors assigned to his province. The pending provision that the Constitutional Convention shall elect a President if no candidate has a majority of the Electors' votes has been rejected. During last week's debate upon the election law Señor Sanguily expressed doubt as to the intention of the United States to promulgate the law and transfer the government to the Cuban people. E. P. Thompson, of Indiana, formerly postmaster of Havana, who was arrested for taking $400 from the money order funds as a kind of temporary loan, has been convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of $400 or be imprisoned for six months. A story has been published that Germany and France are striving to obtain control, through purchase by private capitalists, of Cayo Romano and Cayo Cruz, two islands skirting the northern coast of Cuba. It has not been confirmed. The experiments at Havana concerning the propagation of yellow fever by mosquitoes, so far as they involve the infection of human beings, will be discontinued, owing to the death on Sunday last of a Spaniard, who desired to become immune and therefore permitted himself to be bitten by a mosquito known to be carrying the germs of the disease. This insect had been set apart for use in testing the value of a preventive serum produced by Dr. Caldas, of Brazil.—The removal of the special duty of five cents a pound on coffee imported into Porto Rico has exposed the island to imports of Brazilian coffee that can be sold at a price much lower than that of the finer native coffee, and may be reshipped to this country as the product of the island. When a cargo of this coffee arrived at San Juan last week the indignation of the people was expressed at mass meet-

ings. Merchants who should handle it were threatened with a boycott. The coffee was reshipped to New York, and the local merchants were induced to sign an agreement that no more should be received. Congress will be asked to restore the special duty of five cents a pound. Near Patillas, in the eastern part of the island, several deaths from starvation have recently been reported, and it is said that a large percentage of the deaths occurring in that district for some time past have been due to the same cause.

The Philippine Islands

The Taft Commission is making a tour of Luzon's northern provinces, where the conditions are very favorable for the establishment of civil government. At San Fernando there was an enthusiastic reception, and the Governor was escorted by five bands of music to a banquet in the Town Hall. Joaquin Oriegas was appointed Governor of the province. An important capture was made last week, when Col. Martin Cabrera and seven other officers were caught in the province of Batangas. Cabrera has controlled all the insurgents in the southern and western parts of that province. Col. Panganiban, with twenty men, and Col. Policarpio, with six, have surrendered. They had been fighting under Gen. Malvar's command. During a skirmish engagement in Camarines province at the end of the week our troops killed a brother of Gen. Angeles. In Mindoro the insurgents made no stand, but fled to the mountains. Our forces burned their camp and seized their supplies. There has appeared in Manila a circular, purporting to have been written by the friars and to have been made public by the Centro Catolica, in which the present government is bitterly attacked. Gov. Taft, the circular says, has declared war against God; the Commissioners are "brawlers, buffoons and rickety politicians, seeking to overthrow the Church under the guise of a pernicious liberty." The circular has promptly been repudiated by the Centro Catolica and prominent members of the Catholic Church. Preparations have been completed for a grand reception of the 400 teachers soon to arrive on the transport "Thomas." The assertion is made in a letter posted by one of the teachers in Hawaii and received by friends in Illinois, that thirty couples were married at Honolulu during the transport's brief stay at that port. As the story is not confirmed by the news agencies, it is probably a hoax. There is great distress on the island of Panay, where in one town 130 persons have died of starvation. Lieut. Burritt, chief of the Mining Bureau, says that all the coal needed by the naval vessels could be obtained from deposits on the islands. The mines have never been properly developed, but the coal, he asserts, is better than that now used by the ships in Philippine waters, which is procured from Japan. In a recent address Gov. Taft said that the islands needed legislation forbidding the sale of public land and timber, facilitating the establishment of American banks and permitting grants of franchises and mining rights.

The Canadian Census

There is great disappointment in Great Britain and Canada over the showing of the Canadian census. The total population of the Dominion is given as 5,338,883, which is an increase of only 505,644 over the census of 1891, 9.7 per cent. During this decade great efforts have been made to induce immigration from Russia, Finland and other countries in Europe, and great railroad and steamship enterprises have been developed, and yet the result has been much less than was hoped, as a population of over six millions was confidently anticipated. The eastern provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia show an increase of less than 10,000 each, while Prince Edward Island has an actual decrease of nearly 6,000. The largest proportional increase is in the west, British Columbia rising from 98,173 to 190,000, and Manitoba from 152,506 to 246,464. The population of Ontario is 2,167,978, a gain of 531,657, and that of Quebec is 1,620,974, a gain of 132,439, notwithstanding the immense leakage of the French-Canadians to the United States. The cities have generally shown a very moderate growth. The largest, Montreal, with its 266,826 population, has gained 46,645, while Toronto, with 207,971, has gained but 26,751, and Quebec, with 68,834, but 5,744. The other

largest cities are Ottawa, 59,902; Hamilton, 52,550; Winnipeg, 42,336; Halifax, 40,787; St. John, 40,711. Only three others, London, Vancouver and Victoria, have over 20,000. All Canada has a smaller population than Pennsylvania. The simple reason for the slow growth of Canada is the climatic one. Immigrants will not come to a country that has six months of winter, and the inhabitants will constantly move south. An increase of population of less than ten per cent. is an answer to the boasts of Laurier over the advantages of the Dominion. It is a magnificent country for forests and rivers, but not for population. Rivalry with its southern neighbor pays less than friendly reciprocity.

Colombia and Venezuela

The haze that has enveloped and obscured events at the Isthmus of Panama and the Colombian frontier for so many days is slowly rising, and by next week the true inwardness of the situation ought to stand out in clear light. It is now about certain that General Uribe-Uribe, the leader of the revolutionary Liberal Party in Colombia, is in league with President Castro, of Venezuela, and these two have more than the moral support of Ecuador and Nicaragua in their designs upon the harassed Conservative government of Colombia. President Castro, however, still denies there is war between his republic and Colombia. He has issued a statement in which he declares that the revolutionary movement against his Government is protected and inspired by the "wicked passions" of the Conservatives of Colombia, who do not represent the people, but who are a clerical clique. In consequence he does not recognize their invasion of Venezuela as an attack of "the people of Colombia upon the majesty of the nation of Venezuela." President Castro also says he has defeated these invading rebels, and now has 10,000 men on the frontier to prevent any further trouble. It is also reported that there are Ecuadorean and Nicaraguan troops near other sections of Colombia's border in league with General Uribe, and at present on the march to invade Colombia. There have been several skirmishes so far, but as yet no important battles. The foreign Governments, however, are sending war ships to the Isthmus, and already the United States has the "Iowa," "Ranger" and "Machias" on the way southward. The Colombian rebels have ceased from molesting traffic across the Isthmus, which the United States has guaranteed to keep open at all times, so our marines may not have any work to do except of the "moral" order. The ambition of General Uribe to overthrow the Government of Colombia, and then by uniting with Venezuela and Ecuador to form the old nation of "Great Colombia" is generally considered to be the "principle" underlying the present disturbances. At least it has been published widely during the past week in all the papers without denial, official or private. On the whole, the chances of an international war are at the present writing about even.

Close of Parliament

The shooting season is near, and it was time for the first session of King Edward's reign to close. The King in his speech last Saturday was able to congratulate Parliament on an agreement at last between the Powers and China as to the amount of the indemnity and the security for its payment. He regretted the prolongation of the Boer War, but was able to report hopeful progress. The session has not been as fruitful as might have been expected from the large majority of the supporters of the Government. It has made very large appropriations for the war, and has been called "the billion dollar Parliament." There has been a great deal of fruitless criticism of the conduct of the war, and many recriminations. The leader in the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour, has been compelled by the persistent obstruction of the Irish Nationalists to introduce a more efficient system of closure, which greatly reduces the number of divisions and amendments. Colonial Secretary Chamberlain has had the burden of the most of the defense of the Government, and he has done it with much force and skill, so as to carry the House, not naturally sympathetic, with him, when he was charged with favoritism of his family in contracts. The closing excitement of the session would seem farcical to an American eye. A rabid Tory journal had insinuated that

the Irish members were as corruptible as Tammany, and it was surmised that an Irish Tory peer was the author of the libel. Complaint was made of this breach of privilege, and the editor was called to the bar of the House and made his formal apology. It is a medieval way of doing things, and is a much less serious punishment than it would have been two or three hundred years ago. The Liberal Party is just now stirred up over the statement, first made by a correspondent of the *Times,* and since confirmed by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, that nine years ago Mr. Rhodes contributed $25,000 to the election expenses of the Liberal Party, to be paid when he was assured that the Liberal Party, if successful, would not scuttle out of Egypt. The assurance was given him and the money paid. This incident is readily made the most of by the Tories, who may represent either that the party was bribed with this money, or that the Liberals had been insincere in their opposition to the control of Egypt. It can hardly be that Mr. Rhodes would have it understood that the Liberal Cabinet would have given up Egypt if he had not bought them over to his views with this subscription, and thus saved Africa to the British Empire, and yet it looks as if this was his reason for bringing up this matter now. We have no news of the passing of the new education bill, and it seems to have been allowed to go over to a new session. A somewhat startling proposal required hasty action just before adjournment, the bill allowing a new company to build a pier and other works in Bantry Bay, Ireland, as a terminal for a new Atlantic steamship line, whose promoters expect, with turbine engines, to cross the ocean in four and a half days. This involves an express line across Southern Ireland and a ferry across the Irish Channel, to accomplish the distance to London in thirteen hours. It is surmised that American capital is behind the project.

The Hague Tribunal

The first call under the provisions of the Hague Tribunal is now under decision by Baron Lambermont, of the Belgian Ministry for Foreign Affairs, who has recently accepted the post of arbitrator in two disputes between Great Britain and France; one in relation to the confiscation by England of the French vessel "Sergent Malamine," and the other as to a misunderstanding between French and English soldiers during the pursuit of native tribes in the *Hinterland* of Sierra Leone, when shots were exchanged. Baron Lambermont, in conformity with the rules of procedure laid down at The Hague Conference, will shortly have the necessary documents placed in his possession, and a vote to this effect was recently passed in the French Chamber. It appears, however, that Baron d'Estournelles, who took a leading part at The Hague Conference, has addressed a protest to M. Delcassé on the ground of irregularity of procedure, contending that Baron Lambermont should not have been approached direct, but through the intermediary of the permanent Court of Arbitration now definitely constituted at The Hague. A similar protest has also been addressed to the British Government. The incident, though trifling in itself, is likely to have an interesting result—namely, the utilization of The Hague tribunal for the first time by two of the signatory Powers.

Cretan Discoveries

The world is just now interested above all other archeological news in the discoveries in Crete. We have just received private information, of the latest date, showing what the British school at Athens has been doing in its excavations. Dr. Robert Carr Bosanquet, the head of that school, has just finished some excavations, carried on for a number of weeks in Sitia, the eastern province of the island, and has brought his finds to the museum at Candia. The party has had good success in the excavations. They got what they went to get: an inscription in the ancient and unknown Eteo-Cretan language, some very good bronzes and terra cottas, especially the head of a young god with all the archaic charm, and a lion half life size. From the tombs they secured a great haul of vases and some gold rings and silver pins and other jewelry, all of good date; one beautiful pendant in the form of an amphora with crystal body and golden neck and handles. These discoveries, with those of Mr. Evans, are

bringing us nearer to the solution of the Mycenæan problem, the latest plausible guess at which is that the Mycenæan culture, which flourished 1500 to 1000 B. C., belonged to a people probably of Aryan stock, and who had gained their development on the mainland of Greece. Their own genius had enabled them to create a peculiar and advanced art which was colored by the art and mythology of Egypt and Assyria, and the Hittite kingdom of Asia Minor. They are the people whom the Greek historians call Pelasgians, and they were conquered by a northern invasion of Achaians, whose peculiarities of armor and burial are recognized in some remarkable remains found in Swiss burial places.

Australasia

The mail accounts of the opening last month of the Australian Parliament are now at hand. A fair estimate of the various parties gives the Government and the opposition 41 members each, labor 27, and the independents 16. This means that a task of great difficulty awaits whosoever would rule in Parliament, for the balance is too close for any strictly party bill to be "jammed through." The significant thing, however, is that the labor party holds the balance of power. It has come back from the polls stronger than ever; and it remains to be seen whether it will now pursue its rather cautious policy of the past or will boldly enter on a militant period and seek to put its platform *en bloc* on the statute book. The recent growth of the socialistic feeling throughout Australia is most noticeable. There are now apparently no active anti-socialists in evidence, and during the recent elections in New South Wales not a single anti-socialist was candidate for any office. Now both the Progressive and the Liberal parties differ from each other in no important respect. Both are collectivists, and both are going in for old age pensions, woman suffrage, industrial arbitration, shorter working hours, and generally for enlarging the functions of government into what has hitherto been considered the exclusive province of private enterprise. Matters have even gone so far that recently in a strike where there was no court of arbitration to compel the employers to yield, the Minister of Public Works in New South Wales undertook to dock and repair ships in the two Government docks, while denying the use of these docks to the recalcitrant masters; and the Minister of Lands threatened that in the event of the workers in any industry being refused their own terms by the masters, the Government itself would undertake the conduct of that industry. This was no idle threat, for already the Government of New South Wales employs by far the largest amount of labor in the State. In the new Commonwealth Parliament, however, the old fight of free trade will have to be fought out again. It will be remembered that before the union some of the colonies were free traders, and the others protectionists. But as there are a great many young men of reputed ability in the Parliament besides the older and well tried men, it is idle to prophesy what course of action the first Parliament will take, tho finance, old age pensions and a new land bill will undoubtedly be the main reforms proposed. Over in New Zealand, as was anticipated, the Federation Commission, which has returned from Australia, has given its report, in which New Zealand is strongly advised not to join the Commonwealth. The commissioners consider that under federation New Zealand's independence would be jeopardized and her revenue diminished by $2,000,000 a year. The colony is already in advance of the Commonwealth in most political and social reforms, and in mutual defense the colony and the Commonwealth would naturally assist each other whether federated or not. New Zealand is a self-contained colony, and has the great bulk of its trade direct from the old country; besides it is a very long way from Australia. This undoubtedly represents the general feeling in New Zealand upon the subject of federation. Other reports from New Zealand, however, state that the finances of the colony are causing the greatest anxiety. The treasury is depleted, and the Government is forced to borrow small sums, the indications being that a loan of $15,000,000 will be required very soon. The cause of all this depression is not stated, but the conservatives say that the country is too radical, and that the old age pensions have been a se-

vere drain. The congestion of trade disputes before the Conciliation Board is also causing great dissatisfaction, the Premier telling a labor deputation the other day that they were "riding the act to death." This is probably overstating the case, for other reports not so recent state that "Newest England" was never so prosperous as she is now.

The Further Mediterranean

A curious demonstration against British rule comes from Malta, where the Union Jack was torn to pieces in the streets of Valetta, and Queen Victoria's Jubilee statue was disfigured. The reason seems to be a difference about the use of the English language in the courts. The common tongue is Maltese, a corrupt form of Arabic. But Italian is the language of the educated and wealthy, and the schools are mostly controlled by the Italian priests. A large part of the population is English, and the use of English is becoming quite general. Indeed in the public schools a large majority of the scholars elect English. In the courts the employment of Italian has been compulsory, but two years ago an order was made giving British subjects not born or naturalized in Malta the right to use the English language in the courts, and it has been tentatively decided, in view of the increasing use of English, that after fifteen years English shall be the language of the courts. It is this act that has stirred up the Italian residents. The Maltese Executive Council refused to vote supplies, whereupon Mr. Chamberlain sent orders to the Governor-General to levy the taxes through an order in council.—Along the coast of the Adriatic there seems to be danger brewing. The Italian press seems to have been encouraged to attack Austria for her supposed designs on Albania, where Italy has also her ambitions. The Italian Government proposes to expend $6,000,000 to convert Venice into a military post of the first class. What the effect of this will be on the beauty of that famous city it is not easy to forecast. The jealousy of Italy toward Austria is explained by the mobilization of the Austrian forces in Bosnia and Herzegovina. These provinces technically belong to Turkey, but are administered very successfully by Austria. Inasmuch as Russia seems to be making such headway in the control of Servia and Bulgaria, Austria has placed her forces in her provinces on a war footing, and is more than suspected of a plan to take Albania.—The intrigue of the women in the Yildiz palace, which led to the fire in the Sultan's harem, has been punished by the exile of 704 persons, many of them women, to Yemen, Arabia.

The Boer War

Once more we hear the report that General Botha will surrender, but the wish seems to be father to the thought, for certainly President Kruger would no more give consent than when before approached. Still General Botha, who was then willing to treat, can have no more hopes of success than then, for the fortune of war remains with the British. General Kitchener's proclamation threatening those found in arms after September 15 is defended by comparison with General MacArthur's similar proclamation to the Filipinos when the war was degenerating into brigandage. General Botha's concentration of his forces on the borders of Zululand, whither he was being followed in force by General Kitchener, it is hoped looks to a surrender rather than a fight. The Government seems to believe that the war is virtually over, and Lord Milner is said to carry with him on his way back to South Africa the draft of a plan for the future government of the annexed territories. The support of non-combatants in the refugee camps is a great burden of expense, as there were the last day in July 118,497 persons in these camps, and much anxiety was felt for the health of the women and children. There have been many successive captures of Boer prisoners, and occasionally of small British outposts, but hundreds of the Boers are captured or killed every week, General French being especially active in their pursuit. The report, generally believed, that General Kitchener was to be recalled on the arrival of Lord Milner has been contradicted in Parliament by Mr. Chamberlain; and that does not mean that he will remain much longer there. General Lyttleton has been named as his successor.

Home Rule in the Philippines

By James A. Le Roy

Private Secretary to Commissioner Dean C. Worcester

THE conferring of local autonomy on the towns of the civilized inhabitants of the Philippine Islands is not to be considered as a favor out of hand. It is rather a duty and a necessity. Self-government in local matters is involved in the proposition to introduce the American system of government. In one sense, too, it is but recognizing the same principle followed in dealing with the Moros—viz., that small communities of any race can best regulate their own internal affairs, as a rule, so far as no interests but their own and no persons but themselves are affected.

But to stop at this comparison would be to forget the past and leave out of sight the future in the Philippine Islands. It needs but a brief glimpse at their history to understand why the Filipinos lay so much stress on this recent granting of "independence" to their towns. The Spanish system involved a governing from above, even in purely local affairs, and where the law itself might have seemed to leave freedom for some slight expression of popular will in local affairs, the omnipresent friar stepped in to control through religious influence what the law did not place under his regulation. The present Philippine Commission has said that the friar was the pedestal upon which the whole structure of Spanish government rested. While the civil government of Spain in the Philippines was from above, the ecclesiastical system was on a firmer foundation, built upward from below, resting on the towns as its units and closely interwoven with the people's lives. Reforms there were, to be sure, in the "Maura law" of 1896; but these remained paper reforms when we came on the scene.

But our rule in the Philippine Islands must, to obtain and keep the support of Filipinos—not to say of our people at home, in any view of the question involving years, not months—be based rather upon a look ahead than upon a look backward. The significance of the introduction of home rule into the Philippine towns lies in the fact that they are thus being made the training schools in a future Asiatic republic—whether it shall remain under the American flag or shall some time stand alone.

The importance of the Philippine towns as governmental and territorial units has already been touched upon in a previous letter—the fact that, with their outlying "barrios" (wards or townships), the municipalities include both "town" and "country" districts, and the given number of them to be found in a province thus make up the entire territory of the province. The problem of municipal government is hereby at once simplified and made more difficult as well. In the main, however, in a country so purely agricultural as the Philippines, the people in a given center of population have their lands within the outlying barrios of that municipality, if they do not live on the land itself, and the interests of "town" and "country," sometimes so conflicting in the United States, are here identical.

Of these barrios there are all the way from five to fifty, with an average of perhaps twenty, in the towns of the Philippine Islands. Four classes of municipalities are recognized in the new Municipal Code: those up to 10,000 inhabitants, having 8 Councilors; up to 18,000, having 10; up to 25,000, having 14; and over 25,000, having 18. To save the American principle of ward representation, and at the same time to keep the machinery of election as simple as may be, the Councilors are chosen at large in the annual municipal elections, but are apportioned to districts of one or more barrios each, which districts they serve and for which they are held responsible. Upon the native heads of barrios ("cabezas de barangay") Spain threw the burden of tax collections, and paid them insignificant salaries, if anything at all; remembrances of the resulting hardships are fresh in every Philippine town today.

It is deemed impracticable just now to provide salaries for the Councilors of towns. The office is honorary, but in-

volves no financial duty or responsibility. The salaried officers of the towns are the President, Secretary and Treasurer. Their salaries are to be fixed by the respective Municipal Councils, but the maximum rates allowed by the law are, for Presidents, from $600 Mexican in fourth-class towns to $1,200 Mexican in first-class towns; the Secretary in each case one-half of this, and the Treasurer one-half to two-thirds as much as the President.

In the general elections in December are chosen in each town a President, a Vice-President and Councilors, all for terms of two years, half of the Council going out of office every year. The President appoints the Treasurer and the Secretary, subject to confirmation by the Council. The elective officers must be twenty-six years of age, duly qualified electors of the municipality, with residence of a year or more, and must intelligently speak, read and write English or Spanish, or the local dialect. Ecclesiastics, soldiers in active service, employees of provincial governments or of the central government and contractors for public works of the municipality are debarred from holding office, either elective or appointive.

Universal suffrage does not hold. Electors are: Males twenty-three years of age or over, with a legal residence in the town of six months or more, not citizens or subjects of any foreign power, who can present one of these three additional qualifications: (1) Ability to speak, read and write English or Spanish; (2) the ownership of real property to the value of $500 Mexican, or the payment annually of $30 of the established taxes; or (3), the having held under Spanish rule one of the more important municipal offices. There are expressly debarred from voting: Delinquent taxpayers; those who have violated their oath of allegiance; those who were in arms against the United States, or aiding or abetting persons so in arms, after May 1st, 1901; and insane or feeble-minded persons.

These voters must qualify before the President every November, and a part of the qualification is the taking of the oath. The Council chooses the Board of Election Judges.

The Filipinos have not been given the Australian ballot in its entirety; neither is the method of voting quite so simple as "standing the candidates under different trees and having the voters flock to them," as a leading newspaper of the United States believes. Voting is by secret ballot. The judges sit inside a railed space, and tables separated by screens are provided for voters. The ballots are official, and the voter writes in the name of his choice for each office; if he cannot write the two tellers help him. His name is checked off the list of electors who qualified in November, and he cannot deposit his ballot in the box until this is done. The returns are canvassed and posted, and are subject to appeal to the Provincial Board.

The Municipal President ceases to be the figure-head that, in the main, the nominal head of the town was under Spanish rule. He is the chief executive, the presiding officer of the Council, has the local police under his orders, and is to act as judge in trying violations of municipal ordinances, imposing a fine of $200 Mexican and imprisonment for six months as the maximum.

The Vice-President is made a member of the Council and given the main barrio, or center of the town, to look after. The Secretary has an additional duty of keeping a record of births, marriages and deaths. The Treasurer is closely under the eye of the Provincial Treasurer, makes a financial statement to the latter and to the Municipal Council monthly, as well as a complete annual statement, and is subject to dismissal by the Provincial Treasurer, after a hearing.

It has occasioned comment—some good-natured, some not—that a clause has been inserted in the law compelling those elected to office by the people to serve. Imprisonment for not exceeding six months is the punishment for refusing. The only grounds for excuse are having twice previously filled the same office, being physically disabled or being past the age of sixty-five. This clause needs no explanation to one familiar with the past in the Philippines. In many cases the Spanish system worked so as to force upon the well-to-do or rich the post of Gobernadorcillo, or Captain Municipal, and it made this official responsible for forwarding to the Spanish provincial government his town's quota of taxes. He, in turn, came down on the

cabezas de barangay for the collection in their respective districts, or else might be compelled to make up the deficit. Office-holding became therefore, to a considerable extent, very unpopular, most frequently with the property-owning class. Hence this provision. It is seconded by a clause forbidding election to the same office more than twice in succession.

The Municipal Councils will have the power to make ordinances affecting all purely local purposes, and impose fines for their violation, besides the ability to initiate public works and improvements in the towns. These bodies are the first popular legislatures of the Philippine Islands. They must send an annual report and their estimates to the Provincial Treasurer, who has the discretionary power only of deciding whether they are within their revenues and also within the law. They are empowered to license the local transactions usually subject everywhere to license, including the retail sale of liquor. As to gambling and cock-fighting, the "local option" principle has been followed. The Councils have discretionary power to deal with them as best suits the local situation. Cock-fighting may be licensed, taxed or prohibited. A strict ban is put on the keeping of opium, or sale of opium, for smoking, and the Councils are given no discretion in this matter (this habit having spread among the natives in some localities). Already places where there is an unusual proportion of Chinese are protesting that this clause is impossible of enforcement.

The power of the Councils to provide revenue by licensing has been noted. The towns will not be left to depend upon this means alone for revenue, however. In each town the Council is required by the law to levy a tax of two and one-half mills on the dollar upon all lands and buildings, assessed at their true value by a Municipal Board of Assessors, consisting of the local President, the local Treasurer and a deputy of the Provincial Treasurer. This amount the Councils must levy, and must devote to the support of public primary schools. They are further authorized to levy for municipal purposes up to five mills on the dollar, including above school tax. This when the new land tax goes into force next year; meanwhile, the towns are getting half the collections of internal revenue made by the provincial authorities in their jurisdiction.

Probably no other feature of the Municipal Code has been so commented upon among Filipinos as the feature that all the taxes collected in the town remain there for local purposes, to be spent by the local Council. Collections are made by the Provincial Treasurer, who at the same time collects the provincial taxes, but he leaves the municipal collections in the town. Under Spanish rule there was a steady stream of silver from the towns to Manila, which might almost as well have been "tribute money" for all the good it did the towns themselves.

The chief executive of the Philippine government has power to suspend municipal officials for gross misconduct or for disloyalty; the Commission, or the legislative body which succeeds it, has power to remove such officials.

The work of the late General Lawton and Commissioner Dean C. Worcester in organizing municipal governments during the worst times of 1899, under a brief order prescribing a simple form, issued by General Otis, is a matter of history. That order, quite naturally, left a large measure of control of the new municipal governments in the hands of the local military authorities, and it was only of a transitional nature. General Order No. 40 of 1900, also issued under General Otis, provided a much more complete system of municipal government, with a framework almost the same as that now provided by the Municipal Code. This order was being put into force when the second Philippine Commission arrived in Manila in June, 1900. It was largely the work of leading Filipinos and contained many admirable features, tho necessarily constructed with reference to operation under a military *régime*. This Commission assigned the work of municipal organization once more to Professor Worcester, and he early decided that this system of municipal government would need revising. The changes made were in some instances slight; in others very radical, notably in the provision for a land tax, on the principle of that in the United States, as the main source of revenue.

The Code was under public discussion

at Manila for nine days, and various minor amendments were made at the suggestion of leading Filipinos, who addressed the Commission on its sections one by one; no radical change was proposed in all this time. There were some very valuable suggestions as to the working of the law. Pedro A. Paterno, who was just then beginning to show himself at the public sessions of the Commission, thought that the Presidents of towns should be allowed to carry gold-headed canes with silver cords and tassels, the Vice-Presidents gold-headed canes with black cords, and the Councilors silver-headed canes; his idea was cheerfully acquiesced in, and the Code contains amendments authorizing these officers to carry the traditional emblems of authority in the Philippines.

The Commission organized four civil provincial governments in Luzon in February. On April 1st the towns of these provinces passed under the new Municipal Code, or at least all those that had been under General Order No. 40 did so, while those under old General Order No. 43 had to have a special election and go through the process of reorganization prescribed in the Code. Ever since, as provinces have been organized, men have been put in charge of the work of organizing the towns under the new Code, the new Governor usually being assigned to this task. There are approximately 1,000 towns among the civilized inhabitants of the Philippine Islands. By July 1st, when the civil *régime* is fully inaugurated in these islands, it is hardly probable that 100 of these 1,000 towns will be outside the workings of this Code, and they will speedily come under it. A feature of the work, which is one of organization on a pretty big scale when you come to look at it, is the supplying of all these towns with a uniform set of blank books, receipts, license forms, etc.; partly to help start the new officials off right in their duties, and particularly to establish a uniform fiscal system throughout the islands, under the eye of the island Treasurer.

The city of Manila is, of course, subject for special legislation; no other municipality in the islands has one-tenth its population. It is subject for central control to a considerable degree.

There are men making some claim to "expert" knowledge on Philippine affairs who look upon the conferring upon the Filipinos of so much self-control as the veriest of experiments, foredoomed to failure. That it is an experiment is hardly to be gainsaid; that the people will show themselves to be incapable and unworthy of it is by no means yet proved. If this were proved, then we might expect to look upon the "Philippine question" as very much more of a problem than the hardiest anti-annexationists have yet claimed it to be. The future alone can tell; meanwhile the pessimists are certainly having the worst time of it.

MANILA, P. I.

The Old Testament and Militarism

By Goldwin Smith, D.C L.

PROFESSOR GEORGE ADAM SMITH, in his work on "Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament," speaks of me as having "ignorantly judged" that the Old Testament was a millstone round the neck of Christianity. My real words in "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," page 49, are:

"At the English Church Congress, held in 1895 at Norwich, Professor Bonney, Canon of Manchester, made a bold and honorable attempt to cast a millstone off the neck of Christianity by frankly renouncing belief in the historical character of the earlier books of the Bible."

That which brought Christianity into fatal collision both with physical science and with historical criticism, to say nothing of civilized morality, might surely be well termed a millstone round its neck. Professor G. A. Smith himself says "from the first generation of the Church to the last but one, the theory of the equal and lasting divinity of the Jewish Scriptures has been fertile in casuistry, bigotry and cruel oppression of every kind." It is strange, surely, that down to the last generation but one the real character of a divine revelation and the proper mode of interpreting it

and making use of it should have remained unrevealed.

The professor applies criticism to the Old Testament in such a way as to leave not the slightest ground in the mind of any rational inquirer for regarding it as an inspired whole, or as anything but a miscellaneous collection of human writings varying in excellence, moral and intellectual, as well as in subject and authorship, and to be used with discrimination accordingly. He extends his methods to the New Testament, exposing in his authors, and notably in St. Paul, errors which it is impossible to reconcile with the theory of inspiration, except upon the strange hypothesis that Deity, in revealing itself to man, chose to counterfeit human fallibility.

No sane man would regard the Old Testament in its entirety as a millstone, or refuse to recognize its sublimities, its beauties, and the service which parts of it have rendered to moral civilization. Indeed, it has suffered some injustice at the hands of its orthodox devotees. Militarism is misapplying it at this moment. A jingo Church dignitary, flattering the prevailing passion for war, appeals to whole books of the Old Testament, which, he says, "ring with the clash of conquest." If he listens to certain books of the Old Testament, he may hear not only the clash of conflict, but the shrieks of men, women, and children of a captured town indiscriminately butchered, and the groans of the whole population of conquered cities tortured under harrows of iron or passed through the brick-kiln. But the ideal Hebrew polity (Deut. 20: 1-9) is not militarist; it is very much the reverse. I may repeat what I said on this subject many years ago, when the Old Testament was cited in defense of American slavery.

War was the universal state of nations in early times; and the strong, tho coarse, foundations of human character were laid in the qualities of the warrior. The Jews were always surrounded and always threatened by war. Therefore to fight valiantly for his country and his Temple was part not only of the civil duty, but of the moral training of a Jew, and to be with the people in the hour of battle and exhort them to behave bravely was part of the office of the priest, and consistent with his calling.

"When thou goest out to battle against thine enemies, and seest horses and chariots and a people more than thou, be not afraid of them: for the Lord thy God is with thee, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt. And it shall be, when ye are come nigh unto the battle, that the priest shall approach and speak unto the people, and shall say unto them, 'Hear, O Israel, ye approach this day unto battle against your enemies: let not your hearts faint, fear not and do not tremble, neither be ye terrified because of them; for the Lord your God is he that goeth with you, to fight for you against your enemies to save you.'"

On the other hand, there is no exaltation of war above other callings, or of the military character above all other characters, such as we find in Greece, at Rome, and in the other ancient nations. There is none of that false estimate of moral qualities which produced the institutions of Sparta, and which partly leads Plato, in his ideal republic, to propose that woman shall be trained to take part equally with man in the work of war. There are no provisions for triumphs or other military rewards; no incentives to military ambition; no rules for military education. No heaven is opened, as in the Koran, to those who fight bravely for the true God. "Peace in all your borders" is the blessing, tho war is not a crime. And military pride, instead of being nursed, is rebuked by the words of the passage last quoted, which bids the Israelite put his trust, in the hour of battle, not in his own might, but in the presence of the Lord his God.

Not only so, but wars of conquest are made almost impossible by the law forbidding forced service, the means by which the great armies of the East are raised. This law follows immediately upon the passage last quoted:

"And the officers shall speak unto the people, saying, What man is there that hath built a new house, and hath not dedicated it? Let him go and return to his house, lest he die in the battle, and another man dedicate it. And what man is he that hath planted a vineyard, and hath not yet eaten of it? Let him also go and return unto his house, lest he die in the battle, and another man eat of it. And what man is there that hath betrothed a wife, and hath not taken her? Let him go and return unto his house, lest he die in the battle, and another man take her. And the officers shall speak further unto the people, and they shall say, What man is there that is fearful and fainthearted? Let him go and return unto his house, lest his brethren's heart faint as well as his heart. And it shall be, when the officers have made an end of speaking unto the people, that they shall make captains of the armies to lead the people."

Pythius, a wealthy Phrygian, having gained the favor of Xerxes by the offer of a vast contribution toward the expense of the expedition against Greece, ventured to prefer a prayer to the great king. His five sons were all about to serve in the invading army; his prayer was that the eldest of them might be left behind as a stay to his own declining years, and that the service of the remaining four might be held sufficient. The king immediately ordered the eldest son of Pythius to be put to death, his body to be cut in two, and one half to be fixed on the right side, the other on the left, on the road on which the army was to pass.

We see also that "the captains of the armies to lead the people" are not to be made till the people are actually in the field, so that there would be no military caste or profession always burning to go to war.

The God of the Hebrews, then, is not characteristically "a God of Battles." Compared with the gods of the other nations, he is a God of Peace. Yet he has been taken for a God of Battles, as well as for a God of Slavery, and his name has been invoked in unjust and fanatical wars.

Christian Churches, in pandering to the lust of war, would apostatize not only from the principles of the New, but from those of the Old Testament.

TORONTO, CANADA.

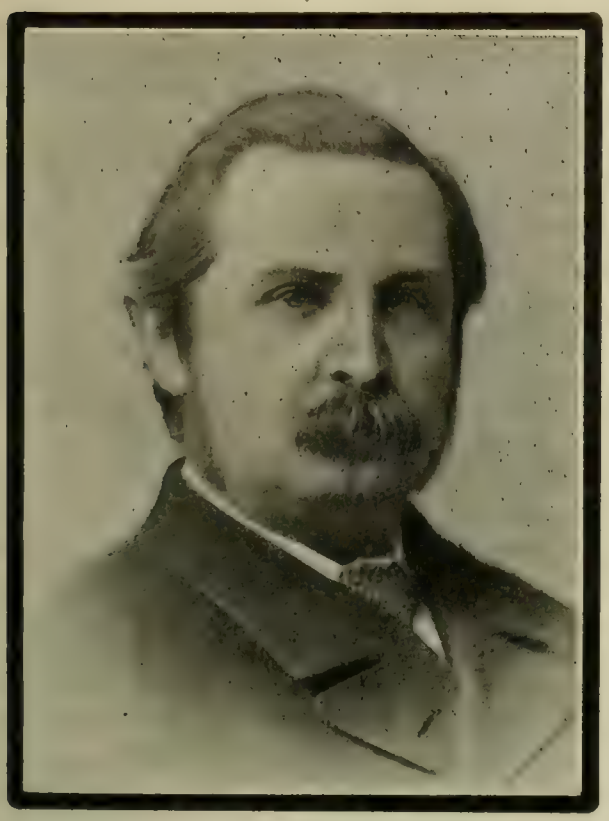
Mr. Austin Dobson

By Edmund Gosse

ALTHO the most unobtrusive of men of letters, and the one whom gossip is least accustomed to sport with, Mr. Austin Dobson is being a good deal talked about at the present moment. The fact is that he is passing through a crisis which would be important in any man's life, and is tremendous in a career so sequestered as his. The office in Whitehall Gardens which so many interesting men have animated, since the days when Locke projected it in something of its present form—that office in which Waller noded the magnificence of his wig,—will no more see the charming poet of our own day steal in the morning through its portal—planned, they say, when Gibbon was a Lord of Trade—and leave it late in the afternoon with the same noiseless punctuality. It is a great fact to Mr. Dobson and his friends, it is even a little fact to the whole cultivated world, that the author of "Old World Idyls" and "Proverbs in Porcelain," after serving his Queen for nearly five and forty years, is released to-day by his King with rare evidences of esteem and honor. He leaves the Board of Trade with a full official pension, but he is enabled to do so with a still lighter heart because the first act of King Edward VII, on receiving the ratification of his own revenue from the nation, was to bestow on Mr. Austin Dobson a Civil List pension in consideration of "his services to literature and his eminence as a poet." The amount of this literary pension is £250 a year, the same which was granted to Matthew Arnold in similar circumstances of retirement. It brings great distinction to the recipient, and it is a reward which the blameless and admirable writer finds no one, in public or private, to grudge him. Some wit once said that "Mr. Austin Dobson has only one fault"—altho that is a serious one—"he has not a single enemy!"

But altho Mr. Dobson withdraws from helping to administer the harbors and fisheries of his country, he does not by any means intend to allow his services to literature to flag. It seems as tho it were intended to emphasize this fact—altho I happen to know that this is a mere coincidence—that he issues to a few of his admirers, in this very week of his official retirement, a new volume of his poems. As only 125 copies of this little book have been printed, and as very few of that number can have reached, or will ever reach, America, I think it may interest the readers of THE INDEPENDENT to hear something about it. The title of

the volume is "Carmina Votiva," and it chiefly consists of what used in the eighteenth century to be styled "occasional poems"—that is to say, "copies of verses" produced on special and usually private occasions, and addressed by name to friends of the author. It should be explained (I think) that the majority of these pieces will be, in course of time, added to reprints of the author's collected poems, thus being fused silently into the mass of his *Opera Omnia;* but they will not be issued in this special form again, and the little book is one which collect-



AUSTIN DOBSON

ors of Dobsoniana will, I foresee, gnash their teeth with vexation until, at a mad price, they shall possess it.

The "Carmina Votiva" are sixty in number; they belong, as their preface says, "to many periods in the author's life." Here, in fact, is a madrigal dated 1868, and an elegy dated 1901. During those three and thirty years Mr. Austin Dobson has advanced from being a timid and obscure applicant for notice to holding one of the foremost positions in living literature. It is curious to bear that steady advance of his in mind, and to observe the unchanging tenor of the poet's mind reflected in the pieces which bear dates so diverse. That mind has always been unvexed, always serene, gentle and harmonious, always occupied with the beauty of modesty and the tender human chords of art. To return to the "Carmina," we find them to be alike in this, that none of them are now to be found in any of the author's current volumes. Some are reprinted from ephemeral sources, others have never appeared before, "one or two have been restored from the earliest issues of his poems." These last mentioned I seem to recognize in the delicious pair of rondeaux, "Change" and "Fair," written in 1877, and in the droll ballad of "The Peacock on the Wall," dated 1873. These are prodigals which every lover of poetry will rejoice to welcome home again.

It is known in the circle of his friends that Mr. Austin Dobson possesses in the highest degree the art of writing little epigrams of compliment on the fly-leaves of the books he gives away. I doubt if any living writer, in any country, possesses to an equal extent this lapidary skill. To find the gift of a book from him is as tho the ghost of Watteau should wander into your house while you were absent and should leave a sign manual of his visit in the shape of a little sketch in rose-pink and Quaker-gray such as he alone could have imagined. A great part of the "Carmina Votiva" consists of exquisite trifles of this kind. Eight lines to the Earl of Crewe—"on his Marriage, with a Volume of Verse;" four couplets to Lady Dorothy Nevill, "with a life of Horace Walpole," her ancestor; six lines, that sing with concealed and repeated rimes, to Frederick Locker, "with a copy of 'Proverbs in Porcelain'"—these are examples, taken at random, of these votive songs. Several are addressed to American friends—to Mr. Stedman, to Mr. R. W. Gilder, to Mr. Lawrence Hutton, to the late H. C. Bunner, always "with a volume of verses." Happy recipient of each little book, illuminated on the fly-leaf by an original specimen of the poet's art, in his delicate calligraphy!

But the contents of "Carmina Votiva" are not, all of them, of this amiable exiguity. The most lengthy runs to nearly one hundred lines. This is the highly ingenious address beginning:

"'Twas Swift who said that people view
In Homer more than Homer knew,"

in which the preposterous excesses of the cult for Omar Khayyam are dealt with in velvety satire. The method of Mr. Austin Dobson was never more characteristically employed than in this pretended exaltation of the Persian bard over Horace, who is Mr. Dobson's poet of preference:

"*Persicos odi*—Horace said,
And therefore is no longer read.
Time, who could simply not endure
Slight to the Bard of Naishápúr
(Time, by the way, was rather late
For one so often up-to-date!),
Went swiftly to the Roll of Fame
And blotted Q. H. F. his name;
Since when, for every youth or Miss
That knows *Quis multa gracilis,*
There are a hundred who can tell
What Omar thought of Heav'n and Hell;
Who Bahrám was; and where (at need)
Lies hid the beaker of Jamshyd;—
In short, without a break can quote
Most of what Omar ever wrote."

I suspect Mr. Dobson of a strong temptation to change the last line into "What Omar *never* wrote." But the irony would then be more emphatic than he ever cares to make it.

It is mainly the object of this poet, desiring that we should be entertained and pacified in these distracting times, to make us smile. But he is too fine an artist not to know that the fountain of tears lies close to the sunshiny meadows of laughter. There is something very poignant, as we know, in the pathos of the humorist, and tho Mr. Austin Dobson, always instinctively eager to avoid the semblance of excess, never emphasizes the fact, he is always conscious of the sorrow that underlies the mirth of man. Here is a rondeau which, alone, would make the "Carmina Votiva" a precious volume; it is dated the present year, and is perhaps the latest, as it is certainly one of the most graceful, of its author's compositions:

"In Angel-Court the sunless air
Grows faint and sick; to left and right
The cowering houses shrink from sight,
Huddling and hopeless, eyeless, bare.
Misnamed, you say? For surely rare
Must be the angel-shapes that light
In Angel-Court!

"Nay!—the Eternities are there.
Death at the doorway stands to smite;
Life in its garrets leaps to light;
And Love has climbed that crumbling stair
In Angel-Court."

The whole collection of "Carmina Votiva" is dedicated to Mr. Andrew Lang, "master of many things, the lighter lyre included." I do not know whether Mr. Lang, who has written "Helen of Troy," would like to be styled a master of the lighter lyre. He is epical in his tastes, Homeric in his foibles, and altho he takes no one else seriously he is properly particular to be treated with a suitable dignity himself. But I believe that he will understand that Mr. Austin Dobson is thinking of "Ballads in Blue and White China" and "Rhymes à la Mode," where Mr. Lang displays scarcely less elegance and often a great deal more ingenuity than his friend. It is an ancient amity which is commemorated in these pleasant lines of compliment. A quarter of a century has passed, I think, since the poets met for the first time, and their friendship has continued until now without a break. A humbler and a younger scribbler went with Mr. Austin Dobson to that interesting and now so ancient rendezvous, and he also is much honored and greatly touched in having his niche in "Carmina Votiva."

The place which Mr. Austin Dobson fills in English literature is very much his own. He is, indeed, as has so often been pointed out, of the family of Prior and Praed. When his earliest books were published, the critics of thirty years ago were very careful to impress upon him that he was only a scholar where these men were masters. No doubt the critics were wise in their generation, since it does not serve any useful purpose to persuade every boy that he is Homer. But, as a matter of fact, almost from the very first Mr. Dobson could hold his own quite respectably with the classic leaders of his peculiar art. If he is never quite so daringly felicitous, so absolutely direct and easy, as Prior at his very best, it is to be recollected that he holds a level of far higher merit of execution, and that the majority of that amiable ambassador's verses are the tricklings, as our modern bard would say, of a very "paltry Helicon." So also, if Praed had a gallop and dash (as exemplified in his adorable address to "Araminta"), which his successor does not attempt to emulate, Mr. Austin Dobson has the advantage, never to be despised by writers of verse, that he is a far better

poet than Praed. That Etonian meteor faded out at the age of thirty-seven, but if he had lived to be a hundred he would never have written such sweet idyls of pure beauty as "Good Night, Babette!" and "The Princess and the Carp," nor a ballad so brilliantly pictorial as "Beau Brocade."

So Mr. Austin Dobson quits the Board of Trade, and, as he goes, he scatters from this little porcelain jar a shower of rose leaves over his admirers. He goes, and seems to smile as he takes leave. What industrious public servant, since the era of bureaucracy began, ever "retired" in such an odor of *pot-pourri?* It is not really a retirement, this abdication of the responsibilities of a punctual office, but an advance upon Parnassus. The meticulous "Principal Clerk" withdraws, but at the same moment, "Enter a song, singing," and the features are the same. Mr. Austin Dobson, relieved from all temporal and official anxieties, is young enough still to form new companionships. On early mornings it is so fresh in the wooded recesses of the Regent's Park that one would scarcely be surprised to meet in one of the alleys those ancient companions, "Pan and old Sylvanus, and the sister Nymphs." Mr. Austin Dobson will now have leisure to join their august society.

London, England.

Confessions

By a Social Reformer

SOME years ago the popular rendezvous of the social radicals was a restaurant in a basement on Clinton Place. An agency for a crematory had also been established there; and the hungry patrons ate their food in sight of a sign bearing the words: "Persons desiring cremation please apply here." The skeleton at an Egyptian feast could hardly have been a stronger argument for making the most of the present. The crowd that drifted in was a various one. Tho it included men and women of bright intellects and sober judgments, there was no lack of eccentric characters, with weird beliefs on all manner of questions. Often the latter class were in visible majority, and the observer was strongly reminded of Falstaff's regiment at Shrewsbury: "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace." Talking with these, the observer came to understand the large kernel of truth in Greeley's witty dictum regarding many of the reformers of the Fourierite period of 1842-1849: "Because they were entirely unfitted for life as it is, they rashly imagined that they were exactly fitted for life as it ought to be." Each of these had his particular obsession, nor could any amount of argument overthrow it. Argument, however, is not the most persuasive of forces, as was occasionally shown; for sometimes energies more potent brought about a striking revision or the elimination of a fixed idea.

Among the regular visitors to the place were three men, to be designated here as Apfelwein, Jenkins and Ratosky. The central dogma of the last named was the criminality of paying rent, joined with a fervent conviction that if every person would refuse to pay, the ideal state would immediately be ushered in. Apfelwein believed that all remediable ills were due to the fact that gravitation chained us too closely to the ground; that if only means were invented by which we should be enabled to "get above the earth," we should at the same time get above our troubles. Accordingly his working hours were given to the construction of a flying machine. Jenkins was deep in occult lore, by means of which he had reached the conviction that death was unnecesary, and in his own case impossible. Each of the three was a propagandist, and each hammered away at his rivals, and at any one else who would listen, always in noble disregard of what the others were saying or thinking. Adverse argument moved them not at all, and probably they would still be holding forth to the benighted but for a triple catastrophe.

One week we missed them from their accustomed places, tho it was some time before we learned the causes. Ratosky, it appeared, had carried his no-rent theory into practice, had been dispossessed and ejected, and, starting a fight, had been gathered in by the police. Apfelwein was still more unfortunate; for, essaying a flight with his new machine, he had fallen from a second-story window in a Harlem suburb, and had broken his leg. Jenkins's fate was the worst of all; succumbing to the blandishments of a June watermelon, he fell sick of a colic and died three days later.

This was in the earlier days of the present movement—the days when circle-squarers, world-language inventors, new-religion founders, astrologists, and the like were more numerous and conspicuous than now. The *personnel* of the movement has undergone great changes, reform thought has become more homogeneous, more crystallized, judgment and learning have in large measure supplanted eccentricity and credulity. In a word, social reform has become "respectable." Yet it would be too much to say that eccentricity has been entirely banished, or that the fixed ideas of a large number in the ranks are any more permeable by opposing logic than of old. Even at its best the social reform mind is not the scientific mind. The former begins where the latter ends —with generalizations. To assume a sweeping principle at the start, and to mold all facts to accord with it—this is a characteristic by which you shall know the true reformer among a thousand.

We social reformers, therefore—and years of service qualify me to speak in the first person—start out with convictions, and we conceive it to be our mission to spread them. In attempting this we not infrequently wear out our welcome as the bearers of new tidings, and exhaust the public's patience. In truth, there is a phase of the ludicrous about it; and when one is in the true confessional mood he may well adapt to himself and his fellows Horace's confession regarding himself and his contemporary bards:

> "We poets are (upon a poet's word)
> Of all mankind the creatures most absurd;
> The season when to come and when to go,
> To sing, or cease to sing, we never know."

That we talk too much, and in the wrong place and at the wrong time, is generally maintained, and might as well, with certain qualifications, be confessed; we rail when we should be quiet, and are strangely quiet when we should protest; we wage war too often against mere shadows—against mirages built out of our own imaginations; and in seizing upon some forlorn and desperate theory, we separate ourselves from the common tide of thought and feeling, and reversing the apostolic injunction to be "all things to all men," end by being nothing to any man.

We are saved—such of us as *are* saved—by our reflexive humor—the faculty of laughing at ourselves. Earnestness—and we are most of us "terribly in earnest"—unmodified by this faculty easily develops into fanaticism, resulting ofttimes in a Torquemada: the alloy gives the needed quality. Mr. Bernard Shaw has told, in his sketch of the Fabian Society, how useful the indulgence of this faculty became to the members of that body: "The invaluable habit of freely laughing at ourselves . . . saved us from being hampered by the gushing enthusiasts who mistake their own emotions for public movements." We *must* laugh at ourselves—those of us who have any sense of humor—not, like Cicero's soothsayers, because we are conscious of a gross deception practiced on mankind, for we are honest folk in the main, but simply because there is so much of innocent absurdity in our thinking and speaking.

A few years ago it was the Anarchists and the Single-Taxers who furnished most of the amusement. It was not their inconsistency so much as their unflagging persistence and their interminable loquacity that caused the Single-Taxers to add to the gayety of at least one nation. Horace's:

> "The season when to come and when to go,
> To [talk], or cease to [talk], they never know,"

might then have been most appropriately applied to them. No opportunity was missed; no matter what the subject discussed, or where, some ardent disciple was sure to be on hand to show its relation to the Single-Tax. It was a political system that had every merit of a popular patent medicine. Did a prominent man so much as mention the word

"land," he was instantly acclaimed a Single-Taxer; both Bismarck and Gladstone, for certain innocent remarks, were so hailed. But did an ordinary person venture to criticise even a section of the creed, there was instantly hurled at him the formulaic thunderbolt: "That shows that you do not *understand* the Single Tax!" Alas! these ardent spirits will furnish no more amusement. On the records of this movement the present word is *Ichabod:* its glory has taken wing for Salt River. The disintegrating forces are drifting in the line of their innate sympathies—the more conservative ones into the ranks of the social philistines, the more fraternal ones to independent Socialism, the more individualistic ones to "philosophic" Anarchy.

The Anarchists would like to be consistent; they try hard. I speak only of the "peace" variety, for the "hostiles" are not taken seriously, and have no standing whatever among social reformers. Unfortunately for the Anarchists, the environment makes consistency difficult. Practically, there are as many schools as there are individuals; and agreement among them, except upon a few abstract principles stated in such a way as to avoid concrete particulars, is impossible. The unjustifiability of majority rule might be thought to be an agreed-upon principle. The Boston Anarchist Club of several years ago, in order to avoid majority dictation, put absolute power in the hands of the president. The practice proved unsatisfactory; and in applying the principle to specific instances it will be found that no two schools can agree, while one school, that of Anarchist Communism, more or less ingenuously acknowledges the inevitableness of majority rule. A more common principle, usually upheld in practice, is the wickedness of having recourse to the law. I know of a recent instance wherein a clever adventurer passed a forged check upon an Anarchist acquaintance. The forger knew his man; he did not appeal to the law. But I cannot think the instance convincing. The check was for a small amount—about $15. What would have happened if it had been for $115 is another story. An earlier episode gives a contrary showing. I used to hear, from some of the more truculent and swashbuckling Anarchists, a deal of loud talking about the iniquities of government, while the police, as the visible and palpable executives of government, came in for especial denunciation. In the spring of 1892 a public welcome was arranged for Johann Most, on his again entering the city after a forced retirement on the Island. The Arrangements Committee included several of those whom I had heard denounce the police in withering terms. The affair was held in Cooper Union, the admission price being put at the non-prohibitive sum of 10 cents. Crowds gathered, the lower East Side pouring out its denizens in droves. A well-grounded pessimism regarding the fiscal responsibility of their fellow-believers had caused the committee to intrust the selling of tickets to an extremely select few. Consequently there was a dearth of ticket sellers, and the entrances were for a moment blocked. The swarming East Siders, momentarily forgetting their obligations to the sacred cause of Anarchy in their passionate desire to get inside without payment, charged through the entrances in troops and battalions. It was a critical moment. But the committee were equal to the occasion. Rushing to the police sergeant, who was on hand, they demanded protection; a force was hurriedly massed at the doors, some of the invaders were collared and driven back, and all who subsequently entered paid their money under the supervision and practical compulsion of the despised minions of government. It was a long while thereafter before I heard any fresh diatribes against the police.

More recently, the Tolstoyites have stepped to the front. They have given a new shudder—tho a pleasurable one—to social reform. They are amiable folk mostly, tho a few are strenuously fierce; but their chief distinction is, like Falstaff's, that they are the cause of so much amiability in other men. In lofty unconcern of their acceptance of the tenets of the Muscovite philosopher, they marry and are given in marriage; they raise families; they do not earn their living by manual labor, and such of them as have rentable property collect rent. With all their horror of the use of force, they openly or secretly justify it in certain instances, as in the case of the South African Tammany against England, and of

the Tagal bandits against the United States. Humanitarians, they opposed the ejectment of Spain from Cuba while the population was being exterminated, but now that peace and order reign in the island, they have become ardent supporters of Cuba Libre. Most harrowing of all, from the viewpoint of conformity, they disobey the express orders of the master to make no use of tax-supported institutions. They travel on the State-owned highways, and on municipal pavements; they pay taxes on their lands and chattels, and—last degree of infamy—they use Government postage stamps. An unsophisticated person, reading the announcement of the Tolstoy banquet two years ago, attended it out of curiosity. He found anything but Tolstoyan simplicity. The dinner was of nine courses, with nineteen dishes, and the cost per plate was shockingly undemocratic. The conspicuous disciples were arrayed, not in workmen's blouses, but in a glory that Solomon knew not. In "full dress," scented, groomed to a hair, and looking "painfully clean," as Tolstoy puts it of the hero in "Anna Karenina," they discoursed at length of the shams and ills of civilization and joined in the cry, "Back to Nature!" Possibly some of the disciples occasionally make a pair of shoes or push a lawn mower across a front yard. Lacking data, I cannot say. But there is a pleasant little story of a Tolstoyan poet and a lost opportunity which would indicate no rapt eagerness to translate theory into practice. The bard was a person of dignity, cultivation and supposedly of wealth. He had just published a mighty poem on the evils of civilization, which ended somewhat like this:

> "Oh! for a breath of God's free sunshiny air!
> Oh! for an hour's honest toil with our hands!"

The next afternoon he was sitting in one of the rooms of a certain reform club, "dreaming on things to come." Another man, an Ordinary Person, was also in the room. Enter the buxom caretaker, who had been hard at work in cleaning up the place. "Those street steps are frightfully dirty," she declared, "and I think some man ought to sweep them. I'm tired out." The bard blushed; the Ordinary Person modestly held back to permit Tolstoyism free play. A second announcement—a like result. A third—the blushes deepened, but the deadlock still continued. It was broken only by the caretaker leaving the room in despair of masculine assistance. I passed those steps the other day; they seemed to be still unswept—and the incident happened nearly four years ago.

So far as consistency is concerned the Socialists have an advantage over the Anarchists and the Tolstoyites. For the former set comparatively small store by individual counsels of perfection, demanding instead a change of system. There is no inconsistency in a Socialist gaining or retaining wealth. In a state of war, he could argue, all must go armed, and he who renounces his possessions simply disarms in the face of the foe. Change the system, he argues, and make it impossible for great disparities of fortune to exist. But there is at least one personal obligation that even a Socialist will confess—that of fraternity. And yet nothing is more notorious than that the average partisan Socialist is factious and intolerant. For years the regular organization—the Socialist Labor Party—has kept the movement in constant turmoil by its collective viciousness. Its leaders have lost no chance of traducing every opponent, and of maliciously distorting every incident of the industrial and social world. "Liar," "cutthroat" and "kangaroo"—the latter meant to be a hair-stiffening phrase of objurgation—are some of the commoner terms employed in alluding to Socialists outside the organization. The new body—the Social Democratic Party—promises something more sane and sober. But it is made up in large part of seceders from the old organization; and the leaders, feeling that the seceders' new domicile must be made natural and home-like to them, are obliged to repeat a great deal of the conventional anathema. The boast of Lassalle, that Socialism is armed with the complete culture of the century, may be amended, so far as official Socialism is concerned, by substituting "billingsgate" for "culture."

The newer converts to social reform display less dogmatism, less inclination to faction than their predecessors. I am speaking now of the real social reform-

ers. The society faddists, those *ephemera* of a season, and the political janizaries, who hang upon the flanks of the movement when something is to be gained, are outside my reckoning. Ultimate theories of society are waived, and the attempt is made to do something of present utility. It is true that there is a greater tendency to the formation of small groups, and that a marked drift toward collectivism is generally shown. But the collectivism is not dogmatic, not even assertive, and the groups do not concern themselves with panaceas; they are formed for the prosecution of specific lines of work or inquiry. They find it a more fruitful good to achieve some practical result than to wrangle over the particulars of the ultimate State.

In this regard a radical change has been wrought in the last few years. Yet at best, doubtless, the change indicates no more than a passing conversion to wiser methods. Tho the social reformer is abundantly human, there is much in his specific temperament which serves to mark him and set him off from other men; and this distinctive temperament remains in spite of modifications of method. Perhaps his most striking characteristic is his subordination of particular interests to those of an abstract conception of society. There is a truth, tho not a whole truth, in Miss Edith M. Thomas's quatrain:

"The soul of its own sorrow crucified
The universal sorrow shall not wound;
No home-grief slays the soul that hath descried
The total grief that wraps this world around."

It is the "total grief" of the world which the rapt reformer ever has before him; in his contact with individuals and their ills he is probably less sympathetic, less charitable, less tolerant, less just than other men. There are excellent and sincere men in the movement who declare that they would not, even in cases of starvation, give charity. With their eyes fixed on an ultimate state of imagined justice, they maintain hunger and want to be the resultants of a false system of society, and urge that any act of charitable relief serves only to continue and strengthen that false system. This is an extreme view, unquestionably; yet I venture to say that an instance of individual suffering presented on the one hand to fifty social reformers and on the other to fifty social philistines would in the latter case produce immediate material relief, and in the former would be met, in considerable degree, by callous hearts and closed palms. It is the ruling passion which determines; and with reformers the ruling passion is the molding of society to a relatively fixed ideal. The individual may wither, if only the dogma can be more and more.

There is no shriving without full confession. Some of the details may be omitted, but the classes of sins must be named. Finally, then, we social reformers have an inexcusable vice, Jesuitry, the use of questionable means for a desired end. Legalism, the doing of things by prescribed standards of action, is a principle with which we are but slightly acquainted. Now Jesuitry is common enough in all walks of life; but in those who presume to be the ethical instructors of mankind it may be thought to be somewhat out of place. The earnest propagandist sees his goal so clearly, it is so beneficent an end for all, that any means, he feels, are justifiable. Accordingly he plays the game; and the tactics employed in a radical gathering, when faction is rife and feelings are high, are too often the tactics of trickery and mendacity.

So much for a confessional outline. And yet, when it is all said, there is much to be pleaded in extenuation. We social reformers are, in spite of our weaknesses and errors, the movers of the inert world. The visions that appear to us are those by which the stubborn races of mankind are grudgingly induced, like the mariners of Columbus, to journey onward in search of new continents. Our very errors, whether of judgment or of action, serve in time as beacons that warn of shoals and barriers in the path of our voyage. In a sense more true than of Shelley's poets, we are "the hierophants of an *ap*prehended inspiration, the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present . . . the unacknowledged legislators of the world." Our toil, our sacrifices, are a perpetual contribution to human welfare; and to us, more than to any others, is it due that the race emerges, tho painfully and slowly, into the fairer sunlight and ampler airs of a juster day.

The Loyal Legend of Legaré *

By Henry Austin

PART I.

COLONEL RAVENEL RHETT LEGARÉ
(Call it Le-*gree* and you'll hit it right!),
A wondrous, thund'rous fellow was he,
Fit for a frolic, or fit for a fight;
And, wherever he went, with a flourish free
He signed from Char-les-ton, S. C.
Even in Europe, before the fray
'Twixt the Boys in Blue and the Boys in Gray,
The Colonel, when traveling, had a way
In his regis-*tree*
At each hostel-*ree*
Of never signing from U. S. A.,
But simply from Char-les-ton, S. C.
For a splendidly loyal chap was he
And he loved that beautiful, old ci-*tee*
Where he had been danced on a "mammy's" knee
In the good old days of Slave-*ree*.

And if you wonder he loved that town,
Which Ocean clasps and Roses crown,
You ought, some day, to wander down
Its dazzling streets; through which the Sun
Has always a royal right-of-way;
And you'd feel the very houses gray,
With stately pillars many a one,
Out of opulent gardens upon you smile
In a very soft, inviting style.
For the wrinkled walls, which Flood and Fire
And Earthquake shock and Battle's ire
Have spared, are lichened with the trace
Of a graceful, hospitable race.
It is, i' faith, a charming place—
This quaint, columnar, colonial town,
So rife in memories of renown:
Mother of heroes who often fought—
Ay, too often—before they thought
Long enough, whether the thing they fought about
To a wiser end might in peace be brought about.
And the Colonel, who had in his veins the blood
Of the sons of guns who with Moultrie stood,
When the Revolution rose, like a flood,
Behind that fort of palmetto wood,
To make a British Admiral quail,
And his battered men-o'-war turn tail
And clap on sail, to escape the hail
Which Moultrie poured, with an iron smile,
From the little fort on the little isle
At the mouth of the great, big, sparkling bay:
Yes, the Colonel, Ravenel Rhett Legaré,
Naturally came by his fighting way—
A Colonel born was he!

So it happened, of course, in '61,
When the spreading echo of Sumter's gun
Woke a million men to arms,
That the Colonel left with a tender kiss
His fond young wife in her rosy charms,
All dewy with parting tears;
For though he was getting along in years
And might have loafed in civilian bliss,
Being a Colonel born, you see,
Likewise a Ravenel Rhett Legaré,
He simply *had* to go fighting and smiting,
Partly as pastime and pure delight;
Unto which his blood was his heart inviting,
Day and night;
But mostly, no doubt, because his town,
His darling Char-les-ton, S. C.,
Had declared it was time to topple down
The Temple of Union and Lib-er-*tee*,
So queerly cemented with Slav-e-*ree;*
And, after the upset, set-up instead
A something with Char-les-ton for its head.
For you may be sure, if the South had won
And its Capital not been *there* located,
The Colonel and others of Char-les-ton
Would have little protested nor much orated;
But at once, to nip such an indiscretion
Of statesmanship in the bud, straightway
Have started, by Ged, sah, a new Secession
From the rest of the C. S. A.

Well, the South fought bravely; fought more than well;
But 'twas fighting Fate and the March of Light,
Led by some fellows, who, after a spell
Of Bully-Running, learned how to fight
In a way which proved that Reb and Yank
Really belonged on a single plank;
Being clearly chips of the good old block
Of Revolutionary stock.
But, so long did the Rebs fight on, that when
They stacked their guns and the game was done,
They were certainly just the worst-licked men—
The beatenest heroes under the sun.
All but the Colonel—who swore, right then,
On the day Lee's brilliant sword was tendered,
He'd be double-damned, if ever he,
A scion of Char-les-ton, S. C.,
To any man in this world surrendered;
Or any oath of allegiance took
To a Union pinned with bayonets red;
So he mounted his horse and the camp forsook
And home on the wings o' the wind he sped;
Resolved to stay there, if not conducted
By force to a Yankee prison-pen;
And to stay *forever unreconstructed,*
Or at least till the South was born again.

But by none (and *this* is a myster*ee*),
In the blackest epoch of Reconstruction,
Was Colonel Ravenel Rhett Legaré
Ever disturbed. Not a row or ruction
Of any sort happened to raise his choler;
And presently out of an old plantation

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He began to accumulate many a dollar,
And soon to resume his social station;
Though he "cottoned" not much to the new generation,
And most of his dear old friends were gone
Where no more Causes are lost or won.

At last, getting rich, very rich, and bored
By the sameness and tameness of his routine,
He decided—since Peace had been restored
Beyond redemption—on change of scene.
So he started out with his comely dame
(They had never been visited by the stork:
Good reason why: for how could there be
Two Colonels Ravenel Rhett Legaré?)
To visit Pa-*ree;* and they therefore came
By the quickest way, New York.

The Colonel, he felt like a sly invader,
As he in New York first made his entry—
Unwatched, unchallenged by any sentry—
And he went to the Inn which the old fur-trader,
Who came from Holland in the steerage,
Built down-town, when he made his pile;
Little dreaming, his grandson, Willie,
Poor, little, gilded Silly Billy,
Would e'er go hunting a British peerage
Or build a Tavern in better style.

Large, on the Astor House reg-i-*ster,*
Without a blot and without a blur,
Colonel Ravenel Rhett Legaré
Signed from Char-les-ton, S. C.
But over the counter as he bent,
A handsome stranger who near him leant,
Noticed his cape, slouch hat and cane,
Silver-headed, and fit to brain
Any assailant of any size;
Then read the name with twinkling eyes;
For this lounger there was a kindred soul
Who hailed from the land where the snowy boll
Is picked by "the dusky hands of Dinah;"
And, strange to relate,
From the self-same State,
The Grand Old Commonwealth, South Carolina.

Hence with a sudden warm advance
And a kind of bright, mint-julep glance,
When he saw the Colonel a few minutes later
Return to the hall from the el-e-*vator,*
The Stranger, abruptly, with beaming brow
And a very deep and graceful bow,
But a manner entirely self-possessed,
His fellow State-man thus addressed:

"Cunnel!" said he, "I've the honor to be
From South Carolina, too.
Let me shake your hand, for the grand old land,
And tell me what I can do
To pleasure your stay in this barbarous place;
My name, sah, is Marion Starr;
And if, my dear sah, you will do me the grace,
I can pilot you now to a bar
Where a blue-bellied Yank, sah, makes nearly as fine a
Mint-julep as those of our dear Carolina."

Now the Colonel, Ravenel Rhett Legaré,
An exceedingly sociable fellow was he;
And just at that minute, in truth, he was thinking
There'd been the long lapse of an hour in his drinking.
He felt the hiatus; but thus he replied,
As he drew himself up to his full hight of pride:
"Cunnel Starr, sah, I thank you for this invitation
And I mowt be induced, sah, to take a libation;
But you make a mistake and I'll have to decline a
Mint-julep, thus offered, in misapprehension;
For the fact is, it now is my duty to mention,
The fact is, I *don't* hail from South Carolina."

"The Deuce!" gasped the Stranger, rebuffed by the answer,
"I hope you don't think me a confidence *man,* sah.
The clerk at the desk, sah, will vouch for my fitness;
I'm a gentleman, sah, and a good Carolinian."

"I assure you," the Colonel replied, "my opinion
Of you is quite high, sah. I don't need a witness
To prove, sah, that you, sah, are just what you say.
I simply declined, sah, since 'tis not my way
To accept either solid or liquid attention,
When the offer is based on a misapprehension."

"But, Cunnel, sah, Ged, sah," cried Starr with eyes bulging,
"I don't ketch your drift, sah, unless it may be
That you in some kind of a joke are indulging:—
Did I *not* see you *sign,* sah, from Chawleston, S. C.?"

"*Co*-rect!" said the Colonel. Starr answered: "Well, then,
Has Chawleston declared herself sep'rate and free
From South Carolina, sah? Can it, sah, be?
I'll be shot if I see—will you clear it for me,
Unless the brave town has seceded again,
What the devil they stand for—those letters, S. C.?"

"They stand, sah, for what, sah, in my estimation
She remains to this day, sah, the Town of the Free,
The SE-CE-DED CITY, in face of Creation—
In spite of The War and the malice of Fate,
Of her past desolation and present stagnation
And all the damned Yankees this side o' Hell's gate."

"Your hand, sah! That's grand, sah!" cried Starr in delight.
"Accept my apology, Cunnel, I pray;
And let me, since now you have set me quite right,
To that place I just mentioned, sah, show you the way;
For to cap such a climax, I think, sah, don't you,
There needs a mint-julep—or possibly two?"

Right here, alas, must the Muse dispense
With pursuing them and a curtain draw
On that sparkling scene, lest it give offense
To South Carolina's Public Sense,
On account of the Dispensary Law,
That Senator Tillman, good and great,
Has pitchforked into that thirsty State.

PART II.

The steamer for Europe, sad to say,
Did not sail on the following day.
Colonel Ravenel Rhett Legaré
In the heart of Yankeedom had to stay
Nearly a week—to his great dismay—
'Spite of some cases of history
Matters of martial mystery,
Such as who was the greater—Jackson or Lee;
Which he argyfied and he condisputed,
At times, with Colonel Marion Starr,
When juleps—or Red Eye undiluted—
Smiled up to them at the bar.

But one fine day, when his lovely dame
Had gone in a landau to see the shops,
To a sudden conclusion the Colonel came:
He was weary of taking "just thirty drops;"
And having no one with whom to talk
He opined, instead, he would take—a walk.

Out on brawly Broadway he wandered;
Much on the rush and the crush he pondered;
Indeed, so dreadful was many a face,
It seemed like a vision of *mania-a-potu;*
And he asked himself, dreamily, what mad place
Had this multitude come from to run such a race,
And where they were finally goin' to go to:
Questions, indeed, a man often feels
Out of his bosom suddenly rising
At a scene so vast and so surprising,
Where an endless Chain of Populace reels
And rushes on—to be quickly caught,
For the lust of money, under the wheels,
The invisible wheels of Juggernaut.

It saddened him—tho they were only Yanks,
And, perhaps, deserved no better fortune.
For his difference he in his heart gave thanks
And to chirk up his spirits he hummed a war-tune.
Presently then, to escape the throng
Whereof his heart was a pitying scorner,
As he turned the tune, while he strolled along,
He likewise turned the corner.
And a few steps on, in a small side street,
He beheld a spectacle strange
Which gave to his bosom a quicker beat
And made him feel for his "change."

'Twas a Yankee Veteran sitting there,
A cripple—ah! once how sturdy!—
Now grinding out a doleful air
From a wheezy hurdy-gurdy.
His old blue coat was tattered and torn
And almost gray with Time;
And his looks—well, nothing so forlorn
Ever was put in rime.
No leg on the right, no arm on the left,
A gash on his cheek had he;
He was minus an ear, and had been bereft
Of an eye, 'twas plain to see.
His head was canted on one side
And a bullet had ploughed its way
On the top of his skull, a seam quite wide,
Through his hair, now rebel-gray.
Such a wreck of a man, so lopt, so scarred,
Might have made a statue tearful;
But he didn't seem to be taking it hard—
He even seemed quite cheerful.
Tho on his plate of tin, that day,
While his passers had been many,
As the Colonel paused to look, there lay
Only a lonely penny.

The Colonel's hand for his purse went in;
And, before the tune was done,
Beside the copper upon the tin
There sparkled up to the sun
A five-dollar gold-piece, gay and bright;
And the Colonel's eyes had a pleasant light
Half whimsical, half sympathetic
And like this poem, a bit poetic.

The grinder stopt in stark amaze
And let his tune go glimmering;
His lone eye fixing all its gaze
On the gold before him shimmering.
Up then he picked it with trembling hand
And with rapt eye studied it closer;
Till, quite convinced 'twas the genuine brand.
He offered it back with: "Oh! sir,
Hain't you committed a ax-i-*dent*
In givin' me this? I sorter-
Kinder guess that the size you meant
To fork out was a quarter."

"No, that's all right," said the Colonel kind,
With a smile that he could not smother;
"No, my fine fellow—I've half a mind
By Ged, to give you another."

For a choking moment, with visage blank,
The tattered, battered and shattered Yank
Stared at the elegant, tall Confederate;
Sized him for that—and a Colonel born—
Then sputtered out: "Cunnel, I'll be sworn,
You fit in the War on t'other side;
Would you tell me why you are so conseder-ate—
So gin-e-*rous*—to a cuss like me;
One-legged, one-armed, one-eared, one-eyed,
Without a pension and, as you see,
With sunshine baked or with rain half soaken,
Obliged to grind out tunes as broken
As my hacked old carcass, once quite sturdy,
From this cracked old horrible hurdy-gurdy?"

Softly the Colonel answered him,
Tho smiling a smile that was rather grim:
"My friend, I'll try
To tell you why
I gave you the gold-piece that stirs your wonder.
In the first place, *I* am a man, by thunder,
That feels for a fellow who can't get *about* well:
In the second, I reckon you must 'a' *fowt* well;
And I know your blamed old Govern-*ment,*
Altho it's a fact no history mentions,
As a rule don't give a cusséd cent
To the chaps who by right should be drawing pensions:
In the third place" (Here the Colonel's eyes,
As he swelled and towered to his highest size,
Flashed like a sword in the act of striking),

"You're the first damned Yankee I've seen for
years—
The first damned Yankee who appears
Exactly trimmed to my liking!"

Shall we limit the legend to this? Ah! no—
In the name of every generous foe,
And a right hot foe is better
Than a lukewarm friend at any time—
Let me breathe on this careless, rattling rime
A spirit beyond its letter.

Colonel Ravenel Rhett Legaré
Is deader than Julius Cæsar;
He has left no heir in his fair Countree
To secede from you and me, sir.
But, instead, not questioning whence come we,
Whether Rebs or Yanks by raising,
His town of Char-les-ton, S. C.,
With a welcome quite amazing
Will take you right to its heart and say:
"'Neath Club-house roof-tree or Steeple,
In the Home, in the Mart, in Every Way,
We are All, Thank God, One People."

New York City.

College or Not

By Heloise Edwina Hersey

[Miss Hersey has created in Boston one of the most successful schools for girls in the United States. She graduated from Vassar in the class of '76 and taught in Smith College for five years until in 1883 she established her Boston school. She has edited "Browning's Religious Poems." The following letter is a chapter in her forthcoming book, "To Girls," which Small & Maynard of Boston have copyrighted and are shortly to bring out.—Editor.]

MY DEAR HELEN: "College or not?" is indeed a very serious question. Like many of the most serious questions in life, it has to be decided before the judgment is fairly formed. As in the case of marriage, half the world makes up its mind before it has any mind to make up. However, there is no shirking the question. Having once used your best judgment, with all the facts in your possession for determining such a question, I can but advise you never to regret that judgment. Mistakes of judgment are painful enough to their victims, but they should not be imbittered by useless regrets. Use the same force which would be wasted in regret, and you will find a contrivance to set the thing right. Now for such light as I have to offer you on the question of a college course.

Where the question of earning a living is to be taken into account as a serious factor in a girl's life, she should, if possible, go to college. There is no doubt that it is now becoming an obstacle to women who must enter the wage-earning world not to have what is called "a liberal education." The profession of teaching is slowly being closed to all those who have not the requisite college degree. One after another other professions will probably follow suit. If you want to put a woman into a place of large responsibility and profit, she must prepare for it by going to college. Of course every girl must face the contingency of being called upon to earn her own living; but I see no reason why she should ignore the facts of her life when they lead her to expect to be able to live in the future as she has in the past, on the accumulation of property which others have made for her. You must not permit yourself to fall into the mistake of supposing that it is self-respecting and desirable that every woman should be a wage-earner. Nothing could be further from the truth. The world wants the work of all those women who can afford to give it for nothing; that is, without the serious necessity of adapting work to wages. When a woman must work for wages, she should do it with a high philosophy and with a good courage. When she need not work for wages, she should take up her work with gratitude and with all the higher hope.

Once more, the question of health is a very important one for the girl who is mapping out the line of her education. I doubt if it is wise for any young woman whose physician calls her delicate to undertake the four years of college life. It is undoubtedly true that such girls do often come out of college stronger than when they went in; but it is also true that they often drop out of their classes and

go home to a life of semi-invalidism, and that their failure is always attributed to intellectual work. It is not fair, I think, that women's colleges should have to be responsible for these chances. There are other ways of study and other forms of mental training for the frail girl, which will be adapted to her needs and may, I believe, always attain for her the desired end.

One more question may well be settled in advance. I would not send a girl to college who does not want to go. I am not sure whether this would not apply equally to boys. But certainly for our sex a strong bent toward the life of the home and of society is a great bar to success as a college student. I have seldom seen any student who was forced into college who was not irritable, discontented, and pessimistic at the end of her college course.

College life is a means, not an end; it should not be cited as if it were a final goal. The gains of college life are easily enumerated. The first and most evident is the trained mind. It is becoming more and more widely acknowledged that efficiency is far more important for men and women than accumulations of knowledge. What the graduate can do is far more the question than what she knows. To this end one course after another in the college curriculum is being adapted. It has always been the fashion for the senior to say half boastfully, half regretfully, that she could not pass her freshman examinations in her senior year. She should not be able to. When a woman has spent five years out of college she will be equally incapable of recalling the work of her senior year. The secondary achievement of college life is, no doubt, an acquirement of knowledge. But that equipment is by no means so complete or so varied as we believe when we enter upon the college course. Perhaps its most important element is the general knowledge of the sweep and trend of the world's history which the classics and the literatures of our own language and of other languages may give us; the causes for which men have been willing to live and die; the social habits which they have developed; the achievements in science and government which they have made. These we ought to learn, and to carry the knowledge of them into the world. The formulæ of mathematics, the symbols of chemistry, the dates of battles and reigns, and the nomenclature of the logician are doomed to be dropped out of memory into the waste basket.

The third advantage of the college course is the executive experience gained in the miniature life of the college. One of the great disadvantages of a woman's career is that she must always be doing tasks of which she has had no previous experience. Now the college is human life in little. We may acquire knowledge of people there. We may practice until we gain efficiency in the art of getting things done. We shall meet, and we may conquer, social difficulties. The triumphs of the society room are quite as important as those of the class-room. It takes some judgment to equalize the demand made by lessons and that made by the other forces of college life, but this very exercise of judgment is good for us.

Closely allied to executive powers lies the great privilege of friendship, the most highly prized, perhaps, of all the gifts a college has to offer. There are many reasons why the friendships formed in college seem more substantial than those formed in ordinary social life. First of these is, no doubt, the fact that the range of selection is so much larger, and that, consequently, the reasons for any given affinity are likely to be better ones. Then the life under similar conditions and with similar tasks makes the ground of common interest broad and rich. College women may well laugh to scorn the old theory that the friendships of women are flimsy and insincere. I have never known stronger friendship among men than I have known among girls, and, I believe, no influence more salutary in making reasonable, affectionate, and self-controlled wives and mothers.

Finally, the college brings us a noble gift when it imbues with *esprit de corps*, much as I dislike the use of the French phrase. I believe that our English language has no equivalent for it. The loyalty of large numbers of alumnæ to their *alma mater* is one of the purest of emotions. In it there is no thought of personal advancement, it is as free from

selfishness as any human feeling can be; and yet it is strong for effort, and vigorous both destructively and constructively. The college becomes a person to the loyal alumnæ, and the beautiful figure dominates the imagination and commands a devotion as complete as it is subtle.

You will be ready to propound to me the next question, and I may as well meet it on the way. You are about to ask me, "Which college?" and I must answer the question in such a way that I shall throw the real decision where it belongs—namely, into your hands. Here are my suggestions. In the first place, let the selection be a personal one. So far as you can, try to see the different colleges which present themselves for your approval. The impression which each makes upon you is not to be disregarded. Many of the great services which a college is to do for you must be done through the imagination. Attractiveness and beauty make their appeal; and this appeal is not a foolish one, but one founded upon the fundamental facts in character. At present I should advise strongly in favor of a college which has the dormitory system. Believing as I do so warmly in the social gains to be made in the college life, I think the living together more important even for women than for men. Personally, as you know, I do not like co-education, partly because it largely interferes with the cultivation of the friendship which I have just been extolling. I am far from wishing to shut girls up for a cloistered life for four years; but I do not believe that, so far at least, the co-educational college has secured a method of life as gracious and effective as that which has been secured by the separate college.

Whether or not, however, you select a co-educational institution, you certainly ought to choose one where the idea of womanliness dominates the education of women. Neither athletic supremacy nor high scholarship ought to be allowed to stand in the way of development of true womanliness. It is fair to ask in regard to any college, "What are the views of its president and faculty on just this question?" After all, the college is what its teaching force makes it. They should be such men and women as you would like to imitate. They should be far removed from pedantry and dryness on the one hand and from emotionalism and softness on the other. I know of no position which it is harder for one to keep without the warping and twisting of character than the position of professor in a woman's college. It is one of the great problems of modern education to find men and women who can live in this atmosphere of youthful admiration and youthful criticism, and can find ways to keep themselves sound, strong, free and gracious. Whatever college secures the largest number of such teachers is bound to make the deepest mark upon the next generation.

You see now that the answer to your questions, "College or not?" and "Which college?" must be the vague and irritating one, "That depends;" and no law can be laid down which shall hold for all girls alike. I would not, if I could, send you and your five sisters to any one college until I had studied with care the varying problems of health, inclination, character and intellectual ability of each of you, and then had compared my results with what I could learn of each of the leading half-dozen colleges for women. However, do not be dismayed at the magnitude of your decision. In my years of experience and my acquaintance with thousands of college women, I have known but one who expressed herself as dissatisfied with the whole experience of four years at the college. That one was born to be a cynical pessimist, and not even the experience of a liberal education counteracted the native tendency. I expect no such result for you. Whatever decision you reach, you are pretty sure to secure for yourself in the years of your education the happiest years of your life. You will always delight to recall them. They will bring to you in future even more than they promise in the present.

BOSTON, MASS.

German Notes

By the Countess Von Krockow

AMERICANS traveling in Germany this summer, capable of reading the native German papers, are likely to experience a good deal of surprise. They not only contain bits of American news—not over many bits, to be sure, yet so much more than formerly as to be noticeable; and likewise frequent references to the Yankee way of managing things.

Being strangers, they will hardly be likely to think of distingushing between the political parties of which the newspapers are the organs of propaganda. They will only remark, probably, that certain sheets seem more friendly than others, and that one or two contain more dispatches from the United States than the rest. The *Frankfurter Zeitung,* which lies out on the tables of the reading rooms of most of the hotels in the country, excels both in the quantity of American news which it offers, as well as in the cordial tone of its comments. Another important daily, the *Kölner Zeitung,* or *Cologne Gazette,* affords weighty articles on the condition of American crops, the steel market and the like. Its tone is businesslike, objective. It is the organ of the sovereigns of German capital, the only newspaper in the Fatherland on the side of the English in the Boer war that is going on. The *Tageblatt,* under the editorship of Herr Eugene Richter, the leader of the Free Thinkers, praises American republican ways of doing things in such a manner as to disparage German restrictive legislation. While as for the so-called *Kreuzzeitung,* which represents the German equivalent of the Tory English *Times,* tho it quotes the immoralities of American frauds in big type, so to speak, and American successes in small type, still, it is to be remarked, it prints them. It does not ignore them. So even among the Prussian aristocracy America is evidently a topic of interest which editors may not neglect. At any rate not at this juncture.

For a juncture is indubitably at hand. Something lies behind all this sudden preoccupation of Germans with American affairs.

The Yankee reader who fancies that the preoccupation is due to natural development, and decides simply that the German press is coming up at last to something like the modern demand for journalistic information from over seas, and accepts the praises he runs across of things American as only what is right, commits a gross mistake. He is likely to suspect this himself now and then. Some of the praise, namely, seems queerly exaggerated. Americans are lauded, sometimes, beyond their meet. They get pattings on the back for virtues they did not know before that they possessed.

Thus the *Neueste Nachrichten* of July 14th, in a long article on American charities, says:

"We have been reporting the colossal gifts which rich Americans have made to charitable and scientific objects. Everything over there runs into the gigantic, one thinks. But it is not so much the bigness of the sums given which ought to excite our admiration as the practical method of giving. In Germany legacies are left now and then, too, by persons who perceive that wealth, as well as nobility, entails obligations. Many a pious and charitable institution thus gets started or endowed; much less is done, however, for scientific undertakings, and almost nothing for art. The American, on the other hand, is honestly proud of science. He knows how to value the fact that scientific discoveries and inventions compose a large, essential factor in all progress, that education is a weapon in the struggle for existence of the strongest kind, that the researches of the laboratory and technic and the cultivation of the inventive talents open new roads, to the great advantage of industry, trade and manufacture. Equally sensible are his ideas about art. He endeavors to encourage art production whenever he finds the germ of it by generous patronage. The old, convenient motto about true talent making its way has no following in America. The practical Yankee knows that the artist first of all has to subsist, and acts up to his knowledge by affording artists means to live until they have had time to make themselves publicly known and can stand on their own feet."

Now, really, do New Yorkers know this? Had they not been supposing just

the contrary all these years, and been forgiving American artists for staying in Paris and Rome, and everywhere, save at home, on the strength of allegations to the effect that Americans neglected native art and bought only foreign works?

This article says, too, that the practical American does not wait to die before giving; that he gives while alive and can watch and enjoy the growth of his institution; that he adopts promising young persons into his family, in order to rejoice over their progress in education and activity.

Finally, the article mentions something again which the reader can appropriate to his countrymen with a good conscience —the systematizing of public charities. It is quite true that while most charity funds at the disposition of trustees are disbursed in harmony and with regard to others, and that the headquarters of active committees gather under one roof in most cities of America, no signs exist in Germany of similar consolidation of societies working for the poor.

But why is the subject of Americans' generous giving drummed up of a sudden this year? In other words, why is the German burgher, on top of the American labor-saving machines which he is urged to manufacture, the American way of combining into great trusts which he is advised to imitate, the American high customs tariff which he is warned to adopt, and all the other American things he is urged to heed and follow—why, one asks, must he be dazed by a newly discovered American benevolence to be outdone?

Why, indeed, save that he is in the position this year that English citizens found themselves in some years ago, when the statistician, and then the press, began quoting around their ears the growth of German trade, the superiority of German technical education, and so forth and so forth? Exactly the same position. German manufactories were seen suddenly to have increased prodigiously, and the English felt concerned; as now, American manufactures are seen to have grown immensely, so that Germans in their turn begin to entertain apprehension.

He errs who persists in fancying the articles he reads in praise of Americans are pure outflowings of admiration. They are alarm signals. Their intent is not to tickle Yankee vanity, but to prick German ambition, to spur and goad on German rivalry for the trade of the world. They are the answer of Germany to the boom in America; Continental reaction to the formation of the steel and other gigantic American trusts.

You see, a hard struggle is at hand in the Fatherland in respect of the new customs tariffs to be settled during the coming year; hence the public is peculiarly sensitive and exposed to the influence of agitation of an international character. The least perhaps is made by the Agrarians. This party of hard-headed country squires and peasants demand that the new tariff shall be doubled on imported grains and meat, and, *basta,* enough! It is not they who bother about American enterprises, except in so far as to stop them at the gates of the Reich.

It is the rest of the country that fusses and fumes and writes articles for the newspapers. Chiefly the manufacturing classes, whose business experiences have opened their understandings to the complexities of trade. If the Agrarians succeed in setting their demand through, think these classes, then the United States will be certain to retaliate by raising its customs taxes on importations from Germany, which consist, of course, chiefly of manufactured goods. And between this danger of ruinous legislation at home and overwhelming competition threatening to arrive from across the Atlantic they consider that there is good reason to be perturbed.

Running under all is the popular hatred of England. Else, perhaps, a word might be laid in for this or that British method. Especially in the propositions for bank reform. Bank failures have taken place in Saxony of a gravity which would not have been possible under the English "limited" system of organization and responsibility. But so long as the Boer war goes on nobody will listen to a word of favorable comment on English experiments.

So matters stand. While politics seem to be in abeyance, owing to the vacation of legislative bodies throughout the country, in reality an uncommon degree of political propaganda is being furthered. A part of the propaganda consists in keeping the attention of the peo-

ple turned on the prodigious activity of Germany's transatlantic rival and generating envy and fear of Americans, just as the English generate these feelings against Germans by reporting Germany's stupendous advances in commerce and manufacture.

Another task consists in reconciling French sentiment. Whereas the American portion of the program, however, is carried out with drums and fireworks, so to speak, in the open, the French part is left chiefly for diplomatic agents to perform, within the discreet walls of embassies and department buildings. That the Kaiser should assist the work whenever his sagacity perceives a chance, by using his popularly known impulsiveness and nerve, in ways his tact and the circumstances of the moment suggest, is understood in advance. And it is approved of. Here again the Emperor shows himself at one with his people. Plenty of private persons, also, volunteer in the undertaking of healing the French breach. Parisian incidents have been handled in newspaper reports with especial regard against offending for a long time past. And now pamphlets and books begin to appear, written expressly to placate French feeling respecting past history. One such booklet lies on my desk and is curious reading. Just think, is it not German in its ponderous plan! For statistics of *all* the wars and battles that have ever occurred between the Germans and the French are quoted as far back as history affords material. The names of the territories and towns and fortresses are given which either party has ever taken, or exchanged or recaptured. Furthermore, lists of the killed and wounded and missing and captured are set up. Finally, the resultant sums are cast up for each side, so much territory seized, so many battles won or lost, so many soldiers sacrificed; after which the purpose of the vast amount of historical paragraphs collected comes to light at last!

Germany and France are quits, or what one may call quits. The Germans have been beaten by the French 235 times; the French by the Germans 240 times. The blood and flesh of 1,058,000 Germans has mixed with the soil of France, while that of 1,100,000 Frenchmen lies mixed with the earth of the *Vaterland*. A balance between the two countries therefore, exists. The French have no cause whatever to think that their national honor requires revenge.

Ponderous, but sensible, this booklet; and if Frenchmen fidget over those five battles extra to the credit of the Prussians and the odd forty thousand soldiers, why, they may soothe themselves over the fact that the question of quality being left out of the account, they are quite free to conclude that the forty thousand more reported as lost only expired because their organization was finer than the equal number of bovine Teutons who were shot in the same engagements but recovered. While as for the 235 fights won, they were probably bigger affairs than the 240 the Germans won, by double or threefold.

But probably the French will jump at these conclusions and itch all the same also for one more fight in order to enjoy a last victory. The way to appease them, therefore, is to lead their thoughts away from military matters altogether. So the majority of the peacemakers harp on other strings than those of mutual history. And if a reader should exclaim at this point: "But why so much fresh anxiety to propitiate France, any way?" I can only answer: "In order to advance the work of consolidating the States of Europe into a customs union. France has held back hitherto, among other reasons out of apprehension of the unpopularity that the news of her fraternizing with Germany would produce. Hence the need of coaxing the French populace, thus making it easier for French statesmen to act in accordance with the best interests of French trade."

A time will come when there will be a united Europe, acting defensively along commercial lines against the United States of America. Nor should any fair-minded American take it ill of Germany for doing her best to bring about the consummation of this scheme. The scheme is self-preservative. And when concluded, after all, it will show but half a dozen States in a customs union against the forty odd governed from Washington.

BERLIN, GERMANY.

The Extermination of a Nation

By Eugene Limedorfer

"FINLAND is only a geographical conception." Thus stated tersely and in all brutality General Bobrikoff the Russian attitude toward Finland and the Finns. And certainly the government of the Czar is making rapid strides in the direction to abolish the whole Finnish nation. It does not take a lengthy examination of history or a deep study of constitutional law to find that all energies of the Muskovite bear are bent toward the total Russianization of the Finns, a people who in culture, education, industry and civilization are at least two centuries ahead of the Russians. The most casual observer is struck by the fact that wherever he might look in all of Finland Russian brutality and Russian persecution strut about openly. To be a Finn is to-day practically a crime, and to be a Finnish patriot, to be proud of the achievements of his forefathers, to believe that self-government is preferable to absolutism, and to express these opinions for a Finn is a mighty dangerous thing.

When by edict of February 2/15th, 1899, Finland ceased to be a self-governing duchy and was declared to be a province of Russia St. Petersburg denied most vehemently that it was the intention of the Russian authorities to abridge or to abolish the constitutional rights of the nation. Oh, yes; the authorities in St. Petersburg are past masters in denying; no, they never interfere with any rights, or tamper with a constitution hundreds of years old! They would never dream of it. They would merely give the Finns a better administration, and they would give them the benefits of the protection of the vast empire.

How sincere Russia was in these declarations was plainly shown by the ukase of the Czar, wherein he says: "We have found it necessary to reserve to ourselves the ultimate decision as to which laws come within the scope of the general legislation for the Empire." A very simple method to confiscate any and all rights of a people. And the result? True, the Finnish Diet still exists, but as far as its usefulness is considered it is utterly worthless. Not only can it no longer be called a legislative body—for the Russian Governor of Finland has the right (and he exercises it) to veto any law the deputies might pass—but it is not even an advisory body. Finland has become a satrapy, ruled entirely according to the ideas of a commission composed of Grand Duke Michael Nicholaievitch, General Bobrikoff (the Governor of Finland) and last, but by no means least, M. Pobiedonosteff, the procurator of the Holy Synod.

And this commission has accomplished many things. First, they have a abolished the Finnish national militia. The men of Finland no longer serve within their country in regiments officered by their own countrymen, in a national army intended for the defense of their own country. No, they are put into the regular Russian army, preferably in other parts of Russia, in regiments where they have to remain for five years on active duty, commanded by Russians and in the Russian language. How the population feels about this change is, perhaps, best shown by the fact that 524,000 men have signed a petition to the Czar, praying that this ukase might be revoked. But petitioning the Czar had an effect which the petitioners did not foresee. The prime movers of it were jailed and transported "in administrative way," and five regiments of Russian military were garrisoned in various parts of Finland. As a result of this the young men began to emigrate. Not less than 16,000 of them left the country in 1899, and, in spite of the fact that emigration of those who were conscribed for military service was strictly forbidden, in 1900 the sum of those who left to avoid military service rose to approximately 22,000. In some parts, as for instance the counties of Wasa and Ulcaberg, practically only old men, women and children remained. That agriculture and industry cannot flourish under such conditions needs no elaborate demonstration.

Next to compulsory military service in

Russian regiments came the order excluding from Governmental offices all those who were not members of the orthodox Church. The Finns are preponderantly Lutheran Protestants, and by this order nearly all officials were ousted. Their places were filled by Russians. With the Russian officials came the Russian clergy, and altho there was not even an excuse far less a need for it, the Lutheran communities were compelled to build and maintain Russian churches and their popes.

Then came the "reform" of elementary education. It sounds almost like a satire that Russia undertook to educate Finland. Russia, where illiteracy is common, while it is hard to find an individual in Finland who cannot read and write. But Russia "reformed" not only the elementary schools, but also the high schools, gymnasiums and of late even the university. Let us see what these reforms mean. The elementary schools have been put under the control of the ignorant Russian priests. The language in which the children are taught is Russian, the system in use is calculated to make them loyal Russians. The same tenor is followed in the higher schools. History is taught in the light of the Russian officials, and every vestige of liberal or free thought is strongly suppressed. Swedish and Finnish have been banished entirely, and from the coming fall on even Helsingfors University must be Russian. No lectures are to be given there in any other language, and to make the university absolutely subservient to the authorities M. Plehwe was appointed chancellor, and half a dozen professors, under the leadership of Juhani Aho, were dismissed and exiled because they dared to protest against the interference with the freedom of teaching.

But "reforming" the educational agencies did not make General Bobrikoff forget the rural population. Russian agents, in the guise of pedlers, swarm among them, carefully avoiding the landed peasants. They approach the landless, and tell them how great will be to them the advantages of the "Russian laws." They inform them that Russia will soon order all lands and other goods divided up among all the people, and persuade them by such and other like means to sign all kinds of complaints against the better situated ones. Then come "judicial" proceedings, and the man or woman complained of is considered extremely lucky if he is merely ruined financially, and does not loose his liberty in the bargain. This is done in order to wrench the local administrations of towns from the Finns, and the work is progressing very rapidly. Intimidation, harassments and all sorts of petty tyrannies, the ruining of one's business, all tend to discourage the decent element from taking active part in the local administration, and so communal government passes quickly into the hands of the Russians.

That freedom of press will not be, and is not, tolerated by the Russian authorities is a well known fact. And they make no exception in Finland. Confiscations, suspensions, admonition and jailings are a daily occurrence. How frequent they are is best known by the fact that during 1900 there were 782 distinct occasions where newspapers, magazines or pamphlets were confiscated, not to mention the innumerable occasions where the censor was satisfied to cut out merely the offending article. The Governor has invested himself with the "right" to suppress any publication or to suspend any paper or magazine and to enforce the suspension until an editor who is obnoxious to him is removed and another one more pliable put into his place.

But it is not only the printed word that is the object of great attention on the part of the Russian authorities. The spoken word is also under its close guardianship. Public meetings dealing with political affairs are forbidden, discussions of the Government policy must be held in secret, and since November the 24th, 1900, even scientific meetings are subject to the pleasure of the Governor. The order for this is the outcome of the great ovations Professor Von Mechelin received on that day on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with Helsingfors University. Von Mechelin is a patriot, and students, professors and the population alike united in honoring him.

A few words as to the effects of all this on Finnish literature. Political conditions have made the writers despondent and gloomy, and the oppressive censorship adds to the pessimism with which they are all imbued at the present time.

But the most unfortunate thing in all this dreary business is the fact that the conditions make rascals out of good and able men. When men like Senator Yrojö Koskienen become traitors to their own country and lend themselves to be the tools of oppression, then indeed we can readily see why despair fills the hearts of those who have the welfare of their country in their minds. When men like Dr. Axel Lille, Eero Erokko or Nonni Zilliams are openly insulted, and can get no redress simply because they refuse to toady to Russian autocracy, then indeed we may well take it as accepted fact that "Finland is only a geographical conception."

NEW YORK CITY.

Negro American Dialects

B, Annie Weston Whitney

I

IT is unfortunate that in this age of scientific investigation so little attention has been paid to the study of our negro American dialects. Not only are they of importance to the philologist; they have their value historically, socially and politically.

It is again unfortunate that the opportunity for study will soon be gone, for they have left no graven tablets, few written records, and are fast fading from the memory of man.

Comparatively few of these dialects have found their way into print, partly owing to the difficulty of reproducing them phonetically, but largely to the fact that if so reproduced, they would be perfectly unintelligible to the great mass of the reading public. This has been a strong factor in strengthening many erroneous impressions that have gone abroad, not only regarding the dialects themselves, but the influence they have had on the language of the Southern white man.

Until quite recently it was the general belief, outside the slave States, that negro dialect was the same throughout the South. Again, any peculiarity of speech among educated whites at the South is still currently believed to be due to contact with the negro, especially in early life. In many instances this is simply the old question of the mote and the beam. These two impressions are all with which we propose to deal in this paper.

Some six or seven years ago a Louisiana woman went North and read in what she chose to call "Plantation Dialect." It was a revelation to those who heard her. Even now it is not generally known that in some parts of the South, "befo' de wah," every large plantation had its own individual dialect. So distinct were these that a planter, by engaging a negro in conversation, could tell at once who was his owner, or, as he would be likely to express it, whether he belonged to Poshee, Indian Field, Woodlawn, Saracen's, Mexico, etc., these being the names of some of the plantations where the dialects were distinct.

The negro dialect with which the world is most familiar is that of Uncle Remus. The South Carolinian says Uncle Remus is so stupid he cannot read it. In the first place he says "the dialect is all wrong," and then, "he never tells the whole of the story;" then, "our old Maumas would act it all out so that we could *see* Bra' Rabbit or Bra' Fox run right before us."

In his introduction to Uncle Remus, Joel Chandler Harris notes the fact that the dialect on the rice plantations differs somewhat from that which he uses, and gives some examples; but as the dialects vary, so do the animal tales themselves, becoming very elaborate in other States.

The Virginia dialect, with which the reading public has grown familiar, belongs to but one part of the State. The eastern and western parts furnish diferent dialects. In some parts of Georgia it was not uncommon for the negro to

have two dialects; one for his own race, the other for the white.

Here are a few specimens of negro dialect that may be of interest. The first is pure African taken from the story of Cinderella in Heli Chatelain's "Folk Tales of Angola:"

"She knocks a box on the ground; out come soldiers; out comes a carriage; out come two slave girls; out comes a band. Nga Maria enters the carriage the (band of) music behind; they go up to church."	"Uvunda kalubunga boxi; mu iza masoladi; mu iza kaluaji; mu iza akama kiiadi; mu iza mujika: Nga Madia u di longa mu kaluaji; mujika kudirna — kati mu ngeleja."

The next specimen is negro French, in which there is no distinction of gender, *la* being always singular and *ye* plural, with other corresponding peculiarities. The sentence chosen is from Alcée Fortier's "Louisiana Folk Tales:"

"There was once a young girl who had a lover. It was a fine young man, a prince; but the father did not want him to court his daughter."	"Yavé inne fois inne jene fille qui té gagnin inne l'amoureux cété inne bel jene nomme inne prince, mé papa li té pas oulé jene nomme té fé l'amour."

The Sea Islander says:

"Coom bwoy see coo in de w-a-a-k."
"Come boy see the cow in the walk."

An old nurse in South Carolina used to say:

"Coom Mass Henry, coom, let's tak light and go pin tap."
"Come Master Henry, come, let's take a light and go up stairs."

A writer in a recent number of one of our periodicals has denounced in unqualified terms the use of "ob" for of, "bery" for very, "dis and dat," "brack," etc., by writers of negro dialect. Not only are they all common expressions, but we find "bittle" for victuals, and *dis* and *dat* are contracted, as, for example, "Enty da so?" Isn't that so?

The dialects on the Sea Islands and on some parts of the coast of South Carolina are so unintelligible that it is necessary to have interpreters in the Charleston courts. These people have lived more to themselves and have been brought in contact less with the whites than others, and we find their dialect purer African. Some are still living there who came over in the last slave ship.

In view of the fact that there are so many dialects and that the Southerner was brought up largely by and among people using them, it might seem strange not to find many genuine negro expressions in use among the whites. Do we find them?

Judging from a magazine article published some time since, entitled "Saturated with Dialect," it would seem as tho no good thing in language could come from those living surrounded by dialects. The article was an attempt to denounce and ridicule the dialect story and professed to be the experience of a mother and son who had been reading a current number of one of our periodicals in which there were three dialect stories. They represented distinct types, and yet the readers find themselves addressing each other as "we-uns" and "you-uns," a thing the negro would scorn to do, tho he hear it continually.

The negro looks down on the "po' white trash" or "po' buckra," as he calls him, "buckra" being pure African for white man. This includes the poor mountaineer, the sandhiller, the cracker, the clay-eater, etc. He lives better, dresses better and considers himself better educated than they, and does not imitate those on whom he looks down.

"Po' buckra and dog run de same way," expresses his feelings of contempt for these people.

On the contrary, the po' buckra of the Carolinas, when brought in contact with the negro, looks up to him as a superior being, "Maams" and "Misters" and "Sirs" him and copies portions of his language.

This is interesting and valuable in helping to prove that real dialect is never formed by those of a higher education taking from those of a lower. If not the reverse of this, it is almost certain to prove a conservative survival.

Carelessness of speech causes vulgarisms in language, and we find everywhere, among the most cultivated people, provincialisms, or colloqualisms and idioms. These are distinct from real dialect.

The educated or cultured man, in taking words from others, copies them exact, while the unlettered one mispronounces and perverts the use of words he takes into his vocabulary. The Charlestonian, for instance, will invite a friend to eat "cooter" with him, "cooter" being pure African for terrapin. The negro will ask for "sassafac" tea.

A negro boy was in the habit of giving his name as "Nedicudinezza Beltikedishazza Sham Ham Jafac Maxwell Brown," mispronouncing nearly every word.

The sound of words has a great attraction for the negro, and he uses them regardless of their meaning.

A negro woman was with difficulty prevented from naming her child "Crucifix," the sound of the word attracting her.

A negro preacher in a sermon declared emphatically:

"I comes not to contaminate any other sect"—repeated still more emphatically—"I comes not to contaminate any other sect, I comes to exhonorate your minds."

The peculiar adaptation of words is illustrated by the following incident:

A Northern woman calling on a friend in Georgia soon after the war, was very much puzzled by being asked at the door for her "trimmins." The servant refused to admit her without them, saying decidedly that the mistress wanted her "trimmins." The lady at last became indignant, but the friend on whom she wished to call fortunately appeared and told her that the servant was only asking for her name. Before the war, she explained, the negroes there had no surnames, being known only by their given names, often with some personal peculiarity added, to distinguish them from others of the same name. After the war they were obliged to give themselves surnames, and these they called their "trimmins."

Where then, might be asked, does the Southerner get what are called his peculiarities of speech, so strangely like some of the negro dialects?

When our colonists came to this country they brought with them what was then a wealth of literature or written language, almost entirely classic. This soon became the language of the country, and through it many words and expressions that have been dropped in the mother country have been retained here, noticeably by the conservative Southerner. From him the negro formed his dialect and being, in turn, more conservative than his master, has retained longer the older forms of speech.

In the early days of the Virginia colony the field negro worked side by side with the bondsmen, who far outnumbered him, and from them took many words and phrases that have simplified his dialect, as it were, making it more intelligible to the outsider than many of the others.

A few instances will serve to give some idea of this conservatism:

"Obleeged" was perfectly correct fifty years ago.

"Haunts" for ghosts, called "Harnts" by the negro, is Shakespearean.

The double comparative and double superlative, for which the negro shows such fondness, is classic:

"More sharper than your words."—*Henry V.*
"The most unkindest cut of all."—*Hamlet.*
"Most boldest" and "Most unkindest."—*Julius Cæsar.*
"Most heaviest."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*
"The sun has rose."—*Swift.*
"Jes' holp ter empty dat bar'l"—*Negro.*
"He holp the Heavens to rain."—*King Lear.*
"Gimme dat handkercher."—*Negro.*
"I knit my handkercher about her brows."—*As You Like It.*
"Hit" for "it" is old Anglo-Saxon.
"Dat's de ruination er de chile."—*Negro.*
"I will ruinate my father's house."—*Henry V.*
"Bless dat 'oman!"—*Negro.*
"'Oman, forbear."—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*
"I reck'n yer mought."—*Negro.*

"Within the postern stood Agantes stout
To rescue her if ill mote her betide."
—*Translation of Tasso.*

"Moe" for more.—*Sixteenth Century.*
"Heaps of things."—*Old English.*
"Writ" and "wrote" for "written."—*Old English.*

"Axe" for "ask" was used by old writers from Chaucer down.

The word "tote" has been more written about than any other Southern word, opinions being divided as to whether it is of English or African origin. The Dialect Society claims that there is no trace of it in New England, but those who have lived there say that it belongs to the dialect with which they are familiar; and there are variations of the word still in use there. It is a word in common use among the poor whites at the South, where there has been no contact with the negro. It is nouns, not verbs, that come into our language from Africa.

A charade written in the early part of this century is interesting here, as showing the use and misuse of words:

"My first is a little thing vot hops — *Sparrow*
My second brings us good hay crops — *Grass*
My whole I eats with mutton chops." — *Sparrow-grass*
—*Vulgarly called "Asparagus."*

BALTIMORE, MD.

(*Concluded next week.*)

How Victor Emanuel III Was Educated

By Salvatore Cortesi

THE present King of Italy, Victor Emanuel III, came to the throne so suddenly and so many years before such an event could possibly be expected, that he was a totally unknown quantity to his subjects. As Crown Prince he was seldom absent from Naples, and kept studiously out of politics, so that no one knew his opinions or predilections.

THE KING OF ITALY,
At the Age of 13

Deputy Luigi Morandi, a most distinguished scholar, was his tutor for five years in Italian, and in all the branches of study which the royal scholar had naturally to undertake in that language. He has just brought out a book on the life of his pupil, from his twelfth to his seventeenth year, in which he says:

"The King at the time of his accession was still so little known by the Italians that the majority of them were most pleasantly surprised at the first manifestations of his cleverness, culture and character."

The young Prince's education, indeed, his whole life, was under the full control of a Governor, Colonel Osio, who chose his instructors, regulated his studies, his habits, play, and, without exaggeration, his sleeping and waking hours. The young Prince was obliged to go to bed and rise at a certain time even if the heavens fell. Colonel Osio, altho a young man, was already distinguished. He had fought in the campaigns of 1859-60 and 66; had followed the English expedition against King Theodore of Abyssinia; had been Italian Military Attaché at Berlin, and was, when Governor of the Prince, a member of the General Staff.

The Colonel chose Professor Morandi to be the Prince's general instructor in the following way. He was called to the Colonel, and he thus describes the interview:

"After half a dozen words of compliment Colonel Osio asked if I were disposed to accept the charge which their Majesties proposed to confide to me, and if I were ready to begin the lessons at once. 'Yes,' I replied. 'To-morrow?' 'Even to-morrow.' 'Well, if you receive the order from their Majesties, you will commence to-morrow morning at seven, the lessons to last one hour.' The order came, so the morning of November 22d, 1881, a little after six I was on my way to the Quirinal Palace, the streets being almost deserted and quite dark, to give my first lesson to the future King of Italy. The Colonel gave his instructions thus: 'Treat the Prince as any other pupil; use no indulgence or inopportune politeness even in the smallest things; if, for example, during the lesson you need something, he, not you, must rise and get it, or if a book falls, he must be the one to pick it up; profit by his *amour propre,* which is great; make him firmly and always devote himself to his duty.' As for myself the Colonel left me in no doubt that if I did not do my duty I would be treated with little compliment, too high interests being at stake."

It is a rather pitiful picture we see of the little Prince, in delicate health, and with an unusual love of fun and bright cheerful talk, obliged to rise at six every morning—no excuse whatever being allowed—jump shivering into a cold bath, and afterward take alone what must have been a cheerless breakfast, as very

often even his lessons began by candlelight. If by chance he indulged himself and remained a minute or two longer in bed and found himself short of time, it was his breakfast which was sacrificed, not his bath. Besides the lessons with Professor Morandi, he had English and French, riding, military and gymnastic exercises, fencing, music and painting, even his holidays not being left free, as he was required to write essays on what he saw and did, sending them for inspection to his masters, "poisoning my pleasure in everything," as he himself pathetically confessed.

Professor Morandi was equally under this iron rule. One morning, arriving late, as the streets were perfect rivers from the violence of the rain, and at that early hour not a cab being in the streets, he entered the schoolroom hurriedly, taking out the books from the book-case as he passed to save time. He found Colonel Osio and the Prince waiting for him, and the former, as the Professor put the books on the table, coolly picked them up, restoring them to their place, dryly intimating that it was the duty of His Royal Highness to prepare them. As surely as the clock struck eight—more surely, for the clock might fail, but the Colonel never—the tramp, tramp, of his military boots, and the click, click, of his spurs, were heard on the stair and the door opened on the last stroke.

However, Thursday and Sunday, and great *fête* days of the Church, were free, not from work, but from studies; but even then the present King rose at six —as he does to this day—but had the supreme pleasure of lunching and dining with the King and Queen, who were as delighted as he was, while on school days he ate with the stern Colonel. Of consecutive holidays he had three months in the summer, but at Christmas and New Year's only one day, and at Easter none at all. What would some of our American boys say at such a curtailing of their "rights?" Of course many occasions for breaking the rules occurred, such as invitations, birthdays, ceremonies, etc., but the Queen invariably replied "We will see what the Colonel says," and the Colonel almost as invariably said "No." Exceptions were sometimes made in the case of the theater, which, fortunately for our little hero, was considered educative, and many gloriously happy hours he spent there oblivious to all except the stage.

Professor Morandi, while commenting upon this severity, says:

> "Born perfect but not robust, the wise system of the Queen from his babyhood made him at twelve a healthy boy with great equilibrium of character. The firm discipline of the after years made him a man capable of supporting with ease the greatest mental and physical fatigue. During the five years of my instruction he was only absent twice for reasons of health, and then only for a few days. When not yet fourteen, at the great maneuvers, he stayed from 8 A. M. to 3 P. M. without eating, having only drunk a cup of coffee in the train, after riding a considerable distance by the carriage of his mother."

He was subject to severe colds in the head, but not the least notice was taken of them. One morning it was pouring, as it only can in Rome, and as the Prince had a worse cold than usual, Professor Morandi suggested to Colonel Osio that perhaps, for once, the ride on horseback had better be put off. "And if there were a war, would the Prince not mount because he had a cold?" was the response. The doctor, who was approaching and heard the conversation, exclaimed: "Ah! it is no use reasoning with these soldiers."

The Professor declares that the Prince had an exceedingly quick intelligence and a most retentive memory, but the fault of quickly tiring of all subjects. His greatest delight was to interrupt with questions or remarks and anecdotes, which latter were often so amusing that the Professor had to struggle with himself to put a stop to them (one supposes that he had the shadow of the grim Colonel over him), but stop them he did. However, one day the Prince was too quick for him and recounted the following: King Charles Albert (his great-grandfather) wrote a comedy which he gave to a gentleman of his court, without mentioning who the author was, asking him to read it that evening to his friends. The following morning the King asked one of his generals whom he knew to have been there how he had passed his evening. "Oh! your Majesty, mortally bored," and one can imagine the rest. After a few days the general received a cane as a present from Charles Albert, on the silver head of

which were engraved the words: "To Gen. —— from Charles Albert, unhappy poet."

Queen Margherita took great interest in her son's studies, and they began Latin at the same time. It seems that the Queen made the greatest progress; "but," said the Prince, to excuse himself, "I have to study lots of things, and she has nothing else to do." One day when the King was kept very late with the Ministers and the Queen and Prince were waiting for him before going to lunch, the latter was so hungry that he simply could not endure it any longer and told his mother so, who to comfort him took down Dante and opening it at the canto of Count Ugolino, said: "Read here and your hunger will pass." Rather cold comfort we would say in these days, and I am afraid the little Prince thought so too.

Of course there was never corporal punishment, but as far as I can understand, the tongue of the Colonel was worse than any birch, and was applied for carelessness in his lessons, and, what was worse, before other people. One day for some fault he made use of a few trenchant sentences ending thus: "And remember that the son of a king, or the son of a shoemaker, when he is a donkey, is a donkey." The salutary effects of these storms would last for a long time and then another would come, but as time went they became more and more infrequent.

Before closing I want to add an anecdote for which Professor Morandi is not responsible, but which is told in Rome. One day the Prince had offended the Colonel more direfully than usual, and he, turning upon him savagely, cried before several people, "If I were the King I would cut off your head." To which the Prince, for once stung into a reply, retorted, "And when I am King I *will* cut off yours." History does not relate what his punishment was, but it must have been something quite awful.

Professor Morandi is of the opinion that this almost cruel *régime* was the making of the present King, both morally and physically, having transformed him into a comparatively strong man, and one of great coolness, self control and moral equilibrium.

There are two questions which one is curious to have answered: "Does King Victor Emanuel love Colonel (now General) Osio, and will he choose a like system for his own children?"

ROME, ITALY.

The African Forest

By George L. Bates

THE inexhaustible wonder of this country is the forest. It never grows familiar.

The forest is not a region apart, but extends everywhere without a break, except where it has been cleared by man for his gardens and villages, or cleft by a river too wide for it to meet and close over from the two banks. This part of our planet has a double surface—the real, solid one underneath, and the leafy one above. Men traverse the solid surface as if by tunnels in a subterranean region. Paths run from village to village under the forest, like those of meadow mice under the grass.

Mankind is limited to the real earth's surface, and can have only distant knowledge of the world in the tree-tops. That is mostly out of his sight. But the traveler marching along the forest path often sees and hears things to remind him of this upper world apart. He hears the screams of parrots invisible overhead, hunting in the tree-tops for fruits that he cannot see from below. He hears a confusion of rushing sounds like the arrival and departure of trains at a metropolitan station, and learns at length that it is made by the long, loosely plumed wings of hornbills, flying from tree to tree as they feed. Here and there the path is whitened by petals fallen from somewhere above. It is useless to

try to tell which tree or vine in the tangle has borne them. Where a big tree has fallen, carrying with it all its dependent vines and connected smaller trees, a rift is made. Here the eyes, adjusted to the sub-silvan twilight, are dazzled by a flood of sunshine. On the limbs of the fallen tree are seen growing and blossoming pendent orchids and other air-plants, specimens from the flora of the upper region. One seldom sees a bird's nest in this country; the birds have their homes in the world above man's view.

While man sees this upper world at a distance, or not at all, his nearest animal relations can not only reach it, but are at home in it. One may hear the cries of monkeys above him, and the rustling of the branches as they scamper away from tree-top to tree-top, faster than he can follow on the ground. But to catch a glimpse of them is not so easy. One may, perhaps, be shown by a native guide some leafy bed in the branches above and be told that chimpanzees have slept there.

Nor are monkeys and lemurs the only arboreal animals. The forest is a paradise for squirrels, of which there are eight or nine species, of all colors and sizes, down to the little pigmy squirrel, the size of your thumb. Besides, there is a whole peculiar family of scale tail flying squirrels, with a sort of hob-nails on the under side of the tail, to help them climb or jump. The cats, from the leopard down, climb trees. The awkward coney manages in some way to ascend hollow or slanting trees, and his evening and morning cry is heard from the upper region, tho he comes down to the lower to feed. Even snakes are seen as often overhead as on the ground.

Except where the path goes, the under world is not much more accessible than the upper, at least to the white man, who doesn't know how to twist in and out among thorny vines. The little antelopes, the wild hog and the porcupine can slip about in the universal thicket, and the elephant crashes through it, uprooting a sapling here and there, and leaving a broad path behind him. But these animals are seldom seen or heard. In general there is lonely silence below the forest.

It is gloomy and dark on this lower deck of the tropical world. The sunshine, birds and flowers are mostly far overhead. But one sometimes meets delightful surprises, for there is beauty even here. Several kinds of trees and shrubs have a way of putting forth blossoms right out of the trunk. There are flowers set right on the damp, black bark, as yellow as Dakota sunflowers—so flaming that they seem to light up the gloom. Again, at the right season, one may find clusters of blood-red fruit, growing low down on the trunks of trees. But these bits of brightness are only occasional. For the most part all is black, damp and decaying.

The loneliness of the forest is oppressive. After a half-day's tramp between two settlements there is no more welcome sight than a garden clearing, showing that human habitations are not far off. Then the two rows of smoky tumble-down huts with the yellow clay street between that form the village are a gladdening view, for they are the dwellings of one's own kind.

The sense of the omnipresence of the forest appears in the speech of the men who inhabit it. To go *astray,* or *aside,* in the Fang language, is to go "into the forest." To throw a thing *away* is to throw it "a-forest." To *arrive* at a place is to "come out" or "emerge," while to *set forth* from a place is to "enter." It is not necessary to add what is entered or come out from.

As evident in the character of the people is an inborn revulsion against the loneliness of the forest. The ideal village, to them, is perfectly cleared of vegetation. Shade trees have no attractions for them. To travel alone, and especially to sleep alone, in the forest is a hardship, not so much on account of any danger as on account of the loneliness. A favorite name for a village means "Noise-of-People." The hubbub of talking and singing and drumming in the village street is dear to the heart of a Fang, for in it he forgets the great black forest.

Only the Dwarf tribe, occasionally met with in this country, seem to be entirely reconciled to the forest. Only they are content to live in booths of leaves, hunting the game of the forest depths with an hereditary keenness that is almost instinct.

BENITO, CONGO FRANCAIS

LITERATURE

Grant Allen *

A BIOGRAPHY of the type George Eliot expressed a wish for,—a book freed from all trivialities and giving the essential records and lessons of a man's life,—such is this biographical memoir by Edward Clodd. The author is admirably fitted for his task. He was an intimate friend of Allen's; his tastes, his beliefs, his aims are similar to those which characterized the dead naturalist; and finally his life-work, like Allen's, has been devoted to the serious popularization of science. The note of friendship is repeatedly emphasized, nowhere more touchingly than in this adaptation of the lines of Callimachus:

> "They told me, Heracleitus, they told me you were dead;
> They brought me bitter news to hear, and bitter tears to shed;
> I wept as I remembered how often you and I
> Had tired the sun with talking, and sent him down the sky."

A various strain of Celtic blood was in Allen's veins, for he came of Scotch, Irish and French stock. Born in Canada, his school days were passed in his native place, then in New Haven, Conn., in Dieppe, France, and in Birmingham, England. In his twentieth year he matriculated at Merton College, Oxford, and after winning several prizes, received his degree of B. A. in 1871, at the age of 23. His passion for science was an early growth, and well-nigh as early was the beginning of his interest in social questions. His first—and one might say his only—model was Herbert Spencer. A deep reverence for the great evolutionist continued till the end, even tho the pupil diverged widely from the master's socio-political teachings, and came to a qualified acceptance of Socialism.

Allen's first appearance in print was as the author of a poem; he followed this with an article on Communism, and with a short story of American life. His strong bent toward science, however, dominated him, and during his four years' service (1872-1876) at the Government College in Spanish Town, Jamaica, he was busily preparing the groundwork for the long series of naturalistic essays and sketches which he afterward produced. The first years after his return to England bear a close resemblance to those of Huxley on his return from the "Rattlesnake" voyage—years of hard work, of heart-breaking discouragements, of keen privation.

It was about 1880 that his real story-writing period began. A scientific article on ghosts, composed, for the better development of his theme in narrative form, had been sent to the editor of *Belgravia*. Not only was it accepted, but a request was made for "another story." The new and more promising means of a livelihood thus opened to him met with a prompt response, and he turned with unflagging energy to the writing of fiction. It was a step the necessity for which he always lamented. Science was his passion, but science could not be made to pay; there was "Nellie and the boy" to provide for, and for their sake he made what must have been for him an heroic sacrifice.

Allen's scientific work has been unduly depreciated. One critic of the cocksure species once went so far as to refer to it as "occasionally accurate." It is with pardonable indignation that Mr. Clodd meets this charge. If the testimony brought forward from such authorities as Huxley, Darwin, Spencer and Wallace speaks for anything, a high measure of merit must attach to Allen's work.

> "I have no fault to find," writes Huxley, on the appearance of 'Vignettes from Nature,' "on the score of accuracy wherever I have dipped or rambled through your book; on the contrary, I find much to admire in the way you conjoin precision with popularity—a very difficult art."
>
> "I have this minute read the last word of 'The Evolutionist at Large,'" writes Darwin, "and I hope that you will not think me troublesome if I tell you how much the whole has pleased me."

Spencer's letters are almost laudatory in tone, and Wallace, while frequently dif-

* GRANT ALLEN. A Memoir. With a Bibliography. *By Edward Clodd.* Imported by M. F. Mansfield & Co. New York: $1.50 net.

fering from Allen in particular conclusions, rarely neglects to praise. "I need not wish your book ['The Color Sense'] success," he writes, "for it is sure to be successful, as it well deserves to be." Such tributes are a sufficient answer, says Mr. Clodd,

"to some critics who, let it be hoped, through imperfect acquaintance with his work, accord him no higher level than that of a skillful scientific middleman. That his modesty claimed only this as his function is the greater warrant for crediting him with the independent collection of facts whose value was recognized by the founders of the doctrine of evolution."

Allen's personality was winsome; his vivacity, his sincerity, his learning, his keenness of observation, his warmth of heart were fused in a charm of manner which touched all who knew him. His biographer asserts warmly that "a more lovable, considerate, true and sympathetic friend there could not be." In like manner Prof. York Powell speaks of him as "one of the best and truest friends a man could have," and remarks that his wonderful faculty of making new friends never led to the least estrangement from the old. And finally there is this tribute from Mr. Andrew Lang:

"As one born to differ from Mr. Allen in almost every conceivable point, I never could irritate him by opposition, and this I am anxious to record as a proof of the wonderful sweetness of his nature."

Later Books on South Africa *

THE South African flood continues. There are a number of correspondents yet to hear from; and after all these have published their testimony there is likely to roll in a tide of volumes on the settlement of the war. The interested part of the public can therefore assure itself of a plentiful supply, for months ahead, of printed matter on the vexatious problem of the Briton and the Boer.

Mr. Hales, we are sorry to say, is addicted to the vice of "fine writing." When he mounts into tragics the result is generally painful; and his frequent attempts at pathos are indeed pathetic. There is a great deal in the book about Mr. Hales; he confesses that he had longed for twenty years for a chance to show what he could do, and it is evident that he has made strenuous use of his franchise—the correspondent's job given him by Sir John Robinson, of the London *Daily News*. Yet, despite glaring defects of tone and manner, there is much of interest and value in his work. He is a careful observer, his descriptions are often vivid, and he strives for impartial narration, except of course, where his beloved fellow Australians are concerned. He pays high tribute to the Boers for their considerate treatment of him when a prisoner, for their bravery, courage and endurance. He admits, however, that in their camp-life they indicated no notion of sanitation, and believes that had the season been wet fever would have well-nigh destroyed their armies. His criticism of the British War Office is severe, and still more caustic is his treatment of the average British officer. "I have seen," he says, "mere lads in this country leading men into action, who, in point of brains, were not fit to lead a mule to water, and others who, in regard to manners, were scarcely fit to follow the mule."

Mr. Archibald has given us a valuable book. It is a record of close observations on the relative merits of the British and American armies. The *personnel* of the regulars at Santiago impressed him as superlatively good, far superior to that of the average British regiments. The English recruit, in times of peace, is drawn from "the offscourings of the streets," as Colonel Douglas, of the Royal Service, declared in 1899. The drill-sergeant "whips him into shape" after some months' training, but he is always lacking in some of the more useful characteristics of the American soldier. He has little initiative, and generally a low order of intelligence. Eighteen per cent. of these recruits are utterly illiterate, and only forty-five in 1,000 are fairly educated. They are rarely or never taught the self-reliance and variety of resource drilled into the American soldier; they cannot intrench themselves, except by the aid of the engineers; they are not taught to make use of temporary protections, such as trees, rocks and hillocks, nor to charge by rushes, nor to act independent-

*CAMPAIGN PICTURES OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA. *By A. G. Hales.* New York: Cassell & Co. $1.50.
BLUE SHIRT AND KHAKI. *By James F. J. Archibald.* New York: Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.50.
THE GREAT WAR TREK. *By James Barnes.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
THE SETTLEMENT AFTER THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA. *By M. J. Farrelly, LL.D.* New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

ly of immediate command. They are brave enough when led, but the leadership is often of the most wofully incompetent character. The equipment of the British infantry is amazingly unpractical, heavy and cumbersome. The cavalry equipment is heavier, worse slung and far less useful than that used in the American service. That for an American trooper weighs 98 pounds, including carbine and saber; that for an English trooper weighs from 50 to 60 pounds more. The willingness of the British soldiers to surrender, when surrounded, and their unwillingness to escape, when prisoners, strike Mr. Archibald with wonder, so great is the contrast shown by American troops under like conditions. The treatment of the British dead appeals to him as brutal; they are buried hurriedly, and with no thought of removal to their native shores; often in unmarked graves and with scant ceremony. The author repeatedly comments on the arrogance and incompetence of the British officers, and quotes, with qualified approval, Mr. Hales's description of them as men "with their eye-glasses, their lisps, their hee-haw manners, their cigarets, their drawling speech, their offensive arrogance, their astonishing ignorance, their supercilious condescensions, their worship of dress, their love of luxury, their appalling incompetence."

Mr. Barnes's book is an excellent example of the personal narrative, the recounting of a connected series of scenes and episodes. The descriptions are graphic, the style throughout is simple and direct. He agrees with the other correspondents that Tommy Atkins is a courageous fighter, and that his officers are too often unworthy to lead such fighting material. Conceding the good qualities of the Boers, he is also careful to point out their defects; for instance, their suspicion, bigotry and ignorance and their cruelty to the natives. At Elandsfontein, near Johannesberg, the Kaffir women, clapping their hands at the sight of Lord Roberts's troops, "raised the same cry that had met the ears of Sherman's troops in the War of the Rebellion: 'We are slaves no longer! We are slaves no longer!'" The author gives several instances of Boer duplicity and violation of the rules of warfare. An "ambulance train" at Elandsfontein was found to consist of two Red Cross coaches and eleven trucks of coal, while one of the coaches contained 3,000 rounds of ammunition.

Mr. Farrelly is a leading barrister of Cape Colony. His book is at once a record of the ante-bellum struggles in South Africa and a discussion of the principles of settlement of the questions at issue. His attitude is markedly pro-English; nevertheless, his manner throughout is temperate and scholarly, and he brings to the support of his position a number of contemporaneous letters and documents tending to show the existence of a widespread conspiracy among the Afrikanders to "drive England into the sea." He declares emphatically for the annexation of the two Boer States and for the creation of a Crown colony, governed by an Imperial official, assisted by a Council representative of all classes of the territory.

An Irish Symbolist*

SLIGHT, even flimsy as seems this little book with its few hundred lines of blank verse thinly buttered over an astonishing quantity of paper, Mr. Yeats is a serious poet, and in this, his introduction to the American public, especially entitled to serious consideration—tho it might well be wished that at so critical a juncture he or his publishers had seen fit, in commercial parlance, to market a larger output of his wares.

For the American reader, who is generally a person of English or "Anglo-Saxon" predilections, some displacement of the usual point of view will be necessary to an appreciation of Mr. Yeats as an Irishman and a promoter of the so-called "Celtic movement" in its efforts for the nationalization of Irish literature.

It is only a few years now since Irish poetry left the service of politics to follow the arts. Naturally it still shows its youthfulness, its amateurishness in many ways, most gravely, we think, in a partial misapprehension of the proper object and function of poetry. In spite of ordinary commonplace there still exists in our mind some question as to the inevitable dependence of literature upon na-

* THE SHADOWY WATERS. *By W. B. Yeats.* New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

tionality. But at all events it would seem as tho a literature might be national without being quite so obstreperously reactionary as this Celtic movement undertakes to be—might, that is, if it were not Irish, for there certainly appears in the temper of this movement a good deal of natural Celtic perversity. And whether or no there be such a matter as absolute poetry transcending the strict limits of territorial boundary, poetry has to-day a nobler mission than the recrudescence of an obsolete barbaric mythology. One may sympathize with the Irish poet's desire to preserve his literary integrity and at the same time point out that the characteristic tone of English poetry, for instance, is due to other causes than a ceaseless harping upon the fabulous heroes of a remote Germanic prime.

In the mistake of his school Mr. Yeats shares, tho among his colleagues his is the most significant and promising figure. Dazzled like the others by the gorgeous dream of a national literature, intoxicated like them by the magnificent exuberence of his race, he has yet the discernment to understand that neither patriotism nor afflatus suffices for poetry —that poetry is first of all an art which must be learned like another. How seriously he has taken his trade is evident from his handling of blank verse, the severest test that can be applied to any English " maker," be he Irish or American.

But Mr. Yeats is still young; and there are two very grave dangers to which in these days every young poet is particularly exposed: the fault of mysticism and the fault of bookishness. It may be presumptuous to remind so accomplished a craftsman that the genuine idealism, for which he seems to be seeking, is unflinchingly concrete and simple, and that literature, especially a new literature, such as he is ambitious to found, must derive immediately from nature; but we cannot help thinking that, if he were thoroughly alive to the importance of these two cardinal truths, he would for one thing throw overboard the greater part of his symbolic baggage and would for another cease trying to cram essentially undramatic material into a conventional dramatic mold. At best there is something curiously alembicated in this self-conscious attempt to found a new literature, but for one so engaged no mistake can be more fatal than that of storing his new wine in old bottles.

These faults of which we have been speaking are all exemplified in the poem before us, *The Shadowy Waters.* By virtue of some incomprehensible mythical machinery it floats between wind and water in a blur of symbolic moonlight, tantalizing and elusive. In the midst of the fog with which the surface of the poem is covered haunts as delirious a company of monsters as we remember ever to have met in our nightmares;—a red hound fleeing from a silver arrow to the distracted harping of a fool, a something bearded like a goat, which walks on the waters and has strange power of speech, an animated musical instrument with a vivacious habit of striking into the dialogue of its own accord, and, fit fellowship for this apocalyptic menagerie, a crew of piratical sea-rovers whose purposes have a disconcerting way of getting lost in their own brains before reaching ours. While there is a single man or woman of flesh and blood left in Ireland is it not preposterous that an Irish poet, anxious for the regeneration of his literature, should waste his pains trying to warm over such a broth as this?

From one point of view, however, these follies are very hopeful and encouraging; for they are not so much the affectations of a morbid self-conceit as the excesses of a generous spirit revolted with the vulgarity and commonplaceness of modern literature. And while we must still insist upon the ultimate poetic inadequacy of symbol and legend, yet the poetry of Mr. Yeats and his fellows, when compared with the recent work of men like Hauptmann and Sudermann in Germany and that of the symbolists and the new idealists in France, seems to indicate that a general reaction is setting in at last against naturalism and its attendant horrors. Viewed in this light the correspondence should be to Ireland a cheerful token of the vitality of its inspiration. Well, too, if it might move us to ask ourselves why it is that this wave of idealism, which, yeasty as it may be, is making in the right direction, should in sweeping over Germany, France, and

even poor depleted Ireland, have been diverted so far from the coasts of our own country.

English Politics in Virginia *

Mr. Alexander Brown, of Norwood Post Office, Nelson County, Virginia, has proved himself a valuable citizen by the historical studies he has published from time to time. He comes near to being what might be styled an original researcher in the crypts of history, and the cold shoulder, not of mutton, but of men, which is frequently turned to originators or innovators, has been felt by him. Referring to a certain lying, self-glorifying "Generall Historie of Virginia," composed by that swash-buckling sycophant, Captain John Smith, for the delectation of that crowned crook, James I of England, Mr. Brown says: "The Court which licensed the publication of Smith's history would have burnt my books and imprisoned me; but, thanks to the immortal principles which inspired our founders, the advocates of John Smith could now only 'roast' my books and abuse me."

Something too much of this note of grievance against those misguided historical writers in the present day who are inclined to accept the royal estimate of the founders of the Virginia colony runs through Mr. Brown's latest contribution to what is really sound history. His main contention is a correct one, but he poses rather awkwardly as a martyr in the sacred cause of original historical synthesis. As there were kings before Agamemnon, according to Horace, so before Mr. Brown, of Virgina, were historical students quite convinced that King James was not only incapable of telling the truth, but would suppress truth, wherever he found it, because of his ingrained imperialistic antipathy to such a thing. His job of falsifying Virginia history, nevertheless, was better done than most jobs of this kind. At least, it has lasted longer in its effects; but the painstaking of Mr. Brown and other eminently praiseworthy delvers in documentary evidence may be held to have put a quietus on the radically questionable "history" which came down to us "licensed" from James, of malodorous, unfumigated, unfumigable memory.

But however much of honor is due to Mr. Brown for his honest aim and his fair measure of patriotic achievement, it must be said in sad sincerity that his *English Politics in Early Virginia History* is clumsily constructed; is pitchforked together in a sort of *hysteron proteron* fashion. Marred by a number of unnecessary iterations of statement, it is marred also by a lack of style and by several linguistic blunders and banalities. There is likewise to be noted the serious temperamental error which results in claiming too much; an error which in this case leads him to the grotesque vanity of gravely seeking to reduce the Massachusetts colony to the position of political imitation of the Virginia founders, and to set the label North Virginia on the New England division. While it is undoubtedly clear that Sir Edwin Sandys deserves all the fame Mr. Brown would give him, and that many of Sir Edwin's titled and untitled associates in the first essays at establishing the Virginian colony were animated by something deeper and higher than commercial motives, having the root of a wider political liberty in their minds, it is equally true—and by virtue of much more evidence—that the early settlement of Massachusetts presented idiosyncratic features which entitled it to be differentiated very considerably in the historical mind. This fact does not detract from the glory due to Mr. Brown's especial heroes; but the blinking or sinking of it does militate against any reasonable hope Mr. Brown might otherwise entertain of being accounted a highly judicial historian, instead of a special pleader.

The indication of particular errors in literary form is not a pleasing task for a reviewer, but it ought to be done more often than it is, for the purpose of maintaining as high as possible the standard of our tongue. On page 47 he says "the evidence of Bargrave's," for example, a piece of colloquial slovenliness one frequently hears; and sees, too, at times, even in generally impeccable writers. On the same page occurs the oddity "in consort with" for "in concert with"—possibly a misprint; but neither phrase was necessary. Mr. Brown's vision is all

* English Politics in Early Virginia History. *By Alexander Brown.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.00.

right. What he needs is revision—or a friendly editor before he rambles into print.

IS CHRIST INFALLIBLE AND THE BIBLE TRUE? *By the Rev. Hugh M'Intosh, M.A.* (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.00.) This is an attempt to tread the middle way between the modern theories of the "indefinite erroneousness" of the Bible (Mr. M'Intosh's phrase), and the doctrine of an infallible Scripture. He pleads for the truthfulness, trustworthiness and Divine authority of all Scripture, as originally given, in the sense God intended, within "the reasonable limits of language and literary usage." This is a platform broad enough to accommodate representatives of widely divergent theologies. For just what is the proper interpretation of Scripture—just what is the sense God intended—just what are the reasonable limits of language and literary usage—these are, after all, essential parts of the main question. Mr. M'Intosh's view of Scripture leaves room for "diverse and contrasted documents which may have been used in the composition of the Hexateuch;" for the possible composite authorship of books like Isaiah and Zechariah; for the "adaptation by editing and re-editing by other hands to the needs and conditions of later times of the essentially Mosaic Book of Deuteronomy." To the questions of his title he gives the expected answers. Christ is infallible, and hence the Bible is true within the limits suggested above. The claim of Scripture for itself is very fully and very ably presented. The criticisms of other views are thoughtful and keen. Indeed the book represents a vast amount of labor. Two defects are, however, manifest. First, the intolerance of the author for divergent opinions. His terms are at times abusive. He has no patience with what he calls the "baseless assertion and contemptuous caricature" of his opponents. They are guilty of "crude jejunities and crass aberrations." Their works are full of "bastard imbecility," and are characterized by "not thought, but cant." This is unworthy of so good a book. The other main blemish is an inexcusable neglect of the principles of English composition. Many sentences are awkward and lumbering. There are also many inelegant expressions which detract greatly from the dignity of the work. Such terms as "tall talk" and "faddy societies and viewy persons" ought to be cut out of the second edition. Still further, the names of no less than four of the authorities quoted are misspelled. An index is also lacking.

THE STORY OF SARAH. *By M. Louise Forsslund.* (New York: Brentano. $1.50.) This story depicts with insight and passion the heart struggles of a good, tho untutored, girl, who imagines that she loves two men at the same time—one who appeals to her higher nature, the other to the lower. Of the many characters in the book, some are really noble. All are sharply conceived and live, tho a few of the minor ones should not be allowed the space assigned them. The love scenes are natural, intensely passionate when they should be, but sometimes sunny and light with humor. The sea plays a large part in the story, and not only have its sterner winter moods been noted with an artist's eye, but they have been painted with the sure strokes of a powerful fancy. Unfortunately the story is clogged with details that might have been omitted, perhaps also it is too long; but notwithstanding patent faults, it is far better in point of atmosphere, conception and style of execution than some others which have succeeded in obtaining considerable vogue.

THE SECOND BOOK OF BIRDS. *By Olive Thorne Miller.* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00.) "A very greatly increased call for nature books," reports one of the largest retail booksellers in the United States. "The demand is four times that of three years ago." Others report even a larger increase of demand for this class of books. Bird books are especially popular, and those dealing with entomology are not far behind. Among the best that we have seen for family use are *The First Book of Birds,* and *The Second Book of Birds,* by Olive Thorne Miller. Altho these are prepared for school use, we believe they will be even more valuable for the home and family—every family,

indeed, in these days should constitute a nature school. The study of ornithology and entomology, especially, are better carried on at a country home. There the object lessons are all about the young student, and study ceases to be a matter of conventional learning. To become intimate with birds is half the charm of a rural home; to cultivate their presence is half the success of farming. Mrs. Miller has a happy art of dividing her birds into families, altho these families do not include, in all cases, even our familiar birds. The interweaving of stories and descriptions of bird work is excellent, and the illustrations are at least good. We notice this especially of the Yellow Breasted Chat, who is slowly working his way northward as he finds more delightful home grounds. Her description of the catbird is just what this intellectual fellow deserves.

A PRINCESS OF THE HILLS. An Italian Romance. *By Mrs. Burton Harrison.* (Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company. $1.50.) A young American, weary of conventional society and woman's wiles, finds simplicity with a vengeance in Fiore, a peasant princess, who proves to have a gift for juggling with an indefinite number of hearts at the same time. When affairs have become complicated to the last degree, what seems to be the *dénouement* appears, followed by another and another. Just as we begin to doubt whether any complete revelation of Fiore's complicity is possible, we arrive at what is really the whole truth. The story is diverting and written with Mrs. Harrison's usual grace.

GARDENING FOR BEGINNERS. A Hand Book on the Garden. *By E. T. Cook.* 8vo, pp. 495. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.75.) There is not a better English authority on gardening than the author of this book, who is also joint editor of *The Garden* and author of the "Century Book of Gardening." Less for the conservatory than for out of doors, this volume is a delight for one who has any passion for cultivating flowers or fruit. It gives thorough instruction in the cultivation of plants and shrubs and trees for ornament or use, and the best of advice to the amateur. It is abundantly illustrated, not simply with wood cuts to show how gardening should be done, but also with a multitude of full-page half-tone pictures of gardens and plants. A picture like that of daffodils in the grass, or one of irises growing by the water, or scattered crocuses on the lawn, or Solomon's Seal in a half-wild garden, primroses in a silver birch wood, is enough to open the eyes of the ordinary householder to the possibilities of gardening. Of course, some allowance must be made for the different conditions in this country from those in England, but whatever can be grown there can be grown here, with care, and much can be learned from this volume, which belongs to the "Country Life" library.

NATURE BIOGRAPHIES. The Lives of Some Everyday Butterflies, Moths, Grasshoppers and Flies. *By Clarence Moores Weed.* (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.) Mr. Weed is known to us as the author of "Life Histories of American Insects." The present volume has appeared in the form of articles in the *Saturday Evening Post, Outing* and the *Journal of Education.* The contents can be anticipated by the titles of some of the chapters: "The Making of a Butterfly," "A Rural Impostor," "Studies of Walking-Sticks," "Locust Mummies," "Catching Butterflies with a Camera." The style of the book is pleasant, and the close connection between investigation and thinking is finely enforced. The book is thoroughly scientific, altho its style is popular. It is another excellent family, or home, book.

The third and last volume of the masterly biography of Dollinger by his colaborer in the Old Catholic cause, Professor J. Friedrich, has just been published by Beck, of Munich, the three volumes costing 38 marks. This is one of the most noteworthy religious biographies of modern times, and as this last volume covers the period of the Vatican Council, it is of exceptional interest, particularly as it is to a large extent based on new sources. It is entitled *Ignaz von Dollinger, Sein Leben auf Grund des handschriftlichen Nachlassen.*

Literary Notes

It is understood that Mr. Leslie Stephen is engaged on a "Life of George Eliot."

....Robert Cromie, the British novelist, says that Mr. Kipling is the only short story writer in the best sense of the term now living.

....Thomas Hardy is to publish a volume of verse this fall. This means that we must wait another year at least for his next novel. This is a pity, for Mr. Hardy is a great novelist.

....In connection with Miss Mary Johnston's forthcoming novel, "Audrey," it is of interest to note that Mr. Joel Chandler Harris thinks that Miss Johnston's first two books represent the "high water mark of American fiction that has appeared since Hawthorne died."

...."Talks with Great Workers" is the title of a forthcoming volume (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) by O. S. Marden, the editor of *Success.* The type of men that Mr. Marden considers "great workers" may be guessed from the portraits to illustrate the book. These are Sage, Schwab and Depew.

....The Scribners announce a new and enlarged edition of Rae's "Contemporary Socialism," which is generally considered the standard work on the subject; and a new novel by George W. Cable, entitled "The Cavalier." This novel will appear in book form without previous serial publication.

....Mr. Austin Dobson's "Carmina Votiva," which Mr. Edmund Gosse selected and saw through the press, and which Mr. Gosse writes about so charmingly elsewhere in this issue, can be procured in this country from the Scribners. They are in paper, with Mr. Dobson's autograph. We believe there are two or three copies left and their cost is $15 apiece.

....From the Library of Congress we have received three volumes; one *A Check List of American Newspapers in the Library of Congress,* another *A Union List of Periodicals, Transactions and Allied Publications* currently received in the principal libraries of the District of Columbia, and the third *A Calendar of Washington Manuscripts* in the Library of Congress. The last is of very great historical value, and the number of documents relating to Washington surprises the reader. They are indexed with all the names of persons mentioned in these documents. The *Union List* is the fullest that can be found anywhere of special and learned periodicals and transactions such as come to the libraries of the various departments in Washington. There are over 10,000 titles in a multitude of languages. *The American Newspapers* are classified by States and towns, and in each case we are told how complete the file is in the Library of Congress. This will suggest the opportunities of filling out these files where they are imperfect. This edition is a check list intended to provide a basis for a later complete list.

Pebbles

Bookish people know so many uninteresting things.—*Atchison Globe.*

....Call a woman in trouble "poor little girl," and she is ready to follow you off as faithfully as a dog.—*Atchison Globe.*

....Mr. Maclay should reserve some of his vocabulary for use in case he should ever decide to write a history of the weather bureau. —*The Hartford Post.*

....*First Deacon:* "One of our missionaries is to be tried for heresy." *Second Deacon:* "Why?" *First Deacon:* "He has denied that looting is orthodox."—*Puck.*

...."I wonder how Admiral Dewey will start that court of inquiry?" "I suppose he'll look around and say: 'You may begin firing, gentlemen, when ready.'"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

...."The boy's name is Maurice," the fond mother explained to the listening visitor, "but we call him Moss." "I suppose that is because you have a lichen for him," said the visitor."—*Christian Register.*

....The news from China is that the reform program calls for the substitution of the Tsung-li-yamen by the Wei-wu-pu. This news is received with intense interest and satisfaction.—*The Washington Star.*

....*Scriblets:* "I am going to make my boy a model of politeness." *Wickers:* "Going to let him read Chesterfield?" *Scriblets:* "No; I am going to let him read some of those editorial rejection slips."—*Philadelphia Record.*

...."Have you ever read Walt Whitman much?" the Boston man asked. "Oh, I've seen some of his stuff," replied the girl from St. Louis, "and all I've got to say is that George Ade has him beaten to death. Whitman's all right as far as sprinkling in capital letters is concerned, but half the time his slang isn't at all funny."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

...."Huh!" exclaimed Mr. Rox, after reading his morning mail, "our boy's college education is making him too smart." "What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Rox. "I wrote to him the other day that I thought it would be kinder for me not to remit the check he asked for. Now he writes: 'Dear Father—I shall never forget your unremitting kindness.'"—*Philadelphia Press.*

....Advertisement.—A New Historical Romance. Positively the Great American Novel! Written by Araminta Jeannette Featherstone, with one hand tied behind her! The nine hundredth thousand sold before the author had given the book a thought, or, indeed, before she had written more than fifty chapters! Profusely illustrated with nine thousand steel plates having nothing whatever to do with the story, and twenty-seven thousand wood engravings only remotely bearing upon the same! For sale at all dry goods shops!—*Detroit Journal.*

EDITORIALS

Solving the Race Problems

THE people of the United States are now in a better position than ever before in their history to work out a real and lasting solution of race problems.

The conflict of races has been one of the chief factors in the development of mankind from the earliest days, and there is no reason to suppose that it will ever cease. Indeed, if it should cease, progress would end in mental and moral stagnation. But, little by little, the conflict has been losing its more cruel features. The conqueror long ago ceased to exterminate the vanquished. Not so very long ago he ceased to enslave. To-day he exploits, by his superior knowledge of industry and trade. In the future, he will in a good degree educate and encourage. The conflict is ceasing to be physical and brutal; it will become intellectual, moral and invigorating.

Within less than four centuries America has lived through two of the four stages of race conflict, and she is passing now through the third into the fourth.

With noteworthy exceptions, here and there, the early policy of white men toward the Indians in North America was frankly one of extermination. John Eliot and the Jesuits converted. Frontenac took up his duties as Governor of Quebec in a determination to civilize the natives, and to bring about their amalgamation with white blood. Penn desired to live and to let live. In the Western Massachusetts village of Stockbridge, a few rods from the spot where Jonathan Edwards lived, a quaint gray stone, erected by white men to mark the ancient burial place of the Stockbridge Indians, bears the truthful inscription, "The Friends of our Fathers." But these were rare instances of kindly relations. As one of the powerful races of the earth the Indian is gone; and gone at least in part because the white man found a stalwart joy in slaying him.

When a practical extermination of the red men was assured, no human material remained on this side of the ocean for American whites to practice conflict in its second stage upon. So a black race was imported for the purpose. Viewed in the light of universal evolution this was the most peculiar event since our lively little planet was trailing clouds of glory through gyrating cosmic dust. Every dominant people on the earth at one time held slaves or serfs; but it found them on its own appropriated soil, or brought them home as spoils of victory. Only America—unique America—ever conceived of buying them wholesale out of hand, as any well-instructed millionaire might buy his Venetian furniture or his certified old masters, regardless of expense! In America to think is to do. We bought our slaves, and extracted from the second stage of race conflict all the culture it could be made to afford—regardless of expense!

As compared with the civilization that Greece built upon foundations of patriarchal slavery, or that France and England built upon foundations of ancient serfdom, our own civilization, built in part upon chattel slavery, has been perhaps less mellow, a little lacking in aroma, a trifle parvenu, or even philistine; but such as it is we have paid for it, and entered into possession. So let no fine gentlemen of the older world point a finger at us, as at a people that has failed to pass through all the successive stages of a proper education!

Since the Civil War we have been exploiting. This third stage of race conflict we tried—with true American impatience and presumption—to skip. We plunged at once into education and "uplifting." We called the liberated slaves "our colored brethren," and carefully spelled negroes with two *e*'s instead of an *i* and two *g*'s. We gave them school teachers and the ballot. But the orderly cosmic process is not so easily deranged. It is not easy to pass from the innocent savagery of boyhood into the sapient benignity of manhood without going through the turbulency of youth. In the North we have reluctantly admitted that "a friend and brother" is not necessarily

eligible to the Society of Mayflower Descendants; in the South we have been "teaching the nigger his place." Meanwhile, the black man has himself been finding his place in a reconstructed economic world, which exploits him, as it exploits the white man, in exact proportion to his ignorance and incapacity.

Now, at last, we seem really to have arrived at the fourth stage of race conflict. The South is ready for it, and the North is ready for it. The South is becoming prosperous and ambitious in a business way. She has the black race as a probably permanent element in her population, and must manage to live on terms with it that shall be economically profitable while socially and politically possible. To that end the black man must be made a disciplined, and so far as possible an intelligent, workman, and a law-abiding citizen. The North, on its part, has dropped some illusions, and is now calmly discussing with the South questions of education and labor. It is time for both North and South, with mature purpose and sound judgment, to co-operate manfashion in the great work of making the negro race not merely an endurable but even a highly useful element in our great industrial population.

The Comforts of the Trolley.

TRAVELING by steam power has never been quite the pleasure that we have tried to imagine it to be. We are closed up in boxes, to protect us from smoke and cinders; and at the best there is no escape from unwholesome and destructive dirt. With whatever zeal we start, we are glad of the finish. The going and the coming should be the best part of an outing; but with steam it is seldom anything of the sort. Those who live in suburbs have few pleasant associations with the traveling to and fro. This is especially true where bituminous coal is used. Recently the writer made a trip of two hours through a delightful country; but the passage was simply terrible between the heat, the cinders and the dust. With the advent of electric trolley cars the greater part of this unpleasantness will be obviated. The evil odors and the cinders will be memories of a past age. We shall not be able at once to get rid of the dust; but if the Texas oil fields spout on, we shall have a cheap means of allaying this nuisance. When this change is completely brought about, from steam to electricity, we do not see why any one should prefer to live in the city rather than in the country.

We must not forget that the electric car, free from smoke and grime, will be quite as delightful for the countryman as for the citizen. One of the daily papers tells us that there has been an enormous increase in the suburban practice of dining in the city; that persons living eight or ten miles out dine regularly at hotels or at restaurants; and also, far more than formerly, take part in social functions in the old resident sections. That is, those who live an hour's ride in the country, are by no means out of society in the city. They can come in at seven or eight o'clock, and leave at ten or eleven. Meanwhile the passage to and fro counts as a part of the social pleasure. This means that the world is being woven together in its social functioning. The city and the country are to interchange courtesies. The social swing will not be simply to react from concentering population, and to a better distribution of the people over a wide extent of country; there will also be new and closer ties between the whole social organism. The trouble for the past half century has been social differentiation. Cities grew, not only because of their industries, but grew at the cost of the country. The country lost relative comfort, and relative business advantage. Wealth and enterprise went to the crowded districts; farm depression followed, and rural life was held in contempt. But the new age begins to look both ways—distributing advantages more evenly. There will be an ease of interchange between the denser and the less dense districts; breaking up the local sentiments, and local morals, which now concentrate and develop in districts. The ruralist will easily take advantage of town pleasures and society; while those who remain as town dwellers will go out to breathe country air and live on country vegetables and fruit. We may easily conceive a breakfast of strawberries and cream on the farm; a dinner at a restaurant, and a supper in the quiet nook of a suburban home.

We have here a distinct widening out

of social life. A daily paper tells us a charming story of the happenings along a trolley route. The conductor is represented as becoming a sort of intermediary between the people along his line. He says:

"I am paid to run the car, of course; and to keep the schedule as well as I can; but where we do not have many crowds, and where the patronage is rather regular, we get to know the people as well as we do our own relatives; and the conductor naturally takes pride in his own popularity. I have people who will not ride on any car but mine, if they can help it; and while that does not seem to mean much in money, it does mean a good deal in satisfaction. When Christmas comes around, or the fruit season comes on, I can take home a nice basket to my wife and little ones almost every night. I find that kindness pays."

He even goes so far as to run on errands, to accommodate those who live along his route. His terminus is near a lot of stores, and he finds it quite possible to do a great many favors without interference with his schedule time. This brings back a certain degree of the familiarity and sociability of the old coach days. The steam car has proved to be the most unsocial vehicle ever invented. The trolley will not only be a pleasant improvement, but a method of kindly interchange of favors. The new electrical conveyance will depend for its prosperity, not upon pleasing those who jump aboard at stations, but upon winning the good will of all the people along the line.

A new development in the trolley system is of still greater interest. New words must be invented for new things; and we shall denominate this as interurbanism. The proposition is to unite all the cities from Buffalo to Albany, and probably to New York, by connecting the several trolley lines. In New England there are already such connections from Springfield to Hartford, and to Northampton, and elsewhere; while one may very soon go all the way from Boston to New Haven and to other cities by inter-urban trolley lines. In the Western States even longer lines are projected. The object is distinctively to unite pleasure with business accommodation. All long lines will be provided with lunch cars and even sleeping accommodations. Those who desire may thus enjoy a sort of picnic excursion from city to city, enjoying the country at the same time. That such roads will be profitable we do not doubt, simply because they will be pleasant and socially agreeable. Steam and ill odors, with smoke, will be conspicuously absent. There is a growing disposition to use the trolley for free mail delivery. This is said to work satisfactorily where tried, and indicates still further that this new vehicle is a matter that interests the whole community.

Not a little emphasis is to be placed on the fact that electric trolley cars are dissociated from the noise of the steam car. As a matter of health, especially brain health, this is quite as important for the residents along the route as for the passengers. How we have endured brain racking rout of steam is difficult to understand. It has had much to do with nervous exhaustion and insanity. In all ways the trolley is to be welcomed as associated with an age of peace and order. Steam has performed miracles; it has much yet to do; yet electricity presents itself to us as a moral and intellectual potency as well as physically the superior force.

The Story of a Recantation

To one who reads the record of the first two or three centuries of the Christian Church the dark passages are not those that tell of faithful martyrdoms—these are haloed with glory—but the failures of faith, the recantations, the apostasies. The earliest Christian literature outside of the New Testament, and much within it, including the entire Book of the Revelation, seems devoted to stiffening the courage of those who were tempted to deny their faith, the doubting, the double-minded, and teaching them the patience of the ancient worthies whose faith in trial is celebrated in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews.

There is not in the roster of all that have recanted a tenderer story than is told of four pastors of a commmunity of Christians about Ching Chau-fu, not far from Chifu, in the Province of Shantung, where the persecution of the Christians was the bitterest last year. Here are about 1,600 communicants, mostly composed of small groups scattered in villages about Ching Chau-fu, under charge of the English Baptists. The sin-

gle missionary had been ordered to Japan before the troubles broke out, and the care of the converts had been left to four native pastors. Two of them, Wang Pao Tai and Wang Ming, were men of exceptional character, and the missionary, the Rev. J. Percy Bruce, felt sure that whatever might be the distress they would be faithful unto death. What was his surprise to hear the report that they had recanted, in the name of all their adherents. It seemed incredible, and Mr. Bruce hurried back as soon as possible to learn the facts.

They were these: Shortly after the missionaries left the edict was proclaimed to kill all the Christians, followed by another to spare those that might recant. Thereupon Pastor Wang Ming hastened from his village station to the city to give what support he could to his people. He found that the officials were inclined to interpret the edict as leniently as possible, and they proposed that one member from each community should come to the city and recant in the name of the rest. This he refused to sanction. Then it was proposed that the pastors, in behalf of the whole church, should burn incense to one of the idols. This Wang Ming also refused positively but politely to do. Then the officials, after various proposals, said that if the pastors would sign a document undertaking "no longer to practice the foreign religion," no action would be taken against the Christians. By this time two of the pastors and a deacon had got together, and on these the decision rested whether by this act they would save their fellow believers from massacre.

They hesitated. Warrants were already written to arrest one from every station, and this would open the way to indiscriminate murder and robbery. Many heathens eager for loot were hurrying in to buy these warrants from the police. One house had already been looted and two women killed. Surely many would recant if the raid were not stopped. Then, in justice to these threatened men it must be said that they were not asked to practice any idolatrous rite, only "no longer to practice the foreign religion." The proclamation had ordered the extermination of "foreigners." But the brethren deny that they are foreigners, or that they practice a foreign religion. Further, they could have themselves escaped; there were no warrants out for them. But they felt responsible for the safety and the faith of their people. The alternative before them was, on the one hand, to take on themselves the shame and sin of nominal recantation; on the other hand, to witness the sufferings, the death, and the recantation of many of their people. Was it not better, they said, to go through this form of recanting and prevent the sin, the loss and suffering of their companions? They were told that it was only a form, a temporary pretext, not affecting the religion of their hearts and homes, that the magistrate might have the pretext for giving his protection to the Christians. They were not to engage in any idolatrous rite, not to make any public apostasy, only to sign the one sentence, promising "no longer to practice the foreign religion." "So far from recanting," it was urged upon them, "you are preventing recanting."

So they did it. In the words of one of the pastors, as the tears ran down his face:

"When I thought of these people, in most cases with children and aged parents dependent upon them, and thought of all that was involved for them if I refused to sign the paper—well, I couldn't help it; I decided to take on myself the shame and the sin."

Was it a sin? Did they do wrong? That is a question in casuistry that we need not answer. If they did wrong it was not for themselves, but in sacrifice for others. Would we have been more scrupulous? They now confess that they did wrong, that they had not sufficient faith in the protection of God; and they have gone from village to village confessing their sin, and offering their resignation as pastors.

There has been a test proposed of Christian perfection, that a man should be willing to be damned for the glory of God. Paul carried self-immolation further when he could wish himself "anathema from Christ for my brethren's sake, my kinsmen according to the flesh." But neither Paul nor Dr. Samuel Hopkins dared to say that a man might sin for the glory of God or the salvation of his brethren. Yet this is what these unhappy pastors decided to do.

They are to be honored, and pitied, and praised, at worst tenderly condemned.

Hermas, in one of the earliest of post-biblical Christian books, saw a vision of a multitude of men bringing stones to build a great tower. They were living stones, and the tower was the Church. Some of the stones were rejected and rolled down the hill, some into the fire where they were burned, and some to the brink of the waters, where they wished to fall in but could not. These were those that had believed but had recanted and gone back, with more or less misgiving, to the world. In the day of accounts we think these four pastors will not be found among those whom the Pastor of Hermas and the Pastor of the churches will reject from the Temple.

The Repudiation of Contracts by Trade Unions

In the history of this year's almost countless labor controversies there has been nothing so deplorable as the attitude of several trade unions toward formal contracts to which they themselves were parties. The latest example of the repudiation by a labor organization of contract obligations willingly assumed is seen in the undisputed record of the contest now in progress between the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers and the United States Steel Corporation.

We shall not enumerate all such violations of contract which have taken place since the beginning of the year; but that which accompanied the widespread strike of the machinists should be mentioned, because it dug a grave for a memorable compact, most beneficent in purpose, the signing of which had been regarded as an assurance of peace and prosperity for 100,000 workmen and their employers. That agreement between the International Union of Machinists and the Metal Trades Association, adjusting certain points of controversy and creating a Board of Arbitration for the settlement of questions that should arise thereafter in a term of three years, no longer exists. It was killed when the machinists themselves repudiated it. We believe that the death of it was a great loss to organized labor. Relations between the machinists and their employers have been embittered for a long time to come, the general public experienced a sense of keen disappointment, and the hostility of that force known as public opinion was invited and in some measure secured by those who proclaimed that obligations so deliberately assumed were not binding upon them.

We do not say that the Amalgamated Association repudiated a contract that should have been binding when the strike was ordered in the tin-plate mills after this union and the Tin Plate Company had signed the scale agreement for a year. In this case there is a conflict of testimony. There was an understanding, President Shaffer says, that the continued observance of that agreement should depend upon the Sheet Steel Company's response to the union's demands. But with respect to the violation of the contracts entered into by the union workmen at Chicago, Joliet and Milwaukee there can be no reasonable defense. This was perceived by the workmen themselves at Chicago, who said in their published statement:

> "It is the spirit of Lakeside Lodge, No. 9, and of Commercial Lodge, No. 14, of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers that owing to existing conditions between said lodges and the Illinois Steel Company we are justified in standing by our contracts. We do not wish to bring the Amalgamated Association into disrepute with our employers, all labor organizations, or the general public by breaking a contract at this time."

The same commendable spirit prevailed then at Joliet and Milwaukee, but the workmen there have since been induced by Mr. Shaffer to repudiate their contracts. He argues that the contracts were transferred to the Steel Corporation without the consent of the men. "You will be told," he said in his call of the 6th inst., "that you have signed contracts; but you never agreed to surrender those contracts to the United States Steel Corporation." Here he assumes that the contracts were made before the several companies became parts of the Corporation. But these annual agreements are made on July 1st, and he must know that the companies were absorbed by the Corporation long before that date. He also tells the men virtually that their obligation to the union over-

rides any contract with employers, which is the same as giving notice that every such contract may be broken at the command of the union's officers. And yet, holding these views concerning contracts between a union and an employing company, he had been negotiating with Mr. Morgan and the Corporation for a new agreement or contract that should settle the controversy, expecting, of course, that the Corporation's officers would be true to the obligations thus assumed. If those negotiations should now be taken up again, how could he convince the Corporation's officers that the union would keep its word and stand by any agreement that should be proposed? If the Corporation declines to resume them, ought he not to meditate for a time upon his own admission that agreements with the members of his union are not binding upon them? It is curious that so earnest a man, whose personal honesty we do not question, does not perceive the weakness of his position in regard to contracts. Neither the affairs of a trade union nor any other kind of honest business can be conducted successfully and decently in accordance with the doctrine that agreements and formal contracts may lightly be repudiated by either party.

We are glad to direct attention here to the opinions expressed last week in THE INDEPENDENT by President Mitchell of the United Mine Workers. Having spoken of the assertions of some employers that a labor organization is not a trustworthy party to a contract, he said:

"I contend that the contracts made between them [the trade unions] and the employers of labor have been and would be observed as sacredly, and their provisions carried out as religiously, as tho it were a penal offense to violate them. . . . The constitution and laws of nearly every labor organization make it an offense punishable by expulsion for any member to violate a trade agreement, or even by subterfuge to evade any of its provisions. The officers of the trade organizations of the present day recognize the great responsibility resting upon them, and they are few indeed who dare, even if they were so inclined, ruthlessly to disregard the sacred obligations of a contract. I know of many instances where contracts which were in conflict with the constitution and laws of trade unions have been entered into with employers, and yet the officers and members of the trade organizations have insisted that the contracts superseded the constitution and laws and took precedence of them; in fact, I recall several specific cases where the members of a local union connected with a national organization went on strike for the purpose of enforcing a higher rate of wages than was provided for in the contract made between the national organization and an employers' association, in which the officers of the national union promptly filled the places of the strikers with other men in order that the union could not be charged with or convicted of breach of faith."

The Mine Workers' contracts in the bituminous coal fields, as Mr. Mitchell says, have been faithfully observed for three years. A notable incident in the anthracite coal strike, however, when Mr. Mitchell was in command, was the repudiation of a contract with Markle & Co., and we observe that Mr. Mitchell and his Executive Board have formally expressed their approval of this steel workers' strike, undertaking to give it their support. But the attitude of President Shaffer and his union toward trade agreements is in direct opposition to that which is so forcibly advocated by Mr. Mitchell in the words we have quoted. It is really denounced by him in those words, and might reasonably be disapproved publicly by the United Mine Workers.

Before the steel workers' strike involved a repudiation of contracts, the propositions submitted at the New York conference had left so little to fight over that the need of arbitration on the few remaining points in controversy was clearly indicated. Arbitration is needed now; but the situation has been complicated by this violation of beneficent trade agreements. As to this part of the question there is no room for two opinions. Such contracts, deliberately and willingly made, should not be broken. The trade union that repudiates them invites defeat and deserves it.

Irrigation

AMONG the great agricultural problems that confront the twentieth century we are inclined to think not one to be of greater importance than irrigation. Of course, connected with this very closely is forestry and the prevention of droughts which lead to a need of irrigation. This is not a problem confined altogether to the arid lands of the West; for it has become a national necessity to

devise a method or methods for making more sure the work done in our fields. The growing necessity of a regular supply of water has startled New England and New York into a conviction that the early and the later rain cannot be relied upon for advanced agriculture. The wind mill is getting to be a feature of our Eastern landscape. The strawberry and raspberry crops have become especial sufferers; while our market gardening must be better protected for the sake of the gardener and the consumer alike. The mid-West is still a greater sufferer. Yet nowhere is there a lack of water; it is rather a lack of timely distribution. Rain gauges show that the average rainfall for the middle belt of the United States is two and one-half inches, or more than 400 hogsheads upon the roof of a barn forty feet in spread; 26,600 pails full. There are many places where this dash of water—mostly coming in a few hours—may be largely held in plastered pools and cisterns. Large cisterns or wells, with wind mills, are available for a measured contest with drought. It is, however, getting to be understood that a good farm should have at least one driven well, sunk deep into the rock, and giving an unfailing supply of pure water. Ordinary cistern and pool water can be used for irrigation; but the driven well for all purposes. Such a well, costing from one hundred to five hundred dollars, makes a small farmer practically secure against drought, and safe from poisoning by impure water. The distribution must be, of course, by wind mill and irrigating pipes.

So far as the arid lands of the West are concerned, the general consensus of public opinion seems to be that the National Government should build the necessary storage reservoirs and construct the most important irrigating canals; but after that irrigation should be left to the regulation of the States. Governmental aid of this sort is required from the fact that the whole country is interested in the reclamation of arid lands. These lands should be opened to settlers for the good of all the people. When this is accomplished the Government has properly ended its function. The Denver *Republican* says: "There is no State in the Union that would be willing to surrender to the National Government control and regulation of all its highways, in consideration of the appropriation by Congress of money with which to build a central highway passing through the States. By the same token the arid States would not be willing to surrender control of their irrigation system to the National Government, in consideration of the construction of storage reservoirs." This we believe to be sound doctrine; but to understand it we must remember that the Western States, in the arid belt, are just now struggling to get rid of the old English common law which governed the use of water from the riparian standpoint, that land owners have a right to control the water that flows by their premises, and to insist that it shall continue to flow in undiminished quantity. This law is undisputed in the East; while in the West it is ruin to agriculture, and puts an entire veto on all efforts to open the arid lands to settlement. This English law was accepted by the first settlers in those regions; and for a time, while farms were few, little harm was done. Then came the "land grabber" and the "water lord." The settler found his property worthless until he could obtain water; and he found the only source of supply was pre-empted. He must, therefore, make terms with these riparian kings; and these terms were a cash payment of twenty dollars per acre for a "water right"—that is, a right to pay annually for a supply of rented water from the "Company's Ditch." This monopoly of water was as cruel as a monopoly of air, and was endured as unwillingly. At last the States began to regulate by legislation, and through the courts. The United States Circuit Court of California rendered a decision that private ownership in a water supply could not exceed the right to a valuable use of the same. Idaho forbade private companies making contracts involving an exclusive water right. In 1887 California passed the Wright law, providing for water districts, and district bonds; much like municipal bonds. But Wyoming went to the root of the matter and provided a code of irrigation laws on an entirely new basis. Users of water must show what they needed; and they could make claim to no more than they could use. A State engineer took charge of the water sheds in the name of the pub-

lic. A complete police system was provided, to oversee and regulate the amount of water permitted to enter each private canal. Colorado followed Wyoming and California is struggling to break the network of private lordship over her water supply.

The National Irrigation Congress has voiced the opinion of the Western States, that they have a problem which they must be allowed to solve for themselves. Had the Code Napoleon been in vogue the present difficulty could not have arisen, because under that code there is a valuation to water apart from land, while under the English law the evil was natural and the consequences have become bitter. The Eastern States still abide by the English law, and have no serious reason for a change. Their representatives are unqualified to deal with an entirely new state of affairs, alien to the Atlantic slope. On the water supply, and wise legislation concerning the same, hangs to-day the fate of millions. Shall the development of one-sixth of our area be at the mercy of a few corporators? Shall homesteaders be tenants under a water feudalism? The proportion of land belonging to the domain of the United States which is now affected by this question is not less than 600,000,000 acres. A wise system, such a system as Wyoming has established, builds up an almost ideal agriculture and society. It discourages extensive farming because it forbids land and water monopoly. The result is small farms brought to their best. Farm groups grow up, with a stimulus to the development of the very best conditions, industrially and socially. Irrigation is therefore more than a mere question of tillage and crops; it is a great social question that is to affect our institutions in manifold ways.

The Trans-Mississippi Congress at its recent session urges the United States Government immediately to build reservoirs and canals. Public sentiment is strongly with this proposition. On the first day of July the Bureau of Forestry came into existence. Forestry appropriation by Congress has grown within three years from $28,000 to $185,000. The conviction is growing that the key to the battle against drought is wise forestry and irrigation. The Government should do its work promptly, and it cannot act with too much decision. The population that will fill reclaimed land will constitute another 50,000,000 of Americans.

The Chinese Settlement

At last, after intolerable delay, the representatives of the Powers in Peking have signed their protocol, and China has given her forced consent. It is as unsatisfactory a document as could be imagined. It imposes penalty for the past, and not a bit of security for the future. It provides that China shall pay some $350,000,000, in installments, distributed to the various nations, so much a year to each. The payments are to be secured by a revision of the tariff, which has not yet been agreed on.

There have been too many nations concerned in this agreement to reach a decent result. Any one nation might have made a better settlement alone than all have done together, for it is not their combined wisdom, but their aggregated jealousies and selfishnesses that have been embodied in this protocol. There were only five Powers that were really concerned to any extent—Great Britain, the United States, France, Germany and Russia—while every small Power in Europe was allowed to have its voice, and each must be satisfied.

One cannot help contrasting this settlement with the one made after the war between China and Japan. Then an indemnity was demanded, but a very modest one compared with this now required by the Christian Powers. Then a certain cession of Chinese territory was required, but much less than has now been taken by Russia. But the chief value and virtue of that settlement was that it looked to the future. It provided that the entire Chinese Empire should be freely opened to the intercourse and commerce of the world. It also provided for a complete reform in the Chinese system of administration and government, such as would render impossible the evils that have since occurred. But these same jealous Powers, Russia, Germany and France, stepped in, and by the threat of war forbade the moderate demand and the beneficent reforms of Japan from being enforced. We now see the result.

The pagan Power acted in a Christian way, with a view to the future welfare of China and the world; the Christian Powers have acted in a pagan way, as selfish now as they were then, considering only their own temporary advantage and utterly neglectful of the future. The one thing to be done was to remove the Empress Dowager and all her advisers of the Prince Tuan type from power, and to put the young Emperor on the throne, surrounded by a cabinet of the most progressive men to be found in China, under whom China should enter on a course of reform such as has made its marvelous success in Japan. This patent duty has been neglected. Russia has taken advantage of the opportunity to seize Manchuria, and one knows not how much of Mongolia, and she will not give it up. Her promises to do so, and to keep this territory under her administration free to the commerce of the world, were made to be broken. The other Powers, all but the United States and Great Britain and Japan, have been eager to get as large an indemnity as possible, and have been unwilling to initiate any vital reform. It looks as if they wished this settlement to be a failure, that they might intervene again, and have China broken up for their advantage.

And such may be the result. The future has no such hopeful look as appeared before Japan was forbidden to attempt the regeneration of the Chinese Empire. We may fairly anticipate that the atrocities of the Chinese, answered by worse atrocities committed by so-called Christian nations, will be again attempted. It seems that the anti-foreign influence is still supreme in the councils of the Empire. The Emperor is still a prisoner in his palace, and Prince Tuan's son is the next heir. We have no sort of assurance that the Chinese court will actually return to Peking—indeed, delay follows delay, and there is serious reason to believe that there is no intention of doing so. Peking is quite too near the coast to be an agreeable residence or safe from invasion. If the court goes to Kaifeng-fu, it will probably stay there for a long while. Russia must be settled with first, and Peking is just under the thumb of Russia, which threatens it from Mukden and Newchwang, where proclamations have announced Russian suzerainty and forbidden the Chinese to apply to missionaries or merchants of other nationalities for advice or assistance. We may fear new Boxer troubles in North China, and much disturbance for some years to come, until China is ready to enter on the path now trodden by Japan. Meanwhile she will lose more territory to her greedy neighbor on the north. Russia finds her possessions of Port Arthur and Talienwan (now called Dalny) unsatisfactory, the former because it is too small for a first-class naval station, the other because it faces the north; and it is reported on the one hand that Russia has offered them both to Japan on condition that Japan consents to Russian occupation of Masampho in Korea as a naval station; and on the other hand it is believed that Russia is trying to get the cession of Chinese Turkestan, in return for the abandonment of her claim to pecuniary indemnity and her rendition of Talienwan and the Port Arthur-Manchurian Railway.

Meanwhile Prince Chun, the Emperor's brother, starts for Germany on his errand of reparation. He is said to be a very pleasant, bright young prince, who shares his elder brother's desire for western enlightenment and reform. He will not only do his penitential duty in Berlin, for the murder of Minister Von Ketteler, but will visit London and perhaps other European capitals, and we may hope that he will return by way of the United States. Our Government might well make him its guest and escort him across the Pacific. He is the first Manchu prince of the blood for some centuries to cross the Chinese frontier. Neither he nor his brother is responsible for the wrongs for which he offers apology. It is Prince Tuan that ought to have gone on this errand. Who knows but, in the mutations of things, Prince Chun may yet be Emperor of China? The Empress cannot live forever; the present nominal Emperor, Kuang Hsü, is likely to be murdered at any time, very possibly on the journey from Hsiau-fu to Kaifeng-fu; and Prince Pu Chun, son of Prince Tuan, will have a short and troubled reign if his father's plan of fighting the foreigners is carried out. The party of reform is bound to prevail in China in a few years, but much disturbance may be feared in the meantime.

The Monroe Doctrine at Panama

Our South American and European sister nations need have no fear of the Monroe Doctrine specter in the present Isthmus of Panama imbroglio. If the United States has to interfere in that paradise of revolutions, it will be only because she has pledged herself by treaty with Colombia to keep traffic across the Isthmus open. If Colombia cannot keep the road clear, then the United States must do it. However, the treaty is not a guarantee against a change of government. We are not fighting the revolutionists. Our treaty is with the recognized Government of Colombia, whatever it is or whatever it may be, and we do not have to question too closely its origin or whether the "consent of the governed" was obtained before it came into power. If a foreign nation, however, interferes with the Isthmian traffic then the case is different. We are bound by the same treaty to help Colombia keep her own sovereignty over the Isthmus intact and to drive the invaders out bag and baggage. But in any case this treaty has nothing to do with the Monroe Doctrine, and whatever we may do we would have done independent of the Monroe Doctrine.

A Martyr to Science

His name is not given in the dispatches from Havana, but it is worthy of being perpetuated by statue and monument. A Spaniard in Cuba offered himself as a subject for the experiments for the control of yellow fever. Under the direction of Dr. Caldas, who is in charge of these experiments, a mosquito which had bitten a yellow fever patient and was supposed to be laden with its germs was allowed to bite this man and a number of others. He was healthy before the experiment, and developed the fever four days after the inoculation, and soon after died. Several others who were also bitten have developed light attacks of the disease, one of them being a severe case. This man is one of the sacrifices which science—this time sanitary science—offers for the good of the world. In the old days there were human sacrifices; in very late days widows offered themselves on the funeral pile for the benefit of the souls of their husbands; we still offer our sacrifices on the altar of humanity, most of them unwilling victims, but some of them, like this Spaniard, self-consecrated martyrs. Meanwhile the war against the pestilent biting insect must go on. It is interesting to see how long it takes to stir people up to the point of purpose when they will act on their knowledge of the cause of disease. It is like the development of malarial or yellow fever. It takes some time after the public has got inoculated and indoctrinated before it feels disturbed. Then comes a period of anxiety and excitement, while the infection is working in the body politic, until at last the fever gets full hold of the people and they toss and kick about and do something. We are beginning now to reach that stage. We are informed about the pest and the pestilence, and are beginning to act. Now nobody is laughed at for suggesting that mosquitoes should be destroyed. Every progressive town and city is bidding its health officers sprinkle kerosene and drain the swamps and dry the puddles. Soon States instead of towns will take up the duty, and every mosquito-breeding pool or swamp will be oiled or drained by law, and another step will be taken in the protection of the feeble against the law of the destruction of the unfittest.

The Lingering Boer War

It is not impossible to tell what the remnant of the Boers are still fighting for. It is not because there is the slightest reasonable chance of success, for that is quite gone. Their land is occupied; their soldiers are captured or killed; their women and children are collected in camps and fed with British rations; their ammunition is exhausted; the President of one of their republics is an exile in Holland, and the other was at last accounts galloping away in his night shirt. It is stubbornness which prevents their giving up the fight. It is these two Presidents that stand in the way of peace. The correspondence captured at Reitz by General Broadwood is most enlightening. It shows that the fighting soldier knew when he had had enough, but the Presidents did not. President Krüger can hardly have an impossible hope that the

foreign intervention refused him by France and Germany and Holland will yet be given him. He is of that fanatic sort that thinks it knows what God ought to do, and therefore will do. So long as God lives, some way, he believes, will yet be opened for deliverance and victory. President Steyn probably really hopes for foreign intervention. The Orange Free State had no grievance; his perversity has destroyed its independence. With all who hold their loyalty to that Free State, his name will go down to posterity as its ruin. He must hold out to the end of hope and beyond its end. But that end is now very near. It is a pity that President Steyn was not captured when his camp was taken. The publication of this correspondence brings the end close in sight.

Professor Bailey, of Cornell University, in *The Educational Review,* recently urged the need of special farm training schools. He says that we have been training leaders, but what we want now is trained followers. It is an unfortunate fact that we have as yet no exact system for distributing the results of investigation carried on at our agricultural colleges and experiment stations. The work that is done at these places gets, in a very irregular way, into the hands of a part of those who need the information. Professor Bailey says that we have still a great field unoccupied—or nearly so; that while we are educating the young and rising generation, we are doing very little to inspire those who must occupy the field for the next quarter of a century. The tendency is, he thinks, to discourage this class of farmers; gradually get them disgusted with results, and desirous of crowding into cities. "The work of widest influence must be that of an extension character; including nature study movements, reading courses, itinerant schools, short winter courses, and the like; only the few will go further and higher." The plan proposed is to distribute educative influences rather than to concenter them in special localities.

It is pleasant to learn that a visit to the United States is not dangerous to religion or morality. A hundred Cuban school teachers have lately gone to Harvard University for a summer's term, and a Catholic correspondent writes from Havana to a dozen Catholic papers:

"No concern need be felt lest the Cuban teachers suffer injury to their faith while at Harvard. On the contrary, they will probably see much while there to edify them and profit from their contact with American Catholics as did the teachers of last year.

"The American atmosphere is less perilous to Catholic faith and morals than the Cuban. Atheism, infidelity, indifferentism and disrespect for things religious are more pronounced in Cuba than in the United States. I am sure that if the teachers attend the theatre in Cambridge they will not see the character of the priest represented as a hypocritical hero of amours, with a palm ever reaching out for the dollars, as is done in Havana. The fact that public sentiment tolerates this and that the audience invariably applauds this feature of the performance tells a tale that should go far to relieve the anxiety of the most solicitous concerning the welfare of the Cuban abroad."

The resignation of Prof. George H. Gilbert, of Chicago Theological Seminary, having been required of him because of his liberal views in theology, it will be a matter of interest to know how much gain has been made in the selection of Prof. Shailer Mathews, of Chicago University, to fill his place temporarily as Professor of New Testament Literature. Chicago University has been much attacked for liberalism, and Professor Mathews has been one of the active editors of the University magazines which have been under fire. The place of the late Prof. Franklin W. Fisk as president of the Chicago Theological Seminary has been filled by the election of Principal J. H. George, of the Congregational College of Montreal.

The spirit of Governor Longino is, we hope, beginning to control in the South. There have been, during the past week, three cases in which a negro charged with criminal assault has been protected by sheriff and militia from mobs, and placed safely in prison where he will be speedily tried. A negro in Sardis, Ala., was charged with the crime, and Governor Longino sent the militia there, and had the negro taken to Jackson Prison. A hopeful thing here was that a public meeting favored the resort to law. In Tuscaloosa, Ala., a sheriff drove off a company of lynchers and saved his prisoner. A third case occurred in Virginia.

INSURANCE

Draining One's Own Blood

A PAPER read in Buffalo, last May, before the National Civic Federation Conference on Taxation, by Frederick L. Hoffman, statistician of the Prudential Life, deals with taxation of life insurance, which is not a novel subject, but he has presented his conclusions of fact in a very concise and telling manner. Figuring on the year 1899, he says that out of each $100 received as premiums, $2.22 was paid in taxes.

For each $100 paid to living policy holders, $4.10 was paid in taxation.

For each $100 paid in death claims, $6.70 went for taxation.

For each $100 paid as dividends, $30.70 was paid in taxes.

The ratio of taxes to premiums has risen from 1.42 in 1890 to 2.22 in 1899, and that of taxes to dividends from 15.5 in 1890 to 30.7 in 1899.

To prevent a possible misconstruction, let us exlain that these statements of Mr. Hoffman are not cumulative, but are alternative, comparisons of the same sum of taxes; they should be connected by "or," not by "and." Referring to the first statement only, premiums are, of course, the sole income of a company primarily, and interest upon them lies at the very bottom of all calculations. As should now be well known, the assumed interest rate was 4 and is now 3, any excess obtained being to the credit of surplus, out of which return premiums are paid; to forcibly take by tax more than one-half what the only income is assumed able to earn is like clipping one wing of a bird which must depend on flying. Moreover, during the decade the premium income of the life companies has increased 85 per cent., but the taxes exacted of them have increased 188 per cent.—further suggesting the clipping process. Making the comparison with interest, the companies received as interest and rentals 73½ millions in 1899, and paid out 6½ millions, or 8.8 per cent., and the Prudential alone actually paid taxes to the extent of 29 per cent. of its interest and rentals. Should we call this a clipping, or something else which cuts deeper?

This enormous and growing taxation proceeds from several causes: 1, Legislators are negligent, too busy with party politics to give study to taxation. 2, They are timid and time-serving, levying taxes because they must, in fear of results, and with the wish that they could cut and run away from the unpleasant subject, and it is with a sense of great relief that they discover a big heap of cash (called life insurance funds) belonging to nobody in particular and left handily out of doors; so they thrust a scoop at the heap, being sure that nobody will miss what is taken and confident that the People (with a large p) will bless them at the polls. 3, Neither do the people (with a small p, for that is the only kind who really exist in concrete form), know any better; they feel the effect without knowing the cause.

But perhaps they may see the connection some day. When they do, they will have a view to express.

The Passenger

A COMMON form of accident policy promises double indemnity in case the accident occurs while the holder is riding as a passenger "in or upon" a public conveyance of the kind generally described as a "car." A subscriber of THE INDEPENDENT, in getting off an open trolley-car, chanced to set his right foot upon something which was of irregular shape or which rolled, causing him to "turn his ankle" and sustain an injury. As his other foot was still on the "running-board" of the car and his hand presumably on the hand-rail, he considered himself still a passenger and demanded the doubled indemnity; was he then a passenger or not?

Here is room for hairsplitting. If a passenger is one who is actually riding or about to ride, he was none; he was voluntarily stepping off the car, which was stationary at the time, nor did his mishap depend particularly on his attitude at the moment, for that happens often while walking. On the other hand, while not actually a passenger he may claim plausibly that he continued to be one constructively until all connection had ceased between his body and the car.

The relation of passenger, it might be argued, covers getting on and getting off; these are necessary to the riding, and therefore integral parts of that. While wholly on the car, even if the process of leaving it had begun, the relation of passenger clearly exists; but this man was part on and part off. Or suppose one of these: his foot slipped off the running-board in getting on or off; he had both feet safely on the ground but his fingers were still in contact with the car; he had entirely severed connection with the car but had not otherwise moved from where he stood; he was going to or from the car, between it and the sidewalk; he was in the act of taking his seat and the car had not started. It is not necessary that the car be moving at the instant or that it had moved at all since it stopped for him; moreover, the accident itself may be quite external to the car. Precisely where and how does the relation of passenger begin and end?

It is not fair to take the usual jury view against the company; where are the right and reason? It is a good case for the lay reader and we submit it to him. Any opinions expressed will be respectfully considered, and (if there are enough of them) collated for publication. At least, the incident serves to show how cases both perplexing and uncertain arise in insurance practice.

The Same Old Chain

For a long time past advertisements of "companies" which offer to sell the ordinary 5-cent street car tickets at 1 cent have been appearing in the papers. The person who desires to effect this saving first buys four coupons for a dollar. Next, he is to sell three of them at 25 cents each, leaving him "out" one quarter. The three sub-buyers are to go, as he did, and each buy three coupons; as soon as they do this, but not before, he receives his 25 tickets for his 25 cents, and the others proceed to do likewise if they can. Clearly the railroad people are not concerned, for they receive the regular price for all tickets; the persons who call themselves the "company" part with $1.25 worth of tickets for a single quarter, but they have received up to that time, $3.25, and so are always "ahead of the game," as the worldly phrase is. The man who has worked off three coupons receives a dollar, in tickets, for his labor. But as each coupon buyer must sell three before he in turn is done, there is a geometrical progression with a constant multiple of three and some last men will find themselves with unsalable coupons. It is the old endless chain again—a chain which, however, does have an end and is not long in reaching it. The same course and collapse are in a scheme for borrowing $2 of A, then $4 of B, $8 of C, and so on, each lender being paid out of the next loan; the Boston Bank of Mrs. Howe, the Miller Syndicate in Brooklyn, and how many others we do not recall, were of the same sort. Whether these ticket scheme persons are within reach of the law we do not know; but so long as there are so many gullible people it does not seem to matter at what particular color of bait they snap.

There are a good many persons, even now, who say they cannot afford to take any life insurance because it costs so much, you know.

An item in the *Cincinnati Commercial,* a few days ago, related that one E. T. Lea took a $5,000 policy in the Connecticut Mutual Life in 1867, and died in 1899; that the company refuses to pay; and that the daughter has commenced suit. Evidently she has been a long time about it, if the dates are correct; but now President Greene replies that the claim has never been disputed, but that there is a dispute about its ownership. Such cases are common. When they occur, without prospect of agreement otherwise, all a company can do is to pay the money into court and leave the disputants to fight it out. In this case widow and daughter alike claim the money. The company wishes to dispose of the claim, but cannot take the risk of paying one contestant and being afterward directed to pay the other. This $5,000 was therefore paid into court more than a year ago, and the daughter will have to establish her right to it there. The case is in no way peculiar, but serves as occasion to remark that the news of the day respecting insurance is to be taken with some caution, for if the statement is not actually erroneous it may be incomplete.

FINANCIAL

American Wheat for Europe's Needs

WHILE it is plain enough that the corn crop has been greatly reduced by unfavorable weather, it is also true that the wheat crop is very large, and that there will be an exceptional demand abroad for all that we can spare. The Government's report of crop conditions on August 1st indicates less than 1,400,000,000 bushels of corn, altho the condition of the growing plants on July 1st pointed to a yield of 2,098,000,000 bushels. Concerning gains or losses since August 1st reports are conflicting. Probably there have been considerable additional losses, but estimates going below 1,200,000,000 seem too pessimistic. The smallest crop for many years past was 1,212,000,000 bushels, in 1894. In the last six years the total has fallen below 2,000,000,000 only twice, and the annual average has been about 2,090,000,000. Our exports of the grain itself have been increasing in recent years, but the greater part of the exports of corn has gone abroad in the form of pork, beef, lard and similar products.

The August report indicates a wheat crop of 660,000,000 bushels, but it is quite probable that the total yield will prove to be 700,000,000. July reports pointed to a crop of 704,000,000; the decline of condition in that month was confined to spring wheat, and there is some evidence that the harvest of spring wheat has exceeded the promise of the Government's statement. The official report of the harvest last year (522,000,000) exceeded the quantity indicated by the preceding August report, and is believed by good authorities to have been 40,000,000 below the actual yield. Similar differences were noted two years ago, when the final report (547,000,000) went beyond the August indications and ought to have shown a much larger quantity. So we shall not be surprised if this year's crop is 700,000,000 bushels.

There will surely be a great surplus for sale abroad, because our own wants for consumption and seeding call for not more than 425,000,000 bushels. Already the weekly exports of wheat and flour are so heavy that all records have been surpassed. Shipments from our ports and those of Canada for the last six weeks are shown below, in bushels, with flour in terms of wheat:

	1901.	1900.	1899.
July 11	5,016,149	2,829,910	3,263,815
July 18	5,221,380	3,029,381	3,408,073
July 25	6,974 926	2,863,743	3,366,432
August 1	6,463,391	3,327,003	4,711,614
August 8	8,832,199	3,318,760	3,616,154
August 15	9,039.761	3,113,641	4,040,009
	41,548,306	17,982,438	22,406,097

This outward movement has never been equaled in the past, the largest weekly shipments in the closing months of 1898 falling far below those of the present month. It is due to orders placed here in June and July by importers in Europe who foresaw the shortage in Germany, France and elsewhere. There was room for doubt then as to Russia's crop, but there does not seem to be any now. Germany must import 60,000,000 bushels. France may need as much; Senator Couteaux says 60,000,000; the estimate of our Consul-General at Marseilles is 56,000,000. Other importing countries must increase their purchases. The size of Russia's supply is always in doubt until late in the crop season; but now we have evidence of a failure of the crops and of impending famine throughout a third of the empire's European provinces. The countries that need wheat must look to the United States for a great part of the quantity required. It is our good fortune that our surplus will be enough to supply their demands.

Financial Items

ENGLISH and Irish farmers complain that Americans have obtained control of the beef trade in London.

....Dispatches from Geneva to London journals say that American coal has driven British coal from the Swiss market.

....The advance in the market value of the securities of ten banks and trust companies in St. Louis during the present year has been nearly $14,000,000.

....Letters from Australia say that the highest ad valorem duty in the new Federal tariff will be 25 per cent., and

that the average will be from 15 to 17 per cent.

....Gross earnings of the railroads in July, for companies having nearly 100,000 miles of road, show an increase of nearly 13½ per cent. over July of last year.

....It is estimated that the quantity of sugar consumed in this country in 1901 will be 2,300,000 tons, of which 350,000 will be supplied by the Louisiana cane-growers, 150,000 by the domestic growers of sugar beets, 350,000 by Hawaii and 150,000 by Porto Rico.

....The resources of the savings banks of the State of New York were $1,105,000,000 on July 1st, as against $1,037,000,000 a year ago, and $968,000,000 in 1899. Deposits were $987,000,000 on July 1st, the gain in one year having been about $65,000,000.

....One of the new combinations is the Ames Shovel and Tool Company, commonly called the Shovel Trust, recently incorporated with a capital of $5,000,000, and including five of the prominent companies engaged in making shovels and similar implements.

....The Pacific Packing and Navigation Company, generally known as the Salmon Trust, now takes its place with the large combinations. Its capital is $25,000,000. The only salmon company outside of it is the Alaska Packers' Association, with which the combination is said to have an understanding.

....July exports were larger than in July of any previous year, and the imports exceeded those of July in any year since 1895. The excess of exports over imports was $36,134,000; and for the seven months ending with July the excess was $324,526,000, against $309,408,000 in the corresponding months of last year.

....The census reports show that there are in Alaska twelve farms, having a total area of 159 acres, of which 104 acres are devoted to the cultivation of vegetables and hay, the remainder being used for pasturage. These farms, five of which have less than three acres each, are on the southern coast. There are small gardens in the Yukon settlements. The total value of farm products in 1900 was $8,046.

....In shortening the Union Pacific Railroad between Omaha and Ogden by thirty miles, reducing the grades from a maximum of 97 to a maximum of 43 feet, and expanding the curves, $15,000,000 will have been expended, it is said, when the work is finished. There will be a great saving in fuel, in the use of much longer freight trains, and in higher speed; and the resulting increase of earnings has been estimated at $3,000,000 a year.

....A report was published last week that the Wabash Railroad, whose eastern terminus is now at Buffalo, would be extended to Philadelphia, from which it would operate a steamship line to New Orleans and the Isthmus of Panama. For wharves and terminals, it was said, Petty's Island in the Delaware, together with river front property in Philadelphia and Camden, had been purchased. Mr. Gould declared, however, that an extension to Philadelphia had not even been considered.

....It is reported that an alliance of the Leyland, the Atlantic Transport, and the American steamship lines has been planned. The Leyland line was recently bought by J. Pierpont Morgan, acting as a member of an association of capitalists. It is understood that the three lines will not be merged, but will be operated by a community of interest. The Atlantic Transport line has plans for new docking facilities in London that will cost $10,000,000; and it is expected that these facilities will reduce by at least one-third the present cost of handling the company's freight there.

....A locomotive on the Great Northern Railway in England, built in 1870, has just completed 4,000,000 miles of service, breaking the record. But no company in this country would be willing to confess that it was using locomotives built thirty years ago. A high speed engine here makes about 100,000 miles a year. Before twenty years have passed it is out of date and is replaced with one with modern improvements. English pride in the present performances of locomotives thirty years old tends to account for the supremacy of American locomotives throughout the world, and for the fact that English colonies prefer them to the English machines.

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Survey of the World

State Political Conventions

The Republicans of Pennsylvania held their convention last week and nominated for the Supreme Court William M. Potter, formerly Governor Stone's partner, and a follower of Senator Quay. David H. Lane, a friend of Mayor Ashbridge, of Philadelphia, who signed the trolley franchises, and thus caused the reform uprising in that city, was the permanent chairman. The convention's work was done in about an hour and a half. In view of the revolt in the party against the present leaders, and the preparations for a fusion of the disaffected with the Democrats, some persons were surprised to find the platform rejoicing because "there is no longer any division in the party," asserting that "harmony has been restored" and that "a united front is arrayed only against the common enemy, the Democratic Party." The sharp attack in the Democratic platform and the severe criticism of recent ring legislation by the Philadelphia Republican newspapers led the platform-makers to insert the following curious paragraph:

"We are amused, rather than concerned, by the declarations of the late Democratic State Convention, for we readily recognize, as all the people must, the co-operation of certain newspapers in their preparation, which papers, failing in their attempt to disrupt the Republican party, have crawled under the tents of the Democracy, with their stale and false charges, and succeeded in having them adopted as a Democratic platform. The platform of the late Democratic State Convention will be found in the files of the so-called yellow journals during the past few months. We believe in surrounding the press with every constitutional guaranty vouchsafed to it since the foundation of our Government, but it is a public menace that these constitutional guaranties should be so misused as to have permitted many of our newspapers to have degenerated into a yellow journalism such as is detrimental to any state or country. We charge the so-called yellow journals with being subsidized by the full-page advertisements which they carry. The advertiser is permitted to dictate their policy, and at his behest these newspapers have perverted the news columns and the editorial page from being an honest record of daily events to a labored attempt to misrepresent facts."

The leaders of the revolt say that the names of 100,000 Republicans will be signed to their nomination papers. In Iowa the Democrats have adopted a platform reaffirming the Kansas City silver platform of last year. A majority of the Resolutions Committee made a report in which national issues were ignored, but a minority report displaced it by a vote of 669 to 550. The chairman in his address denounced trust monopolies and remarked that the work of destroying them should begin in the Patent Office, "the fountain head of legalized monopoly." The Virginia Republicans have nominated J. Hampton Hoge for Governor, and denounced the projected disfranchisement of negroes by constitutional provision. A delegate's nomination of Senator Hanna for President was warmly applauded. Four of the five Confederate Generals still living in the State were present in the convention.

Strike of the Steel Workers

The leaders of the workmen on strike at the mills of the Steel Corporation predicted at the beginning of last week that the Chicago men would soon join them, and that the great Carnegie mill at Duquesne would soon be deserted. In

neither case, however, was the prediction fulfilled. The Chicago men not only refused to yield, but also published a long statement, referring to the utterances of ex-President Garland and President Mitchell concerning the sacredness of contracts, and concluding as follows:

"The principles of union labor are as dear to us as to any men in the country who earn their living by honest toil; but we do not think we should be expected to violate every rule of business integrity and personal honor for a matter of sentiment."

The strikers made some gains in Pittsburg, where 2,100 were added to the number of the idle by the closing of two tube mills. On the other hand, the Corporation continued in a leisurely way to prepare for opening several mills with non-union labor, and did open the Star Tin Plate mill with 32 men who were escorted to the factory by police. It became known that the Corporation had decided that it would not again recognize and deal with the union until it should become incorporated. When questioned as to this decision, Shaffer asserted that if bodies of workingmen should be incorporated they never could get justice in the courts. In answer to a letter from the Amalgamated Association, Chief Arthur of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers replied that his union had a contract with the railroads and could not assist the steel workers either by a sympathetic strike or by refusing to haul non-union freight. The Switchmen's Union also declined to go on strike. A copy of the official report of the last annual convention of the Amalgamated Association was published. It shows that the union had only 13,892 members last spring, when the convention was held, and that there had been a slight decrease in twelve months. As 3,500 of these members are in the mills of the Republic Iron and Steel Company, and 1,000 in the mills of other independent companies, only 9,392 are left for the mills of the Steel Corporation, and not more than 9,000 of these are on strike. Their action, however, has thrown about 75,000 men out of work. In the three companies affected by the first strike order there were employed 30,000 workmen eligible for membership and 50,000 laborers whom the Amalgamated will not receive. The number of the union's members was 24,000 in 1891; it then declined and for some years was about 10,000; growing again, it rose to 14,035 in 1900. In McKeesport, the business men, who are said to be losing $250,000 a week by the strike, have so clearly expressed their disapproval of Mayor Black's attitude and utterances that he has found it expedient to say that he will protect mill property and non-union men. As the Corporation intends to open the tin plate mill there with non-union labor, he has sworn in one hundred strikers as special policemen to preserve order. A joint Committee of the Anti-Trust League and the Knights of Labor asked Attorney-General Knox, in a letter given to the press, for all the information he had or could obtain concerning the agreements by means of which the constituent companies were united in the Steel Corporation, saying that doubtless he had the information because at the time he was officially connected with the Carnegie Steel Company. The committee wanted the information for use in litigation. Mr. Knox promptly replied that he didn't know who organized the Corporation, never heard of any agreements, and had never been officially connected with the Carnegie Company. He had been one of the company's legal advisers as to the conduct of its manufacturing business, but had not been consulted as to the formation of the Corporation, and had neither knowledge of nor access to any of the contracts. Moreover, it was not the duty of the Department of Justice to furnish information to private litigants. The committee replied angrily in the press that it believed the Trust had made him Attorney-General in order that it might have a friend at court. A conference of labor leaders was held in Pittsburg on Friday, among those present being President Mitchell of the Mine Workers, Prof. J. W. Jenks and Secretary Easley of the National Civic Federation. Shaffer denied that the union was considering any project for a settlement; but it was said that Professor Jenks and President Mitchell would suggest an agreement upon the basis of last year's signing of the scale. It was admitted on Monday morning that certain propositions would be laid before officers of the Corporation, with the union's approval, by the Conciliation Committee of

the Civic Federation; and some expected that in this way the Corporation would be induced to open negotiations for a peace agreement.

Old Home Week

Old Home Week evidently was not a mere flash of enthusiasm. Governor Rollins is no longer in the chair; but New Hampshire ushered in the week for 1901 with even greater show of zeal, and carried it forward with more pleasure than during any previous year. Beacon lights were burning on all the hills from the Canadian borders to the ocean. One of these, it is said, could be seen in five counties and through nineteen towns. One of the most elaborately constructed fires was at Wolfborough, which was intended to be a record breaker—being a pile one hundred feet high, soaked with oil. At Derry rocket signals were fired from the three villages, signifying the union of the town for Old Home Week purposes. During the week from August 17th to 24th over one hundred special celebrations took place, welcoming the visitors who had formerly been residents. Among the speakers we note Winston Churchill, the novelist. Celebrations in mountain and lake regions were specially elaborate; the thousands of summer visitors contributing much to the program. Not much has been done as yet for Old Home Week outside of New England; altho it is evident that the fire is kindled in New York and New Jersey. We look for more of a blaze next year. The institution is in key with the spirit of the age—which is historical and reminiscent.

Mortality in the Census Year

The statistics of mortality for the year 1900, published last week by the Census Bureau, furnish striking evidence of progress since the census of 1890 in sanitation and medical science. In the general death rate for the registration area, a decrease of 1.8 per cent. per 1,000 population, or nearly 10 per cent., is reported. The advance is shown more clearly by a comparison of rates in the cities. Eleven years ago the death-rate in 271 registration cities having 5,000 or more inhabitants, and a total population of 14,958,254, was 21 per thousand; in 1900 the rate in 341 cities having 8,000 or more inhabitants, and a total population of 21,660,631, was 18.6 per thousand. Progress is also shown in the average age at death, which was 31.1 years in 1890, and had risen to 35.2 in 1900. The registration area includes the six New England States, New York, New Jersey, Michigan and the District of Columbia, with the cities therein, and many cities in other States. A list of the fifteen principal causes of death in this area shows that pneumonia stands at the top, with a rate of 191.9 per 100,000; consumption second, 190.5; heart disease third, 134, and diarrhœal diseases fourth, with a rate of 85.1. A very notable decrease since 1890 is seen in the rate for consumption, which has been reduced by 54.9 per 100,000. Among the significant and encouraging decreases of rates in large cities are the following: New York, from 25.3 to 20.4; Boston, from 23.4 to 20.1; Newark, from 27.4 to 19.8; Jersey City, from 25.6 to 20.7; Chicago, from 19.1 to 16.2; Worcester, from 18.0 to 15.5; Buffalo, from 18.4 to 14.8; Syracuse, from 19.6 to 13.8; San Francisco, from 22.5 to 20.5; Denver, from 23.0 to 18.6; Minneapolis, from 13.5 to 10.8; St. Paul, from 14.9 to 9.7. Philadelphia, Pittsburg, St. Louis, Kansas City and Louisville show scarcely any change, but the rates in them are not high. The lowest mortality (9.1) is found in St. Joseph, and the highest (45.5) in Shreveport.

Cuba and Porto Rico

Señor T. Estrada Palma is easily the leading candidate for the Presidency at the coming election in Cuba. He enjoys the powerful support of General Gomez, and has no formidable rival. But the radicals want to know what his policy would be and what his opinions are concerning certain questions. A meeting of revolutionist generals and politicians was held last week, at the request of General Gomez, who hoped that they would consent to unite for the support of Palma. The meeting appointed a committee (of which General Gomez is chairman) to obtain from Palma a statement as to his views and political program. By this committee Gualberto Gomez, the eloquent negro radical, was selected to write the

letter which has been forwarded to Palma. The author's description of its contents shows that the letter was one of advice rather than of inquiry. Señor Palma is advised in it to express disapproval of certain clauses of the Platt amendment, to say that they do not meet the wishes of the Cuban people, and to promise that he will, if elected, ask for a modification of them, especially of the one relating to intervention. The movement to secure a reduction of our tariff duties on Cuban tobacco and sugar gains strength. Representatives of Cuban trade associations who are now in this country assert that wages have been reduced at the tobacco factories and sugar mills, and that the island's industries will be greatly depressed if Congress shall not grant the desired concessions. These industrial interests will be represented, it is said, by agencies in New York, Washington and Chicago. While it is not denied that they are in favor of annexation, their present purpose is to procure the ratification of a satisfactory treaty of reciprocity.—Another Spaniard who had permitted an infected mosquito to bite him died of yellow fever last week. Antonio Carro was the first of these victims, and Cumersindo Campo the second. They arrived a month ago from Spain, where Carro is mourned by his widowed mother and Campo by his young wife. The two men were employed in the yellow fever hospital, where they submitted themselves to be bitten by the infected mosquitoes that had been caged for the experiments of Doctor Caldas, of Brazil, who asserts that he has discovered a preventive serum. Neither had been inoculated with this preventive substance. The death of a third victim, Miss Clara Maas, a nurse in the hospital, was announced on the 25th. It is said that she was bitten accidentally by one of the mosquitoes that killed the two Spaniards. Dr. Caldas hopes to win the large prize offered by President Diaz, of Mexico, for a cure for the disease. One man inoculated with his serum has been bitten by the infected mosquitoes, and the result is awaited with much interest. Dr. Caldas will be permitted to continue his experiments for a time upon those who may volunteer to take the risk of mortal infection after inoculation.—The seventy-seven Cuban teachers who have been attending the Harvard Summer School are now about to return to the island.—Lino Lima, a noted bandit, for the capture of whom a reward of $1,000 was offered, has been killed by the rural guard in the province of Matanzas.—In Porto Rico, the Summer Normal School at San Juan has been very successful; 200 teachers were expected, and more than 800 were in attendance. The foundations of a building for a large Insular Normal School have been laid on a tract of 70 acres, seven miles from the city, and this institution will be open in November. Attorney-General Knox advises the President to withhold approval of the franchise granted by the Executive Council for an extension of railroad lines, because by exempting the company from taxation for twenty-five years the Council has invaded the province of the Legislative Assembly. To prevent the importation of Brazilian coffee, the cities of San Juan, Mayaguez and Arecibo have imposed a tax of 5 cents a pound on coffee grown abroad. There is some danger that Brazilian coffee will be brought to the island for reshipment to Cuba, where the duty on coffee from Brazil is nearly four times the duty on coffee that is really the product of Porto Rico. A cargo of sugar from the island has been received at New Orleans, where it enters directly into competition with the sugar produced in Louisiana. Recent dispatches report the investment of American capital in lands on which fruit and vegetables are to be produced for our Northern markets in the winter months.

Venezuela and Colombia

Another week has gone by and war has not yet been declared between Venezuela and Colombia. It is apparent, however, that President Castro wants to fight. He is ambitious to be the central figure in Latin American politics, and he is doing all he can to fan up the patriotism of his peace loving subjects by declaring that Colombia is invading his soil. It is said that if he does not thus unite the national mind on a popular war he will be unable to prevent the dangerous growth of hatred toward himself which is now widespread throughout his domains. There have been no

more battles or reports of battles during the week that can be verified, tho plenty of rumors from the conservative and liberal camps tell of victories on either side. It seems certain, however, that President Castro has been all along backing the Colombian revolutionist, General Uribe-Uribe. It is also clear that President Castro last week dispatched 800 armed men on the Government boats of Venezuela to Colombian territory. It is not clear, on the other hand, that the Venezuelan revolution under General Garlbiros had any help, "practical or moral," from the Colombian Government. Thus it is becoming clearer every day that President Castro is the aggressor in the whole trouble and that he is directly interested in the overthrow of the present Conservative Government of Colombia. The reasons why he does not dare to come out boldly and declare war are doubtless that Ecuador andNicaragua have not guaranteed him the support he expected. It now looks as tho Castro has gone too far. He will either have to fight and take the consequences, which may be anything but what he expects, or if he backs down he will give his many enemies at home a chance to overthrow him. The map which we print this week shows the general geographical situation. The three republics of Venezuela, Ecuador and Colombia were from 1819 to 1829 one republic, called Colombia. Since 1829 they have kept separate, altho the politics and problems of each have been the same. San Cristobel, near the middle of the boundary line between Colombia and Venezuela, is the place near which all the battles have been or are likely to be fought. The city is now the headquarters of President Castro's army of ten thousand.

The Philippine Islands The Taft Commission has been very favorably impressed by the attitude of the people during its tour through Northern Luzon. There have been no signs of hostility, and in some instances delegates have traveled forty miles over the mountains to attend the meetings. H.

Phelps Whitmarsh, Governor of Benguet Province, has resigned. Some weeks ago he was accused by one Scherer, Secretary of the province, of having used the powers of his office for personal gain. After an inquiry by the Commission he was exonerated, and Scherer was permitted to resign; but the presence and influence of the latter in the province have made the office unattractive to the Governor, who now retires. Reports have been received in Manila from Rome that there will be nine new bishoprics for the islands, and that seven of the new bishops will be Americans. Prof. J. W. Jenks, of Cornell University, has been appointed by the War Department a special Commissioner to visit Burma, Java, the Straits Settlement and other places in the Orient, and to make a report for the Commission concerning economic and monetary conditions, labor, police, taxation, etc. A report as to the foreign commerce of the archipelago for the seven months ending with January last, as compared with the corresponding months of the preceding year, shows that imports increased from $12,764,705 to $17,999,167 (or 42 per cent.), and exports from $8,305,530 to $12,637,359 (or 52 per cent.), but while the imports from this country grew from $890,000 to $1,493,000, the exports from the islands to the United States declined from $2,037,000 to $1,477,000. Mr. Hull, of Iowa, chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, who recently journeyed to Manila on a Government transport, appears to have been in an unpleasant frame of mind during his stay in that city. On the day of his departure he gave to the press a gloomy interview, in which he asserted that the salaries of all the prominent civil officers were too high. The Manila newspapers report that he was deeply offended because he was not treated with sufficiently distinguished consideration, and that his remarks at the time of the inauguration of the civil government indicated some confidence in his own power to make and unmake officers whose conduct was not satisfactory to him. Mr. Hull is President of the Philippine Lumber and Development Company, and letters of his partners and agents concerning their efforts to obtain lumber contracts from the Government have been published. The company has two saw mills at work supplying material for bridges and a Government sanitarium in Benguet.

France and Turkey

Turkey has yielded to the demands of France in the matter of the Quays Company. This is a case in which the concession made some years ago has not worked to the satisfaction of the Ottoman Government. The concession granted to this company the right to build quays and land passengers and freight on the mainland. This was expected to bring in a certain revenue, which has not been secured. In Turkey when a railroad or other public privilege is granted with the provision that all above a certain income shall go to the Turkish treasury, there never is any surplus. Perhaps the Government does not like the way the company's finances are adjusted. Besides, the Sultan does not feel that he has that police control over this French company which assures protection against the landing of conspirators. Now the one thing that he most fears is conspiracies against his person. The Young Turkey Party he holds in special fear, as they have their headquarters in Paris. His fear of conspiracy is seen in the severe punishment of the eunuchs and women involved in the cabal in his harem which ended in a fire. He has executed a number and sent some hundreds of his own household in exile to Arabia. There was a provision in the concession to the Quays Company which allowed the Government to buy it. This the Sultan proposed to do at an expense of some ten million dollars. But the money was not easy to get, and the company was harassed by regulations and interferences which vitiated its rights under the concession. Just what were the promises by way of compensation made by the Sultan to the energetic French Ambassador, M. Constans, is not clear, but it is clear that when the edict was drawn up it was different from what had been verbally agreed upon between the Sultan and M. Constans. He instantly took it as a breaking of faith, and used the extreme power that had been intrusted to him by his Government to sever all diplomatic relations at Constantinople. This referred the ne-

gotiations to Paris, and was not exactly a threat of war, but was an announcement of the extreme gravity of the relations. M. Constans is a man of power and decision, who has shown his vigor when himself the dominating force in a French Cabinet. His Government upheld him, and made such representations to the Porte that it was forced to yield, promising that all the rights of the company should be protected. It is to be remembered that the withdrawal of the French Ambassador from Constantinople was likely to be followed by notice to the Ottoman Ambassador to leave France. Now his main duty is to watch the Young Turkey conspirators, so that the Sultan's personal fear may have had its part in hastening his decision to yield, which involves a payment of $120,000 to the company and $120,000 to another French claimant.

The Czar's Visit to France

There is something pitiful and laughable in the abject delight of France at every evidence of Russian patronage, and especially, just now, at the announcement of the approaching visit of the Czar to Paris. If the Czar were to visit the United States it would have a social, but not a bit of political meaning. In a less degree this is true of any proposed visit of the Czar of Russia to Berlin or Vienna or London. But when he comes to Paris all France goes wild, and imagines that the country is safer and the Ministry shares in the advantage. This time President Loubet wrote a letter of invitation; the Czar graciously accepted it. He will come about September 17th and review, with President Loubet, the northern squadron, and will then land at Dunkirk, and witness the close of the grand maneuvers at Rheims, where 150,000 troops will be encamped, out of the 4,000,000 which France proclaims herself able to arm. The presence of the Czarina is expected to add to the importance of this visit. To be sure the Czar on his way to France will meet the German Kaiser, but that will be at sea, off Dantzic, so that it will have no such dignity as the visit to France. The weight put on this interchange of courtesies—for President Loubet's visit to St. Petersburg will be remembered—rests in the assurance it seems to the people to convey that there is a stable defensive alliance with Russia which will protect France against Germany. To be sure there is not the slightest evidence that Germany wants a war with France, but the fear is a nightmare, where there is not a real desire for a war that shall revenge the defeats of 1870.

The South African War

Hardly worth chronicling would be the wearisome detail of small engagements in the running fights in South Africa, where General Kitchener is trying to catch small bands of Boers as elusive as fleas, were it not for the proclamation issued by the Boer General Delarey in reply to that of General Kitchener, who had bidden the Boer troopers to lay down their arms on penalty of being hereafter treated as marauding robbers. The Boer General's counter-proclamation warns all Boers against obedience to the British proclamation, and declares that they will continue the struggle. They are supposed to have in all the immense territory some twelve or fifteen thousand soldiers still on horseback. Their main activity of late has been in cutting telegraph lines in Cape Colony and Natal, which, if not war, is very annoying. General De Wet is reported to be trying to gather a force which will unite Porteus's and Kritzinger's commandos. A review of the names of those who first led the Boers in war shows a great loss of *personnel.* Of the five members of the old Transvaal Executive Council two only are still in the field, Schalkburger and Reitz; Generals Joubert and Kock are dead, and Cronje is a prisoner. Of the 27 members of the first Volksraad 13 are dead or have surrendered, and about half of the second Volksraad. Of the heads of the State departments three are in Europe, two are prisoners and fourteen have surrendered, leaving but one unaccounted for. Of the judges not one remains in the field. All have submitted. The Royal visit, that of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, to South Africa has ended this week, and was a great social event. At Pietermaritzberg, the capital of Natal, Generals Kitchener and Hildyard were present and aided in the ceremonies, which included the presentation of Vic-

toria crosses to heroes of the war. Fifty-five Zulu chiefs, in weird dresses, with assegais and shields, presented a fine and loyal address, and made a very favorable impression from their magnificent figures, less obese, it was observed, than those of the Maories of New Zealand.

Chinese Affairs

As long ago as August 15th the draft of the final protocol was reported signed by the eleven Ministers at Peking, but we have no conclusive word that it has yet been signed by the representatives of the Chinese Court, altho they have been telegraphing to the Emperor at Singan-fu for permission to do so. And yet we seem to get assurances that the conditions of the protocol are being signed in separate edicts. Li Hung Chang declares that the edicts in reference to the supplementary list of punishments and the suspension of extermination had been sent from Singan-fu by Government couriers, and that an edict prohibiting the importation of arms would be telegraphed immediately. The pressure to sign the edicts rests in the fact that the public buildings in Peking cannot be evacuated by the foreign troops until the protocol is signed by the Chinese. It is interesting as showing the kindly relations between the Chinese and the Japanese that a Japanese colonel has been selected to command and organize the Chinese police force. It really looks as if there had been some inroad on the Chinese conceit, which only a few years ago looked upon the Japanese as an inferior sort of ugly dwarfs or beasts. The Chinese forts will be destroyed, but the provision is not in the protocol, it is said, because they were built by Li Hung Chang, and he begged that the indignity of requiring him to sign an agreement to destroy them should not be put on him. Now that the active negotiations have been concluded, Li Hung Chang is taking a much needed rest and leaving the further work to his associate, Prince Ching. He finds himself violently denounced by the native press, which does not understand his limitations. His is a pitiful position, compelled, as after the Japanese war, to submit to national humiliation, and liable to be insulted and even again degraded for doing his best for his country. And the English in China generally abuse him for his subserviency to Russia.

The Uganda Railway

We have previously chronicled the near approach to completion of the railway from the Indian Ocean to the Victoria Nyanza Lake. The Railway Committee Report for 1890-1901 has just been published, with that of Sir C. Eliot who is the chief British officer of the East Africa Protectorate. He declares the construction of the railway to be the most important event in the history of East Africa. It has transformed the interior and created all the towns along the 582 miles to Port Florence, the terminus on the Victoria Nyanza. Nairobi already has 8,000 inhabitants. The railroad has not by any means yet spoiled the native picturesqueness. Savages flock about the stations, relieving their nakedness perhaps by cloaks hanging down their backs, and wear elaborate ornaments, even old jam-pots, from the slits in their ears. The ostrich and the barnyard fowl almost intermingle by the stations, and the train is stalled by running into a stupid rhinoceros. A troop of elephants has been known to ravage a station and destroy the tickets. The railway has had nearly $25,000,000 voted to it, and only $3,750,000 to the Protectorate for all other purposes. Sir C. Eliot tells us that no real slavery exists in this Proctectorate, except in the ten-mile coast strip leased to the Sultan of Zanzibar. It is true that women are sometimes carried off as slaves by such warlike tribes as the Somalis, but their position is no worse than that of other women bought by the men of their own tribe and equally compelled to work. Any appeal to return them to their original tribe would be heeded, but no such appeal is made. Even within the Zanzibar strip no slave-trading is allowed, and no persons can be born as slaves since 1890. Now that the railway is practically completed, and two steamers are ready to run on the lake, it may be expected that, with proper encouragement, this Uganda region will develop into a rich province and attract British capital and trade.

The Inauguration of Civil Government in the Philippines

By J. W. Hillman

Chaplin of the 43rd Infantry, U. S. V.

THE *personnel* of the delegation chosen to represent Tananan at the inaugural ceremonies at Tacloban included, on behalf of the local army garrison, three officers and ten privates, all mounted on American horses. The townsfolk were represented by an equal number of Filipino leaders, mounted on native ponies. The gentler sex were also in evidence in the persons of four "elect ladies:" Señora Magno, wife of our town Presidente, and Señora Blanca and their two daughters, Señorita Consolacion Magno (familiarly known as "Sashon") and Señorita Blanca, two popular belles of Tananan, who were privileged to use the "ambulance," which, in this case, consisted of an open barouche drawn by a combination team of one army mule and an American horse," warranted to pull together."

We had a two hours' jaunt before us, and in order that we might put in a good appearance at destination made start at 4.30 A. M., half an hour before daybreak, traveling in the delightful freshness of the early morn, and making Tacloban, the capital, at 6.30 A. M.

We found the town most elaborately decorated in anticipation of the intended visit of the Civil Commission, the Chinese having vied with the natives to make the occasion as imposing as possible.

Almost every Filipino town of any size has its native band, and a number of these bands, including our own Tananan, were present to help celebrate. We were surprised at the number of arches which everywhere abounded. They were of wooden framework covered with muslin or other fabrics. On the principal business street was an elaborate arch covered with devices indicative of welcome to the Commission. Near the Colonel's headquarters was an architectural structure erected by the Chinese —a dome shaped top, large and airy and supported by four lofty columns. The most noteworthy arch, however, was that which spanned the street in front of the Tribunàl—the Town Hall—and which had been most carefully trimmed with grasses and palms, while provision had been made for its illumination at night. A unique feature of this arch was an enormous eagle which had been designed with the American shield and colors, and with movable wings, which by skillful manipulation on part of a concealed operator could be flapped up and down on occasions of importance. To my thinking the flapping accessory did not add to the otherwise imposing dignity of the decoration, but it certainly served to show the good-will and interest of the people, who had spared no pains to give evidence of their loyalty. At night this arch was illuminated with designs of stars and other patriotic symbols, and the effect of the lights playing amid the greens was bewitching. Near the arch was a band stand, also decorated and ablaze with Chinese lanterns. Bands of music were stationed on all the principal streets. A monster parade in which the natives and their bands were to assist had been planned for the occasion, but the frequent showers and the serious business of organizing a new government precluded this feature.

About two o'clock that afternoon four of the five members of the Commission came ashore from the transport in the Colonel's boat. They were Judge Taft, Professor Worcester, Mr. Ide and Mr. Moses. With them also came Dr. Tavera, the founder of the Federal Party, which stands for free government under American direction. He is seven-eighths Spanish and one-eighth Tagal. A son of General Corbin was also in the group, which included stenographers, interpreters, reporters and several ladies, one being Miss Ide.

They were received by General Hughes, of Iloilo, Colonel Murray and

others, by whom they were escorted to the Tribunàl, the main room of which had been previously reserved for the occupancy of the town Presidentes and other leading natives of the Province of Leyte.

The Commission, on entering, took seats behind a large desk at the upper end of the room facing the deputies. An address of welcome was then delivered by the Presidente of Palo, to which Judge Taft responded through an interpreter, stating that they had come to the Province of Leyte on the serious errand of organizing a civil government, which should supplant eventually the military government. Taking them into his confidence, he explained in outline what the Commission proposed to do under the provisions of an act prepared for the government of provinces. He then sought advice and information as to amounts and methods of taxation suitable to conditions on Leyte, also the amounts of salary which they thought proper for the Provincial officers, and kindred matters. A printed series of questions was then distributed among the deputies, who were urged to fill up the blanks and return to the Commission for their future use and guidance.

It was explained that the authority for the management of the province would be lodged with three officers, who were to be known as Governor, Treasurer and Supervisor, the last named to be an engineer, and to have charge of all improvements to be made on the island. The Treasurer and Supervisor were to be Americans, appointed by the Commission; the Governor to be an elective officer, to be chosen by the people after a year shall have elapsed. For the first year it was decided on consultation with the deputies that the Governor shall be appointed by the Commission. Wherever native Filipinos are available for this important post, it is the policy of the Commission to make use of them.

It was explained that all taxes raised on the island should be expended for the good of the island through the provincial or town governments, and that the maintenance of the general government at Manila should be, in the main, by means of tariffs.

The business session continued throughout the afternoon, the members of the Commission asking many questions of the deputies in order to become fully conversant with local requirements. It was ascertained that Tacloban was their unanimous choice for capital of the new province; also, that there was an earnest desire on the part of the people for the establishment of a high school at Tacloban for the benefit of the whole province. Regarding the latter request, Judge Taft thereupon informed them that Mr. Atkinson, Superintendent of Public Instruction for the islands, would be present at the session to be held on the following morning, and discuss plans for public education.

On account of the lateness of the hour the session then adjourned with the understanding that the Filipino representatives would meet during the evening and discuss certain matters preliminary to the inauguration of civil government by the Commission on the following day.

Then followed opportunity for introduction to the members of the Commission and others of their party.

The business-like methods of the members of the Commission, together with their genial manners, are eminently calculated to conciliate the suspicions and inspire the confidence and loyalty of the people to whom they come. Judge Taft is a very agreeable man socially, always having the right word for every one. I found Professor Worcester very interesting and uncommonly well informed about the islands and their population. He speaks most enthusiastically of the Indonesians, a tall, well-formed, fine-looking tribe, having apparent racial affinity with the inhabitants of India, as yet unchristianized and very friendly to American rule. They are native to Mindanao, occupying its mountainous parts. He also entertains a higher regard for Filipino character than do most Americans.

Meanwhile an elaborate supper had been prepared for the Commission and other guests in one of the smaller rooms of the Tribunàl. The cooking was excellent, and was served in Spanish and Filipino style.

No festive occasion, not excepting religious celebration, is complete without dancing. Supper over, the main room of the Tribunàl was cleared for the merrymakers, the music being furnished

by a band stationed in the pavilion across the street.

First came a quadrille, in which the honors were shared by eight couples. Judge Taft was the only member of the Commission who took part in the quadrille, he leading out upon the floor one of the beautiful señoritas of Tacloban. The remaining seven couples furnished a unique spectacle of the social fraternization of the new era which was so soon to be inaugurated. There were army officers, American and Filipino civilians and American ladies and Filipino señoritas. The beautiful Curacha was then danced by Filipinos, only two persons participating at one time. Between eight and nine o'clock the Commissioners and party returned to the transport for the night, the dancing, however, continuing without interruption until midnight.

On the following morning the Commission and party came ashore as per schedule, but this time accompanied by a dozen or more ladies, who, on the previous day, had remained on the transport.

Mr. Atkinson, Superintendent of Public Education, a young man of about thirty years, I should say, tall and slim, and a most agreeable companion, was also in the party that landed on the second day.

At 9.30 A. M. the Commission resumed session with the Filipino delegates, obtaining their further opinions after the deliberations of the previous night.

The Commission then retired for about half an hour in executive session to decide on the appointment of officers for the civil government, and during the interim Superintendent Atkinson explained the plans now making for a system of public schools throughout the province At the conclusion of his address he volunteered to answer any questions they might ask, whereupon one of the deputies arose and stated that the plans had been explained with such clearness that he did not think further question necessary.

The Commission then returned, whereupon Judge Taft made announcement that Tacloban had been chosen to be the capital of the province; and further, that inasmuch as several native candidates had been recommended by the Assembly for the Governorship, but no general agreement had been reached regarding any one name, the Commission preferred not to discriminate, and would instead recommend the appointment of an American as Governor for one year, which was accordingly so ordered. The favored candidate was Major Henry T. Allen, of the Forty-third Infantry, United States Volunteers, who, under this arrangement, for the time being becomes for purposes of administration practically a civilian, but with this difference that while his salary as army officer will continue, he will receive no pay as Provincial Governor.

Major Allen is a man of affairs, a man of the highest personal character, an able administrator and thoroughly acquainted with the topography and population of the island by reason of his previous military service which also involved many functions of a civil character. It is one of the most fortunate happenings for the Island of Leyte that such a man should be found available to start this loyal people on the broad highway of free self-government. Prosperity will surely follow such an appointment, and there is not the slightest doubt but that this transitional appointment will be most acceptable to the people.

Before the appointment was announced, a leading Filipino stated that Major Allen would be his first choice for Governor.

Because of past experiences with the Spaniards, the Filipinos are decidedly suspicious of military rule, and this prompt establishment of civil government by the Commission has exerted an immense influence in serving to confirm their faith in American intentions, and is all the more valuable in that the new era includes a system of public schools—a matter in which the islanders are deeply interested.

First Lieutenant Conrow, a reliable man of much experience in public business, and the possessor of rare tact in conducting it in a manner acceptable to all classes, as was evidenced by his service as Collector of Customs at Catbalogan, Samar and more recently at Tacloban, Leyte, was then announced by the Commission as their choice for Treasurer of the province.

The appointment for position of Su-

pervisor will require an engineer, and will be announced later, but with the appointment of Governor and Treasurer civil rule is considered as fully organized.

Judge Taft then introduced Dr. Tavera, the founder of the Federal Party, explaining as he did so that while the Commission was friendly to all political parties which might be organized for the pursuit of proper political objects, he wished to testify to the grateful regard felt by the Commission toward the Federal Party because of its valuable service to the Government in co-operating to bring about peace throughout the islands.

Dr. Tavera then made in Spanish a forcible ten-minute address, in support of the work of the Commission, at the same time explaining the aims of the Federal Party. This address was listened to by the people most attentively, and was calculated to strengthen the beneficial effect of the earlier proceedings.

The Filipino delegates were evidently well pleased with the work of the Commission, and deputed the Presidente of Palo to express their satisfaction, which he did in a few fitting words, to which Judge Taft responded.

By noon the Commission had completed their work, when another fine collation was served in the Tribunàl. For dessert we had our familiar treat—ice cream—which was made possible by our hospital ice plant at Tacloban.

Luncheon over, the Commission, leaving their transport behind in the bay, set sail in General Hughes's steamer for Catbalogan, Samar, for the purpose of organizing civil government in that island if the people were ready to receive it.

Judge Taft has a large piece of work cut out for him in these islands, and, judging by what he has thus far accomplished, is fully equal to the Herculean task.

TANANAN, LEYTE.

The Boer War To-day and To-morrow

By Poultney Bigelow, M.A., F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "WHITE MAN'S AFRICA," ETC., ETC.

IN the late summer of 1899 English and Boers commenced to fight one another in South Africa. A journalist asked me how long the war would last. I said no one could tell—probably two years. He laughed in my face, and all my English friends did the same. I was informed by men who ranked as military authorities that the British flag would wave at Pretoria within a few weeks, that the troops would be on their way home for Christmas!

Of course, my guess in regard to the termination of the war was no better than that of any one else who knew something of the country and its people. The enormous power developed by Hungary in her struggle of 1849; the successive uprisings of Poland (1830, 1863); the resistance which the men of Andreas Hofer offered to Napoleon's forces in 1809—many instances of this nature rise to mind when measuring the force of a popular war against armies that seem to be overwhelmingly superior.

When in 1776 England undertook to subdue her colonies in America she set out to the task as gaily as did Joseph Chamberlain to the conquest of the Transvaal in 1899. The American War lasted seven years. It was the struggle of three millions of farmers against a world empire relatively quite as mighty as the one which now has accomplished the gigantic task of placing 250,000 fighting men in the field more than 6,000 miles away from London.

In 1812 England renewed the war, and was again forced to a treaty of peace. Thus within one generation she spent ten years in a fruitless effort to subdue a transatlantic colony which she had pretended to despise.

Our great Civil War of five years (1860-1865) was also in my mind when the Boer war began; for the United States Government of 1860 anticipated no difficulty in calling the slave States to order by the mere mobilization of 75,000 men and a few weeks of cam-

paigning. Ultimately the Northern States had to maintain an army of a million men, and when the army of the Southern States finally surrendered in the spring of 1865 it was but a handful of ragged and empty-bellied soldiers, who gave up simply because they had no more food or cartridges.

The sad feature of the present South African War is the fact that the struggle is largely the result of ignorance and misunderstanding on both sides—the Englishman has exaggerated the bad qualities of the Boer, and in turn the Boer has not laid aside his suspicion that the Briton intends to curtail his liberty.

There are all kinds of Boers—as there are all kinds of Americans. Each traveler is apt to reflect his own attitude toward the people he meets, and most travelers find it easier to ridicule what they see than to study a nation's history and learn the reasons of things. If you know the history of a people, then nothing that you see among them should cause you surprise, for a nation is a growth—not the product of a machine shop or a "foreign office."

The Englishman is prone to think ill of that which is not cut on his lines. In America he sees the feverish activity of the commercial centers, but does not see the moral forces which hold 76,000,000 people together with practically no army or police. In Germany the Englishman sees beer and big stomachs when he ought to be investigating the educational system which has made the subjects of the Kaiser his rivals in the neutral markets of the world.

The Englishman's notion of a gentleman is a man with a high hat and a frock coat—a member of several clubs and who dresses elaborately for dinner. It is hard for him to think that people of any other country can be gentlemen unless they do the same thing. Thus from the English point of view Paul Kruger cannot be a gentleman—and a man who is not a gentleman is not a good soldier or a good statesman—cannot rise above the level of an ignorant peasant, or day laborer!

Englishmen write good history, but do not appear to read it—least of all their own. They do not recall that the leaders of the armies in America were in many cases much like the Jouberts, the Cronjes and the De Wets of our time.

On the occasion of my last visit to South Africa (1896) I had the good fortune of meeting many of the leaders of the Boers in both republics, and also the leading English officials at Cape Town, Natal and elsewhere. I had to rub my eyes with wonder at the distorted picture of the Boers which prevailed even in South Africa itself among Englishmen who might be supposed to have given some serious study to a question of the greatest importance to their Government.

I was told pretty generally by my English friends that the Boers were not only very ignorant and very dirty and very tricky, but that they had lost much of their skill as marksmen, and would run away so soon as they saw the British soldiers.

In that year the filibuster Jameson made his raid into the Transvaal and had hoisted the white flag of surrender before he had spent his ammunition or even lost more than ten per cent. of his force. He was treated by his Boer captors with humanity—he and all his fellow pirates. They freely admitted the kindness of the Boers. Indeed, in my experience, those who speak most justly and generously of the Boers are not the financiers and the politicians, but the soldiers in the field, who have not merely felt the sting of the Boer bullet, but shared his flask afterward.

The Jameson raid was an act of barbarism, and, according to all precedent, the leader of this raid should have been hung or shot on the spot, tho his dupes might have been dismissed with light punishment. The invasion aroused a well-grounded suspicion throughout South Africa that Jameson was the tool of a financial group who hoped to make money by getting possession of the Transvaal Government.

The Kruger Government was very short-sighted, very medieval in its methods. But from the Boer standpoint the Jameson raid was nothing more than a violent attempt of Cecil Rhodes and a group of financiers to make a *coup d'état,* not in the interests of reform but for the sake of gold. For this purpose filibusters were hired. There were to be a thousand, but when the white flag was raised at Dornkop there were but about 350.

Had the Colonial Secretary, Mr.

Chamberlain, acted with a generous appreciation of Boer feeling; had he taken immediate steps to prove to the Boers that he meant to punish the offenders, he would have done much to allay the bad feeling which the raid had justly called forth.

But instead of this he had these raiders brought to London, where they were fêted as conquering heroes—their public trial was a theatrical show, and the Boers were plainly given to understand that from the Government, whose mouthpiece was Mr. Chamberlain, they need look for no justice, much less generosity.

Hence a Boer bitterness which need never have been aroused had the British Government insisted upon fair play from the outset.

During my stay in South Africa I traveled across the veldt and was perforce compelled to ask for a night's lodging at many a lonesome farm house, and become temporary member of many a Boer family. It may be that my experience was exceptional, but I found nothing in these homes to surprise me. I found everywhere just the sort of thing one had reason to expect under such conditions. The fare was simple, the people rugged but honest, the beds were hard but clean. On the floor was rarely any wood—merely the mud smeared over with cow dung. Basins and wash tables I did not see, but there was a pump outside, and we do not look for luxuries among lions and Kaffirs.

Kruger is certainly not a dandy—he is very rough, and can scarcely write his name. But those are the mere outward accidents of a hard life. The important thing for history is that he has commanded the respect of a brave, intelligent and God-fearing people for more than a generation, and they, at least, can forgive him if he spills his soup and tobacco juice down his waistcoat, and likes to sleep in his clothes. Abraham Lincoln was a rough man, so was Andreas Hofer. Even Bluecher was not strong in the academic graces. I do not mean that roughness makes a statesman—much less would I insist that a monocle and high hat are necessary to the gentleman.

It is impossible to stigmatize a whole people, human nature is too complex. I can but tell what I saw with my own eyes.

After meeting such men as Kruger and Steyn, Joubert and De Villiers, it is impossible for me to read with patience many letters from South Africa which pretend to picture social life among Boers. President Steyn is an accomplished scholar and traveler who would be an ornament in any cultivated household. He is now in the field fighting for a lost cause, and I am sure that he is fighting honorably, and has not changed since the day when I dedicated to him my "White Man's Africa." Of course everything is possible, and it may be that I am badly mistaken in Mr. Steyn, but for the present I prefer to hold my opinions, based upon personal contact with him, rather than on the paragraphs of correspondents who know that any lie will be paid for so long as it flatters popular prejudice.

Yet what is all this war about? Is it right that it should go on?

The Boer thinks he is fighting for liberty. Yet the Kruger Government has never given more liberty than is granted to men of all nations in every British colony—not merely in South Africa, but in Canada, Australia, Barbados or Hong Kong.

The English flag is to-day the flag of local self-government and constitutional liberty, and no Joseph Chamberlain, no Cecil Rhodes, no Cabinet in London can pass any regulation that can curtail the rights of a German, a Frenchman, a Boer or an American anywhere in the vast extent of her colonial empire.

The Kruger Government was based upon granting privileges for manufacturing purposes, and excluding from the country everything that offered competition. This spirit went so far as to seek to exterminate the English language—a short-sighted measure, for the English tongue is the tongue of commerce, and to train Boer boys in Dutch alone is merely to condemn them to a narrow field of activity. The German Government in Southwest Africa makes also the mistake of excluding the Dutch and their language, for fear that they might interfere with German progress! What would have become of the United States had we acted on any such doctrine?

The prejudice that now prevails against England throughout Europe, and especially in Germany, is founded large-

ly upon ignorance. It is assumed that a conquering nation must necessarily seek to enforce institutions and regulations obnoxious to the conquered. Many nations of Continental Europe frankly defend such a policy. But in the English system of colonial administration, so far as I have observed its practical workings, no especial privileges are reserved to Englishmen. At Cape Town I found a German president of the Chamber of Commerce. In colonies like Singapore and Hong Kong I have found Germans exercising their full share of political responsibility. In various British colonies where I have met and talked with Germans on this subject I have found a full recognition of English wisdom in her treatment of aliens. In Canada the French language and Catholic faith are protected by the British Government quite as jealously as even a Frenchman could desire. And when it comes to protecting the natives of India or Africa against the exploiting tendencies of the white man, the British Government is a model of philanthropy. The United States must blush when comparing her treatment of the black, yellow and red races with the treatment accorded to the same in English colonies.

During this Boer war large meetings have been held in England for the purpose of praising the Boers and denouncing Mr. Chamberlain for making war upon them. The mere fact that in the midst of a war that is carrying away thousands of brave Englishmen the public will tolerate open fraternization with the enemy shows that in the English people is a love of truth and fair play which official sophistry cannot wholly obscure. I doubt whether in time of war the people of New York would tolerate public meetings which gave comfort to the enemy.

So far as my own experience goes, I have latterly addressed several public gatherings both in England and America on the subject of the war in South Africa, and my opinions have not always tallied with those of my audience, but in no case have I been refused a hearing.

Let us then sharply draw the line between the political ambition of a Joseph Chamberlain, the cynical rapacity of a Cecil Rhodes and the great mass of British voters, whose fault is mainly the venial one of trusting too much to their leaders and believing the statements of newspapers that are edited by sensation mongers if not by mercenary jobbers in South African mines.

England is passing through a severe trial. The Boer war has revealed a military administration that almost invites comparison with France in 1870 or Russia in 1877. Many of her officers have shown themselves imperfectly equipped for their duties, and as to the so-called "General Staff"—the subject is one for burlesque, not serious discussion.

Yet in spite of it all the British soldier has marched cheerfully to battle, has died cheerfully, and in spite of all that has happened we have heard no cries of cowardice or treason! The British soldier has loyally supported his officers and the British voters have loyally sustained the Government in spite of political leadership that is freely condemned in private.

Let us be just to England. Let us not attempt to draw up an indictment against a whole people. Let us believe that when the arbitrary rule of the soldier shall have ceased to be necessary there will arise in its place an administration capable of giving liberty and law to every man from the Governor down to the poorest Kaffir. To-day, while passions are heated by recent events it is hard to speak directly to those most immediately interested. But let us do what we can by aid of the public sentiment of the civilized world.

South Africa needs peace, and after that she needs unity. This war, cruel and costly as it has been, will not have been fought in vain if it be followed, like that of 1870-71, by a real union. It is this union which has made Germany prosperous; the same is true of Australia, and Canada. South Africa needs railways, roads, bridges and above all vast irrigation works. To-day there are but about one million white people south of the Zambesi. Before I die I expect to see ten millions. It is not vital what tongue they speak or what flag they fly, but it is of the greatest importance to us all that they be united and governed in the spirit of liberty and commercial progress.

There are some governments to-day which think that people cannot be pa-

triotic if they speak well of other countries. It has its practical side, when it comes to raising money for military purposes; but in general it is a crime against Christianity; a sin against knowledge.

England has been for many years a refuge for the oppressed of all countries. She has stedfastly refused to deliver up political refugees and has never allowed herself to become hysterical over the possibility of anarchism within her borders. She is not to-day the commercial dictator she was shortly after Waterloo, but still she continues to represent liberty of commerce, liberty of speech, liberty of the press, constitutional liberty of every form cheerfully shared with all those who care to partake of it.

William I of Germany found refuge there in the stormy days of '48, no less than the patriots whom he subsequently drove into exile. Kossuth, Karl Blind, Arnold Ruge, Stepniak, Volkhowski—names crowd upon me that suggest gratitude to England for what she has done to trim the lamp of liberty when it was spluttering to extinction in nearly every other country.

And so let us continue to criticise England, but—as brothers who love liberty!

London, England.

A Contrast Suggested by The Steel Strike

By N. O. Nelson

[Our readers will remember Mr. Nelson's delightful little article in The Independent last February in which he described how he had successfully experimented with Co-operation in his own large factory. No one in America has more practical knowledge of Co-operation than Mr. Nelson.—Editor.]

HERE'S a contrast: The United States Steel Corporation owns property supposed to be worth about $300,000,000. It has earned and probably can earn in the long run 7½ per cent. on its capitalization of $1,300,000,000—$100,000,000 a year. This profit remains to the stockholders after paying very many men salaries ranging from $25,000 to $1,000,000 a year, and various millions lost in strikes. Profit is a word we use for the difference between the amount paid to the producer and the amount charged the consumer, surplus value, Marx calls it, the wages of abstinence, some economists euphemistically term it. To the common business man and hired man it is simply legitimate profit, the proper reward of business sagacity. At this moment there is a somewhat heated quarrel between the managers and the workers over the division of the $100,000,000 profit.

Nominally, the quarrel is over unionism; but the only object of unionism is more pay and shorter hours. Solid unionism is the condition precedent for negotiating on equal terms.

The wages of the steel workers are far above the labor average of the country, thanks to the union fights of the past.

This strike is not for more pay now, but for recognition, complete freedom to organize, and the signing of a uniform wage scale for all the steel plants, union or non-union. It's a contest over power. Economically, the public who buy the steel are the interested parties; they pay the price that yields the 33 per cent. profit on the actual capital employed, it is they whose buildings and bridges and railroads and canneries are interrupted by the closing of the steel mills. How do they like it, and what are they going to do about it?

Now for the contrast. The English Co-operative Wholesale Society is a trust composed of above 1,000 retail stores and factories, 1,500,000 constituent stockholders.

Its capital is about $10,000,000 (I use dollars not pounds), but instead of being watered the valuation is boiled down by a steady annual depreciation of its property. It does a business of about $60,000,000 a year, exclusively with its stockholders, at uniform prices, for cash. It buys in all foreign countries, sails its own channel ships (seven), operates factories, employing 10,000 men, pays everywhere union wages, and employs union men, pays managers from $600 to $1,500 a year, and has the very best; returns the profits to the stockholding associations in proportion to their purchases, the whole of the earnings. 3½

per cent. interest on shares, depreciation, surplus and dividend amounting to about 20 per cent. on the capital. All of it belongs to the consumers, who are also the producers—the people, and the whole people may be stockholders and receive the full benefit on the payment of 50 cents, and applying the dividends on their purchases up to a minimum of $50 and a maximum of $500.

It is democracy pure and simple applied to real affairs, the affairs by which families live and equality is approximated. There are no stock speculations, no strikes, no anarchy.

Here's another, one of the constituent companies, a retail store. See if you cannot find poetry in these bald statistics, in this business statement. The plot is laid in Leeds, the City of the North, population 400,000. The Leeds Industrial Society is about 55 years old. It was started by a dozen or two workingmen with a few dollars in money; it has always been managed by workingmen for workingmen, tho no one is excluded from membership. Each one of them could consistently quote Walt Whitman, "I will not accept for myself anything that all others may not have on equal terms." Here is how the Leeds Industrial stood at its half yearly meeting last month: Net capital, $3,570,000; members, 48,939 (multiply by five and you have 244,695, or over one-half the population); sales for six months, $3,768,175; net profits, $662,000. This is how they disposed of the profits: Educational purposes, $4,125; interest on capital, $62,205; depreciation of property, $49,886; 15 per cent. dividend on purchases, $542,040. They produced $546,350 worth in their own local factories, including 60,629 bags of flour, and they bought $288,000 worth from other co-operative factories. They observe all union conditions, have no strikes, no stock watering or speculation, and my unofficial information is that General Manager Fawcett's salary is $1,500 a year.

There are many hundreds of such companies—varying in size—in England, Scotland, France, Germany and Denmark, and a few in the United States. In 57 years of ever growing prosperity the Rochdale Co-operative System has demonstrated—I mean demonstrated scientifically—that the people by voluntary association and democratic management can carry on their own business of any and every kind, by the people, for the people. It is not the complete socialistic ideal; it does not embrace all except by their own voluntary action; it does not embrace all business at once; it is open to competition; it seeks no aid from Government. To many minds it is the best form and method of socialism. The great Mazzini, after going through all forms of revolutionary and political programs, came to voluntary association as the workingman's sufficient and only way of salvation.

ST. LOUIS MO.

"The Seacoast of Bohemia"

"A WINTER'S TALE," ACT 3, SCENE 3

By F. W. Clarke

THE seacoast of Bohemia! a seacoast far away
From any sound of billow, or any dash of spray;
But where the ships of Fancy load their cargoes day by day.

Oh! seacoast of Bohemia, uncharted and unknown,
Oft may thy fleets, on slumbering seas, by dreamful breezes blown,
Convey us hence from common things, and make thy shores our own.

WASHINGTON D C.

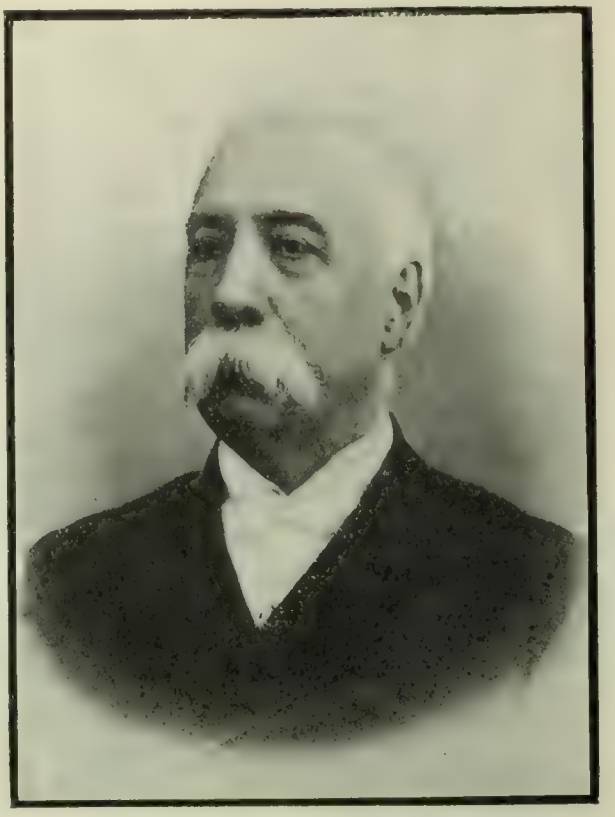
Francesco Crispi

By Salvatore Cortesi

IN the death of Francesco Crispi Italy has just lost one of the greatest makers of her unity and independence. His life as a conspirator, exile, soldier, statesman, dictator and premier reads more as a tale of adventure than as a true history. Even his origin gives him an atmosphere of romance. Altho born in Sicily, he was descended from those Albanians who, with their legendary hero, Scanderbeg, emigrated to Italy to preserve their liberty and faith. Crispi's family retained the Albanian customs, language and religion until about the middle of the eighteenth century, and even now they use the ancient coat-of-arms, which is an olive tree surrounded by the words, *Nunc et Semper,* in Greek characters.

Crispi, who was later such a thorn in the flesh of the Papacy, was educated by his uncle, the Bishop of Monreale, in the seminary of that chapter, near Palermo, where he wore, as did all the students, the robes of a priest. But when the time came he firmly refused to take orders. This, and this alone, has given rise to the clerical reproach of "renegade."

Crispi early succumbed to the "eternal feminine," and at the age of nineteen was already married. The story is romanticand shows that impetuosity which was later so marked a characteristic of him. When he was in Palermo as a student his lodging-house keeper had an exceptionally pretty, sixteen-year-old daughter, Rosina Sciarra by name. The young couple, of course, fell desperately in love, but their passion was nipped in the bud by the opposition of both families. Indeed, so determined was the elder Crispi that he removed his son from the city and his studies. Time and absence, however, only increased the fervor of the young people, so that when the plague broke out in Palermo, the impetuous Crispi "borrowed," unknown to its owner, a horse, and started off on a fatiguing and perilous journey to the city. Arrived there he hurried, through indescribable scenes of misery, to Rosina's house, to find her and an elder sister the only survivors of a large family. The young people promptly sold the horse and married on the proceeds. A reconciliation with the Crispi family followed, but their happiness lasted only two years, as the young wife died in childbirth and her baby also. Another bit of romance was added to this period of the future statesman's life when Rosina's sister entered a convent because she could not marry her widowed brother-in-law. Forty-six years after, being in Rome, the aged nun saw again the man whom she had so fervently loved, in the heyday of his fame. The meeting is said to have been most touching.



FRANCESCO CRISPI

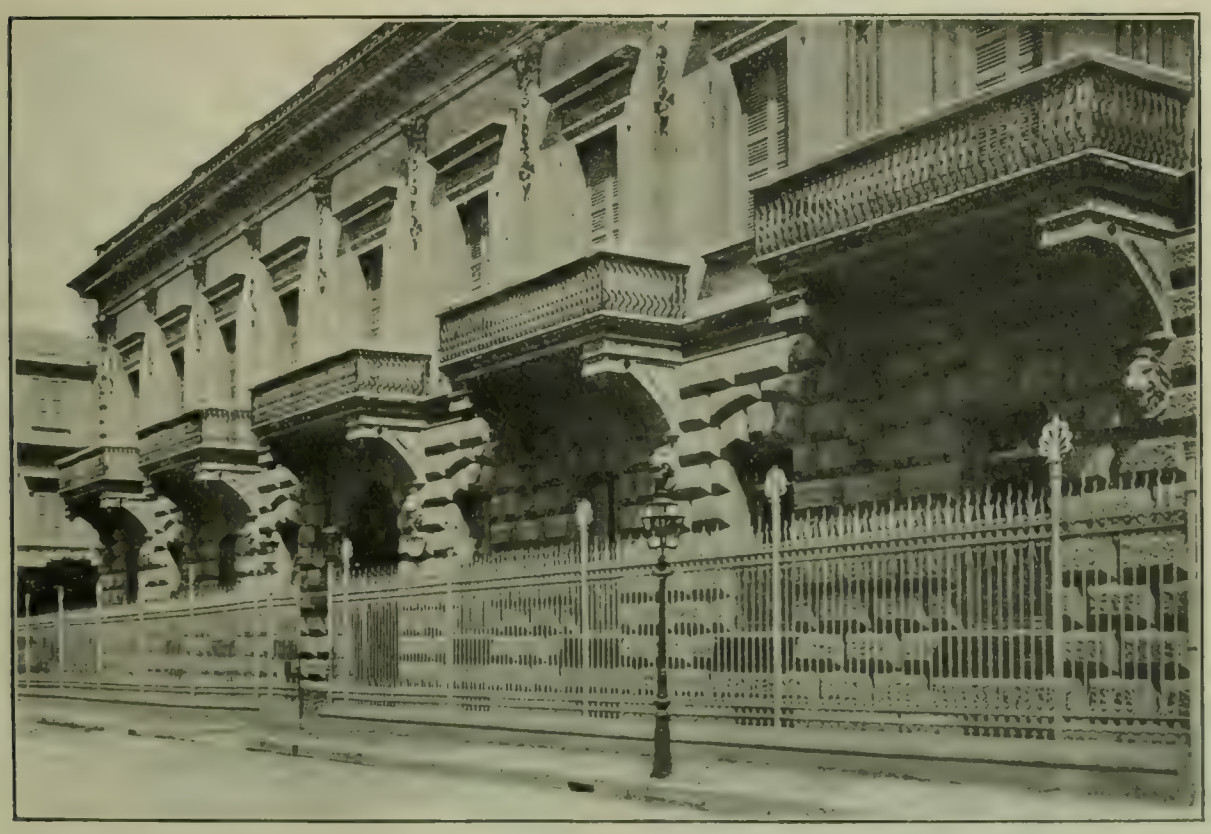
His domestic tragedy had, no doubt, much influence in inducing Crispi to throw himself whole-heartedly into the conspiracies against the Bourbons, so that when on the night of January 12, 1848, the bells of Palermo called her citizens to arms, he was at the head of the revolution, his figure appearing almost miraculously on the top of one barricade

after another, which sprang up like mushrooms in the Toledo and Macqueda streets. In a few days the conspirators were the masters of the island, and Crispi was nominated Secretary of the Revolutionary Committee and Chief of the Department of War. He had a Parliament meet, which proclaimed the overthrow of the Bourbons, and in which he advocated the proclamation of a republic.

This independence, however, did not last long, for in the following year the Bourbons succeeded in sending such an overwhelming force to the island that the revolutionists were annihilated. The victors, however, did their work in so brutal a manner that France and England intervened to impose humanitarian terms, which Crispi alone refused to accept. He fought in Palermo from street to street, and remained in the town even after the entrance of the enemy, altho he knew that if he fell into their hands he would be shot without mercy. His escape was dramatic, for when all hope was over he jumped into the sea and swam until picked up by a French vessel, which landed him at Marseilles.

The future master and Premier of Italy, the future "cousin" of the King (through his decoration of the Collar of the Annunciation), arrived in Piedmont without a cent in his pocket, but when the editor of the *Risorgimento* proposed that he should accept work on his paper, Crispi, proud and disdainful, refused, saying "I would be ashamed to sell my pen to a Conservative paper. Do you think that a writer is like a shoemaker, who makes shoes to fit all feet?" He consequently wrote for the *Progresso,* the most democratic sheet of the time, on a salary of twelve dollars a month. As with such a sum it was almost impossible to live, Crispi applied for the vacant post of Town Clerk in a small village, at $240 a year, but, modesty never having been one of his virtues, he wrote in such a way that the Mayor replied that he was too great a man for such a small post. In Piedmont also, his revolutionary activity was as pronounced as ever, and when the attempted rising in Lombardy in 1853 failed, and Austria accused the refugees of Turin of being accomplices and demanded severe measures of repression, Crispi was among the first to be arrested.

Here began the second romance of his life, as this daring, and almost reckless, man was influenced to an incalculable extent by three women. The second was a certain Rosalie Montmasson, a very



Crispi's Home in Naples

handsome young washwoman attached to the jail in which he was detained, but who proved to have very great depths of devotion. Before long Crispi was released, but only to be sent into exile, whither Rosalie acompanied him. Their first stopping place or camping ground —as they slept on straw in the open air, and ate nothing but wild salad and bread —was at Malta, which, however, became too hot to hold them, and they decamped to Paris and London, where Rosalie was employed in carrying letters between the conspirators. Crispi did what he could for his companion and married her, but only before a wandering priest, and not by civil process, as he could not afford it—a fatal flaw which was after used against him. Their only mode of livelihood was the few lessons in classical and modern languages which Crispi gave for a pittance, until in 1859 he was chosen to go to Sicily to prepare a new revolution. He went disguised as a South American tourist, touring his native island from one end to the other, holding meetings with conspirators and teaching them how secretly to make bombs. After passing through a period of most extraordinary adventures, he ended by convincing Garibaldi that a daring expedition of resolute men in Sicily would drive the Bourbons out. At the same time he obtained the concession that the Piedmontese Government would shut their eyes to what the Garibaldians did. So in 1860, without support, without money, without power, they succeeded in gathering together, near Genoa, 1,000 volunteers. At the head of this band, besides Garibaldi and Crispi, were such men as Giorgio Manin, Türr, Cairoli, Orsini, Nino Bixio, Sertori, La Masa, Rosolino Pilo, etc. However, at the last moment, Garibaldi, who fully understood the extreme importance of the enterprise which he was undertaking, hesitated, the reports which came to him from Sicily being unfavorable. Crispi jumped into the breach, and took so tremendous a responsibility upon himself that he used to turn pale in speaking of it afterward. He showed Garibaldi a telegram which announced that the revolution had broken out with success, and that Palermo, in arms, awaited her deliverer. Garibaldi, on fire, left with his "thousand," while Crispi remained to consider what the consequences in case of failure would be of his *forged* telegram. From that moment, next to Garibaldi, he was the soul and mind of that epic enterprise, which in five months conquered the whole Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, passing from victory to victory. In the battle of Calatafimi, one of the most fierce and desperate of that time, Crispi, having no military degree, was made Colonel on the battlefield by Garibaldi, who afterward assumed the Dictatorship of the island, making Crispi Secretary of State, with the direction of Home Affairs and Finances. On November 11th, 1860, Victor Emanuel made his triumphal entrance into Naples, and, having been acknowledged as King of 10,000,000 more Italians, Garibaldi and Crispi left as poor as they arrived. The latter was at once made member of the new Italian Parliament, and at the beginning depended upon the generosity of his friends for his means of living. He sat on the extreme left next to Garibaldi, but when asked to what party he belonged, coolly replied: "To none. I make my own party." Those present laughed, remarking the absense of followers, so that Crispi disdainfully added: "I call myself To-morrow!" and was justified, as he soon became the leader of the whole opposition.

All this time, while Crispi had been advancing, poor Rosalie had, on the contrary, been deteriorating. Once out of the atmosphere of conspiracy, fighting and privation, she could not keep pace with her husband, and gradually fell into the habit of taking stimulants and treating him to furious scenes of jealousy, which, of course, inevitably led to their separation.

Some years later Crispi fell in love with a young Sicilian widow, Lina Barbagallo, whom he eventually married, but only in the church. As this is not valid in Italy, his motive seems to have been not to raise the jealousy of Rosalie. However, when in 1877 he became for the first time Minister of the Crown, he thought that, what might be overlooked in a private citizen, was unseemly in a great public official, who should be the first to observe the law; so he privately legalized his relations with Donna Lina.

He was most successful at the head

of affairs on the deaths of Victor Emanuel and Pius IX, when an unexpected storm broke about his head, through the publication, in a hostile paper, of an accusation of bigamy. The impression produced all over Italy was so great that he resigned one week after; and a trial was instituted against him which went entirely in his favor, but delayed his return to power for ten years.

Crispi, who started his career as a Republican, became a Monarchist when he said in Parliament, in 1864, that "Monarchy would unite Italy, while a Republic would divide her." But even as a Monarchist he began with the most liberal opinions, which he gradually changed so far as to be, in the last period of his power, a true representative of the most intransigeant Conservative principles, thus centering against himself the bitterest hate of his ancient supporters. They were headed by Cavallotti, leader of the Radicals, who conducted the most ferocious campaign against him, leaving nothing untouched, either in his private or public life.

In March, 1896, when for the second time Premier, he was politically killed by the immense defeat of Adowa; in March, 1898, he was morally killed by the verdict of the Parliamentary Committee, which, examining his responsibilities as member of the Government, altho not sending him before the Senate to be judged, passed on him "political censure."

After that, without influence, without followers, he continued to sit in the House, but it was painful to all, friends and foes alike, to see this as the end of what may be called Italy's greatest statesman of recent times.

ROME, ITALY.

Some Slaves of Civilization

By the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon

AUTHOR OF "IN HIS STEPS," ETC.

THE following letter may serve as a text for this article.

"I am a train dispatcher on the ——— R. R., and am required to be at the office 365 days in the year, for the ——— R. R., like all the railways in America, is run with a single eye to the almighty dollar. Our company runs its trains on Sunday because there is money in it, and because if it does not keep traffic moving seven days a week its competitors would do so and thus get the business we want. Then when we talk against this Sunday traffic we are told that you cannot stop trains on a line as long as this, for it is three thousand miles from M——— to V———, etc.

"This town is composed of nothing but railway men. If the railroad stopped there is not a man who would stay here twenty-four hours, and it is one of the most Godless spots for its size on earth. When we go to a man and ask him to give himself to God he will probably say, 'How can I do that and retain my present position?'

"Most men feel that they cannot reconcile being a Christian with Sunday work, and these men, holding positions where they can make from $75 to $175 per month, with families dependent upon them, do not see their way clear to get out of the business. Now, there is a great difficulty ahead of the evangelization of the railway men of America. I believe they are pretty much the same all over. They are good hearted fellows, but what can you do with a man who has no Sunday?

"My own conviction is that there should not a wheel turn on Sunday. I have thought the matter all out, and do not see the slightest reason why transcontinental trains could not tie up for twenty-four hours at some place previously arranged, the same as they do now at some place not previously arranged when they get snowed in for a day or two. I tell you, Mr. Sheldon, it is all a matter of dollars and cents. That is all there is in it. I wish you would tell me what you think should or can be done. I am a young man, and if the balance of my life can be used by God to make this matter right I should be happy."

This is only one of very many communications I have received within the past year on the subject of Sunday work, and especially Sunday railroad work. In searching for accurate figures relating to the subject, I have been painfully impressed with the fact that a good deal of our comfortable civilization is made comfortable for some of us by the practical slavery of a good many other people. Let these figures which follow stand as duplicate for practically the same statement which might be made of scores of

other business energies besides railroads.

The great railroad for which this young man, the train dispatcher, has been working, owns or operates about 6,900 miles of track, and employs in round numbers 27,000 men, of whom fully 90 per cent. are actually engaged in duties requiring their attention on Sunday. Figuring the number of employees at 390 for one hundred miles, which is 60 per hundred miles less than what the railroad statistician allows, and of this number (390), composed of office men, station agents, telegraph operators, engine men, train men, machinists, track men, watchmen, and other laborers, there are exceedingly few who are not compelled to work on Sunday. Careful investigation discloses the fact that 95 per cent. of all these men would rather have a day of rest even at financial loss, and some of them, of course, are not paid for the work they do on Sunday—that is, the telegraphers, who are paid by the month, and ought not to receive any less if trains do not run on Sunday.

If it is true, as it seems to be by the testimony of experienced railroad men, that there is actually no real necessity for Sunday traffic, then it is at once sadly true that one powerful factor in our civilized life is at present standing for barbarism. It is compelling a host of intelligent, alert, useful men, like the one who wrote this letter, to be practically slaves in order that other men may make money for themselves and their stockholders. For example, I quote again in substance from the train dispatcher's letter further on:

"This is a fair sample of the human program of thousands of railroad men: The men who run out of C——— may go 131 miles west or 137 miles east of here. When they get to the end of their run, the engine men go to what is known as a 'bunk house,' where they may sleep until wanted for the return trip. The trainmen go to sleep in their caboose. It is more than likely they will be turned back before morning, and they turn out of their bunks and go out into the weather, good or bad, without more than a bite of anything they may have provided for the emergency. Then when they get back to C———, if they be married men, they go to their homes and their wives get the lunch pail ready for the road again, while the men go to bed for another nap. If they get back to C——— on Saturday night they expect to be called before morning, and if they find themselves here on Sunday morning they are sure they will be called before noon, so that they do not get ready for church, or if they do dress to go to the house of the Lord it is not unlikely they will be called out of church, and many men never try to go to church for this very reason. This thing goes on from January to December. They become less and less interested in religious things."

I have no space in this article to give more than a glimpse at the real facts in the case, but an entire volume of correspondence such as I might easily produce would simply tell the same story of humanity being ground out for so much a month to make dividends; and it is not at all an unfair question to ask every one

REV. CHARLES M. SHELDON

who holds stock in railroad property, "How far are you responsible for your share in this perpetuation of human slavery? Are you making any protest of any sort? Are you using any influence of any kind to change inhuman conditions?" It is true there are plenty of men who are apparently willing to be such slaves, but is it true that civilization has any right to accept such servitude?

A few years ago I made a personal census of a city of 35,000 people, in order to find out as exactly as it could be done how much unnecessary Sunday labor was being required by the citizens, and I found that 1,500 people were at work more or less all day Sunday. A certain amount of Sunday labor was, of course, accounted necessary. The city

fire department, water department, street lighting, police force, hotel service, medical service, and anything that could be fairly counted under the head of necessity for comfort or safety was considered, but after a fair allowance was made for absolutely necessary Sunday labor, I found that 300 people could easily have performed all the labor required for the good of the community. In other words, 1,200 people were unnecessarily deprived of their rest and worship by the selfish habits of the rest of the population. Men delivered ice on Sunday morning to good church members who could just as well have ordered twice the quantity the night before; meat markets kept open to accommodate lazy Christians; three or four men were on duty at the Post Office an hour before church service and an hour after for the benefit of selfish business men who hastened from the church to the office to satisfy their selfish curiosity concerning their mail; undertakers were kept on duty all day owing to a selfish demand on the part of labor organizations, which planned for Sunday funerals because it gave them better opportunities to display their insurance orders; drug store clerks were kept on duty twelve hours under plea of supplying the public with necessary medicine, but in reality to sell soda water and cigars; and to the shame of the Christian public it must be said that practically the entire 1,200 Sunday workers were forced to keep at work by the selfish custom of a Christian community that did not need their services, or which by the exercise of a very small quantity of common sense or previous preparation could have dispensed with their so-called service on the Lord's Day.

It is not saying too much to say that a large part of our boasted civilization as at present organized cruelly disregards the rights of brother men to a day of rest. If the complex conditions of city life, for example, demand that I be carried to my church or mission on the street car or steam train, and if my church or mission could not exist unless my people and myself were thus carried, then there are two ways in which I should accept what seems to be inevitable. Let us accept the facts as indisputable—namely, that churches and Christian missions in our cities under present conditions cannot exist unless the people who compose them are carried to their work by the cars on Sunday. I do not think myself that this is absolutely necessary, but for the sake of illustration we will suppose it is. But if I accept the service of my brother on the car or the train to take me to my Christian work, then I am under a solemn obligation to say to him: "I will do everything in my power, my brother, to give you a Sunday, for I have no right to ask you to serve me to this extent unless in return I serve you, for you have just as much right to a day of rest and worship as I have. To be indifferent to your condition, to care nothing about your welfare simply because you are a part of the machine that runs the civilized comfort of my life, this is to put myself, together with you, back into the darkness of human slavery."

May I make an earnest plea with every Christian in the United States to consider this whole question of Sunday labor and its relation to the whole question of human rights. We have no right to be comfortable ourselves at the expense of any one else. The presidents, the superintendents, the directors, and the shareholders in great railroad and other corporations have no right to a moment's peace so long as they allow present conditions to exist without some intelligent protest. Simply to glory in the magnificent achievements, mechanical and commercial, of railroads and manufactories and other outward marks of civilization is to glory in the brutalities of physical might, if that is the end of it. The man behind the machine, or rather the man caught in the machine, what of him? He is brother man with us. Let us be uncomfortable before we are comfortable—that is, let us not enjoy our beautiful ocean steamers and our beautiful transcontinental trains and our beautiful summer excursions unless we are with heart and voice and pen doing something to release the army of Sunday slaves from their unnecessary toil.

That train dispatcher who has been working for that great corporation that controls 6,900 miles of road writes me again that he is going to resign his position. He cannot be a Christian and work every day in the year. No man

can. You cannot be one, Mr. President of the railroad from which this man resigns. You could not be one, Mr. Superintendent of the division. You could not be a Christian and work every day in the year, Mr. Stockholder. And it rests with the president and the superintendents and the directors and the shareholders of our great railroad systems to say to all young men like this train dispatcher when they hand in their resignations, and give as a reason that they cannot be Christians and work all the time, "We will not accept your resignation, but we will manage the affairs of this road in such a way that every man who works on it shall have a day of rest and worship." God have mercy on the Republic if its civilization is going to be loaded down with the great sin of human injustice! Civilization costs enough at the best, but it ought not to be guilty of the life blood of its brothers. So long as civilization has such slaves as these it will bear the brand of Cain upon its darkened forehead.

TOPEKA, KANSAS.

The Amusements of Girls*

By Heloise Edwina Hersey

MY DEAR HELEN: Tell me what a girl does when she does what she likes to do, and I will tell you what manner of girl she is. The question of the amusements most popular in the life of a people or in that of an individual is not a trivial but a significant one. We take this for granted when we are discussing the Roman gladiatorial contests, the Spanish bull-fights, the English bear-baitings, the Olympian games, the Miracle Plays, or the Maypole dances. But, when we come to consider the amusements of our own time,—the vaudeville, the yacht race, the football game, or the playing of whist,—we seem to think them of no importance in showing the trend of our civilization. A people's amusements, however, are still a short and sure path to the judgment of their actual development. It will not be a waste of time if I try to write out for you the situation in regard to our pleasures in this twentieth century.

At present there are the most surprising extremes in the theories of people as to how, when and where to amuse themselves. Greater and greater sums of money are spent each year in the effort for pleasure. The voice of protest against the pursuit of pleasure as an occupation has been almost silenced; and yet, on the whole, perhaps there was never a time when less satisfaction was had out of the devices for diversion. It seems a little academic, but we really may be helped to understand the situation by remembering the history of recreation in the last three centuries. The Puritan idea of amusements was the reaction of sober people against the levity of the Stuarts. It went far. John Bunyan speaks in the same tone of bell-ringing, tipcat and profane swearing as his three chief sins. There was little or no calm judgment of pleasure-seekers in England in his time. The gentlemen were wicked, flippant and worldly. They enjoyed hunting, dancing, card playing and play-acting; therefore, these amusements were bad. The Puritan was charged with abolishing bear-baiting,—not because he cared for the suffering of the bear, but because he objected to the pleasure of the spectators. Now, when the Puritans came to America, these convictions were reinforced by the stern necessities of the life of pioneers; and presently the charge that amusement was a waste of time was laid upon the already overburdened New England conscience. There was a special attack upon the fine arts, the theater, painting and sculpture; and all were laid under the ban.

It is difficult for us to picture the actual absence of recreation which existed even, for example, in the Salem in which Hawthorne was bred. Almost the only gatherings where people might greet each other, and where the ordinary so-

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cial amenities might take place, were to be found in the Sunday worship and in the weekly prayer-meeting. The theater, the ball, any athletic sports, were out of the question. The church sociable had not yet developed. The small tea-party was the only form of entertainment really in vogue among the religious. "Work was the sober law they knew well to obey." As lately as fifty years ago there were thousands of families in New England who might be called people of cultivation, and who forbade to their children the reading of any work of fiction. The recovery from this stern code has come but lately and come, no doubt, partly from the liberalizing of the Calvinistic view of life, as a vale of tears. Once started, the reaction came with a rush. All sorts of influences served to help it on. The increase of interest in the physical life of men and women invented many new amusements, and the rapid accumulation of fortunes increased the number of people who could give time to pleasure. The ban against the theater was removed. The number of new amusements of the last twenty years is enormous. In my girlhood the mild and innocuous but delightful croquet was almost the only outdoor sport in which both men and women engaged. Now we have tennis, golf, polo, hunting, coaching, yachting, the bicycle and the automobile. Amusements, so called, are legion; and the class of people that devotes its life to them is rapidly increasing. It lives to play; and it is apparently regardless of the fact, patent enough to a thoughtful observer, that it is really playing at life.

I think I see two different influences which have gone to the determining of our recreations. Each of them has been potent in determining our way of life. Into many of our amusements the element of competition has been thrust. It has grown to enormous proportions. It is the life of much of our modern play. We no longer divert ourselves in order to have a good time, but in order to win in a contest. Examples can be cited almost without number. Witness the development of the game of whist within the past ten years. From having been a well-loved recreation to which might be given an evening a week, or at the most two evenings a week, by rational people, it has come to be the occupation literally of thousands of women and of hundreds of men. Its code of rules has been increased tenfold. Its concentrated strain is now even greater than that of chess. People flock to its great congresses and tournaments, and play night and day during the brief week of these sessions. To the mere spectator it seems amusement run mad. Again, it would appear that the pleasure of eating might be fairly free from the element of competition; but to-day there are hundreds of women's luncheon clubs scattered over the country where every guest is provided with a chafing-dish in which she may try to surpass her neighbor in the concoction of a toothsome viand. Variation of this custom is to be found in the luncheon club's meeting at the houses of the members, where each luncheon is set in sharp competition with its direct predecessor or successor. Once more, all sorts of athletics have become competitive to the last degree. It has been interesting to watch the development of our national game of baseball, especially when compared with the English game of cricket. Cricket is a slow game. More than half the balls bowled have no result upon the score. A constant change of position on the field gives chance for a breathing-spell to both players and spectators. Baseball, on the other hand, has developed into a game where the nervous tension of player and spectator never relaxes for an instant. Not a ball is pitched that does not count in the score. Every year produces a new set of rules, and always they tend to increase the difficulty and strenuousness of the game. From time immemorial the club has been supposed to be the place of amusement, of leisure, even of self-indulgence; but into the world of clubs have come the women's clubs, and, with the exceptions which one might count on one's fingers, these devote themselves, not to the increase of comfort or relaxation for their members, but to the increase of knowledge, of activity and of eagerness. From the time of King David until the middle of the nineteenth century the dance has been a spontaneous expression of high spirits. It has been untrammeled by any laws save those of grace and freedom. To-day the most popular form of the dance is the cotil-

lion, and into this has come as keen a competition as can exist, veiled by the conventionality of society. The avidity with which our young women desire to bear home their arms full of favors might well be called greediness. The increase in the cost of the favors at balls given by the very rich has multiplied this desire; and to-day the german has no more unalloyed spontaneity than the baseball game. The most that we ask of a girl in relation to it is that she shall play the game of life, and that, if she loses, she shall keep a smiling face. Finally, into this stressful world, where we are making such desperate efforts for diversion, at last has been imported the professional entertainer. The dinner party and the reception are incomplete without the presence of such a helper. An actress to recite, a professional musician to sing or play, a skillful dancer, —each commands large prices,—is taken as a matter of course at great entertainments. To sum up the whole situation, the most nervous folk in the world, living in the most strenuous age of the world, and needing most that natural relief from effort which cheers and recreates, have contrived that their amusements shall be competitive to a degree unknown in any previous civilization, and are rapidly losing the power of enjoying themselves in any hearty and spontaneous fashion. We pursue Pleasure more eagerly than ever, but we seldom come up with her. We are like William Watson's description of Byron:

"Too avid of earth's bliss, he was of those
Whom Delight flies because they give her chase.
Only the odor of her wild hair blows
Back in their faces hungering for her face."

Now it would be strange if there had been no rebellion against this state of things. A certain class of entertainments was sure to fall into the hands of reactionists, and to become more and more flippant, absurd and empty. The theater seems to have been the special ground of this revolution. The vaudeville performance is the clearest evidence of this tendency. Thousands of people go to the theaters where these entertainments are given, and sit for hours witnessing a series of "turns," where each is more stupid and silly than the last. Next in vacuity to the vaudeville performance stands the modern farce-comedy. This, again, commands large audiences. It, at least, is not strenuous. If it puts nothing of value into the mind, at least it does not call upon the weary man or woman to engage in a battle, as does whist or dancing. It would be amusing, if it were not pathetic, to see the number of cultivated people looking on at a performance that is beneath contempt, laughing at time-worn jokes, delighting in horse-play, and apparently believing themselves well amused by an entertainment which twenty-five years ago would have been thought too foolish even for children. By a seeming contradiction, which is but seeming, our amusements have grown physically and intellectually strenuous on the one side and vacuous and stupid on the other. In spite of the plethora of "amusements," no people ever reaped from so large an effort so slender a harvest. If one wants evidence of this, let one watch the expression on the faces, even of the young, when they are dancing, are at the theter, when they are riding bicycles or steering automobiles. If the face tells anything, it tells a tale of *ennui* and of indifference. The laugh has disappeared; the giggle and the smile remain, but fill poorly its place. Lowell puts the thing admirably:

"Pleasure doos make us Yankees kind o' winch,
Ez tho 'twas sumthin' paid for by the inch;
But yet we do contrive to worry thru,
Ef Dooty tells us that the thing's to du;
An' kerry a hollerday, ef we set out
Ez stiddily ez tho 'twas a redoubt."

The enormous increase of nervous diseases testifies to the want of recreation. It is high time that we looked about for remedies for an evil that is becoming a national one. Many of them will lie in the hands of young women.

My first remedy, then, is that of calling back Simplicity. She and her sweet sister Spontaneity have deserted modern society, and they must be coaxed back. This is a task for the subtle arts of women; but how difficult it is nobody knows who has not tried it. I say to myself, "I am too self-conscious." Does that help me to become less so? Surely not. Still, a wholesome life, not too full of either work or play, a clear ideal, and a healthy body should somehow bring back simple and spontaneous forms of recreation. The amusement shall not

be arranged three weeks in advance nor even three hours in advance. It shall surprise us, and shall add the joy of the unexpected to its other pleasures. This must, of course, imply that it shall not be complicated, and shall not need the help of the professional. I suppose all amusement must finally fall back upon that fundamental pleasure which we take in the society of congenial fellow-beings. Competition has brought about a decay of social skill, shown in the failing of the art of conversation. Good talk is the queen of amusements. The intrusion of a professional elocutionist into a company of good talkers is little short of an insult. The ability to converse well is at the call of any young woman who will read widely, think a little on her own account, feel deeply, and learn a wholesome reverence for the language used by Shakespeare, Shelley, Lamb, Wordsworth and Emerson. With three or four such young women in a company, a drawing-room may easily be a temple fit for the highest intellectual pleasure ever discovered. With the professional entertainer such a room can only be a poorly arranged theater. Some of the most delightful evenings I have ever passed were spent in front of a big open fire, with a half-dozen congenial spirits; and we did nothing but talk. The person who should have suggested a game, even one of whist, would have been laughed out of court. The conversation was as much more stimulating and delightful than any game could be as a real, living man is more interesting than a manikin. One of our first remedies, then, for our failing power to amuse ourselves is the calling back of the art of conversation. If you complain that life with no more exciting amusement than conversation will have a tendency to dullness, I answer that this is only one of a score of pleasures, altho it penetrates and irradiates them all.

Perhaps my next remedy shall be a revival of a calm, true love of nature. Our athletic advances have thrust themselves between us and nature's greatest charm. No thought of breaking records or of winning matches must intrude upon the silence of the nature-lover. Crawford's Notch should not remain in the mind as "the place where I took that ugly header." A man may really believe that he is learning to love the country when he is carried through it by the electric car or by the bicycle; but of such a one I fear Wordsworth's scathing lines will remain true:

> "A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

I watched the other day a middle-aged man and woman sitting on a beach upon which were rolling up great breakers, bearing the spent force of a storm far out at sea. They were not young lovers, but old friends. They talked or were silent, but their eyes seldom strayed from the beauty of color and motion before them. They sat almost without moving for two long hours; and, when they finally rose, I chanced to overhear their expressions of regret that the time had been so short. I thought of the young woman who would have put into those two hours three afternoon teas and a whist lesson, and she compared but ill with these simple folk, on whom, I daresay, she would have looked with patronizing condescension. Wordsworth probably will continue the high priest of the lover of nature, but there ought soon to come to his aid some acolytes who will understand and put into words the modern passion for the union of the moods of nature with the moods of man. The earlier Hardy did this constantly in prose. Edmund Sill began to do it in poetry. Miss Guiney sees some phases of it. But the poets who shall completely fill this modern need are yet to come.

So much for my belief that at least two of the old pleasures of society shall have revival. There must be many others, but they may not be prescribed to you by anybody in authority. If new amusements are to come, they must come in the natural course of events. But I doubt if it is so much new amusements that we want, or even a return to old amusements, as a new spirit which shall penetrate and take possession of all this region of our life. Competition may be the life of trade, but it is the death of recreation. Men and women alike, we are daily contestants in the arena. The precise task of recreation is to call us away from this contest. It should give us ease, delight, a free heart and a light foot. The desire to excel others has no place in the hours we give to amuse-

ment. The great attempt to be first in applied science may give us the messenger of the gods to attend our door and run our errands; but it cannot give us one hearty laugh or the one health-giving moment of happiness which the laugh would bring. We must find a more excellent way than the road of emulation. Who knows but it may be an old, old way? What if there should come a time when a girl's measure of the fun she had at a german should not be found in the favors she had won, but in the favors she had done! What if a game of football should be played in an Elysian field where a manly self-control and a love of the game were the main issues and victory the minor one! What if a dinner might be enjoyed, even if it had no guest capable of reciting anything when the coffee was brought in! What if the giver of a girls' luncheon should take no account of the number of courses at the last luncheon! What if the theater should cease to advertise plays produced regardless of cost, and should give weary people a taste of the true recreation of heart and mind alike! This will be nothing more than the coming to pass of the prophecy: "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom."

BOSTON, MASS.

"King of Bohemia"

By Irenæus Prime-Stevenson

SUCH days as those that we have just gone through in Prag, and for that matter such a time of new impulses in the old realm of Bohemia in general, the present generation of Bohemians surely have never seen. Older or younger, it has scarcely ever dreamed of seeinch such. The Emperor in Prag—residing for half a week, with the Vienna Court, in the magnificent old Hradschin, put into sumptuous order for the royal visit—the Emperor in the majestic Karlstein Castle—the Emperor entertaining, and entertained by, the proudest and oldest feudal aristocracy of Prag, many of whom have hitherto been conservative as to such honors almost to the point of discourtesy—the Thuns, the Waldsteins, Coudenhores, Czernins, Trautmannsdorf, Kinskys, the Lobkowitz, the Schwarzenbergs—the Emperor making speeches in Czechisch, and the most embittered Czech making speeches to him in German—the Emperor opening the new public bridge named for him that crosses the Moldau, and prophesying in set terms its symbolism as well as praising its utility, and all Prag and German Bohemia in a delirium of enthusiasm and fireworks. Surely this is a strangely fair contrast to the scenes in Vienna and the capital of Bohemia within recent years. And everybody (or every other body) talking of the "real," permanent suspension of the bitter fight that has so long been waged, even to the casting of inkstands and rulers at one's Austrian adversaries, in lieu of javelins and daggers; and over and over again one overheard the words, "When the coronation of the King comes off"—"the King of Bohemia," "When the Court is in residence here next time." Old Tycho Brahe, the great astronomer, whose bones have just been verified in his grave in the Teynkirch, never read such a wonder in his star-gazings; and as for somebody else's bones,—those of King Ottokar of Bohemia—well, it is a marvel if they have rested quietly through such Hapsburg proceedings and triumphs.

It will not be worth while to describe, especially as ocean-posts are at their best slow transmitters of such special correspondence, half of the aspects of this hurried *fête,* the splendor and dignity and beauty with which Prag has been clothed for so extraordinary an event and political episode. Literally the old city put on its beautiful garments as not for fifty years, perhaps for a hundred. Draperies, banners, flags and garlands were the clothes, and by night the blaze of electricity running riot across every historic or trivial *façade* was as jewels. Moreover, old and rich national cos-

tumes were brought out, furbished up and worn, day by day, by princes and peasants. All the world of Bohemia came trooping to Prag in "Acht und Tracht" fashion. Every now and then you saw, in a suburb especially, groups of men and women that made you rub your eyes and ask yourself if you were not at a big gratis performance of Smetana's "Dalibor" or "Prodanoi Nevesta." The Bohemians are not, as are the Austrians and Hungarians, a hand-

THE EMPEROR FRANZ-JOSEF I OF AUSTRO-HUNGARY

From a very recent photograph

some race—to my mind. They lack beauty of feature and elegance of figure. They have not the exotic and Oriental richness of physique whereof the Magyar is so justly vain (is there anything quite so overcome with a sense of his own charms as a Hungarian Life-Guardsman?). The Hussites and Protestantism and oppression have influenced the dress of the aristocracy, perceptibly to its sobriety. Still, only in Hungary will you see certain color-effects most seductively, if accidentally, occurring. Perhaps the hight of this sort of sartorial kaleidoscope came by day, when the Franz-Josefs Bridge was opened; or by night, at the gala opera performance, when part of Dvorak's new opera, "Russalka," was sung in the National Theater—an amazing spectacle as to jewels and stuffs that outdid the stage show. In the supplement to this Imperial trip to Prag, the visit of the Emperor to Leitmeritz and Aussig and Theresianstadt, there was really not much less of national costuming and of Bohemian suggestiveness in many decades—altho those localities are German-Bohemian so largely in population and thoroughgoing party spirit, as the politicians of the Empire know to their wo. The opportunity to air goodly vestments rather than grievances was simply one out of a thousand. "For," says Dickens, when telling us of the supposed hostilities between Mrs. Gamp and Betsey Prig, at the tea table in Kingsgate street, "for a quarrel can be taken up at any time, but a limited quantity of pickled salmon cannot be." This was Prag's day for pickled salmon—or, if I may make so lame a pun, pickled "Slava! Slava!" One heard that exclamation of greeting and joy hour by hour.

Will a blessed pickled salmon "Ausgleich" have been really begun by this incident? And will it last—an era of pickled salmon, peace, mutual concessions, national brotherhood between Austria and her wonderful old tormentor-in-chief? Or will the quarrel be taken up and over in Vienna the inkbottles and paper-weights soon again go flying about the Parliament-house in stormy sessions and fierce personal indignation—like Mrs. Gamp's pippins that fell in a wooden rain on the heads of the combatants? Is this visit of the uncrowned but titular King of Bohemia to precede not only other visits of the Emperor and his immediate family (for Prag has formally requested that an Archduke be "stationed in residence" in the capital!), but the actual miracle of miracles, a coronation in Prag, and a "King of Bohemia" in very truth?—a Bohemian Government, for itself?—exactly as Hungary possesses her crowned sovereign and autonomy, and has so smiled disdainfully at the folly of an excessive and undiplomatic Moldavian patriotism that has made her rival so unfortunate.

It would be easy to answer these questions in Austro-Hungarian politics too enthusiastically in the affirmative, on the one hand. Many persons lately, carried away by the spirit of the hour in Prag, have so answered them. On the other hand, the kind of sneering skeptical reply that certain bitterly partisan temperaments are making in a grumbling *sotto voce* is equally unwise and thick-sighted. The highway to the coronation of the King of Bohemia, of course, is not yet by any means made straight. Nobody need begin to cut roses to strew in the path of Franz-Josef to the Cathedral or the Teyn-Church in Bohemia's capital, and the King of England will be crowned before the Hradschin is decorated for the anointed ruler of the Moldau-land. But I have yet to meet any person—and I have talked with many, intelligent and cautious in the topic—who denies that there is every indication that the long lane of embitterment between Austria and Bohemia has really a turning, that calms, like storms, occur when no weather prophet sees their advent. There is much reason to believe the change has really come, the hour of peace—the peace that is a preface to a definite accepted monarchical unity. As for reasons—the truce absolutely necessary. The stress was at the degree when yielding or breaking must come. In such hours as those lately told off to Bohemia even the demagog feels that he has reached the stopping place—nay, has been a fool; and the most dull-witted, arrogant aristocrat, suddenly out of nerves and breath, can be made to realize that he is as an ass; that, like Hamlet's famous ape, he will in a moment or so "break his own neck down" by a valor that is suicidal. Whether the famous remarks last year by the Emperor, intimating that he would suspend the constitution—an act involving such serious complications for the Empire that it seems scarcely a practicable thought—has worked such a honey-spell or not, is a doubtful suggestion. Certainly the Parliament opened in a fashion not suggesting much respect for such an idea. But equally certainly the Parliament is as peaceful now as a pan of new milk; the Emperor has visited Prag and German Bohemia, and he will go there again soon; and, what is more, into Czech Bohemia. The Czechs, Old or Young, appear to have taken a leaf out of the political book of Hungary, and to have realized that good children are to be rewarded surely, and bad ones kept in a corner—and much good may it do them so to feel. The other afternoon, in a Prater farce here in Vienna, an actor asked, in course of his part, "Not a Chinese? What are you then? Oh, a German Bohemian—a German Bohemian? Really, are there any nowadays?" with an effect on the audience that was immediate.

One accent alone of great importance, especially failed, in the general greetings and joy of all in Prag—the Catholic clerical voice. Glacial, formal, behaving with perfect dignity and unresponsiveness, were such churchmen as the new Prince-Cardinal Skrbensky and his associates, day by day, festa by festa. Parsons and rabbis were open-hearted and outspoken. But tho the cassock and beretta were in all, not once did they show a sign of really being sympathetic to anything that was in progress. The Emperor's speeches (in perfect tact and taste, like all Franz-Josef's utterances in public) were often of a sort to invite a response or to meet some sort of recognition from the religious rulers of Prag; he sent orders and gifts in discreet and generous measure to such recipients as deserved that sort of formal attention on the occasion. But there was an ominous Catholic silence, and not one really important token of the good will of Catholic Bohemia, Catholic Prag, to the King of Bohemia was made manifest through all the program for the royal stay. Evidently Cardinal Skrbensky, so new to his title (I saw him receive it with a fine proud humility in Rome a few months ago, in every gesture and look the diplomatic and elegant priest of the aristocratic political world), does not purpose to commit himself to any new things, nor to help Austro-Bohemian brethren to dwell together in unity by his benedictions. In fact, he and other of Prag's hierarchy have walked about as if they did not think such fraternity particularly "good and pleasant." Whether they will hinder it or help it we must wait awhile to decide.

"King of Bohemia" is hardly a sweet phrase for Hungarian ears. Nor is it

loved elsewhere in the Empire. But sometimes one thinks that Hungarians and Galicians and Bohemians do not look often enough at what is inscribed on the current coinage of the great and complex dual-monarchy—really a triple, a quadruple or a sextuple monarchy, so curiously devolving on the mere Duke of Austria. But one step for one means other steps for all. If we have a King of Hungary, and if there is to be soon a crowned King of Bohemia, with whatever is to come with that concession, why, just so must there anon be an oily pacification of wrangling Galicia and a coronation in Lemborg, a crowned King of Galicia, as well as merely that sort of monarch on a crown-piece and in an almanac of politics. They are talking of just that very possibility over in Galicia this week as never before. The example of Prag is catching. However well we will do to wait before buying tickets to an Austro-Hungarian-Bohemian-Galician sort of political Utopia, where everything is to be adjusted to everybody's good pleasure, and all such trifles as taxes, religions, languages, boundaries, titles, successions, and so on, are in lovely equipoise, one may dream deep of the trip. And meantime one can remember that also on the coins of the fairest and most perplexed ruler in Europe is to be read the hopeful, manly personal motto of an Emperor unspeakably dear to the mingled races he rules—"*Viribus Unitis.*"

VIENNA, AUSTRIA.

Negro American Dialects

By Annie Weston Whitney

II

MOST of the distinct plantation dialects are found in South Carolina, whose people have been credited with more characteristic individuality than those of any other State. Certainly they are in many respects the most conservative. There are still in use at every session of the Legislature the heavy gold-headed mace, overtopped by its pointed crown, that was sent over for use by the colonial government, and the sword of state, with the king's monogram on the scabbard. Here, too, as in no other State, the presiding officers of the Legislature still appear in long velvet gowns, the one in various shades of purple, the other in different hues of blue.

Here the courtly gentleman of the old school still addresses a married woman as "Mistress Smith" or "Mistress Jones," as the case may be, and he in turn is copied by the negro.

The word *hair* and kindred words are still pronounced as spelled in the time of Chaucer. The dropping of the "u" in "honor" and its companion words, and the second "l" in such words as "traveler," has never been encouraged, tho the public schools have discontinued their use. Not many years ago a boy was corrected by his teacher for spelling "labor" with a "u." He was told he would be marked for spelling incorrectly.

"If I leave out the 'u,'" he said, "my father will switch me; if I put in it, you mark me. What am I to do?"

It is needless to say that the father was a stickler for the old *régime.*

This same "u" in "honor," "favor," etc., was at one time dropped in England, but restored to use in 1843.

It is surprising to find in this State, settled largely by Huguenots, so little of the French element in either language or customs. The French in Louisiana made a great effort to retain the language and customs of the mother country. Less than ten years ago there was but one magazine published in Louisiana, and that was entirely in French.

In South Carolina, on the contrary, the Huguenots, fleeing from persecution, were glad to adopt the language and customs of those among whom they found refuge. There has always been a large Scotch element in the northern part of the State, or the "Up-Country," as it is called, but this has had less influence on the negro dialect than the English and French elements of the Sea Islands,

where the finest cotton in the world always has been and still is raised, and on the immense rice plantations of the coast.

The formation of these different and distinct dialects can be better understood when something is known of the life on the large plantations. Each was a little settlement of its own, having not only its separate church, but its hospital, for no sick negro was allowed to be cared for in his cabin. This hospital was visited every morning by the wife of the planter.

These negroes, bought at first in large quantities, remained for generations on the same plantation. The South Carolinian often bought, but rarely sold, a slave. The threat of being sent to Georgia, the great slave market of the South, was often sufficient to bring a refractory negro to terms. It was a common thing to free a slave in South Carolina and to provide for his future, but in many instances the negro would refuse his freedom. In Virginia at one time the laws were such that a negro could only be freed at birth, and there are instances of owners taking their slaves North to free them, and of the negro returning of his own free will. The slave looked down on the " free nigger " because he was debarred from free intercourse with the whites.

On the large rice plantations this intercourse started at a very early age, for there was always a large room where the children whose mothers were at work were cared for by women too old to work out; and this room the mistress from the " big house " overlooked and visited daily. These rooms had large open fires, before which sweet potatoes were always roasting, these being given the children *ad libitum.*

On Sunday mornings every child on the plantation was brought before the " Master " for inspection, and those who met the requirements in neatness or cleanliness in dress and appearance were rewarded with a bit of candy, a piece of cake, or something equally desirable.

Beginning at this early age to note every word, movement and gesture of the master and the master's family, it is no wonder that we find in later life the negro with the dignity and courtly manners of a past generation.

It is almost needless to mention the fact that the maids, body-servants, and house servants generally, whose number was legion, considered it one of their privileges to copy the people at the " big house " and be in turn copied by the field hands. It is mentioned to call attention to the effect it had on the dialect of the plantation; for, as Professor William Dwight Whitney says that every family within itself has its own spoken dialect, so these family individualities, being accentuated by the imitative negro, became prominent factors in forming the dialects, or in creating distinctive features on the different plantations.

It will be said that the dialects the negroes brought with them were not all alike. True, but as it is being shown now that the negroes from different parts of Africa were not so different as at one time believed, so the dialects were similar in many respects. There is a tendency with all of them, for instance, to begin words with the double consonants, as *ng, nk, nd,* etc., with a still stronger tendency to end them with vowels, as shown in the quotation already given from the story of Cinderella. This latter tendency is noticeable in many of the Negro-American dialects.

Now, let us look for a moment at the influence these distinctive dialects have had on the speech of the whites brought up among them.

A white child, often one of a family of twelve, fourteen and even sixteen, was necessarily left largely to the care of the old negro " mauma." This " mauma " had been carefully selected and trained and felt it her privilege to oversee and correct the manners and even the speech of her charges. She knew perfectly well what was correct in both. Her own dialect might consist largely of words and expressions once proper for the master, but now given up by him; she would recognize the difference, and any signs of falling into the dialect form of speech would be met with:

" Dat no way fer white chile talk."

The plantation jingles, songs and melodies, with their quaint dialects, made so slight an impression on the white child that his memory has retained but scant and hazy traces of them. This, of course, does not include the minstrel songs, they bearing but slight resemblance to the genuine negro ones. Great attention was paid to the education of these children;

tutors were carefully selected, and the libraries on the plantations were exceptionally fine, classic writers being largely represented. Yale was the favorite college in this country, and there the Southerner was thrown largely with companions from his own section of the country.

On this conservative State more national honors have been heaped than on any of the original States except, perhaps, Virginia. And where do we find more finished speeches, more forcible language or a more beautiful use of words than among our Southern orators before the war?

Nor was this education confined to the men. A Southern woman prided herself on her familiarity with the classics. She was brought up on them and studied Shakespeare almost as carefully as her Bible.

The literary language of the cultured Southerner is as pure and beautiful as that of the cultured man in any other part of the country. If he chooses conservatism in speech, where others are more radical, who shall criticise?

Samuel Pegge, Esq., writing in 1844, of the dialects of England, claims that they are survivals, and in his reproof to the Londoner for the way in which he looks on them, says:

"Most people admire family plate, but family language must be melted down and modernized."

Until we have a settled standard in this country, there will be differences of speech even among cultured people. Language undergoes no physical change; it only changes at the will of man. Professor Whitney again claims that we, in our conservatisms, are as much in the right as England in her changes; that we have too long accepted the inferior position and that through our literature we have won the right to share in forming a definite standard.

Purists, such as Richard Grant White, who claim that "everything purely American in language is bad," are liable to subject themselves to ridicule by following the English standard too closely; words in general use in the two countries having totally different meanings. An American would hardly say that he "was all knocked up," and he was going to take a "second-class carriage" with as little "luggage" as possible.

Of dialect in literature, it is hardly necessary to say more than that without it certain phases of life could not be depicted. A typical story of Southern life could not be given with the negro left out; and he could not be portrayed without his form of expressing his thoughts and ideas. They are not only an important but an interesting part of him. This is forcibly proved by an attempt to read a dialect story with the dialect left out. One would hardly attempt a second one.

In writing dialect, it is as important to be thoroughly familiar with the particular kind to be represented as it is to be well informed before writing a scientific article.

"Some critics hold that it is more difficult to write a perfect dialect story than one in classic English. The art is higher, being more complex."

And yet some of our best writers make attempts at it that seriously injure what might otherwise be good work. As notable examples of this, we have Howell's Virginia dialect in "A Hazard of New Fortunes," and Brander Matthews's Baltimore dialect in "The Royal Marine." It is surprising that Brander Matthews, a Southerner, should have attempted a dialect he quickly shows he knows very little of.

It is perhaps clever to call the Baltimore girls the "terrapin girls," but he fails to give his heroine the speech of the "terrapin girls." Her pronunciation of the word "Baltimaw" would be more nearly correct if the "w" were left off.

When she says:

"I don't like her right much;" "She's very clever, if she is o'nery," and when she talks about "old friends in the So'th," and says "on the po'ch" she is using a speech totally distinct from anything in use among the "terrapin girls."

When she says, "My aunt allows it's goin' to rain," she uses what belongs to the New England dialects, and what, when found in use among the Southern whites, is found only in the dialects of the "po' buckra."

Our present system of education is the greatest enemy of dialect. Let us then cherish what we have in literature, for it will soon be too late to collect more; and it is among those who use it that we find the real pathos of life, and often its great beauties, before conventionalities

have come and covered them with a cloak. Without this literature, what would the world know of the quiet New England life, of the Hoosier, the Creole, the sturdy Mountaineer, or of plantation life? Would we give up Uncle Remus and his animal tales?

It is to be regretted that many valuable folk-tales are sinking into oblivion because of the difficulty of understanding those from whom they could be obtained. An attempt is now being made to study these dialects, through which many valuable contributions are yet to be given to the folk-lorist, throwing rays of light on the history of past ages, and in many cases helping to prove the wonderful theory of the unity of man.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Some of Our Friends in the Country

By E. P. Powell

THE countryman may, if he will, establish relations with the animal world which bear not only upon his economical, but also upon his intellectual and moral condition. I am reminded of this by the appearance of robins, all winter, on a great mountain ash tree that overhangs my house. By planting that tree I incidentally set a table for myriads of birds. It has served as an invitation to them not only in summer but in winter when it does the soul good to hear the robin chirp.

I have been trying to create relations of a cordial sort with that beautiful little rodent, the chipmuck. These little fellows are quite inclined to meet our friendship half way. They never can be quite at home in the woods, because they cannot climb high trees. You will find them where there are stone piles, or old quarries, or hollow stumps. A couple of them have ventured close to my house, and found a chance to establish domestic relations in the stone wall that partly surrounds my croquet ground. If it were not for "Tweed," the house cat, I think they would get quite in the way of the rolling balls. They have a very pretty way of expressing their interest in us, without conveying the idea that they are on a marauding expedition. I have never found out that chipmucks do us any harm.

On the contrary, the red squirrel, when making up to us, is sure to be on mischief bent. In a remarkably good article on this squirrel in the *New England Magazine,* we are told that it may possibly be destructive to young birds; and that without doubt it is very fond of raw meat. I am sorry to say that I know the accusation to be true. It is impossible to allow them freely about our lawns and shrubberies, if we desire to befriend the birds. I have seen them, not only when hunting for their dinners in the robins' nests, but when the robins have been making furious onslaughts on them to drive them from the trees. If the wild food of the red squirrel becomes scarce he never goes hungry, but betakes himself to our pear trees and sweet apple trees, nipping the fruit off, only to devour the seeds. When he is tired of a fruit diet he hunts out a bird's nest and feeds upon the young birds. Not unfrequently he will catch an old bird. Their work is also destructive on the tip ends of pine and spruce limbs. It is only a fair return for their destructive habits that, in turn, they become the victims of hawks and owls. On the whole I am compelled to class the red squirrel as not a friend of the farmer. I have heard it said by good authorities that they will do great damage to maple trees by gnawing through the bark to gather sap. But of this I am not sure.

I am inclined to think much better of another of our rodent neighbors—I refer to the mole. At least in this section it does very little of the damage that is attributed to it. Its food is almost entirely confined to grubs in the soil; and when these are exceedingly abundant you will be sure to find the tracks of the mole also abundant. You will find this to be peculiarly true every third year, with the recurrence of the grub of the May beetle. This creature remains in the larva state in the soil for two years, emerging in

numbers only every third year. Examine your meadows, and especially the sunny slopes of knolls, where these grubs have been spending their winters by the tens of thousands, ready to emerge in the spring, and you will find that mole tracks tunnel the ground in every direction. The latter have multiplied, however, not as our enemies but as our friends, devouring myriads of the grubs before they develop as completed insects to devour our trees. That the mole does damage in our vegetable and flower gardens at times by tunneling among the roots I do not deny; but he is there in pursuit of creatures that will do us much worse injury.

There is no reason why farmers, and those who hold suburban homes, should not vary their supply of meat by keeping a rabbit warren, well stocked with these interesting animals. I remember visiting an old lady whose chicken pies were famous, but whose chickens on that occasion at least were rabbits. She was living alone in a little cottage, with about an acre of land. After dinner she took me out into a little lot next to her strawberries, where she showed me her chickens and her rabbits. These last were kept in a warren about ten feet square, and divided into two compartments. To prevent them from burrowing out, long hemlock stakes were driven deep into the ground on all sides of the warren. Here was a large family, multiplying with great rapidity. They were fed with clover from the little meadow and with cabbage leaves from the garden. The supply of meat was almost inexhaustible, and the cost a good deal less than that of rearing chickens. A better warren can be built by digging out a couple of feet of soil and paving the bottom, afterward throwing back the dirt, so that they may burrow, but not dig deeply enough to get under the wall or stakes that surround them. Of course, they will gnaw almost all sorts of wood, except hemlock.

Rearing collie dogs has recently grown into quite an independent industry in the United States. The collie is becoming immensely popular with the farmers, and is really the only dog that should be tolerated by those who live by gardening. Unlike other dogs, it moves around the garden, among delicate plants, without doing any damage. My collie in five years has never broken but one stalk of any value, so far as I know; and that was done when trying to drive another dog out of the grounds. A skirmish followed, and consequences were not altogether pleasant. This safe movement among plants is partly due to its style of motion, but still more to its intelligence. The instinct of the collie is very strongly to herd animals, and to take care of cows and sheep. But he can just as easily be taught to take care of fowls and comprehend the idea of protecting your garden beds.

I am told that Kansas City has a curious suburb of prairie dogs. There are three or four hundred burrows, and they are within two blocks of the most fashionable residences of the city. There seems to be no reason why these animals should not be cultivated in many other localities, and even in connection with public parks. The prairie dog is a sort of squirrel, and is not averse to familiarity with human beings. It has developed a remarkable tendency to communism, living always in villages, with mutual interests. The creature can equally well be domesticated on large farms; while it is as useful for food as it is interesting in its habits.

The introduction of camels and ostriches into the Southern States adds to our list of domesticated creatures two that are peculiarly interesting. Several of the Southern States report a development of what is called goose-farming. Probably no better use can be made of large areas of semi-swampy land than to breed these very valuable fowl. I am interested in the breeding of domestic fowls with habits adapting them to our growing interest in small farming and gardening. Every breed of fowls has its peculiar habits. Some of them it is impossible to tolerate anywhere within range of a garden. I have found the Brahmas and Plymouth Rocks to be of a more quiet disposition, and fit to be allowed to ramble about the barn, without making sure of raids upon the garden. But in every flock I find one or two hens that must be promptly eliminated, because of a special tendency to quit the flock and skirmish for themselves. We are probably not near the limit of our list of possible domestic friends among the fowls. It is reported that the eider duck,

along the coast of Ireland, has become an object of domestic culture. The attractions that are said to most please this curious creature are bells that are worked by wind or water, bright clothes hung up in its sight, and the presence of bright-colored fowls or birds. Premiums are offered for the destruction of such creatures as prey upon the eider. Altogether the success attending the new enterprise is said to be remarkably good. The profits add a good deal to the income of the farmers along the coast frequented by them—a class of farmers heretofore very wretched. Such new industries are possible almost everywhere. The trouble is lack of enterprise and of business versatilty on the part of those people most needing it.

But I had in mind also the esthetic and intellectual side of our problem. The complete subjugation of nature must include the elevation and exaltation of every form of nature. As we beautify the vegetable world we may add to the pleasures of the animal world. We have our Burroughs, our Torrey, our Abbott, and our McCook to show the charming side of wild animal nature; but we have not yet our Downing to show us the art of cultivating and ennobling the animal world that is about us. As a consequence we have women who are more careful of their rose bushes than of the birds that nest in them; who will nurse house plants and remain indifferent to the pleasure of animals. But we are nearly out of the woods. The passion for hunting—a mere inheritance from savage life—is passing away of necessity. Our big prey is mostly extinct; the sportsman must also soon be eliminated from society. Shall we not devise a finer relation to our remaining fauna? This seems to me inevitable. We love Walter Scott because he loved dogs. "Black Beauty" has become a classic. "Rab and His Friends" is the key of a more Christian age. This is foreshadowed in Kingsley and in Thorea .. In more ways than one the world is capable of a better ideal. The whole animal world has waited long enough for man's redemption.

CLINTON, N. Y.

How a Big Buffalo Hunt Helped a Correspondent in Russia

By Major George Forrester Williams

AUTHOR OF "BULLET AND SHELL," "HOW I BECAME A SCOUT," ETC.

A FUGITIVE telegram from St. Petersburg announcing that General Gourko had been selected by the Czar to lead a force of 40,000 infantry and 30,000 cavalry and artillery against Turkey in 1878 led me on what seemed at first a wild goose chase.

I received orders one afternoon in the city of Paris to proceed at once to Russia and join the army under Gourko. Accustomed to obeying orders promptly, and having learned that trusting to luck often secured success, I traveled on the rail from Paris to St. Petersburg, enduring serenely the many discomforts and frequent delays so noticeable on the Russian system of railways. I arrived at St. Petersburg one savagely cold February morning, passed through the minute and vexatious police examination extended to all foreigners in Russia, and finally got domiciled on the second floor of a bleak and cheerless caravansary, not far from the residence of the American Minister.

Losing no time, I called upon the American Minister and explained my errand.

"My dear sir," said the Minister, "I cannot help you in any way. It is quite evident that you do not understand the Russian official system. We are now in St. Petersburg, the capital city of autocratic Russia. Your demand would, no doubt, have received prompt attention in Washington and polite consideration in either London or Paris. Here, your request will be considered suspicious, and in official circles you would be regarded and recorded as a possible spy. If you are

persistent, it may happen that you will be subjected to a midnight visit from the Imperial police, your private papers seized, and you might even find yourself on the long and painful road to the Siberian mines."

"But how can the Russian Government send an inoffensive American citizen to Siberia without your knowledge? It seems ridiculous. What are you here for?"

"You remind me of the story of the man under sentence of death, whose friends insisted that his sentence could not be carried into effect. The prisoner's reply was that it was all very well to say that the authorities could not hang him, but he was afraid they would, and it so happened that he did swing at the end of a rope."

"Your simile is not at all like one of Abraham Lincoln's. I do not exactly see the point," said I.

"It is the best I can offer," replied the American Minister. "Let me explain. You are duly registered by the Imperial police, and, had you not visited me, I would not have known of your presence in St. Petersburg. Suppose—and it is not at all an improbability—that you disappear the day after to-morrow. I could not learn that fact for a day or two; perhaps a week. Then my inquiry would be met with all sorts of evasions, and it might be months before I could trace you and secure your release. In the meantime, General Gourko would have finished his campaign, and your sufferings would have gone for nothing. My advice is to get your passports at once and return to Paris."

"You do not appreciate the methods of American journalists?" I replied. "Do you suppose for one moment that, having come to Russia, I intend to be driven out of the Empire like a whipped dog?"

"This is not the United States," responded the Minister; "but the great expanse of territory ruled by the White Czar, who holds power of life and death over every human being in his wide dominion."

"And are *you* under his dictum regarding life and death?"

"No, but outside of the American Embassy I have no power, no influence."

I left the Embassy in a very disconsolate frame of mind, for the pessimism of the American Minister had affected me, and for the first time in my adventurous life as a war correspondent I felt disposed to throw up my billet and beat an ignominious retreat. I had not gone more than a hundred yards from the doors of the American Embassy when a drosky drawn by three fiery horses dashed past me over the hard-packed snow that covered the pavement.

A few seconds afterward the speed of the vehicle was suddenly checked and the drosky came up behind me. Looking round, I saw that the occupant of the richly decorated sleigh was no less a personage than the Grand Duke Alexis, brother of the then reigning Czar of Russia.

It should be here interpolated that when the Grand Duke Alexis visited the United States as a simple lieutenant of the Russian navy in 1870, he received an official welcome from the cities of New York, Philadelphia and Washington, being also welcomed by the President and other officers of the Government. These official ceremonies finished, the Duke went to the Far West, and where, under the escort of General Miles and his officers on duty in the Indian country and under the guidance of Colonel William F. Cody, the famous army scout, familiarly known as "Buffalo Bill," he hunted over the plains, and did his full share toward exterminating the wild buffalo herds then roaming by the thousand under the shadows of the Rocky Mountains. On this exciting and interesting trip the Grand Duke was accompanied by the correspondent under consideration with others of his enterprising guild. Therefore, tho surprised at the chance encounter, I was not surprised to hear the Grand Duke accost me by name.

"Get in," said the Grand Duke, in his customary offhand manner; and, as the correspondent obeyed and the drosky resumed its swift course, Alexis said: "What on earth are you doing here in Russia?"

I made full explanation; related the details of my interview with the American Minister, and hinted that I was disposed to take the first train for France.

"You Americans are the most enterprising and bravest people on the face of

the globe, except, of course, the Russians," said the Grand Duke, with a merry laugh, which displayed his beautiful teeth. "But, as you Americans say, 'the *idea*' of a New York paper sending you all this distance to join General Gourko, beats me."

Then the driver of the drosky changed his route, and soon deposited me at the door of his hotel. Dinner, bed and breakfast followed, and I was making the necessary inquiry the following morning regarding my proper course for obtaining a passport and railroad tickets out of the Russian dominions, when a superbly uniformed officer entered the hotel corridor and politely informed me in very correct English that he had been instructed to become my conductor to the Imperial palace.

"What for?" was the blunt demand.

The gold-laced official shrugged his glittering shoulders in true Parisian fashion, and merely contented himself with repeating his message, adding that an Imperial equipage was waiting at the door.

Meekly following my guide, I entered the drosky, and was presently ushered into the Imperial palace. Passing through a series of very cold corridors, paved with marble and ornamented with statues and bizarre decorations, I was finally introduced into a large apartment occupied by two distinguished-looking men. One of these was apparently over sixty years of age. He wore a gorgeous uniform, his breast being covered with glittering orders. The other was remarkable for the simplicity and plainness of his uniform. Nearly everybody in Russia who is above the peasant class wears uniform of some kind or other; but there was a peculiarly lofty air in this man's demeanor that struck me as remarkable.

No attention was paid to me by either of the men seated at the carved table which occupied the center of the spacious apartment, and as my gold-laced guide had mysteriously disappeared, I was rather puzzled how to act.

Much to my relief the Grand Duke Alexis presently emerged from a side door, and approached me with a genial smile.

"I am about to present you to the Minister of War, Count Menzikof," said the Grand Duke. "To him you can explain your wishes," and the Grand Duke led me toward the table.

A rapid conversation ensued between the three Russian officers in their native language, and then I was introduced by the Grand Duke in more musical English. The War Minister in broken English and very pure French intimated his willingness to forward my desires, and after filling out a very large card on which was printed some formula in Russian, presented it to the plainly dressed and apparently bored man sitting at the center of the table. This personage seized a huge quill pen and signed the document, which was at once handed to me, and, obeying the Grand Duke's pinch on my elbow, I withdrew with a bow, which was courteously acknowledged by the War Minister and the unknown.

"Who was that distinguished-looking man who signed my document?" I inquired, when we had re-entered the corridor. The Grand Duke laughed as he asked:

"Have you read the pass? Perhaps the signature will give the answer."

I turned the huge card over and saw at the bottom the single word,

"ALEXANDER."

"Was that the Czar?" I whispered.

The Grand Duke made no immediate reply, and politely escorted me to the palace gate, where the Imperial drosky was still waiting.

"You have seen the White Czar," said the Grand Duke, solemnly. "In an hour you will begin your long journey. I am happy in being of service to one of those I was so fortunate to meet in the New World. Adieu."

For nearly a fortnight I traveled by Imperial post across the wide and dreary steppes of Russia, and at length reached the command of General Gourko, who was much astonished at my unexpected arrival. I was very hospitably treated while with the Russian column during its famous and memorable march over the formidable Balkan Mountains, and was able to send to my paper the earliest news of Gourko's success and subsequent victories.

New York City.

LITERATURE

Anent Ibsen *

For any sort of superiority above the dull, dead level of inanimate matter nature cherishes an implacable hatred. While condemned by the law of her being to ever higher and higher forms of existence, yet on the whole voluntary side of her activity she seems, in revenge for the anguish of her enforced travail, to have vowed the extinction of her offspring, so initiating the eternal contradiction of growth and decay. Wasteful, faithless and cunning, she has sown in every aggregation of organized matter the germ of dissolution, rooted deep in the constitution of the protoplasmic jelly and spreading up into consciousness in a thousand suicidal impulses of license and revolt. Not content with this act of perfidy, she has arrayed one individual, one society, one civilization against another in an endless war of extermination from the lowest instinct of brute rivalry to the most euphemistic phase of modern competition. The higher the form, just so much the more does she begrudge it existence, so that the type of greatest instability and impermanence is exactly that rarest and most precious of all, the human spirit with the fruit it has produced in imitation at once and in defiance of nature—even when, as here, man has set himself against the universal leveler for his own protection and preservation.

Among all the agents of this destructive activity of nature, the barbarian is by far the most dangerous. In the ceaseless duel between life and death it is with his mother's darker murderous moods that he sympathizes. Partially civilized and educated, the man of a half truth, with the tremendous vigor and assurance that goes with this character, he belongs with the crude Titanic forces of annihilation. He is usually ignorant of his own tendency and imagines himself to be reforming, constructing, creating, while all the time he is scattering broadcast the seeds of dissolution and decay. As with his mother, so with him; it is the rarest and best that excites his blind animosity. Naturally, when such an one writes, it is of what he best knows—of dim, disastrous things, of life in eclipse, of the obscure suggestions of disorder and confusion with which his brain riots, implanted by his treacherous parent at the very origin of life. In literature he is no more creative, no less nihilistic, than elsewhere.

With Ibsen's art, in the narrow sense that limits the extension of the term to technic, we have no quarrel. Unquestionably he has done much to improve dramatic methods. He has broken the conventional French model of the mid-century. He has done away with soliloquy and monolog, both clumsy and ineffective expedients. And in epitomizing the issues of a long period of time in a single critical situation, in such a way as to reflect its causes and foreshadow its remotest consequences, he has displaced the old sprawling analytic action with a compact, synthetic one, which is hardly surpassed for intensity save by the Greek playwrights.

But at what a price have these improvements been bought! Art is not a mere ingenious system of mechanics—but man's supreme attempt to rationalize the multitudinous welter and jumble of his sensations, to reconcile the discrepancies which the birth of consciousness has introduced into the world, to organize for himself, in spite of the grudge of nature, a little cosmos in the midst of the anarchy that surrounds him. It would be as well to call a set of disconnected epigrams a philosophy because they are made to run upon the letter, as to call a parcel of broken appeals to our wildest instincts art because they conform to some mechanical stage principle. The test of art is its sanity, its soundness. Does it present life so that the human mind can take it up and deal with it in an orderly way, reasonably and with satisfaction, it is good art. Does it disturb, perplex, unsettle, confound, it is bad art, no matter how excellent its technology and workmanship. But this is what the barbarian

* The League of Youth. *By Henrik Ibsen.* Edited with an introduction by William Archer. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.00.

cannot understand. Down through all the successive strata of his unconscious being the fatal impulses of a material atavism stir him to rake over the refuse and rubbish of creation for the dead corruptible matter that breeds infection and decay.

If we were asked to specify the quality which Ibsen chiefly lacks for sanity and soundness, we should answer, in the approximate way in which alone such a question can be answered, the quality of geniality, the sense of mirth. Of the healthy power to laugh, especially at himself, he shows no slightest trace—none of that "transcendental irony," if you please, which would lift him above his own work to an elevation from which he might take a detached, a half-whimsical, a wholly sane and healthful view of himself. When Thackeray, at the completion of the scene between Rawdon Crawley and Lord Steyne in "Vanity Fair," leaned back and cleared the atmosphere by exclaiming, "That's genius, my boy," he assumed an attitude toward himself that Ibsen and the Ibsenites seem utterly incapable of. No doubt they have flattered themselves often enough upon their genius, but it is greatly to be feared that the saving grace of "my boy" has been always wanting. Could any one capable of this touch have made that nightmare world of lunacy and disease—"ich weiss nicht ist sie ein Tollhaus oder Krankenhaus"—with which Ibsen's name is identified, and into which no wholly sane or healthy babe was ever born?

The Spanish People*

THE *Great Peoples Series* opens auspiciously with a volume on Spain by Martin A. S. Hume. The general editor of the series, Dr. York Powell, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, states in a prefatory note: "The various volumes have been written by experts; for experience proves that when the man who knows his subject can write, he writes far better than the man who does not know his subject first-hand, but merely borrows from those who do."

Major Hume knows his subject. Tho an Englishman by birth and service, he was educated at Madrid, and branches of his family, for a century past, have made their home in Spain. Since retiring from the army and assuming the editorship of the Calendars of Spanish State Papers in the Public Record Office, his researches have borne fruit in successive volumes, at first upon the Tudor reigns and the contemporaneous period in the peninsula, but latterly covering long stretches of Spanish history. In 1898 Major Hume contributed to the "Cambridge Historical Series" a valuable study on "Spain, Its Greatness and Decay," embracing the eventful centuries from Ferdinand and Isabella through the death of Charles III. The following year, under the title, "Modern Spain," he brought the narrative down to present times. Now, at last, we have from this thoroughly equipped scholar a study of Spanish history as a whole.

"The aim of the present scheme," according to Dr. York Powell, "is to give in a series of well-printed, clearly written and readable volumes a view of the process by which the leading peoples of the world have become great and earned their title to greatness; to describe the share each has contributed to the common stock of what, for a better term, we call civilization." In conformity with this desired end, each chapter is summed up in severely concentrated paragraphs of fine print, formally entitled, "Summary of Progress During this Period," and "Summary of What Spain Did for the World in this Period." In the present instance, however, these summaries hardly summarize, for the author's point of view does not precisely square with the position laid down by the general editor. Major Hume is here, as in his earlier volumes, less intent on explaining Spain's success than her failure, less concerned with her services to the world than preoccupied with puzzling out the intricate riddle of Spanish history and Spanish character. His solution, in a nutshell, is this: The Iberians whom the Phœnician sailors, more than a thousand years before the birth of Christ, found in Spain were of kindred blood with the Berber tribesmen in Africa, mountain clans whose distinguishing mark is an "indomitable local independence;" upon such Libyan foundation, already af-

*THE SPANISH PEOPLE. Their Origin, Growth and Influence. *By Martin A. S. Hume.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

fected, through the Phœnicians, by Semitic influence, the Romans, during seven centuries, labored to build their own civilization, with its essential principle of the dominance of the State; hence the struggle, which still confuses Spanish politics, between the primal instinct of jealous sectional loyalty and later traditions of national patriotism. To the clannish independence of the Iberians was early added the personal pride of the Celts, preparing the way for an eager reception of Christianity, with its emphasis upon the equality of individuals before God. As the Roman system had failed to develop loyalty to a central government, so the invading Goths failed to establish feudalism in any abiding fashion. Throughout the ages Spaniards have resented human assumptions of superiority, but to their priests, claiming a divine sanction, they have submitted longer and more passively than any other European people. In bowing to the divine will, they dignify themselves and enhance that lofty self-respect which makes Spain a more democratic country to-day than the United States. With the Moors came in a fresh flow of Berber blood, but the natural fusion of an originally Afro-Semitic people, which had taken the impress of Roman and of Goth so lightly, with the Moors and Jews who brought a wealth of culture to medieval Spain was forcibly arrested by the Church. Yet not the undue power of the priesthood in the peninsula, nor the succession of disastrous rulers, with hardly two exceptions, from Philip II to the Bourbon Isabella, holds, in this author's analysis, the key to the Spanish puzzle. It is the old, ineradicable, Iberian devotion to the local unit which sets Catalonia against Castile, province against province, village against village, and is responsible even yet for the perilous lack of solidarity in the Spanish nation.

This compact narrative of three thousand years demands thoughtful readers, to whom the subject matter is of controlling interest. Major Hume has a clear, dignified, vigorous style, but few graces of expression. Those few, it may be added, he repeats too frequently, as the phrases "in an evil hour," "rolled the army back." He makes short work, moreover, of Spanish romance. The beautiful, king-wronged daughter of Count Julian must go, with Roland's doughty deeds at Roncesvalles, with the battle of Clavijo, with the Moorish tribute of one hundred Christian maidens, to the limbo of old legends. But any one who seriously cares to understand the component elements and strangely checkered story of the Spanish people may count himself fortunate that so able and trustworthy a treatise is now within his reach.

The American Revision *

At last we have in our hands the much desired American Revision, beautifully printed in long primer type, with an admirably full and finely chosen body of references in the middle column and the variant notes in the two margins. This standard edition is printed and bound in different styles, with or without maps, and at prices varying from $1.50 to $9. It is by far the most exact, and, we will say, beautifully printed Bible that has yet appeared, and being the standard this edition should be much sought for and ought to be in the hands of every student of the Bible.

It is sixteen years since the Revision of the Old Testament appeared, and twenty-one years since the appearance of the New Testament Revision. As might well be supposed, the scholars chosen for the work were mostly of advanced age, and few of them could be expected to survive to carry out the work of incorporating the American corrections in the Revised Version. It must be remembered that the American revisers were under bonds to publish no such version incorporating their corrections for fourteen years. It has now been sixteen years, so they have kept their promise. Of course, the burden of this work, which has been carried on during the last six years, has fallen upon a few survivors; and very fortunately two of them, Professor Thayer, of the New Testament section, and Professor Mead, of the Old Testament section, were able to give nearly their whole time to the

* The Holy Bible. Containing the Old and New Testaments Translated Out of the Original Tongues. Being the Version Set Forth A.D. 1611, Compared with the Most Ancient Authorities and Revised A D. 1881-1885. Newly edited by The American Revision Committee, A.D. 1901. Standard edition. Pp. 970, 295. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons.

work. They are both men capable of the most minute and careful examination of the text, and have given great labor to it. We must not, however, omit to give credit to their associates, such as Professors Riddle, De Witt and Osgood, to mention only some who are still alive.

The Revision of 1885 was begun by English scholars, and it was only later that the American section was allowed to give their subsidiary labor, but without a final vote. The amendments which they preferred and which were not adopted by the English section, were hastily collected, and were printed with the Revision as an appendix. Corrections which might approve themselves even to a majority of the English revisers were often not made, for the reason that their rules required a two-thirds vote for every change from the Common Version. Often the Americans were more ready to depart from the Old Version than were the English, but their vote did not count. By general consent changes which the Americans desired were regarded as generally wise. The present task has been, with the greatest care, to complete the list of passages that come under general changes, such as *Jehovah* for *Lord,* and in a very considerable number of passages to incorporate the American preferences. Many of the changes are minute, such as *a* for *an,* and *my* for *mine* before an aspirated *h; who* for *which* when used of persons; *its* for *his* when used of things; *before* for *afore; astonished* for *astonied; is* for *be* when not subjunctive; *capital* for *chapiter; grain* for *corn; annul* for *disannul; anticipate* for *prevent; winnow* for *fan; far be it* for *God forbid; long live* for *God save; nations* for *heathen; mind* for *heart; food* for *meat; settings* for *ouches; heart* for *reins; boil* for *seethe; will* for *shall* often; *foreigner* for *stranger; subtle* for *subtile; interest* for *usury; which* for *the which; victuals* for *victual; widow* for *widow woman; once* for *aforetime; try* for *tempt; living* for *quick; show* for *shew; judgment* for *judgement; knew* for *wist; demons* for *devils; make full* for *fulfil.* There is a multitude of such cases, and all of them are in the line of better English as now understood.

There are a number of cases in which the margin of 1885 has been put into the text. Thus Paul tells the Athenians that they were "very religious." It makes clearer sense to be told that David burnt the "yokes" of Araunah's oxen in sacrifice than the "furniture." We notice one somewhat startling translation, which really gives the sense, where in Job 21:24 we have "pails" of milk instead of "breasts" of milk. Another famous passage, Job 19:25, 26, reads differently from either the Old Version or the Revision:

"But as for me I know that my Redeemer liveth,
And at last he will stand up upon the earth;
And after my skin, *even* this *body,* is destroyed,
Then without my flesh shall I see God."

It is not easy to get good sense out of the difficult passage, Prov. 14:9, where instead of fools making mock at sin, we have "a trespass-offering mocketh fools." In Prov. 26:8, when the Revision has "a bag of gems in a heap of stone," the American revisers go back to the old idea, "one that bindeth a stone in a sling." In Isa. 53:8, the old reading kept by the revisers now becomes, "and, as for his generation, who *among them* considered that he was cut off out of the land of the living for the transgression of my people to whom the stroke *was due?*" There seems to be a bit of theology in this reading which has, however, much support. We are thankful that Jeremiah now says (4:19): "My anguish! my anguish!" instead of "My bowels! my bowels!" It is an improvement in Ezek. 1:4, to have the appearance of living creatures, "as it were glowing metal," instead of "as the color of amber;" and we are glad to see the "rims" of the wheels instead of the "rings." So we are glad to see those shadowy gods "Siccuth" and "Chiun" of Amos 5:25 become "the tabernacle of" and "the shrine of." And similarly we are glad to lose Huzzab, Nahum 2:7, which is now translated, "it is decreed: she."

But we must refer the volume to the careful reader. An infinite amount of minute pains has been put upon it, and it comes before us with better authority than any other translation. We do not mean that it is a final translation, for it is not. The New Testament is nearly final, but the Old Testament requires a revision of the Hebrew text, which these

revisers were not allowed to touch. For a translation based upon a corrected text we must go to the incomplete and sometimes rash translations in the Polychrome Bible and similar work. Meanwhile we congratulate the active editors of this edition on the completion of a most painstaking, laborious and useful work.

Insects *

The Insect Book of Dr. Leland O. Howard is the most important and valuable work on popular entomology lately issued. It frankly avoids the beaten paths of like treatises that traverse the lives of beetles, butterflies and moths and takes the student to the bees, wasps, ants, flies, grasshoppers, true bugs, and other insects. It is refreshing, even if a bit startling, to see an entomologist of such eminent standing ignore the *Coleoptera* and *Lepidoptera,* the most popular of all insects, and that in a "popular account," and devote his space to the less and little known orders! Dr. Howard's selection was not due to ignorance of the omitted orders. Few are better equipped than he to tell the story of their lives in a way to win the interest of the populace, and to woo the student into wider and more serious research. But the public needs to know about other orders; that need Dr. Howard has well supplied.

The book begins with the *Hymenoptera,* and is therein strong where Professor Comstock's last work is notably weak. In this vast and interesting group (which includes bees, ants and wasps) the author gives not only some of the best results of his own studies, but of those of such thorough workers as the veteran hymenopterist, Cresson, the skilled systematist, Ashmead, and of such younger workers as Fox. Here, too, we meet, almost for the first time in popular insect books, the faithful and fascinating studies in the life history of wasps wrought out by Professor and Mrs. George W. Peckham, of Milwaukee. The ants have a fair share of attention, and the student is informed of the sources from which he can get the best present knowledge of some American species. By the way (if one may note a trivial error), the title "Ants at play. Redrawn from McCook," is a wrong description of Fig. 24. By reference to McCook's monograph, "The Agricultural Ant of Texas," it will be seen that the ants there figured are not at play, but at their toilet. The cut shows the almost grotesque manner of cleansing the pubescence and bristles at the apex of the abdomen, and of "doing up the back hair" on the head. One may also note an incorrect statement concerning the venerable ant queens of Sir John Lubbock (Lord Avebury), which are referred to as having lived for "more than seven years." In fact, one lived more than thirteen years, the other nearly fifteen years. This remarkable longevity was due to human care; in natural conditions the life even of a queen in all species is probably comparatively short. Both the long-lived queens of Lubbock were of the same species, *Formica fusca.*

One noteworthy feature of *The Insect Book* is its frequent direct as well as habitual indirect indication of fields wherein special study is needed and is likely to be well rewarded. The world of insect life has been explored only on its margins. Of the *Hymenoptera* alone, altho nearly 30,000 species are described, there are probably ten times as many unknown. Dr. Howard ventures the statement that a day's collecting in Central Park, New York, almost under the windows of the American Museum of Natural History; or in Logan Square, Philadelphia, within 200 yards of the Academy of Natural Sciences, would result in the capture of a number of species new to science! No experienced naturalist will dispute that. The late Dr. Joseph Leidy used to say that some of his best "finds" were made in fields that had been gone over again and again. After all, it is "the seeing eye" that finds! Let the tyro entomologist take up work with trained and patient vision, and he shall surely get treasure-trove well worth his pains at his very feet. *The Insect Book* is rich in illustrations. There are forty-eight full page plates, tinted and some of them colored, and 264 text cuts. The publishers have adopted a system which has long prevailed in some parts of Europe, altho they announce it as "devised by ourselves," of sending the book to any ad-

* THE INSECT BOOK. *By Leland O. Howard, Ph.D. Chief of the Division of Entomology U. S. Department of Agriculture.* New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.00.

dress on approval, to be returned if not wanted.

With the Tibetans in Tent and Temple. *By Susie Carson Rijnhart, M.D.* (New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.50.) Tibet is so far away and so comparatively unknown, that we can understand the enchantment which led on such men as Rockhill, Landor and Sven Hedin in their endeavors to penetrate its forbidding borders and reach its forbidden capital; but when a woman attempts such an expedition for whatsoever ends, we cannot but wonder. Tho the purpose of this four years' journey of the author and her husband was purely missionary, her narration is one of stirring incident and adventure; and, while admiring the high purpose and unfailing perseverance that prompted and supported such an undertaking, the final tragedy makes one ask was it, after all, worth while? One great advantage the Rijnharts had over most travelers was the time at their disposal; and, living as they did with the lamas and meeting with the common people in their helpful medical work, they had ample opportunity for studying customs and conditions of the people. The mental and moral stagnation of the Tibetans appeared about complete, and they seemed much more unapproachable and inhuman even than their neighbors the Chinese. Our travelers failed, as other travelers with other ambitions in that country have done, but the reading of their trial is interesting and profitable.

Sirius. *By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.* (New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.) The author of this volume of short stories is a daughter of Bishop Fowler, and is supposed to be a sort of literary exponent of Methodist doctrines in Great Britain. But when an author's imagination is bounded by the sprinkling clause in her creed, the writing she does cannot be judged by a purely literary standard. For while a creed is a great convenience, still it belongs to the department of family ethics rater than to literature. Literature is not denominational, but an art belonging as much to Jews as to Gentiles. In fact, nobody is wise enough to deal out salvation to the whole race through the narrow nozzle of one creed. Miss Fowler is more fortunate in her reflections on love. She understands the female homœopathy of love so well that there are many pages in these stories dealing with this delicate subject which no man will ever have the humility and patience to read. For men discuss the objects of their affections rather than the science of their emotions, and nothing is more embarrassing to them than the analysis or the therapeutics of the mania known as love.

The Training of the Body. *By F. A. Schmidt, M.D., and Eustace H. Miles, M.A.* (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.) This book is not for the golf enthusiast, the baseball crank, the bicycle fiend or the devotee of any one sport or pastime. It goes far deeper and beyond anything of that kind, for it is a serious and exhaustive treatise on the characteristics and possibilities of our physical selves in the way of games and exercises. For the proper understanding of all this the authors show and describe, by text and innumerable illustrations, the bones and muscular make-up of our bodies, and the heart, lungs and nerves with their several and dependent functions. The advantages of games are set forth, and the proper way of training is described in detail. The book is so crowded with facts and conclusions that it requires study rather than reading, but this will well repay any one who desires to increase his capacity for exertion, enjoyment and happiness.

On Peter's Island. *By Arthur R. Ropes and Mary E. Ropes.* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.) The chief interest of this story at first tends to gather around two foreigners (a German and an American) running an oil refinery in Russia, but finally, and decidedly, centers about a young Pole whom they hire and who betrays his employers' business secrets to an unscrupulous competitor. The Pole's connection with a secret political society introduces an element of mystery and fear into the story and broadens its significance as a contribution to our knowledge of Russia. The plot is too simple to have re-

quired much constructive skill, and there are incidents and situations and conversation by no means vital to its development; but the story has plenty of human interest and local color, and reveals a close acquaintance with Russian types of a certain kind. The psychological interest of the story would be enhanced and its tragic interest deepened were it not clear from the start that the Pole is bound to become a criminal once the temptation is presented.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES. *By Geraldine Anthony.* (London: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.) The fourth and unquestionably the best so far of the Harper Series of American novels. The story takes in a pastoral era, at a country house, in the yearly life of some New York club men, an English adventurer and a fine old lady "magnate," with the means and will to predestinate the future of all her young relatives. Everybody is appropriately nicknamed, and the author shows Dickens's ability at keeping each one within the limits of his own absurdities. There is movement enough, and such adventures as are conceivable within these narrow social latitudes. The author proves how good a story may be written without genius or the faculty for serious reflection. She holds strictly to her narrative, and concerns herself with no psychological effects. She brings things to pass systematically, like the scenes in a drama worked out and fitted to a stage where the paraphernalia are already familiar to the public.

NELL GWYN—COMEDIAN. *By F. Frankfort Moore.* (New York: Brentano. $1.50.) When an author writes three novels (if we include "Mistress Nell," the play), in order to exploit the charms of one actress, the inference is plain; still we could wish that Mr. F. Frankfort Moore were less constant in his devotion to this seventeenth century orange girl. The inevitable play upon words, the very frothiness of his wit, and even the skittish profanity of Mistress Nell herself become tedious in this third volume. If Mr. Moore could bring himself to make an indiscriminate display of some other young lady's ankles now, we believe the change would be welcomed by his readers, all of whom concede to him the art of knowing how.

HOW THE GARDEN GREW. *By Maud Maryon.* (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.) Most of us have the seeds of flower-love in our hearts, needing only opportunity to make them bloom, and a garden is the place, and a trowel and rake the implements, to hasten this growth. The author starts out rather handicapped, with a flowerless garden, under the care of Old Griggs who can't be superseded, "as he goes with the place," a fund of £5 for seeds and the like, and inexperience as a teacher. However, she studies bewildering catalogs, asks advice from every one, uproots, transplants, digs and sows, and works the four seasons round—her borders and beds blooming and her interest and knowledge growing with equal rapidity. In the book is shown just How the Garden Grew, step by step; it is a story of work and play and talk both suggestive and interesting.

THE DIARY OF A FRESHMAN. *By Charles Macomb Flandrau.* (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.) This volume records the misadventures of an unsophistocated Western youth during his first year at Harvard. Of such books we demand only that they shall be clever and humorous and fairly true to the general facts of college life. This *Diary* is all that. Its spirit is clean and wholesome, the style vivacious, and the material is fresh—with the exception of the venerable joke about the learned professor who forgot his own name at the post office, retired to think it up, and finally triumphantly returned with the desired information written on a piece of paper. The wide diffusion and extreme antiquity of this joke is an argument which we have never yet seen urged for the solidarity of the race.

THE SEA-BEACH AT EBB-TIDE. *By Augusta Foote Arnold.* (New York: The Century Company. $2.40.) Our opinion of this handsome volume must vary somewhat according to our point of view. Scientifically the book is some-

thing of a hodge-podge; in fact, any attempt to treat the whole range of lower life, animal and vegetable, as manifested on all coasts, tropical and frigid, could hardly result in anything but a scientific medley. But for the general reader, who desires to become acquainted with the names and habits of whatever life he meets with in his summer wanderings by the sea (and for such a reader the book is designed), the plan is admirably conceived and well carried out. It is not a little remarkable, amid the hosts of nature books published these past few years, that the seashore should have remained so long neglected, for there is hardly another field within easy reach of the observer where life takes on such curious forms. The present volume, with its wealth of illustrations, clear descriptions and abundant general information, can be recommended to all inquisitive dwellers by the sea.

John Vytal. *By William Farquhar Payson.* (New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.20.) In this story of an English colony lost off the coast of old Virginia, there is action enough of a sort, but it is not clear, simple, direct, powerful. Events and characters are involved in a fog of words which does not enlarge the figures moving in it, but merely blurs them. The style is labored, and the incidents are hackneyed.

With the Wild Flowers. *By Maud Going.* (New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.00.) The view of things is here impersonal, and the book shows with considerable detail the structure and life of many wild flowers. It is, however, not exactly botany, for the descriptions appeal to flower lovers rather than to flower students, and the information is presented in a very readable style.

The Children of the Nations. A Study of Colonization and Its Problems. *By Poultney Bigelow, M.A., F.R.G.S.* (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $2.00.) The thinking public will agree with Mr. Bigelow that the nation needs, in the administration of its new colonies, a colonial West Point, to train men for so exacting a service. As for the book itself, it is likely to prove a disappointment. It is a series of random jottings of personal experience, interspersed with bits of detached history and rather vague speculations regarding the future. It is wholly lacking in orderly sequence of treatment and in reasoned coherence. To add to the general variety and confusion, the printer has mixed up the pages from 117 to 128.

In Search of Mademoiselle. *By George Gibbs.* (Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. $1.50.) Another historical novel, showing some merit, and the usual defects of its class. The plot is a tissue of marvels, and is carried through by means of "happy accidents." The author's execution consists mainly in shedding blood on every page. But the interest in the story is cumulative, and it will prove fascinating to some minds.

Without a Warrant. *By Hildegard Brooks.* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.) One of those silly tales so pleasing to young people, in which a woman masquerades as a man, shows incredible nerve and outwits all manner of cheap villainies. The author's smart style and quick decisions would do credit to a braver adventure.

The Joys of Sport. *By W. Y. Stevenson.* (Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. $1.00.) Possibly this little collection of skits on some of our out-of-door sports may benefit those good people who take their pastimes—as themselves—too seriously. The chapters are not too long, nor is the humor too diverting for one who seeks relaxation after a well contested race or match.

Literary Notes

The Scribners will bring out this fall "The Cathedral and Other Poems," by Martha Gilbert Dickenson, Miss Dickenson's latest verse.

....What purports to be the true story of Marie Antoinette and the Cardinal Le Rohan will be published this fall by the Lippincotts from the pen of F. Funck-Brentano.

....The work upon which the late John Fiske was engaged at the time of his death was entitled "New France and New Eng-

land." Luckily the work was just completed. It will be published in two volumes this fall by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

....Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's new novel, "The Tory Lover," will be published next month by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is the longest story this author has ever written and deals with the American Revolution. Paul Jones is one of its characters.

....There is a movement on foot among the people of Amesbury, Mass., to erect a monument to the memory of Whittier (an uncollected poem of whose we expect to publish next week), who lived in their town for the greater part of his life and did much of his best work there.

....F. Berkley Smith, only son of F. Hopkinson Smith, will shortly bring out through Funk & Wagnalls Company "The Real Latin Quarter." As Mr. Smith has lived in closest touch with the Latin Quarter for the past ten years, the book should be of real value. The author, who has inherited from his father artistic as well as literary talents, will illustrate the volume himself from original drawings and photographs.

....A peculiar statement appears in several of the Jewish papers coming from the editor of the Jewish Encyclopedia and stating that owing to the failure of so many of the Jewish subscribers (but no Christian subscriber) to pay for the first volume, work upon the Encyclopedia would be discontinued. A note from Funk & Wagnalls tells us that they have no intention to discontinue the work, and that the second volume is in advanced state of preparation.

....We are in receipt of an advance statement from the C. M. Clark Publishing Company of what is at the present writing the latest announced historical novel. Its title is "The Romance of Blennerhassett," and its author is Charles Felton Pidgin. Aaron Burr is the hero and one can learn of the development of the narrative from the following main incidents of the book: "A Den of Treason; A Knavish Plot; The Field of Honor; A Presidential Stratagem; The Destruction of the Island Home; Between the Milestones; Before Napoleon; The Sealed Packet; The Fate of Theodosia." The signs are not yet evident that the historical movement in fiction is on the wane.

....To one who has followed the noble struggle of M. Brunetière against the hosts of French decadence and impressionism, nothing can be more disappointing than to see the intellectual ideals of that great critic hardening into fanaticism and his reverence for the past crystallizing into superstition. Perhaps the saddest instance of this change is found in his paper on "The American Spirit," which is printed in *Littell's* from *La Revue des Deux Mondes*. An essay more full of bitterness and prejudice is not often read. The study is "to be continued," but, if we may judge from this first installment, the world-mission of the United States is to preserve the French Canadians intact from the brutal degradation of British Anglo-Saxondom!

Pebbles

WHY argue? Ever convince anybody?—*Atchison Globe.*

....GO TO BED EARLY: in that way you shorten the hours in which you are found fault with.—*Atchison Globe.*

....There seems to be a revival of grandfather worship in several Southern States.—*The Memphis Commercial-Appeal.*

....*Jones:* "Does that young man next door to you play the piano by ear or by note?" *Smith:* "By brute force."—*Exchange.*

....THERE ARE DIFFERENT KINDS.—"Smiggins has bought an automobile." "That so? What kind is it, a buzzer, a puffer, or a snorter?"—*Puck.*

....Cultivate a pleasant voice so that you may say nice things nicely. "The Maiden's Prayer" loses its charm when played on a steam calliope.—*Good Cheer.*

....*Oldhamme:* "Young man, have an ideal. Have an ideal, I say, and hug it to your bosom at all times and places." *Youngdogge:* "She won't allow me."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

....WISE BEYOND HIS YEARS.—"Do you know anything about history?" asked one of the examiners. "Yes, sir," said the boy who wanted to be an Annapolis cadet. "I know it is mostly lies." This was thought at first to be a covert thrust at Historian Maclay, and for a few minutes the lad's fate hung in the balance, but eventually he passed.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The humid days have come again,
  The stickiest of the year,
When people's doors and underclothes
  Provokingly adhere.
—*Chicago Record Herald.*

....Tommy had been quiet for fully five minutes. He seemed to be engaged with some deep problem. "Papa," he said. "Well?" "'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you'—that's the golden rule, isn't it, papa?" "Yes, my son." "And it's puffickly right to follow the golden rule, isn't it, papa?" "Yes, indeed." Tommy rose, went to the cupboard and returned with a knife and a large apple pie. The latter he placed before his astonished sire with great solemnity. "Eat it, papa!" he said.—*The San Francisco Bulletin.*

OUR PERSONAL COLUMN.

Joseph Chamberlain is working night and day on his great work, "The Decline and Fall of the British Empire."

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is writing a book on the future of Vice-Presidents. It consists of a preface, introduction and about four hundred blank pages.

Russell Sage has just paid a bill of eight cents for repairs on his suspenders. Don't be a dude, Uncle.

The name of William J. Bryan is being prominently mentioned as among the coming Presidential impossibilities.

Major McKinley is hard at work on his annual sermon. The text will be taken from the first epistle to the Philippines.—*Life.*

EDITORIALS

The Inevitable Annexation of Cuba

THE political future of Cuba is to be determined by the legislation of the United States concerning the products of the island's fertile soil. When the Commissioners representing the Havana Constitutional Convention were in Washington, they sought to convince the President that what Cuba needed most of all was a treaty of commercial reciprocity with this country, a treaty by which our tariff duties on their sugar and tobacco should be largely reduced. General Wood joined them in showing how prosperity and good order on the island could be promoted by such a commercial agreement; and when the Commissioners returned to Havana they had the President's promise that he would use his influence to obtain what they desired. Before the end of its first session the new Congress at Washington will have before it in some form this question of a reduction of the duties on Cuban sugar and tobacco.

It is a question with which another one, that of annexation, is very closely associated. Whatever may be the action of Congress as to the duties, or the course of the Senate with respect to a commercial treaty in which the duties are modified, annexation to the United States, in response to the expressed desire of her people, will be seen to be the inevitable destiny of Cuba. One course of action at Washington may hasten the acceptance of this close relation; another would tend to delay it; but the discussion of the desired tariff concessions will serve to bring before the American people the fact that economic forces will sooner or later make the island a possession or a part of the United States.

The acceptance of the Platt amendment virtually establishes a protectorate over Cuba. The island's old commercial relations with Spain have been severed, as those of Porto Rico were. But while the smaller island now enjoys free access to our market, Cuba does not. The tariff barriers are as high for her as they are for Spain or Russia. But the United States, for many years her natural market, has now become almost her only one. Upon the sales of her products to us her people must rely chiefly for prosperity. Those products are now two—sugar and tobacco. The Cuban sugar output is capable of great expansion. Authorities in the sugar industry have said that the world's demand might be supplied from her cane plantations. But when her planters seek to enter this market of 76,000,000 consumers, a high duty works to their disadvantage. The sugar of Hawaii and Porto Rico enters through the open door of free trade, but on this sugar from Cuba there must be paid the high tax which is levied on the beet sugar of Europe, a tax that gives to the beet growers of the Northwest and the cane planters of Louisiana, Hawaii and Porto Rico a protection that is withheld from this fine island so long as it clings to such independence as the Platt amendment permits. In the tobacco industry the possibilities of expansion are not so great as in the production of sugar, and Cuba's tobacco market is not exclusively in this country; but our tariff duties are burdensome and depressing, especially those that were imposed for the exclusion of the leaf tobacco of Sumatra. The views of the Cuban tobacco growers and merchants and of the cigar manufacturers (who contend against a duty exceeding 100 per cent.) have recently been made known. They must have a reduction of one-half, they say, or must ask for annexation. The similar plea of the sugar planters for their industry is yet to be heard. Probably American capital will take part in the preparation of it.

What is to be the response at Washington? Everybody knows that the desired reduction of the duty on raw sugar (which would involve a reduction of the duty on refined), whether proposed by statute or in a commercial treaty, will be opposed strenuously by the Louisiana cane-growers, by the growers of sugar beets and the manufacturers of beet sugar in the Northwest and on the Pacific Coast, and by such influence as can be exerted by the planters in Hawaii and Porto Rico. If the producers of beet sugar can gain the assistance of other

protected interests, the opposition will probably be successful. The protected growers of tobacco have power that must be reckoned with. Concessions may be suggested and recommended by the President, but it does not follow that they will be granted.

If Cuba fails to obtain the tariff reductions so greatly desired and needed by her people, those who are responsible for the withholding of them may reasonably expect to see a strong movement for annexation started on the island. The merchants, the planters and a large majority of all the owners of property are already annexationists at heart. Industrial depression, now to be seen in the tobacco trade, and surely to appear in the sugar plantations and market, will give them the support of a great number in the poorer classes, who have no share in the prizes of insular politics. If the people of Cuba should ask the United States to annex their island, would our people refuse to take it? We believe that a great majority of the people of the United States would say that the application should be granted promptly, with such restrictions as the conditions might suggest. No party majority in Congress could afford or would desire to reject it. But those who now intend to oppose the tariff concessions for which Cuba will apply must see that annexation would mean free trade in Cuban tobacco and sugar.

On the other hand, if the desired concessions should be made by statute or treaty, the resulting stimulation of agriculture on the island would surely draw from this country so much capital and so many American citizens that an application for annexation from a majority of the inhabitants could not long be deferred. The prosperity caused by a removal of a part of the tariff barrier would sharpen the islanders' appetite for the greater profit and prosperity that would follow a removal of the remainder. A liberal commercial treaty made now would thus tend, by promoting the investment of American capital and the immigration of American citizens, to prepare the island for assimilation and for that annexation which we believe to be inevitable. There would be no such preparation if the application should be forced by a refusal to grant tariff concessions. Therefore, while justice requires the making of such a treaty, this course of action would be more beneficial than the other in its ultimate effect upon the population and condition of the territory to be annexed. It will be annexed, by the request of its people, and in the coming years will be one of the richest and loveliest gardens of the world.

Why the Cities Are Big

The twelfth census reveals the further progress of that concentration of population in great and small cities which began to attract attention ten years ago. At that time 29 per cent. of the people of the United States were living in towns of 8,000 or more inhabitants each. Now the urban inhabitants are 32.9 per cent. of our total population.

The causes of this "drift to the towns," as the phrase goes, are not clearly manifest, altho every newspaper writer is ready with his own explanation. The extension of trolley railroads into the suburbs of every rapidly growing city is just now more often mentioned than any other one alleged "cause." In fact, it is probably not a cause at all, but rather an effect. A glance at the statistical record will satisfy any serious inquirer that the cities have grown more rapidly than the country as a whole for more than one hundred years. The tendency is older than any means of locomotion now in use except walking and driving. It is older, too, than "the unprecedented growth of industrial employments," which began with the steam engine. The social philosopher who hopes to solve this problem will have to inquire not only why population increases in New York and in Chicago, but also why it increased in Rome, in Babylon and in Thebes.

We suspect that the true explanation is to be found in a quarter where it has not been looked for. A close inspection of the returns from this or any preceding census will discover an increasing density of population as one moves in a straight line from some remote farm, through a region of prosperous towns, thence through a suburban zone, thence through the "better residence quarters" of a great city, and finally into the tenement house wards. The superficial ex-

planation of this fact is that men in general must live near their business or their work. The tenement houses are packed with wage earners, because, in the great cities, there is employment. The active business and professional men occupy the "better residence quarters," because these are near "business." The suburbs are filled with less prosperous business men, clerks and mechanics, because these are too well-to-do for the tenement house and not rich enough for the brown stone front.

This explanation, we say, is superficial, because it ignores the question, What employment, what business, can men be nearer to by dwelling in cities? And the answer to this question is significant.

The business, and the employments in general, of the cities are highly specialized. In ninty-nine cases in a hundred, or perhaps in nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand, the urban dweller is earning his living by some very narrow "line" of trade, or by some kind of skill or muscular activity that has been cultivated at the expense of all other aptitudes. Whether in profession, business or manual labor, he has succeeded, if at all, by concentrating his effort, his thought, his interest, his soul, if he has one, on some one activity, until he has become a semi-automaton, and a great part of the capacities that he was born with have shriveled into nothingness.

Absolutely different in its nature and demands is the occupation of the farmer. The "jack of all trades" *may* be a master of none; usually he is. But the farmer who would succeed *must be* a jack of all trades and *a master of all.* His business, if the oldest of human callings, is also far and away the most difficult; and that is precisely why comparatively few farmers are really successful. The farmer who succeeds in any such degree as the business or the professional man may succeed combines with the "horse sense" that he claims for himself a great deal of scientific knowledge and business genius. He understands soils and sunsets; roots and animals; machinery and human nature; and, above all, the market, the town meeting, and the Board of Assessors. He is, in short, the brainiest kind of an all-around man, *and there are not a great many of him.*

This, then, is the question that ought to be asked relative to the continuing growth of great cities, As populations increase does the proportion of "universal geniuses" decrease? We suspect that it does. The absolute number of men competent to succeed as farmers may increase—probably it does, but the relative number diminishes. This is not necessarily because the brain-stuff of the country population deteriorates; for it is largely attributable to changes in education and in discipline. In the earlier days American farmers were their own middlemen. What they produced they consumed; what they consumed they produced. They did not sell wheat and buy flour; they ground their own grain at the local mill. They did not sell wool and buy cloth; their wives spun and wove. They did not sell beef "on the hoof" to buy it from the cart; they slaughtered their own steers and exchanged fresh meat with one another. That way of life has been transformed. It was hard; it required endless thought and good management. It is easier to specialize, to raise some one crop to sell for spot cash; and the farmer who lacks the intelligence to see that the exhausting brain work of looking after the endless details of a diversified production is the very essence of his occupation discovers too late that, in ceasing to grind his own corn—so to speak—he is himself ground between the upper and the lower millstones of the market.

And so this problem of the growth of cities, like so many others, reduces to one of human ability. The cities grow because any piddling specimen of *genus homo* can earn his bread in town if he lets drink alone and diligently becomes a human automaton; while to succeed in the country he must be next of kin to immortal genius.

The Paucity of American Genius

Some time ago President Schurman, of Cornell University, made use of this portentous language:

> "Apart from the domain of politics and invention, America has not produced a single man or woman whose name will shine in the intellectual firmament with Raffael, Shakespeare, Copernicus, Newton, Laplace, Goethe and Darwin."

It was easily replied that the list given

contains but a single man, culled from the whole world, who belongs to the century which saw the development of the American nation. But this is hardly a fair answer to the indictment which charges "a want of a creative literary, artistic and scientific activity in America." For, if we were to select the names of the men now living who have achieved the highest fame for ability in the fields designated, are we sure that one single American would be included?

Let us survey the field. In literature we might perhaps mention Tolstoy and Swinburne and Kipling and Ibsen and Björnson and Maeterlinck. What American stands with them? Or in philosophy who stands with Spencer, or in the dramatic art with Bernhardt, or in music with Patti and Paderewski, or in biology with Wallace and Haeckel, or in history with Harnack?

President Schurman excluded the practical fields of politics and invention, as it is evident that in the development of free government by the people we have given lessons to all the world since the days of Washington and Jefferson, while our inventions have equally revolutionized modern life. While England, France and Germany are far ahead of us in purely scientific investigations as to the powers of nature, and the great discoveries in chemistry and physics during the past few years have all been made abroad, we can claim, with our telegraph and telephone, our Edison and Bell, to be equal to any land in inventions. The same is confessedly true in the field of finance. Carnegie, Rockefeller and Morgan are names famed all over the world, even if no one of them has created a new State or developed an empire as has Cecil Rhodes. And it is doubtful whether in the field of politics we can boast a living name that will have the right to go down to posterity in the same rank of achievement with Li Hung-chang, or Count Ito, two yellow men. We have made great history during the past three years, but the work has been that of the people rather than of President or soldier. We have provided competent officers, but we cannot point to any military or naval commander produced by the Spanish War who bids fair to rank in the first class of successful genius.

Who then is there to represent the overtopping heads of American genius? Let our readers try to find them. Possibly we do not sufficiently honor our own prophets. Perhaps our living philosophers and poets and physicists and biologists and statesmen are valued higher abroad than we value them here. At any rate we may comfort ourselves with the faith that in no country is the average of intelligence and ability higher than in the better parts of this country, even as we must confess that nowhere can surer evidence of local barbarism be found. For the production of men of unusual powers nature is responsible, and not Congress or university, which are responsible for general culture. Perhaps we are at fault that public sentiment does not send the genius that we do produce into the higher fields of literary and scientific productivity.

The Rev. Quincy Ewing on Lynching

In the New York *Sun* of August 25 is printed one of the most eloquent, most courageous, most Christian sermons we have ever read. It is worthy of the best powers of the greatest pulpit orators and prophets in our history. It is a denunciation of lynching, as a Mississippi sin, by a Mississippi clergyman—the Rev. Quincy Ewing, rector of the Episcopal Church at Greenville. He takes for his text the Sermon on the Mount and the Mississippi Constitution. He introduces his subject by declaring that if some one were to assert that in Massachusetts the great majority of murderers were not hanged or imprisoned or brought to trial or arrested, it would be thought a very hazardous statement; but that in Mississippi it cannot be denied that "the great majority of murderers are never hanged, or imprisoned, or brought to trial, or forced to flee from one county to another, or seriously bothered in any way." The white men, he says, who lynch negroes are murderers, and nobody bothers them. So long as the great majority of its murderers are not disturbed by the cowardly officers of law, what decent citizen, he asks, can wish the civilization of his State to be copied by any other?

"If that is a civilized State where it is probable that the majority of its murderers from year to year, from decade to decade, are not made to feel by gallows, or prison, or fine, or banishment, that they have commmitted an offense against the State's law—if that is a civilized State, who will define for us a barbarous one?"

It is not white men, says our preacher, but black men who are lynched.

"It is safe to say that the lynching of white men by white men would not long be tolerated in this State; some way would speedily be found to put a stop to it. . . . What a sickening truth was suggested, even if the suggestion was somewhat in the form of exaggeration, by the statement to the deputy sheriff of that dago, recently sentenced to death in Greenwood for murdering a negro woman! 'Me no kill her in Tenn'see; me kill her in Miss'sip; me no think it harm to kill nig in Miss'sip!"

Why are these negroes lynched? Is it, asks Mr. Ewing, because the negroes are in our way, and we want more room to black our boots, nurse our babies, pile dirt on our levees and pick our cotton? Not at all! Mississippi men are not anxious to get rid of the negro. They will give you a coat of tar and feathers if you try to induce the negroes to go to Kansas, or to the next county. For,

"The dullest of us knows that the great bulk of raw material of the State's wealth is produced from year to year by negro labor. The bread we eat, the summer trips we take, the houses we live in, the tailor-made suits and silk dresses we wear, the money we put into missionary boxes to Christianize yellow people in China and Japan, point all, or nearly all, directly, or indirectly, to negro labor; to negro men and women, to negro grandfathers and grandmothers and little children, picking our cotton, or gathering our corn, while we work or sit under cover, and fan ourselves, or have ourselves fanned by electricity—and complain of the heat!"

Nor is the negro lynched "because he has invented some new stupendous crime that white men have no taste for."

"He is not lynched for any one crime only; he is lynched, again and again, for crimes that white men have not outgrown, and do frequently commit. We are likely to pick up a paper any day, and read, without any emotion of great surprise, that a negro has been lynched in Mississippi for assault and battery, or some offense less than assault and battery! Look at that affair in the County of Carroll—that affair with its mob that couldn't be restrained in its mad thirst for blood by the Governor of the State, the District Attorney, the Circuit Judge and the 'leading citizens.' A white man suspects a negro boy of putting rough-on-rats in his drinking water. He gets up a party of his friends, and goes with them to the house of that boy, and murders him. There is no mob to avenge this murder. We do not read that the murderers were ever tried, or indicted, or arrested, or bothered in any way. . . . The relatives of that murdered boy, unable to invoke the law's avenging arm, themselves resolve upon an awful crime—following the example of the white murderers; resolve upon it and commit it. They murder the parents of the leader of the band who had shown them how easily a murder might be committed. Immediately a lynching mob is formed; and they are not going to be overparticular, not at all squeamish, as to whom they lynch! And lynch they do—a helpless old woman and young girl, not known, as far as authentic reports show, to have had anything whatever to do with the murder of the aged couple. And lynch they do—after the Governor's visit and plea for law and order—a negro man, not known to have had anything to do with the murder, and described in the press report as 'one of the most trusted negroes in the county;' nobody in Carrollton, it seems, had heard any charge whispered against him of complicity in the horrible crime. . . . Yet the lynching orgy goes on—proving well enough that the mob was not moved so much by the desire to serve justice in a rude and barbarous way, as by the utterly despicable, brutal impulse to go out and kill a 'lot o' niggers,' because a white man and woman had been murdered by negroes!"

Nor is the negro lynched for fear that he will get the upper hand. The murderers cannot admit that they fear that the negro will achieve political domination and "hold them writhing and wriggling in subjection at the bottom." Nor can it be admitted that they are lynched from fear that if they are allowed the equal protection of law they will secure equal advantages in society.

"Are they lynched in order to keep solid and sound the mortar between the stones that build the barrier wall against 'social equality?' Nay, nay, nay! This will not do. Why, white men of the sort that gather in mobs to 'lynch niggers' are doing more right here in this town, in the year 1901, are doing more, doubtless, in every other town of Mississippi, unmolested, to batter down this barrier wall against social equality than has ever been done by the negroes in all their history as American citizens! I need not be more explicit; you know what I mean; and if possibly you do not, I need only say, Keep your eyes open, as you walk your street, keep them open night or day and you will know!"

What, then, is the reason why the negro is lynched? Simply because he is regarded as an alien in race, and is an underling in the law.

"Replace the negro in Mississippi by any other race of aliens, make them also underlings, and as certain as the sun shines they would be lynched just as the negro is. And

this means that the same essential spirit is dominant in Mississippi—in Mississippi of the twentieth century—that was dominant in Europe in the Dark Ages . . . that ruled at Verdun, where the Jews, mad with agony, huddled together in a tower of refuge, hurled down their children to the howling mob, hoping thus, vainly, to satiate their greed for Jewish blood!—essentially the same spirit that, five hundred years ago, lighted a fire for every Jew in whole French provinces, and dug that trench at Chinon, and raised that pile where nearly two hundred Jewish men and women were burned together; burned because, fundamentally, they were not Frenchmen by religion, not Frenchmen by race!"

What is the remedy? Can the evil be stopped? You have elected, says he, a decent Governor. Now elect a decent legislature. Let it impose a big money fine on any county where there is a lynching. Let it vacate the office of any sheriff that permits a lynching. Let it give the Governor power to send troops to any county where the sheriff is inefficent, and let him handle mobs as Federal troops handle murderous Indians. And if the State will not protect its citizens from being murdered, then let Mississippi lapse back to a Territory and be ruled by the nation. Meanwhile, let local leagues be formed to defend the laws, and when such a league is formed in Washington County, the Rev. Quincy Ewing asks the privilege of being a member of it.

What Northerner can talk on this terrible subject with the force of this Mississippian, fathered and grandfathered, mothered and grandmothered, in the South? We had much to say, but he sees the evil nearer, and he can say it better. No Cheever or Beecher spoke from a Northern pulpit with more righteous power.

The Machinery of a Missionary Society

As the time approaches for the meeting of the Protestant Episcopal General Convention in San Francisco the discussion becomes again active, as to what shall be the constitution of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, which controls the missionary activity of that Church. Bishop Satterlee, of Washington, has written an open letter to Bishop Doane, of Albany, in which he attacks the present constitution of the society, and puts upon it the blame of the comparative inefficiency of that Church in missionary work.

In 1877 the General Convention constituted itself the Board of Missions. The idea was that the Christianization of the world is the work of the Church; and for the Protestant Episcopal Church the General Convention represents the Church. It was a noble conception, and put the work under the direction of bishops, clergy and laity combined. A Board of Managers was constituted to control the executive service during the long intervals of four years between the sessions of the Convention. This Board consists of fifteen bishops, fifteen presbyters and fifteen laymen elected by the General Convention.

Now Bishop Satterlee declares that this method of management is wrong in theory and ineffective in practice. The direction of the conversion of the world belongs, he says, not to the Church, but to the bishops. Our Lord's last command was given to the apostles rather than to the Church as a whole. He declares that the machinery is cumbersome, and that no adequate advance is made. He compares the mission work of the Episcopal Church with that of other denominations. The Episcopal Church has 1,623 home and foreign missionaries and native helpers, while the Methodists report 9,220, the Presbyterians 4,323, the Congregationalists 5,884 and the Baptists 2,509. In contributions for home and foreign work the Episcopalians report $596,106, the Methodists $1,867,503, the Presbyterians $1,810,787, the Congregationalists $1,110,997 and the Baptists $574,132. At present there is a debt of $100,000 threatening the Board of Missions.

These figures may not all be exact, but they represent the fact that the Episcopal Church has not yet taken earnest hold of evangelistic work. It has made great collections, but they are for the support of home churches; the amount was $16,204,715 last year, against a total of $10,135,366 reported by the Congregationalists last year, and $16,338,376 reported by the Presbyterians. The work of the Episcopalians is principally in cities, where the expense of support is heavy, and the chief interest has gone to the erection of buildings and the support of

the local work of the churches. Bishop Satterlee says:

"While we profess to be a true and historical descendant of the ancient Catholic and apostolic Church, we are outstripped, surpassed, left far in the background, by the missionary zeal and self-sacrifice of the various Protestant bodies around us in the United States. We boast of our Catholic lineage, but who has inherited the *missionary spirit* of the apostolic Church in New Testament days?"

We cannot believe that the failure to secure larger contributions or more successful mission work is due to any failure of organization. Indeed, the constitution of the Episcopal Board is much like that of the boards of the other denominations which are said to be much more successful. The Presbyterian General Assembly chooses the members of its Board of Foreign Missions, ten clergymen and nine laymen. The corporate members of the Congregational American Board are nominated by the State Conferences, and the corporate members elect a Prudential Committee to manage the business. The Methodists and Baptists are equally responsible to their whole body of churches, and work through a mixed committee of clergy and laity. We cannot see that putting the management upon the bishops alone would in any way increase the efficiency. Certainly there is no argument for it in the example of the other Christian bodies.

The trouble is, as Bishop Satterlee and every one else sees, in the fact that the Episcopal Church has been slow to wake up to the importance of evangelistic work. It is making progress. The increase of contributions since 1877 from $213,376 to $596,105 is gratifying, so far as it goes. More steam is wanted, not other machinery. Eighty bishops, scattered from Maine to San Francisco and Japan and Liberia, would be a much more cumbrous committee to govern the work than is the present too cumbrous committee of forty-five men, chosen, however, for their convenience of access to the offices in this city. It is wise to have the laymen given representation. It would be far from wise to put the control in the hands of bishops, when not a foreign or home missionary bishop could attend the meetings, and when each bishop is specially interested to favor his own diocese.

Some people are complaining that in the program for the General Convention so much time is given to missions. It is about time that this should be done. The three last meetings have been taken up with the revision and "enrichment" of the Prayer Book, a matter of a certain importance no doubt, but not so important as the conversion of the world. What is needed, it is clear, is not so much a change of machinery as it is a change of spirit. If the spirit is good any machinery for a religious society will do the work. It is, after all, always education that is the formative and reformative force in society and the Church.

The Sultan's Surrender

No intelligent person believed that the Sultan would persist to the point of war in his quarrel with France. The conditions are too unequal.

Let us for a moment consider what war would mean. France would attack Turkey. Turkey could not attack France. France has the strongest navy in the world, unless it be the British; and it is claimed that the French navy is better built, armed and drilled than the British, which has shown serious defects in the late maneuvers. In case of war with Turkey, France would make it a naval war. She could send an invincible fleet immediately against Constantinople itself, if she wished, and another against Smyrna and a third against Beirut or Salonica. There would be no time for Turkey to gather a land force to resist, and it would be of not the slightest use if she could. The Dardanelles is defended by forts, after a fashion, but they could probably make no serious resistance to the passage of the French fleet. To be sure, the forcing of the Dardanelles would afford a problem of intense interest to students of the art of defense; and we may guess that every German artillery officer whose services the Sultan could command would be called to his aid. The narrowest part of the Dardanelles is not half a mile wide, and the Chanak Kalessy, the Porcelain Fort, on the lower Asiatic side, and its companion fortress on the more rugged European side, have been refitted and remounted with guns, under German direction, since the beginning of the last war with Greece, and

if well manned would give trouble to a hostile force. But with the aid of such land forces as might be brought in transports to aid in the attack, there is little doubt that the passage of the Strait could be successfully made, and the fleet set down by the Golden Horn itself, right before Old Stamboul, and find both the European and the Asiatic city at its mercy. The Turkish fleet is in a shocking condition of disrepair and inefficiency, and this would be entirely a naval war, for France, or any enemy with a fleet, would not need to do more than bombard and possess the coast cities. There could not be even the pretense of resistance which was made to our fleet by the Spanish ships. Turkish soldiers can fight—they seem to be better fighters than the Russians—but they fight on land.

So Turkey was obliged to yield when France once threatened an appeal to arms. Perhaps that is a proper way to deal with such a power as Turkey, which does not mean to keep its promises, but can be compelled to do so. One cannot well deal with Russia in that way. Russia has the reputation of making promises only to be broken. "A long spoon," said Chaucer, must one have that would eat with the devil, and the leading member of the British Cabinet not long ago applied the saying to the Russian Government. But no one wants to fight Russia; she is too strong.

It must not be supposed that the French Government had the least expectation of war. But if it had come, the fighting would have been the simplest part of it. The conclusion of peace would have been labor and toil. What indemnity could France have got from Turkey? Not money, for Turkey has none; and hardly territory, for what province would other Powers have consented that she take? She must agree first with Russia, who could easily find what compensating aggrandizement she would take about Trebizond; but would she let France take Palestine, or even the more northern coast of Syria? And would Germany consent, and would England hold her peace? A war would seem to involve the break-up of Turkey, but the balance of power can be better preserved as it is than readjusted at the expense of Turkey.

The United States has been so unfortunate as to get, through the Spanish war, the reputation of truculency, of rude arrogance to a weaker nation. But we have had one long quarrel with Turkey, and we have settled it by patience. We have never severed diplomatic relations, but have used the regular methods between States of presentation and persuasion, until that most dilatory of rulers found it wise to pay his bills. To be sure, he promised and failed to keep his promises. But we did not tell him he lied; we went to him again and again, as one might urge a willful child. At last he yielded. The French way is more summary; perhaps quite as good. It is the way the Austrians carried their point several years ago, when they threatened Mersina. So now the Porte yields, yields completely, in words. We yet wait to see how this last promise is kept. The Quays Company is to enjoy all the rights given in its charter. We recall how the astute Turk has had the habit of yielding in words, and then keeping but half his agreement.

Country Celebrations

Before agriculture was relatively depressed by the expansion of steam-driven industries, sports and festivals were a special feature of country life. These have for half a century gone over to town life. From the May-pole to corn shucking and spelling bees, country jollifications have become matters of tradition. It is time to restore them. May day marked the advent of spring. It was ushered in with popular sports during the Middle Ages in Europe; and in this country by a portion of the colonists. The Puritans affected to abhor the May-pole and dancing about it; but this did not prevent a May day celebration of a more restricted sort. There were May Queens crowned in Massachusetts; when the day was given to excursions to gather the early wood flowers and to story telling—with a family religious service at the close of the day. This seems to have been a survival of sentiment after the violent suppression of ceremony. Our mothers and fathers inherited a relation to nature, which found modified expression, in spite of

religious prejudice. The early flowers were brought homeward, baskets full and aprons full; and the children were taught the little lore and less science that was common property—while they were taught also to think of the Maker as a lover of the beautiful. Plymouth Colony children hung May-baskets full of flowers of old and hang them still. There was considerable difference in the spirits and habits of the New Englanders, as they pushed further and further from the mother colonies. Connecticut settled Vermont, with a good deal of Connecticut primness left out; and when these Vermonters got as far west as Central New York they felt more free to follow their instincts. Social customs grew hearty, and no one objected to floral festivals.

The apple tree, and plum tree, and cherry tree, soon covered the valley sides, and put a new spirit into home life. The apple became the first innovation on wilderness life—the glory of pioneer farms. The first orchards grew from seeds of Connecticut fruits; and they drew the boys for ten miles about them. It cannot be said that the only consequences were festive; but as soon as the other crops were gathered, the owner of an orchard invited his neighbors to come and help him harvest his fruits. Cold storage was unknown; but to prepare apples for winter use led to that most delightful festival, the apple bee or paring bee. That this consisted of taking the peeling from twenty bushels of apples in a single evening is to tell but half the story. Games followed work, and consisted largely of love tests. Maidens strove hard to secure an unbroken peeling from an apple, and once secured, it was tossed over the shoulder, and the form that it assumed on the floor was supposed to tell the initial letter of the favored one.

> "I pare this pippin round and round again,
> My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain,
> I fling the unbroken paring o'er my head;
> Upon the grass a perfect L is read."

Any other capital would do as well as "L," and it was supposed to be prophetic.

The husking bee was associated with that other glory of the farm, Indian corn. Nothing else is so beautiful all summer long as this indigenous cereal. It is the glorification of that humble earth covering which we call grass. How many ages it took of evolution to reach its ten feet of hight, and to differentiate ears from flowers, and to ennoble the florescence into plumage we cannot tell. A scientific horticulturist has recently carried the process backward, by selection, till all the ears were again on top of the stalk; the stalk itself reduced to two feet in hight, and the seed had become like a large bunch of orchard grass. Corn was the chief gift of the Indian to his successor, and we have made it the vegetable king. Our fathers followed the Indian custom of festivities in connection with corn harvests. The husking bee brought together the neighbors for five miles about. The seats were huge yellow pumpkins, and the stories kept pace with shucking. Old men would not be outdone by the younger, and from six o'clock until nine the ears filled the air, as they flew with amazing celerity into the piles. Then came the feast of honey, and cider, and pumpkin pies, and doughnuts, and Bonchretien pears; while most of the affairs of rural love found opportunity along the margin of the occasion.

The charm of the country festivities of these olden days was that they were natural. They grew out of the conditions of life. Farm life has greatly changed, and is still changing. For many years, until very recently, it has been growing duller and less picturesque. Not only are May-poles and Liberty poles absent, but apple bees and husking bees and "raisings." Fourth of July is flavorless, and General Training is quite forgotten. Women no longer have sewing societies to promote temperance, or assist runaway slaves; and there are no more moral reform societies for passing resolutions to improve society. These things faded away with other changes. Just now the woman's club is growing in favor, to discuss sociology, or the Boer War; and Farmers' Clubs debate expansion as well as the building of creameries and co-operation. The farmers who meet to discuss cheese smoke cigars, and talk "on 'Change."

We advocate a revival of country simplicity and naturalness—a new order of festivities adapted to the times and the conditions. The grange is doing some-

thing in this direction. It has brought the sexes together, and introduced intellectual entertainment with physical. It is a thoroughly natural product of the times. Still there is lacking distinctively country sports. It is not improbable that the new festivities will arise directly out of the new rural conditions. The rural telephone gives us already telephone concerts and telephone tea parties. All the subscribers of a single circuit are in a certain sense brought together in a new social relation. This takes the place of the village and the hamlet, and may naturally be emphasized by the growth of circuit games and circuit readings. The patrons of a rural free mail delivery route were recently called together by their postmaster, to celebrate the advent of this new social feature of farm life. They came with enthusiasm of the old sort. It was a "basket banquet," with toasts by the farmers themselves. It was fortunate that they could not secure Congressmen or lawyers to do their talking. Politicians have not yet waked up to the fact that a great revolution is going on. A little longer and they will be left in the ruts of a lapsed social system. These are hints of what we may expect to see evolved in the electric age. Tree planting must not be left to the school, but become a great feature of the social life of the new agriculturist. It is essentially a rural affair springing out of modern needs. There is no reason why there may not be also a rural "bird day," to commemorate the importance of these friends of agriculture; a "rose celebration" and a "harvest festival." Old Home Day should at least become universal throughout the Eastern States. It is one of the happiest thoughts of our newer rural life.

Economy of Municipal Ownership

There is a general impression among progressive people that the municipal ownership of the "natural" monopolies is bad economics, but good sociology. It does not take much thought to perceive that private corporations are primarily in business for profit, whereas a municipality takes over a business only when convinced that it is for the advantage of its citizens. Take the street railroads, for instance. Under municipal ownership and operation we should expect low fares, plenty of cars, well paid employees, and in general a service approximating the wishes of the public. Under private management, we get high fares, overcrowding, underpaid and overworked employees, and handsome profits for the company and its stockholders. We are not saying that during the rise of electrical railroads private management may not have produced in this country better results than municipal ownership and operation would have done. We simply state that the choice between public and private ownership is *now* a question of profits for the few or comfort for the many. But here comes a writer in the conservative *Yale Review,* who shows that the only two Massachusetts towns (Taunton and Chicopee) that own and operate their electric light plants, are getting the work done more cheaply than the other cities of the commonwealth under private management, and are also obtaining a larger return on the capital invested. In other words, municipal ownership, in these two instances at least, is good economics as well as good sociology. Now this condition of affairs is so remarkable that it is probably an exception to the general rule. However, if on further investigation it should turn out that the average town or city can operate its franchises cheaper than a chartered company can, then there is very little ground left for those who argue for the private ownership of "natural" monopolies.

Bogus Degrees

The degree factories keep up their work undeterred by an occasional exposal of their methods. It is D.D.'s and Ph.D.'s that they mostly grant, and their victims and dupes are largely clergymen, altho there are degrees also given, or sold, in medicine, pharmacy and dentistry, and we know not what else. The worst fraud in this matter appears to be the so-called National University of Chicago, which trades in the likelihood of its being confused with the University of Chicago. The Rev. J. C. Chapman, of the First Presbyterian Church in Hackettstown, has given to the public the correspondence he had with this "University."

When first written to about the degree which it was proposed to give him, he imagined it was the University of Chicago which was offering him a D.D., but his suspicions being aroused, he wrote for further information to President Harper and Prof. Herrick Johnson, and he got it, and his correspondence with the "Chancellor" of the bogus "University" ended caustically. The pity of it is that this National University is regularly incorporated under the laws of Illinois. It has been frequently exposed, but still does business, and the authorities of the city or the State seem unable or unwilling to jail the man Harkins, who is its chancellor, faculty and bursar. We cannot regard those who buy and wear its degrees as mere dupes. They must have intelligence enough to suspect the worthlessness of their honors. We have in mind a clergyman who got frightened at an exposure of the methods of these degrees, and on consulting a friend was strongly advised to drop his doctorate of philosophy and destroy his diploma. But the storm blew over, and when he next took a pastorate he reported with pride how he had pursued a course of special study and taken the degree of Ph.D.

Converts and Culture

It may be that the Rev. Gilbert Reid's idea that it is the best missionary policy to deal first with the rulers and higher classes, which was also the policy of the Jesuits in China, may get wider approval than has been the case. Under the theory that a soul is a soul and all souls equal, and with the fact that it is easier to persuade a poor and ignorant heathen than a powerful and cultivated one, some missionaries and societies have dealt especially with the lower castes and have had great success in elevating their numerous converts. Mr. Reid withdrew from the Presbyterian Board because he believed he could do more good by working for the upper classes, and he had no little reason, before the Chinese outbreak, to believe that his policy was a powerful one in influence, if not in conversions. While he seems now to be a bit discouraged, the Rev. Timothy Richard, a wise veteran missionary of the London Society, declares that the new campaigns must not be satisfied with village preaching to the accidental crowd, but must seek to deal with the student class and the Government officers, and make full use of those educational and literary methods which the upper classes will appreciate and commend. There is a deep question of policy here involved, which has long been in conflict between two schools of thought. In a late article of reminiscences on the early history of missions in Hawaii, Sereno E. Bishop, D.D., recalls the injury wrought in Hawaii as well as in India by the suppression of schools by Dr. Anderson when Secretary of the American Board. It was converted souls he was after, not developed, intelligent Christians.

The National Bar Association has for one of its prinicpal objects to secure uniform legislation on marriage and divorce. Its proposals would work, and are working, a much needed reform, and are attacked by those who do not believe in divorce for any cause. The language of Judge Lyman D. Brewster, of Danbury, Conn., at the meeting held last week in Denver was emphatic, but substantially just. A hard and fast rule forbidding remarriage of those divorced would be, he said, putting a premium on concubinage. He says:

> "To insist that a woman must cling forever to a drunken, debauched husband, a living corpse, is not only ridiculously absurd, but positively hideous. And the way many preachers misinterpret and mutilate that noble book, the Bible, and take the most beautiful and poetic sentiments in the world and mar and utterly annihilate them by trying to make them appear as statutes and commonplace statements of facts is simply abominable."

There are few men living who could rightfully claim so warm a welcome to this country as can Marquis Ito, who has been ordered by his physicians to take a sea voyage, and will shortly start for the United States. He is the impersonation of the regenerated Japanese Empire. He is regarded in Japan with almost as much veneration as was Washington in this country after the success of our Revolution. He has been Japan's wisest counselor and greatest leader. It will be an honor to welcome one of the world's great men.

INSURANCE

The Old Nostrum

THE recording secretary of the Typothetæ of this city, an organization of employing printers, has been looking into the records since 1882, and he finds that one office has paid $40,000 for insurance premiums and has actually never collected a penny for losses; that the largest loss was $22,000, and the largest amount carried is $150,000; also that the printers have paid the insurance companies five times as much as they have received back. The discovery seems to him remarkable, but he is not the first man who has found a mare's nest. For when we come to consider it, we find his real discovery is the proposition that the essence of insurance is to collect a claim, hence that the test of its value is the ratio between premium money and claim money, so that the man who has paid but never has collected, has suffered a wrong. By this reasoning the man who has suffered a loss of perhaps 20 to 50 per cent. more than his insurance has won a profit, for he has got his premium back; the man who lies in bed with a broken leg, but has got something from the company at the cost of suffering—expenses and lost time—is more enviable than he who has no mishap and consequently has wasted his premium. This reasoning is far from new, but it does not improve by age. On the contrary, the essence and value of insurance (by which we do not mean insurance on life) is to have the trustworthy promise of indemnity if needed, and then not to need it; next, to have need and to realize on the promise.

The fact that a sound insurance returns value by the having it is one which men are slow to realize. Secretary Coderaye merely repeats a worn suggestion when he proposes a printers' mutual to change this "deplorable condition" and save half these "extortionate premiums." It is certain that some men, or class of men, will in each year call on the companies for more than their premiums; hence some other men must call for less than theirs. If to get back at least as much as the premiums were the test whether those are extortionate, who would meet the losses above premiums and the incidental expenses? The discovery and the remedy are alike old and unreal. One has been made and the other propounded times without number; but as nobody attempts to apply the latter, there cannot be any faith in the former.

Expectancies

"THE insurance companies have discovered that the expectancy of life is on the increase. Of course, the next move will be to make the people pay for it." This is credited to the *Times-Union* of Albany. Possibly it is a bit of newspaper waggery; probably it is the serious observation of somebody who knows more of some other subjects than of life insurance, but thinks himself on solid ground with the proposition that flings at insurance are always in order, and that if he happens to tumble himself while attempting one very few readers will know it and those who do may be expected to merely smile. Let us smile accordingly.

This recalls the story—which might easily be true, even if it is not—that once when the subject of life insurance interest rates and reserves was before the honorable legislature a member who was deeply opposed to any favoritism for corporations remarked that he was unable to see why these rich companies should not be made to "keep their preserves" at as high rates as other people. As he conceived it, to make 4 instead of 4½ per cent., the "legal standard," would be to favor the companies by lightening what he supposed they had to pay. If such a member really made such a remark—as he really might have done—he meant well, but he was mistaken.

Returning to life expectancy, no material increase in that has been discovered, but if there were one it would be of immediate and large direct benefit to the accumulated funds, not a burden. As expectancy is a deduction from recorded mortality observations, if it were on the increase the meaning would be that the average term of life was increasing. In such case men would live to pay more

premiums, or the funds would have a longer term of use at interest before required for claim settlements. The cost of insurance would, therefore, be lowered on its most important side—really on its only side, since expenses are relatively a minor incident. Imagine a decade were added to the average term of life—what then? When this were an ascertained fact (assuming, also, that it was expected to continue so for a generation or more) a reduction in cost would be evident, but as this would surely be followed soon by reductions in rates to "make the people pay for it" would be impossible. On the other hand, if it became generally believed that mankind had acquired an addition to the lease of life death would seem more indefinitely distant, and there might be more delay in insuring; in such case a counter influence would come to bear upon the rate of accumulation of the funds.

Meanwhile, it is timely and prudent to note that a life expectancy belongs only to masses of men—the individual has none. This does not mean that there are no differences in the reasonable probability as to persons of the same age and of apparently healthy condition. Most of these differences are concealed, even from the official examiners whose business it is to study them; the practical and personal meaning is that an individual has no expectancy worth trusting to. If the mass of which he is one item is sure to reach a certain expectancy that fact does not buttress him in the slightest—he may go to-day.

Have You a Policy?

It appears that accidents do happen. According to the Fidelity and Casualty Company's little company paper, in five years past

555 persons fell off railway trains;
652 were hurt in wrecks and collisions;
457 were hurt while working on tracks;
782 were burned in various ways;
272 were hurt by ladders;
2,569 were hurt by riding or driving;
1,181 fell off bicycles;
10 were bumped by automobiles;
870 fell downstairs or into holes;
158 hurt themselves with firearms, and 62 were shot by others;
2,080 received cuts;
224 hit furniture and were hit back;
261 got bitten, mosquito bites not counted;
9 hurtfully took off shoes, presumably their own, but possibly others';
32 were hurt by lightning and tornado;
1,014 were damaged, in some cases irreparably, by lifting things, promissory notes not included;
1,135 played injuriously with baseball and fireworks, those who fell into golf holes not counted;
30 came off the roof too suddenly;
377 received intentional hurts from others, mostly drunk or disorderly—

Et cetera. The list covers only cases of insurance claims and so passes by thousands of haps. You have never been hurt yet? Nor have you died. One event is certain for all; the other, for many. The insurance rate is graded accordingly. One is really a process of sinking-fund accumulation, but called insurance for lack of a more exact term; the other is strictly insurance. Have you a policy?

....*The Real Estate Record* and *Builders' Guide* declares its belief that builders and owners could profitably study the insurance rate schedule. In one instance it cites, an owner put in some water buckets and replaced common glass in a skylight with isinglass, on the advice of an insurance broker, and was rewarded by a reduction in premium which much more than repaid his outlay. A competent insurance broker could save largely in premiums, the journal thinks. Owners often pay more than is necessary if they would only give consideration to the subject, yet it is rare that an owner who proposes to build asks a broker to pass upon the plans and report what could be done to lessen insurance rates. On the contrary, preventible elements of fire hazard ought to be classed among structural defects, and the subject should be laid before an expert. There is something in this suggestion well worth considering. Prevention is better than cure. Some protective fire-doors, which the underwriters compelled reluctant owners to put into the Warren street building next to Broadway, on the south side, prevented the Rogers & Peet fire, one December night, from going down Warren street to the river; how many such doors would the resultant saving pay for?

FINANCIAL

Germany's New Tariff Bill

THE remarkable bill for a revision of the German tariff is the subject of a long report from Mr. Mason, the American Consul-General at Berlin, who says that this extraordinary measure is accepted as it stands as embodying what the Imperial Government is willing to concede to the Agrarian party. It is proposed that the bill, if enacted, shall take effect on January 1st, 1904. Between the dates of enactment and enforcement there will be at least a year and a half, during which time nations negotiating new commercial treaties may obtain concessions modifying the very high duties proposed; but at the beginning of the bill it is provided that under no such treaty shall the duties on wheat, rye, oats and barley be reduced below certain specified rates, these being from 40 to 75 per cent. higher than the duties now paid under treaties of reciprocity. As the bill is aimed chiefly at imports from this country — which amount to 17 per cent. of all imports into Germany, have doubled in five years, and were last year $191,000,000—we set forth below a part of Consul-General Mason's tabular comparison, showing the present duties (per 100 kilograms, or 220.46 pounds), the rates granted under commercial treaties, and the rates proposed in the bill:

	Present duties.	Treaty rates.	New duties.
CEREALS AND FOOD PRODUCTS:			
Wheat	$1.19	$0.83	$1.54
Rye	1.19	.83	1.42
Oats	.95	.67	1.42
Barley	.53	.47	.95
Barley malt	.95	.85	1.49
Corn	.47	.38	.95
Flour	2.50	1.74	3.21
Oatmeal	2.50	1.74	3.80
Hops	4.76	3.33	9.52
Starch	2.98	2.98	3.80
Dried apples, pears, etc.	.95	.95	1.90
Sausages	4.76	4.04	9.52
Pork	4.76	3.57	7.14
Other meats	4.76	4.04	8.33
Butter	4.76	3.80	7.14
Cheese	4.76	3.80	7.14
Eggs	.71	.47	1.42
Margarin	4.76	3.80	7.14
Cows and oxen, per head	2.14	2.14	5.95
Young cattle, per head	1.19	1.19	3.57
Hogs, per 100 kilograms	1.19	1.19	2.38
MACHINERY, ETC.:			
Locomotives	1.90	1.90	2.61
Locomotives, above ten tons	1.90	1.90	2.14
Sewing machines:			
Treadle	...	5.71	8.33
Power	...	...	4.76
Bicycles	...	9.52	35.70

Some of the other proposed rates are as follows: Electrical machinery, from $1.42 to $2.14 per 100 kilograms (or 220.46 pounds); machine tools, from $1.42 to $4.76; steam engines and pumps, from $4.28 to $23.80; leather shoes, from $20.23 to $28.56; rubber shoes, from $16.66 to $23.80. These rates are graded according to the weight per unit.

The increases above the treaty rates for three cereals are nearly as follows, per bushel: Wheat, from 22½ to 42 cents; corn, from 9½ to 24; oats, from 9½ to 20. The advance in the case of rye, from 21 to 35 cents, will be felt chiefly by Russian exporters. The duty on the average American bicycle is increased from $1.25 to $3.57; the rate on shoes, now from 10 to 15 cents a pair, is doubled.

German consumers paid last year nearly $30,000,000 in duties on imports of ten leading classes of food materials, including wheat, rye, barley, oats, cattle, hogs, meats and dairy products. On the same quantities imported under the proposed rates they would pay $47,500,000. But there is a shortage of the cereal crops in Germany this year. The higher cost of imports would largely increase the selling prices of the domestic products, and this is the purpose of the Agrarian party. Thus would be created a new burden, which, the Berlin *Tageblatt* asserts, would

> "revolutionize the whole economic, industrial and commercial status of the German people, drive a large proportion of the laboring classes back to a diet of black bread and potatoes, diminish the productive strength of the nation and its consequent power of competition, and by provoking reprisals from agricultural nations, like Argentina, Austria and Russia—to say nothing of the United States—imperil the foreign markets for German manufactures,

which have been to so large an extent the mainstay of the empire's export trade."

Probably the Government would be glad to see the high rates cut down in Parliament, but thus far no considerable reduction appears to be assured. The proposed change is peculiarly inopportune, owing to the depression of German manufactures and the crop deficiency. The enactment of the bill as it stands would intensify prevailing unfavorable conditions, reduce German exports, cause labor controversies and enlarge the Socialist party.

Financial Items

It is said in Pittsburg that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has decided to spend $5,000,000 in improving alignment and reducing grades between that city and Nineveh.

....The improvements now being made in Buckingham Palace under the direction of King Edward will include the addition of three American automatic electric elevators, which are to be constructed at a factory near New York.

....The Safety Car Heating and Lighting Company will pay to its stockholders a stock dividend of 10 per cent. in addition to a cash dividend of 5 per cent. on October 1st, which will make 11 per cent. in cash dividends for the calendar year.

....The Interstate Commerce Commission's statistics show that the railroad companies of the United States now operate 192,556 miles of road, use 37,663 locomotives and 1,365,531 freight cars, employ 1,017,653 persons, and have an annual net income of $688,500,000.

....The Canadian Northern, Canada's new transcontinental line, will be completed through the Manitoba grain fields in time to handle a part of this year's crop of wheat. At the terminal on Lake Superior an elevator having a capacity of 1,000,000 bushels will be ready for use in October.

....A general reduction of the dividends of English railways for the first half of the present year, from the rates paid in 1900, is explained by trade depression, the higher cost of fuel, the demands of labor unions, and the growing competition of suburban and interurban trolley lines.

....An effort to secure the removal of the duty of 15 per cent. on hides will be made at the coming session of Congress by the Free Hides League, an organization of the manufacturers of leather, shoes, harnesses and belting. Plans for an active campaign have been made, and the League already has committees at work in many States.

....It is reported in Glasgow that Mr. Ellerman, of the Leyland Line, has bought for J. Pierpont Morgan and his associates the old City Line of fourteen steamers, engaged in the East Indian trade, for about $5,000,000. If these be added to the Leyland Line's property, that line's fleet will consist of 74 vessels, having a tonnage of 301,000.

....The exportation of wheat has been stimulated recently by the low charges for ocean transportation, which were about 2 cents a bushel for Liverpool last week, against 6 cents one year ago. Exports of wheat (flour included) from July 1st to August 23d have been 50,679,000 bushels, against only 22,640,000 bushels in the corresponding weeks of last year.

....The *Financial Chronicle's* returns for the first half of the present year, coving 179 railroads and 164,498 miles of track, show an increase of 10 1-3 per cent. ($68,545,091) in gross earnings, an increase of 14½ per cent. ($26,934,983) in net earnings, and an expansion of 8½ per cent. ($36,610,108) in operating expenses. In both gross and net revenue gains the Southwestern roads make the best reports.

....Charles M. Hays, president of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, has resigned, altho his tenure of office for at least five years, at a salary of $40,000, had been guaranteed by contract. It is said that in the appointment of J. C. Stubbs to be Traffic Manager with extraordinary powers he saw a design to restrict his authority. The transfer of ownership to the Harriman-Union Pacific Syndicate took place after he became president. It is predicted that President Felton, of the Alton, will be his successor.

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Survey of the World

The Steel Workers' Strike

Several attempts have been made during the last ten days to end the steel workers' strike by offering some compromise that the Corporation would accept. An agreement on the lines of the proposition made by Mr. Morgan some weeks ago was suggested by Mr. Easley and other members of the Conciliation Committee of the Civic Federation, but the Corporation was unwilling to consider it. President Burns, of the Window Glass Workers' Union, proposed that the controversy be submitted to arbitrators—naming Bishop Potter, Seth Low, and Archbishop Ireland—but the Corporation rejected this plan, altho Shaffer approved it. The Corporation let it be known that it would not resume negotiations with the Amalgamated Association's officers, because they no longer represented employees of the Corporation, and that it had virtually decided to consider none of the questions at issue unless all of the strikers should first resume work. The companies continued to gain slowly by the use of nonunion men. *The Iron Age* reported that the mills were turning out 80 per cent. of their normal output of steel and 70 per cent. of the customary output of finished products. A determined effort to stop work at the great steel plant in Duquesne was made by the strikers. Sixty men who had been drawn over to their side were promptly discharged by the company, and at the beginning of the present week the strikers appeared to have accomplished nothing. Only 533 men took part in a march of strikers from McKeesport to Duquesne. There were many signs of revolt against Shaffer's leadership, and of great uneasiness on the part of the thousands of men deprived of work by the strike of 9,000 skilled employees. The *Labor World,* controlled by the president of the Tin Plate Workers' Union and a district president of the United Mine Workers, on the 30th ult. published a long and bitter editorial attack upon Shaffer, demanding that he be impeached for a long list of offenses. "Impeach him," said this organ of the workingmen,

> "for the blow he has given to organized labor, not only in teaching that union agreements are not contracts to be respected, but also in showing that constitutional safeguards are no guarantee to a unionist when a Shaffer is at the head of things; for causing the manufacturers to say that labor unions must be incorporated, and that their pledged word is of no value; for making it impossible, by his breaches of contract and repudiation of agreements, for organized labor to lend practical support to the men he called out; for making demands to which the Trust could not in honor submit; for going into the strike without funds; for not accepting the Trust's offer; for his crazy advice about the workingmen's money in savings banks; for preferring to humiliate the union rather than himself, now that he can find no way out but surrender."

A delegate, formerly vice-president of the Union, sent to Pittsburg by the unwilling strikers of Milwaukee, returned to tell his associates not only that the strike was lost, but also that Shaffer and Tighe had misrepresented the attitude of the Corporation toward organized labor. It had not undertaken or desired to crush the union, he said, and in his judgment Mr. Morgan's offer had been a fair one and should have been accepted. The Tin Plate Company gave notice that it would use nonunion labor hereafter. President Burns urged Shaffer to send

the strikers back to work, in order that negotiations might be resumed. The end of the strike seemed near at hand, and it was generally expected that in the final settlement the union would lose much that it could have retained by accepting the offer made by Mr. Morgan in New York.

The Situation in New York

The pursuit and prosecution of those who profit by the protection of vice in New York continue to furnish proof of the corrupt character of the present municipal government. The conviction of "Wardman" Bissert, who was sentenced to be imprisoned for five and one-half years for accepting a bribe from the keeper of a disorderly house, has been followed by the indictment of his superior officer, Police Captain Diamond. As a result of the confession of Whitney, the agent who was entrapped by the Parkhurst Society, and who showed how warnings of intended raids upon gambling places were forwarded by the police telephone wires, a "wardman" very near to Deputy Commissioner Devery has been indicted. Agents of the District Attorney who made an unexpected raid upon a disorderly house as to which complaint had repeatedly been forwarded to Police Captain Gannon, found the captain himself in the place, to his great chagrin. In prosecuting the indicted men some difficulties are encountered. Thus, immediately after Bissert was sentenced a stay was obtained from a Justice of the Supreme Court at the other end of the State. A delaying order for Diamond was procured from another judge outside of the city. Senator Platt, leader of the Republican party, in public statements seeks to belittle the evidence obtained by the recent raids. But Governor Odell lets it be known that he does not agree with the Senator in this matter. The Senator's utterances, and the stays procured for the two Republican policemen, have led some to suspect that he does not earnestly desire the defeat of Tammany and Boss Croker at the coming election. The several political groups opposed to Tammany are now engaged in selecting a fusion candidate for Mayor. Until recently Mr. Platt—generally regarded as the ruler of the Republican group—said he preferred an Anti-Tammany Democrat; now he says he will support any one, "even Seth Low," selected by the other groups, but expressly excepts Comptroller Coler (Democrat), whose successful war against Tammany jobs has attracted public attention. This proclamation has led persons prominent in an independent Democratic group, called the Greater New York Democracy, to say that they will not accept Mr. Low or any other Republican. The names of several men are under consideration in the committee of the Citizens' Union, an organization whose action will be very influential, and that of Mr. Low (president of Columbia University and the Union's candidate four years ago) appears to be first in the list. A large German organization has suggested the names of Mr. Hewitt and three other Democratic ex-Mayors. It is proposed that all the groups shall in conference agree upon a candidate. At the beginning of the present week the result of the conference could not be foreseen, altho the indications seemed to point more clearly to Mr. Low than to any other man in the reported lists.

Philadelphia's Reform Movement

Encouraging progress has been made in perfecting plans for an attack upon the present municipal administration in Philadelphia, in the interests of good government. Upon the invitation of President Harry B. Trench, of the Municipal League, a Conference Committee was formed composed of representatives of that body, of the Independent Republican organization, known as the Union Party; the Jeffersonian Society, the Young Democracy and the Citizens' Union. After mature deliberation this committee has agreed upon a ticket which will be placed in nomination by each of the conferring bodies. The ticket, headed by the present District Attorney, P. F. Rothermel, Jr., from whom a renomination was withheld by the machine, is a strong one, and will have the support of the morning papers and one or two of those published in the afternoon. Of course, it represents the various elements participating in the conference and opposed to the administration, including the anti-administration Republicans and Democrats. The action of the Democratic State Convention in

ignoring national questions and appointing a committee to reorganize the party in Philadelphia, and the character of the nominees, are regarded as distinctly favorably to the fusion forces. Heretofore the Democratic party in Philadelphia has been in the hands of Quay sympathizers, but the substitution of Gov. Pattison for City Chairman and the appointment of the Reorganization Committee are regarded as tending to promote united effort against the Quay machine in city and State.

Many Lives Lost by Accidents

Several appalling accidents, attended by the loss of many lives, occurred during the latter half of August. The most recent was a railway collision at Nyack, thirty miles west of Kalispell, Mont., on the Great Northern road. On the night of the 30th a train of twenty-eight freight cars, while ascending a steep grade, escaped from the control of the trainmen, ran backward for seventeen miles with constantly increasing velocity, and then struck the rear of a passenger train. Assistant General Superintendent Downs and his son were killed in their private car, and with them "38 Scandinavian laborers, names unknown," who were in the next car. The wrecked cars were at once consumed by fire, and the bodies of only five of the victims were recovered. At Fairville, N. Y., on the night of the 28th, a passenger train on the Sodus Bay division of the Pennsylvania road, while running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, left the track and was wrecked. Steam from the boiler filled a car in which there were fifty passengers. Eleven were killed—among them the Rev. A. Parke Burgess and his wife, of Syracuse—and twenty-five were dangerously injured. Anna Kane, a nurse, at the cost of her own life saved two children who were in her care. The boilers of the steamer "City of Trenton" exploded, on the 28th, in the Delaware River, and 30 lives were lost. The worst accident of the month was the sinking of the steamship "Islander," the largest of the vessels plying between Vancouver and Skaguay. She was southward bound, and in the night (on the 15th) she struck a low-lying iceberg near Douglas Island. In fifteen minutes the ship had sunk, and more than sixty of those on board (108 passengers and a crew of 71) lost their lives. A majority of these were asleep in their berths and went down with the steamer; others perished from exposure on rafts or in the icy water. Among those drowned were many well known residents of Victoria, Seattle and Vancouver; the wife and child of the Governor of Yukon Territory; and Andrew Keating, a millionaire, of Los Angeles, with his two sons. The behavior of the officers and crew was admirable. Captain Foote gave up his hold on a raft because it was overcrowded, and was drowned a few minutes later. The steamer "City of Golconda" was struck by a tornado, on the 19th, near Paducah, Ky., and capsized. The passengers were at supper, and 35 of them were drowned. By the burning of a water works crib in the lake, three miles from Cleveland, ten workmen lost their lives, on the 14th; but two who had been given up for lost were rescued five days later from the tunnel under the lake where they had been imprisoned. At another crib, two miles further from the shore, five men were killed on the 21st by an explosion in the shaft.

Cuba

Altho Commissioners, a majority of them being Cubans, were appointed to make a new tariff for Cuba, and their report is in the hands of Colonel Bliss, Collector of the port of Havana, it is understood now that the present tariff will be retained, with a few changes that can easily be made by military order. In his annual civil report, received at Washington last week, Governor-General Wood says:

"The great desire of Cuba to-day is to obtain a reduction of the duties on Cuban products into the United States, and strong efforts are being made in this direction. All far-seeing business men realize that Cuba's prosperity and advancement depend absolutely upon her commercial relations with the United States, where her two main products have their principal markets. High duties against Cuban products mean that the development of Cuba will be slow, if there be any development at all. The establishment of reciprocity in commercial relations between Cuba and the United States means everything to Cuba. The greater proportion of her available sugar lands have not yet been touched. The same is true of coffee and tobacco lands. Cuba must now

market her principal products in the United States. New conditions have changed her old commercial conditions; and if she is to live and prosper she must have lower duties on her sugar and tobacco, especially the former."

It appears that the deaths of the two Spanish immigrants and of Miss Maas, the trained nurse, at the Las Animas hospital were not in any way related to the experiments designed to test the efficacy of Dr. Caldas's serum. A Spaniard who had been inoculated with his serum permitted himself to be bitten by one of the infected mosquitoes, and in due time was attacked by yellow fever. The board appointed to supervise the work of Caldas—composed of Chief Surgeon Havard, Major Gorgas (Chief Sanitary Officer) and Drs. Guiteras, Finlay and Agramonte—declares that the patient has a clear case of the fever. This Board will have no further connection with the experiments of Caldas, believing that his serum is of no value. He denies that yellow fever is the disease from which the inoculated man is suffering. The Sanitary Department, under the direction of Major Gorgas, has maintained for some time at the Las Animas hospital an inoculation station. The Department makes no experiments with infected mosquitoes, because it believes that those made some months ago were sufficient. But it has been ready to inoculate, with the virus carried by its eleven caged mosquitoes, those who desired to become immune and were willing to take the risk. Each person so volunteering has received $50. Before the deaths of Campo and Carro sixteen had been bitten and all of them had recovered from slight attacks of fever. But the poison appears to have become more virulent, altho the same mosquitoes (eleven of them, originally infected at Santiago de las Vegas, twenty-five miles from Havana) were used as agents. Three persons died, who expected to become immune after a slight illness, and at last accounts three others who had been bitten were dangerously ill.

The Philippine Islands

The Federal Party, which supports the policy of the Government, has elected new officers, the old ones retiring because of official duties already or soon to be assumed by them. Among those who thus withdraw are the President, Dr. Tavera, who will become a member of the Taft Commission; Chief Justice Arellano, Attorney-General Torres, and Governor Flores. The new President is Dr. José Albert, a prominent native physician, and one of the Directors is General Cailles, a guerrilla chief who surrendered a few weeks ago. The Nationalist Party has been reorganized. Governor Taft has received a copy of its platform, which calls for the most ample autonomy at the earliest moment, and, when the time is opportune, for independence under an American protectorate. The first native of the islands to be appointed to the civil service in this country is José C. Abreu, a nephew of Buencamino, Aguinaldo's Secretary of the Treasury. Señor Abreu, who has become a translator in the War Department at Washington, is a lawyer and has for a year past been in the United States, studying the system and methods of our government. Hostilities have not wholly ceased in the islands. General Malvar's forces were attacked in Batangas last week and driven back, with the loss of some insurgents' lives. On the Island of Samar, General Lukban was surprised in the mountains and wounded, but he escaped after three of his guards had been killed. Howard, the deserter from a California regiment, who has for a long time been a leader of the insurgents on the Island of Mindoro, has at last been captured by a remarkable feat that recalls Funston's capture of Aguinaldo. A civilian scout employed by Lieutenant Hazzard, of the Third Cavalry, cleverly disguised and accompanied by eight Macabebes, got into the camp of Colonel Atienza, who had 240 riflemen and nearly as many bolomen. There the little party found Howard, whom they overpowered, bound, gagged and bore away without arousing the insurgents. General Capristano, formerly a Filipino commander but now holding office at Cayagan, is negotiating in Mindanao with General Deloso for the surrender of the latter, who is said to be the last of the insurgent leaders in that island. The Commission has finished its tour in Northern Luzon, where civil governments were established in seven provinces.

Venezuela and Colombia

The general situation remains about the same as last week. All factions in both Venezuela and Colombia seem to be taking a breathing spell from actual fighting, while in the meantime each is hurrying forward as fast as possible military preparations. In Venezuela President Castro is strengthening his position on the frontier, but General Garbiras is said to control an entire province. The dissatisfaction with Castro, however, is spreading rapidly despite all the Government can do to put it down or hush it up. In Colombia the Conservative Government is elaborately fortifying Panama to make it impregnable when the rebels make their long expected assault. The rebels, on the other hand, are apparently waiting till their agents in this country and elsewhere can smuggle in to them a sufficient quanaitiy of arms and ammunition which they now so sadly lack. The rebels are continually receiving additions to their ranks from those dissatisfied with the present *régime,* and it is now said that there are three Liberals in Colombia to one Conservative; and should the Liberal provisional government furnish arms to all those who sympathize with their cause the present Government could not last 24 hours. The "Machias" has just reached the Isthmus. Commander Sargent went ashore and traveled by rail from Colon to Panama and back. Apparently the rebels, who had molested the traffic some days ago, perceived the unwisdom of calling the United States into the dispute, for Commander Sargent has cabled to Washington that there is no appearance of an organized force in the vicinity of the railway and that the traffic is entirely unobstructed and promises to remain so. It is hazardous to predict, but it looks as tho the Liberals would win eventually in Colombia and that the uprising against Castro in Venezuela would continue to grow. Whether the latter uprising, however, would be successful is doubtful, as Castro has Venezuela pretty well in his own hands.

The Germanizing of Samoa

When the western half of Samoa — namely, Upola and Savaii, with outlying islets—became part of the German Empire, the colonial authorities made it plain that the German flag was to carry with it everything else that was made in Germany. So far as any foreign influences may be considered to have influenced the Samoans at all, these were exerted by the Americans and the English, but now all that is to be changed. The German officials declared that they would not go about this thing in a hurry, they would grant the space of a whole year for preparation for so great a change. That year has now expired, and the orders have just been promulgated in Samoa which are to make it German. English currency is no longer to circulate and values are no longer to be reckoned in American dollars, but all shall be done with the mark. The most drastic change is in the matter of language. It shall not be obligatory to teach the Samoans any foreign language, but in such a case German shall be the language to be learned. It is expressly forbidden to teach the islanders English until they have become proficient in German. This will fall with particular severity upon two of the missionary bodies. The London Missionary Society at its institutions of higher education, the Malua college and the Papauta girls' seminary, have not only taught English, but have taught all subjects in English. The Mormons, who maintain schools wherever they have established themselves among the Samoans, have made instruction in English the groundwork of their educational system. As both these missionary bodies operate in American as well as in German Samoa, they will find the new regulations a great hindrance to their work. The Catholic schools of the Marist order are similarly affected. But as the priests and teachers are almost entirely French, it can make little difference to a Frenchman whether he teaches German or English, each being to him a foreign language.

German University Attendance

The reports of attendance for the seventy German universities for this summer term emphasize the fact that in the department of higher education Germany is the teacher of the world. The total attendance has been 35,552, as compared with 34,385 of last summer's semester. Of these 2,606 are unmatriculated students from

abroad, as compared with 2,322 of last summer. This is 7.3 percentage of the total attendance, over against 6.7 percentage a twelvemonth ago. This foreign contingent is distributed among the faculties as follows: 646 are students of philosophy, philology and history, 579 are students of mathematics and the natural sciences, 586 are in the medical department, 313 in the law department, 147 in the Protestant theological department, 146 are students of political economy and forestry, 138 of agriculture, 25 of Catholic theology, 25 of pharmacy, 19 of dentistry. The nationalities of this element are the following: Russians, 717; Austro-Hungarians, 507; Swiss, 256; English, 157; Bulgarians, 68; Netherlanders, 50; French, 47; Greeks, 46; Italians, 44; Servians, 44 Luxemburgers, 38 Rumanians, 37; Turks, 35; Swedes and Norwegians, 26; Belgians, 22; Danes, 8; Spaniards, 8; Montenegrins, 2; Portuguese, 2. This makes a total of 2,114 non-German Europeans, while the remaining 492 have been from beyond Europe, 323 being from America, and these nearly all from the United States, while Asia furnishes 154, nearly all Japanese; 12 are from Africa and 2 from Australia. Practically every civilized people are represented in this list. The most notable phenomenon in connection with these new statistics is the remarkable decrease in the attendance of the women. Only last term much ado was made of the fact that the women contingent at these German universities now had by a fair margin passed the thousand line. Now there has been a falling off of about three hundred, the total attendance being 726. This is not owing to any new legal restrictions or discouraging measures on the part of the officials; for none such have been passed. Again, it is evident that the women do not seem to care whether they have full university privileges, with permission to take degrees. The Baden Government, in its two universities of Heidelberg and Freiberg, is the only one in Germany that puts men and women absolutely on an equality; yet the former institution had but 12 women in attendance and the latter 9. The bulk of the women still flock to the schools where they are not legally recognized and where they are only "hearers."

Protestant Federation in Italy

The union of the various Protestant Churches of Italy in a federation for church work, which has been "a pious desire" for many years and has repeatedly been a matter of mutual deliberation, especially between the native Waldensian and the Free Churches, is now practically assured, at least in its beginnings. A conference of the representatives of the different Italian Protestant Churches was held in Rome recently, in which the Waldensians, Baptists, Methodists and others participated, and a full agreement was reached in what for Italian Protestantism is its chief object, the work of evangelization among the Catholic population. In this a full *modus vivendi* was established, the whole propaganda to be controlled and guided by a special committee, consisting of representatives of the various Protestant denominations engaged in gospel work in that country. The members of this "*Comitato interdenominazionale,*" which is really the Executive Committee, will have their headquarters in Rome. The special work of this body is to consist in the following: 1, Division of work among the different denominations, consisting in the establishment of new stations, but also restriction and concentration where different churches have been interfering with each other; 2, publication of hand books in the interest of missions, such as catechisms, hymn books, etc.; 3, maintaining a publishing concern for the publication of religious journals and of a general daily; 4, direction of the individuals engaged in the mission work; 5, management of the social work, such as aid and charitable societies. The full details of the scheme are still subject for future deliberation.

France and Turkey

Oriental diplomacy is proverbially uncertain. Last week everything indicated that Turkey had yielded to the demands of France and that the cloud in that quarter had blown away. Suddenly the appearance of things changed and there are again complications of diplomacy and even rumors of war. On August 27th M. Constans, the French Minister to Turkey, left Constantinople for Paris.

At the same time a telegram was sent to Munir Bey, the Turkish Minister to France, not to return to Paris, from which city he was then absent. Various explanations were given of M. Constans's withdrawal; it was even stated that he left Constantinople solely for his health; but the disagreement over the payment of the 700,000 francs to the French Quays Company and over certain private claims was certainly the real cause. Still more serious than M. Constans's withdrawal was the order given to Munir Bey not to return to Paris. The chief duty of the Turkish Ambassador there is to keep watch on the Young Turkey Party, whose machinations are conducted from the French capital, and his absence would be regarded by the Sultan as a direct threat upon himself. What can be gathered of the dispute since the withdrawal of M. Constans is very meager. August 28th, a circular issued by the French Embassy at Constantinople notified the consulates of the rupture between the two countries, and directed the Consuls to watch French interests as heretofore. August 29th, a dispatch to the London *Standard* declared that the French Quays Company does not complain of the Sultan's treatment, and that the real difficulty is the enormous claims on the Turkish Government of Lorando & Turbini, two French subjects. They were offered, so the *Standard* states, £110,000 and £45,000, Turkish, respectively, but were not content with these sums. August 29th, the London *Daily Mail* published an interview with M. Constans, who declared that "even at the last hour the Sultan tried to prevaricate." He said further, that

> "Any other than an inexorable attitude would be most injurious for future negotiations with the Porte. If Turkey could obtain the slightest success in this case she would easily yield to the temptation to try the same game with other powers, who might not display the same patience as France has displayed."

On the same day M. Constans reached Paris and had a conference with the Foreign Minister, M. Delcassé. In an interview afterward M. Constans said he would not return to Constantinople until the dispute was settled. August 30th, Munir Bey, who had been living in Switzerland, made a flying trip to Paris to have an interview with M. Constans. He came incognito in order to avoid receiving his passports. What took place at the interview is not known. On the same day a report was published in Paris to the effect that the Porte has sought retaliation by withdrawing the concessions and tax exemptions from the French religious community at Beyrout, Syria. September 1st, the report spread that the Ottoman Government was sounding Germany with a view to inducing her to arbitrate the difficulties. It is not supposed, however, that Germany will take any action. The latest news, September 2d, is that France will make no reply to the Porte's appeal to negotiate upon the question of the sums due from Turkey to the two French bankers, save that it is expected that Turkey will pay her debts.

The Anglo-Russian Railway Dispute

On the 20th of August the London Foreign Office issued a Blue Book containing "Correspondence Respecting the Imperial Railway of China," in which, among other things, the treachery of Russia in Manchuria is set forth most uncompromisingly. The first note of trouble is a message received by the British & Chinese Corporation from its agent in Tientsin July 8, 1900, stating that the Russians had seized their railroad and turned out their chief engineer, Mr. Kinder. Until further elucidations were forthcoming it was agreed between the British and Russian Governments that Russian forces should hold the line from Tientsin to Taku as a temporary military measure. The next month news came that Russia was also holding the Tientsin-Peking section, for which she had no authorization. At once the British & Chinese Corporation laid the matter before the Foreign Office, going over the history of the affair and declaring that the situation was calculated to develop complications unless it was immediately recognized that the line was "a security for money raised in England for the express purpose of constructing the railway." Following this came a report from Mr. Kinder declaring that the Russians, while occupying the premises at Tientsin, had deliberately broken open the safes of the company and seized the contents, including title-deeds to the property. His account is graphic:

"On June 28th the railway offices were burnt and completely destroyed; the Russian forces having occupied them from the 18th June to the time of the fire. Subsequent examination was made on the site of the accountant's offices, when it was found that both the safes, previously referred to, had been burst open and their contents looted, and there is abundant evidence to prove that this had been done previous to the fire. The doors of the safes had been entirely removed by cutting out the rivets of the hinges, the bolts having been drawn by the use of tools that only foreign experts could possibly make use of, and must have occupied considerable time, possibly several days' work. One of the hinges was found in the yard a considerable distance away from the room where the safes were (a burnt Russian rifle was also found in the yard near). The rivets attaching the inner faces of the doors containing the bolts had been cut off by means of a chisel. The drawers of the safes had been forced by crowbars. The fire had never been fierce enough to burn the paint inside the safes, but the doors were greatly injured by the heat. The safes were perfectly clean inside, and contained no trace of ashes; notes forming part of the contents were found scattered over the Settlements, some quite a mile away from the railway offices; it is therefore certain that they had been opened previous to the fire."

Other complaints were that Russia had repainted the rolling stock of the line in the colors of the Siberian Railway, and had seized at Niu-chwang fifty miles of railway material belonging to a British firm for which the British military authorities were in treaty for repairing the Peking end of the line. After much diplomatic correspondence a dispatch was sent by the Marquis of Lansdowne to the English *Chargé d'Affaires* at St. Petersburg, November 14th, which went over the replies of Russia to these various complaints. From this dispatch it seems that Russia made no answer whatsoever to the accusation in regard to robbing the safes and to seizing the railway material at Niu-chwang. As regards other matters, the dispatch says:

(*b.*) "Count Lamsdorff observes that he is unable to see in what manner the temporary measures of the Russian military authorities in Chihli could be at variance with the declarations of the Russian Government that they do not seek territorial acquisitions in China.

(*c.*) "The report that the rolling stock has been repainted in the colors of the Siberian Railway is described as an invention, the color of the rolling stock remaining as before.

"As to this, I can only state that a telegram received on the 10th instant from the representatives of the bondholders at Tientsin, in reply to inquiries made as to this report, asserts that the locomotives have been repainted black, with red band and Russian name."

Apparently Rusisa throughout this period was relying on the sympathy of Germany for support, and on November 27th Lord Lansdowne wrote to Berlin directing the British Ambassador there to protest against the attitude of Count von Waldersee. It was not until December 13th that any definite results were evident from this correspondence. After further delay and after various complications for which Count Lamsdorff was inclined to throw the responsibility on Count von Waldersee, the railway from Peking to Shan-hai-kwan—*i.e.*, the whole section south of the Great Wall—was transferred by the Russians to the Germans under a convention signed at Peking between the Russian and German military authorities on January 18th, and by the Germans to the British under a convention dated February 15th.

Further Cretan Exploration

We gave recently some report received by us of the work done by Mr. Bosanquet, of the British School at Athens in the province of Sitia, in Crete. The London *Times* publishes a late letter from Mr. D. G. Hogarth on other late Cretan discoveries. At Phæstos, just under Mount Ida, Professor Halbherr has unearthed a palace in admirable preservation, with court and stairways and chambers and altar, but without the wonderful frescoes of the great capital at Knossus. Even better preserved are the ruins of a smaller town at Gorynia, where an American woman, Miss Harriet Boyd, has been excavating, and where two streets have been opened with houses of stone and party walls of brick, with abundance of weapons, tools and vessels in bronze and clay. Mr. Hogarth says this is the best place of all yet opened to visit with a view of seeing what a town of the old Cretan bronze age was. At Zakro, another of the smaller ancient towns, Mr. Hogarth has found houses, one of twenty rooms, in which were seventy vases and objects in silver, bronze and stone, and two inscribed tablets and 150 impressions of lost signets. These were found all together, as if they had been in a box and the objects to which they had been attached had perished. The vases had decorations in the older familiar Mycenæan style.

An Uncollected Poem of Whittier's

There are hundreds of Whittier's early poems which were never placed by him in any collection of his works. They are to be found in the papers he edited and to which he contributed in the days before he consecrated all his powers to humanitarian work. They gave him a measure of literary reputation which must have gratified him at the time; but when he was baptized into the new spirit which informed all his later work he took pains to prevent the collection of the verses written in the vein of an outgrown ambition. His wish in this matter should be respected. And yet, while studying his early work, I find some poems which I fancy he would have preserved if they had not been overlooked when making his selections. Among these is this paraphrase from the German, which I find in *The Liberator* of August 10, 1838.—S. T. Packard.

Lines from the German of Lamiter

By John Greenleaf Whittier

THOUGHT after thought ye thronging rise,
  Like spring doves from the startled wood,
Bearing like them your sacrifice
  Of music unto God!
And shall those thoughts of joy and love
  Come back again no more to me—
Returning like the patriarch's dove,
  Wing-weary from the eternal sea—
To bear within my longing arms
  The promise-bough of kindlier skies,
Plucked from the green immortal palms
  Which shade the bowers of Paradise?

Child of the sea, the mountain stream
  From its dark cavern hurries on,
Ceaseless by night and morning's beam,
  By evening's star and noontide's sun—
Until at last it sinks to rest
  O'erwearied in the waiting sea,
And moans upon its mother's breast—
  So turns my soul to Thee.

The President at Work—A Character Sketch

By Albert Halstead

[Mr. Halstead is the Washington correspondent of several leading newspapers in the United States and the son of the veteran editor, Murat Halstead.—Editor.]

THE Presidency is no sinecure. This has been made most evident in the two Administrations of President McKinley. The ordinary responsibilities of the office have always been troublesome, but, heretofore, domestic affairs have been the chief cause of concern, save when a Venezuelan or Samoan question has given anxiety for a brief period, to be settled later through ordinary diplomatic channels. During his administration William McKinley has had to wage two wars, one with Spain and the other with the Philippine insurrectionists. He has solved great problems arising from the Spanish war. In their solution he has taken a broad stand, not confining himself to the narrowness of a present view. He has looked forward frankly and bravely to the future, confident of the wisdom of his course, even when it appeared for a time that he might have been exceedingly reckless. In his administration the work and responsibilities of the Presidency have nearly doubled.

It has been fortunate for the country that its Chief Executive has had a calm and patient disposition, not easily disturbed, and that he could meet new problems with a mind unprejudiced, prepared to receive advice and to weigh it carefully before making a decision. Happily, too, he has a constitution of iron, a remarkable capacity for hard work and the ability to snatch a brief rest in emergencies and arise refreshed and ready to face new difficulties with confidence.

The President is methodical, completing each day's task as it comes to him. He does not postpone business from day to day until, with a dash of determination and despair, he rushes through it hastily and carelessly. He has the important executive faculty of making others work for him. He knows how to direct, to place responsibility on other shoulders, not that he avoids it, but that while making decisions and outlining policies himself he leaves the drudgery to others. This relieves him of much routine that would weary and prevent him from paying the faithful attention to affairs which a successful administration requires.

President McKinley is not naturally combative. He prefers to employ peaceful rather than aggressive methods in the accomplishment of an object. He never fights unless circumstances force it; yet he dominates always, and when a policy is determined upon it is carried out. He has often been pictured as yielding, but that is unjust. When he has a purpose in view it matters not to him whether he wins what might be termed a personal victory so long as the purpose is accomplished. He uses tact, is courteous and considerate at all times and avoids enmities. This is both natural and a matter of policy, a course far more successful in the long run than aggression.

The President consults unreservedly with his Cabinet on all important questions, with Congressional leaders of both parties and with prominent men throughout the country, giving due weight to all judgments and opinions. He keeps in close touch with public sentiment in this way and by reading the newspapers thoroughly. He is, certainly, not self-opinionated, and yet he is self-confident, and has an exact measure of his own abilties. He invariably listens to arguments, hears all sides of a question, then makes up his mind and acts accordingly. Perhaps he might be called a harmonizer. This quality is seen in the unity and solidity of his party. He is its acknowledged and undisputed leader, and it has never been more effective or harmonious. In his Cabinet are men selected for their intellectual force and especial capacities, men of strong individualities and vigorous opinions. They are his counsellors, but he is the dominant force. He advises with them fully, but when a decision is reached it is his, and it is he, the President, who acts. The Cabinet is always in harmony with the determination that

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PRESIDENT M'KINLEY AT HIS DESK

has been reached. This absence of Cabinet dissension shows the persuasive, yet determined President, whose arguments have brought conviction. Each Cabinet officer is supreme in his department, but is held to strict account for its work. And the policies of those departments are, to a surprising degree, inspired by the President, who is fully informed of their needs and the duties of each official.

One of Mr. McKinley's striking characteristics is his personal dignity. No one ever slaps him on the back or becomes familiar; nor does any one tell a doubtful story in his presence. He is courteous and affable, friendly and at times jovial, yet ever by his bearing requiring the fullest respect and consideration for the great office he occupies. He never forgets that it is due to the people who elected him to preserve and even increase the dignity of his office. Despite his unexpressed demand that respect be shown him as President, he is most approachable, simple in his tastes, absolutely unaffected, detesting pomp and ostentation. He always realizes his responsibility to the people and their claims on him. He is clean-minded, conscientious and earnest, a model husband and typical Christian American. His ambition is to perform his duty faithfully, to protect and advance the nation's best interests, to support its highest traditions, and to promote the general welfare.

While the Presidency is, of necessity, a laborious office, its cares may be much lessened if the secretary to the President is capable and diplomatic, able to relieve his chief of many burdens, a good counsellor who is broad and big enough mentally to make an efficient Cabinet officer. President McKinley has such a man in George B. Cortelyou, who is not only his secretary, but his trusted friend. Tho a stanch Republican, Mr. Cortelyou was not selected through political influence, but because he had proved himself efficient and trustworthy. In this difficult position he makes friends rather than enemies for the President. He is the most popular secretary who has served a President in a quarter of a century. When it is remembered how many people he must disappoint each day; that he must tell the newspaper correspondents what they should know without seeming to suppress information; that he must remember every public man he has ever met; that he must be quick to grasp what each caller wants and be fully informed on every subject, and that he must be the buffer between the President and the public, it becomes apparent that unusual talents are required of him. Mr. Cortelyou has earned the President's confidence, and he does more executive work than any previous secretary. He has been so successful in systematizing the work of his

office that it is better and more promptly done than ever before.

The extent of President McKinley's correspondence can be appreciated from the fact that four hundred thousand communications were received and disposed of at the executive offices in his first term. Mr. Cortelyou, with a force composed al-

MR. GEORGE CORTELYOU

Secretary to President McKinley

most exclusively of stenographers, who read each other's notes with facility, has dispensed with an immense amount of unnecessary work. When a letter or document is received a memorandum, to show what is to be done with it, is written in shorthand in its upper left hand corner. This is kept on the paper until it comes back to the secretary for approval. A letter is then written by a clerk in conformity with the memorandum. Thus in most of the correspondence there is no dictation. A "precedent index," prepared by Secretary Cortelyou, covering practically every case that is likely to arise, serves as a guide to the clerks in answering correspondence and lessens the work materially. When a letter is of sufficient importance to be filed in the executive offices the shorthand notes are preserved with it, so the exact action taken can be learned at a glance. Every important paper is briefed in typewriting, and when necessary this brief is filed with the papers, giving an accurate record. Appreciating the importance of expediting business, Mr. Cortelyou prepared and had printed a number of indorsement pasters, which are attached to papers referred to other departments. Consequently when a communication comes to the White House that should go to the Department of State, a paster referring it there is attached and, thus indorsed, it is forwarded. A rule of the executive offices requires that the work of each desk be finished on the day of its receipt. This prevents an accumulation of work and keeps it up to date.

When the President makes a journey his secretary and several members of the White House clerical force accompany him. All speeches made on the trip are reported stenographically. Copies are furnished the newspaper men with the party, and a special copy is preserved for the office records. Telegraphers from the office force are also with the President, and he is kept in constant touch with Washington. The "war room," where several telegraphers are always on duty, puts the President in communication with every part of the world. Here cipher dispatches are received and he is kept advised of every important event. With such a system, so much work and such a force there is no idling in the executive offices.

President McKinley is rather an early riser. He breakfasts at eight and reads the papers until shortly before ten, when he goes to the Cabinet room, which he makes his private office. There on his desk he finds a neat, typewritten paper, headed: "The President's Engagements," and dated. Upon this is the name of each caller who has a specific engagement, and a line stating the purpose of the visit. Mr. McKinley receives his caller at the head of the Cabinet table, often, however, stepping forward to meet him. A cordial handgrasp is given and he waits for the visitor to state his business. He usually remains standing during the interview, but if he sits down it is time to retire when he arises. On his desk the President finds papers relating to the questions that are apt to come up.

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President McKinley John Hay Elihu Root Charles E. Smith

as well as others that require immediate attention. His engagements are subject to interruption by the arrival of a Cabinet officer, a Senator or Representative. Each visitor is made to feel that he is welcome. More than any recent President he has caused his political opponents to find it a pleasure to call. At times he persuades them of the desirability of something he wishes done, so it is often difficult to muster an aggressive opposition to his policies among the minority. Bitterly as he may be criticised by the minority, there is no one who is not on friendly terms with him.

It is not always necessary, tho better, to make an engagement to see the President. On Tuesdays and Fridays, Cabinet meeting days, he receives no visitors except Senators and Representatives, and these only from ten to eleven. On other week days he is accessible from ten to half past one. Promptly at the latter hour Captain Loeffler, in charge of the door to the Cabinet Room, who has been there since the days of Lincoln, enters and tells the President the hour. That is the signal for luncheon. Except in long protracted Cabinet meetings he never fails to start promptly for the dining room, an invariable rule to prevent irregularity and injury to his health. Before his severe attack of grip last winter the President often saw callers in the afternoon from three to four. After luncheon he goes to the "red bedroom," now a comfortable sitting room, facing south and overlooking the Potomac. There he works, either alone or with his secretary, transacting public business, deciding upon appointments and considering other questions. When he is thus engaged the President is not interrupted, even by Cabinet officers, unless they are summoned. When in health Mrs. McKinley was wont to be there with him, busy with some fancy work.

At four Mr. McKinley goes out driving with Mrs. McKinley, or takes a walk. Sometimes in the morning, when the weather is favorable, he goes walking with some friend or his secretary. On returning from his afternoon outing he sleeps for half an hour, having the faculty of laying aside cares and going to sleep easily. This nap is more refreshing than rest at any other time. It means renewed strength and peace after a troublesome day, a habit that is his physical salvation. The President is not a sportsman. Hunting or fishing have no charms for him. Tho Cabinet officers and even Justices of the Supreme Court have been known to play golf or tennis, no President has ever done so. Mr. McKinley is fortunate in requiring little exercise. Walking is his only recreation of this kind, and of that he does comparatively little. While for a time he rode horseback it has no present charm for him.

Promptly at seven the President has dinner, often with a friend or official who comes informally. After dinner he relaxes. The entrance to the conservatory is his favorite place to smoke with guests or callers, intimate, personal or political friends, who happen in. Public affairs are sometimes discussed, but this is particularly a period of quiet and relief from care, when he enjoys the society of those he likes best or, with Mrs. McKinley, listens to music. About a quarter of ten the President goes upstairs to look over important letters with his secretary, sign commissions, dictate letters, write a state paper or dispose of other public business until eleven, when he usually retires. During the Spanish war and the critical days of the Philippine insurrection he was frequently busy with his military advisers until early morning. After dropping his work he may pick up a book, a public paper, or perchance a report on Cuba, the Philippines or Porto Rico and read until quite late.

Of the many thousand letters addressed to him the President probably has less than 1 per cent. brought to his personal attention. They are opened in the executive offices and those of importance selected. Mr. Cortelyou signs, or has stamped with a *fac-simile* of his signature, every official letter, except a few which the President may prefer to sign. Of even the small percentage of letters laid before him he reads few. His secretary states briefly the contents of each and he gives the necessary directions or dictates an answer.

Since the beginning of his first Administration President McKinley has made very few personal appointments. Practically every selection is now made upon the recommendation of a Senator; some-

times a Representative's wish is influential, while a Cabinet officer's approval is final. Generally the President is not personally acquainted with his appointees, tho it is not unusual for an applicant for office to be presented to the Executive. This furnishes an opportunity to take his measure. The President has become very adept in judging character. The papers in a case are briefed at the department to which the office is attached, showing the names of those indorsing a candidate and the secretary's view. These are then forwarded to the President and, if the office is a local one, the appointment is made without delay. It is remarkable that in so many instances the President has some knowledge of the candidate, due to his own long public service and wide acquaintance. Where the office to be filled is sought by men of different States, each with strong political backing, the selection is more difficult. The better man is then usually chosen. Small things will decide for or against an applicant. Too many indorsements, showing an undue anxiety for office, have proved fatal; too much importuning, until the President is tired of the candidate's name, has killed many a man's chances. Where there are no complications a vacancy is filled as soon as it occurs. When claims conflict more time is required, but the President seldom delays long in making an appointment, desiring to be relieved of the pressure and to get his difficulties behind him.

Seldom does a State paper go out without the President's personality impressed upon it. If he does not prepare it himself he generally inspires it. When a Cabinet officer prepares a paper for him it is invariably altered by the President in some phrase or expression, better to express or qualify a meaning. When he makes a change it is usually an improvement, no matter who happened to prepare the document. Cabinet officers say in private that they cannot write anything that will pass muster with the President unless he makes some effective correction. He is particularly careful with proclamations. Now, a Thanksgiving proclamation may seem to be easily drafted, but it is a difficult task. It ought to be original, but so many have been issued that originality is almost impossible. Mr. McKinley begins early on such a task, and he may lay the first or second draft aside for a week, but when it comes forth it is a gem, emphasizing that for which the nation should be most thankful.

In writing his messages President McKinley takes the greatest pains. His methods of preparation vary somewhat each year. He may dictate almost an entire message, or write most of it himself with pen or pencil. The first draft simply begins the work. Long before it is written notes have been made, thoughts jotted down and a list of subjects is prepared. That is often changed. It is a guide to the message. Every note is so marked as to be easily identified. The President may be in his room, when an idea strikes him; it is noted; he may be walking or driving and a phrase or epigram, exactly expressing some thought, occurs to him; he will write it on an envelope or whatever paper happens to be handy, or if Mr. Cortelyou is with him it is dictated then and there. Thus, wherever he may be, the President is careful that a thought or expression that can be advantageously used is not lost, but is stored away for future use. This is one of his methods in writing speeches.

About the third week in October the real work of getting a message ready begins. Each subject is placed under a separate head. It is copied on tinted slips, about four by eight inches, with broad spacing, so as to leave ample room for alterations. Each slip is numbered, dated, and its subject noted—thus: "Tariff-Draft 1, Page 1, October 17th, 1900." The notes from which this is copied are also marked so as to be identified; then if the paper is lost it can be duplicated or identified. Where figures are used blanks are left in the slips for them; afterward they are secured at the Treasury Department, which is held responsible for their accuracy. Every figure or statement is verified. If it concerns the Treasury, it is proved by Secretary Gage through his secretary. If a mistake is made the Treasury Department is held to account. The Department of State prepares for the message an accurate account of the conduct of foreign affairs for the year. It is not generally used in the exact form in which it comes. It may be too long, or some subject may require a more cautious or a more vigorous handling. Other departments furnish live

matter and the President takes what he wants, but it is all rewritten and condensed. The President has been known to use just three short paragraphs out of a statement ten thousand words long, giving in detail the work of a department for the year, and even then Congress did not suffer from a lack of information. A President's message, at least a McKinley message, is not, then, a patchwork, but it is a product of much labor and painstaking care.

The President dictates very rapidly. He has a splendid vocabulary, and is never at a loss for a word. This dictation, after being typewritten, is most carefully revised. The material is then rearranged, if necessary, and copied again. Then it goes to the printer, who, after it is set up, takes a proof on unusually wide paper, so that at the sides, at the top and at the bottom there is ample room for corrections. This revised proof is then corrected by the printer and another proof made—with every revision there is a new proof. Sometimes portions of the message are revised ten times. It is hard, patience-trying work, but the President takes pains, weighs every word and studies every phrase with scrupulous care, correcting or rewriting his copy until he is perfectly satisfied with it. The greater part of the message, however, stands as at first prepared. Ordinarily the first and last paragraphs are not written until a day or two before the message goes to Congress, but when it is finished it is a complete document in which every word has a specific purpose. President McKinley's messages have varied from thirteen to twenty-two thousand words, depending upon what must be said; but the tendency is for messages to grow in length as more subjects must receive treatment.

Considering the amount of work involved, ever-present and onerous responsibilities that cannot be shifted, importunities for place, unceasing demands upon his time and patience, difficult problems pressing for solution, unending routine, criticisms, misunderstandings and frequent evidences of ingratitude, the President's salary is inadequate. This is more evident when it is recalled that out of it the expenses for entertaining, that custom requires, must be paid. And yet these drawbacks do not interfere with cultivation of the Presidential bee by every man in the country, who could, by any stretch of the imagination, be regarded as eligible.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Schley Court of Inquiry

By Park Benjamin

THE nature and function of the Schley Court of Inquiry seem to be much misapprehended. Some people think that Rear-Admiral Schley is to be tried on charges based on his conduct in the late war, and, if convicted, sentenced to a penalty; others imagine that the sole reason for the inquiry lies in the publication of Mr. Maclay's aspersions, and that, therefore, it is an undue dignification of a merely blackguard onslaught; others suppose that the Court will solemnly apportion credit between Admirals Schley and Sampson; others cynically aver that it is organized to "whitewash" the Navy Department and is "all politics;" and so on. The truth is that the Court is simply an expedient—resorted to despite obvious inconsistencies and anomalies—for the purpose of ending as quickly and as effectively as possible a controversy which was becoming distinctly harmful to the discipline and *morale* of the navy.

Admiral Schley is not under arrest, is not bound to attend the court unless he likes, and, altho Maclay's billingsgate started the trouble, this was not due to anything Maclay averred, but to the fact that he gave as his authority, "commanding officers," of the navy who had read and approved his proof sheets. This led Admiral Schley to demand an investigation, and the Department selected a Court of Inquiry as an appropriate instrument to that end. Ordinarily, a Court of Inquiry holds an inquest for the purpose of ascertaining all the facts and

circumstances causing or attending some given event. If the result is a sufficient *prima facie* showing of culpability a court martial of the responsible party follows.

It is because the conditions with which the Schley court has to deal differ from those usually before the typical tribunal that confusion about it results. It is pointed out, for example, with much apparent force that all of the material facts which usually would be elicited by a Court of Inquiry are here known; and not only known, but they have been the subject of scrutiny and discussion in Congress and throughout the country for nearly three years. Do not the reports of the actual participants on the naval operations, it is asked, contain every essential circumstance? Have they not been approved by the Navy Department and published as an appendix to the official report of the Secretary of the Navy for 1898? If they were then officially deemed sufficient to inform Congress and the people, why are they not so now—and what more of importance can a Court of Inquiry discover? Is not the court, therefore, organized less to ascertain facts than to draw conclusions from facts already ascertained? Therefore, it is demanded, arguing no further, is not the public competent to decide on the evidence for itself; and, in any event, however much weight may be given to the opinion of a trio of distinguished naval officers on purely professional subjects, are not matters of personal conduct quite within the sphere of a petit jury (as a libel suit if instituted by Admiral Schley would quickly show), and hence not beyond the intelligent discrimination of the people at large?

The error in all the foregoing lies in the assumption that the official reports do contain all the material facts. True, they ought to, but it seems to be certain that they do not, if for no other reason because persistently and steadily for three years naval officers of high rank, comrades of Schley in active service and eyewitnesses of his proceedings, have averred that he is guilty of dereliction of such gravity that in no case can they be presumed or inferred, but must appear beyond a reasonable doubt from actual facts and occurrences. Yet in no official reports is there anything stated to this effect and no charges made to superior authority are on record, supplementing the reports which have been published. Therefore the people who make these assertions must be aware of facts not hitherto made known, or of unrecorded circumstances which will either materially affect the statements of fact already made or the deductions to be drawn from them.

Nor is it necessary to rest thus on inference. Questions are arising almost

REAR ADMIRAL SCHLEY

daily which the reports do not answer. When, for example, did the Navy Department receive the first news of Cervera's arrival at Santiago, and how? Did or did not the army signal service discover that fact and apprise the Navy Department, which nevertheless omitted to take advantage of it? These are very serious questions and lie at the root of the present inquiry. Is it true that the "Brooklyn" only had not been apprised of the signal code arranged with the insurgents, and therefore remained off Cienfuegos ignorant of Cervera's absence therefrom until the arrival of the "Marblehead," which, knowing the signals, at once obtained the desired information?

There are others, but the foregoing will suffice to show that the function of Admiral Dewey's Board, in the discovery of fact, approaches much more nearly to that of a strict Court of Inquiry than is generally perceived.

Of course, from any point of view the investigation is extraordinary, and so far as the writer knows, unprecedented. To prefer definite charges against an officer alleging neglect of duty, failure to engage an enemy, improper conduct, etc., and thereupon to try him by court martial is a usual course, but generally the acts in issue have occasioned some untoward result. Here the occurrences under investigation evoked no disaster, nor in any wise, so far as can be recognized, affected the tremendously successful outcome of the war. No charges are preferred, the accused—if the term is at all proper—is himself the moving party, the main inquisition is as to the "propriety" of his conduct upon which the Government by its own official acts has placed the stamp of approval, and finally the inquiry is started three years after the event. Small wonder that the "average citizen" gets confused, wonders what it is all about, and whether the gravamen of the whole business is not the "might have been" rather than the "was." Nor is his understanding at all helped when the anti-Schley press insists upon treating the matter as if it were a criminal prosecution, *sub judice,* and upon imposing on him the same conventional restraints.

None the less public interest is thoroughly awakened, and thousands will follow the proceedings in detail. To every one the official reports are not readily accessible, and the "specifications" of the precept convening the court which set out the particulars to be investigated will have little meaning—unless explained in the light of them. In the following this is briefly done, and with the intention of excluding everything however remotely of a partisan nature. With this aid new facts elicited will be recognizable, and their bearing on the questions more readily appreciated.

There are three principal episodes:

1. Schley's doings from May 19, 1898, when he left Key West for Cienfuegos, until June 1, 1898, when Admiral Sampson joined him off Santiago and took supreme command; a total period of 13 days.

2. The "Brooklyn's" loop at the battle of Santiago—July 3, 1898—a period of a few minutes.

3. (a) A conversation alleged to have been held on the bridge of the "Brooklyn" during the loop period just mentioned between Commodore Schley and the navigating officer of the "Brooklyn."

(b) What Schley did, said or published concerning said conversation after the war had long been over.

The precept of the Secretary ordering the Court of Inquiry contains ten specifications, the first being a general dragnet broadly directing attention to Admiral Schley's "conduct in connection with the events of the Santiago campaign." The others are specific, and will be explained *seriatim.*

REAR ADMIRAL HOWISON

Second. The circumstances attending the reasons controlling and the propriety of the movements of the Flying Squadron off Cienfuegos in May, 1898.

This covers the period beginning on the morning of May 22d, when Schley reached Cienfuegos from Key West, and ending on the evening of May 24th, when he left for Santiago. During this time his squadron was engaged in blockading Cienfuegos. The distance of the blockading vessels from the port, why they re-

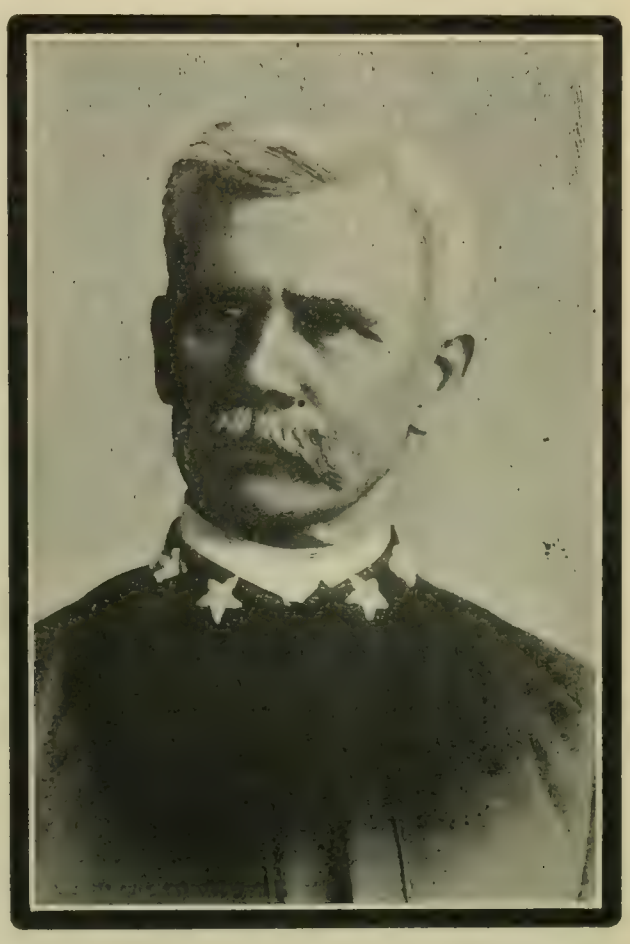
mained there for the time noted, and why the absence of Cervera from the harbor was not sooner discovered, are the principal subjects of inquiry.

Third. The circumstances attending the reasons controlling and the propriety of the movements of the said squadron in proceeding from Cienfuegos to Santiago.

This covers the period from the evening of May 24th to 8 P. M. May 26th. The sea was rough and weather stormy.

At 5 P. M., May 26th, the squadron was 18 miles south of Santiago. At 9.20 P. M. it started westward, destination Key West, and continued for two hours. It then stopped, chiefly to repair an accident to the "Yale," until 3.40 P. M. of May 27th, when it resumed its westward course for nearly four hours. It then stopped while the "Texas" and "Marblehead" took coal from the "Merrimac," until 1.10 P. M. of May 28th, when it returned to Santiago, arriving

ADMIRAL DEWEY



REAR ADMIRAL BENHAM

The average speed of the squadron was about seven knots per hour and for a time fell to between four and five knots to allow the yacht "Eagle" to hold her position. The chief matters for investigation are whether a higher speed could not and should not have been maintained, and whether the squadron should have proceeded so slowly in order to permit the "Eagle" to keep up.

Fourth. The circumstances attending the arrival of the Flying Squadron off Santiago, the reasons for its retrograde turn westward, and departure from off Santiago and the propriety thereof.

there about 7.40 P. M. The main question here is why, having reached Santiago, Schley proceeded westward again, as above detailed.

Fifth. The circumstances attending and the reasons for the disobedience by Commodore Schley of the orders of the Department contained in its dispatch dated May 25th, 1898, and the propriety of his conduct in the premises.

This specification states a conclusion (disobedience of orders) and not a premise. It has, however, been substantially modified, after protest by Admiral Schley, by a letter from the Department

in substance stating that it uses the above term only in the Pickwickian sense.

The order of the Department in the dispatch of May 25th, 1898, is:

"All Department information indicates Spanish division is still at Santiago. The Department looks to you to ascertain facts. . . . As soon as ascertained, notify Department whether enemy is there."

To which Schley replied in a telegram forwarded from Kingston, Jamaica, under date May 28th:

"Much to be regretted, cannot obey orders of Department. Have striven earnestly; forced to proceed for coal to Key West, by way of Yucatan passage. Cannot ascertain anything respecting enemy positive."

Sixth. The condition of the coal supply of the Flying Squadron on and about May 27th, 1898, its coaling facilities, the necessity, if any, for or advisability of the return of the squadron to Key West to coal, and the accuracy and propriety of the official reports made by Commodore Schley with respect to this matter.

This investigates the quantity of coal actually in the ships at 9.20 P. M. on May 26th when Schley started westward, as described under Precept 5. Whether it was sufficient to negative the necessity of this movement, whether in any event there was need of going to Key West rather than elsewhere, and, in brief, whether Schley told the truth when he said in his official report:

"With the weather conditions that had prevailed since leaving Cienfuegos it appeared absolutely necessary to abandon the position off Santiago and seek a place where the vessels could be coaled and the collier's machinery repaired."

Seventh. Whether or not every effort incumbent upon the commanding officer of a fleet under such circumstances was made to capture or destroy the Spanish cruiser "Colon" as she lay at anchor in the entrance to Santiago harbor May 27th to 31st inclusive, and the necessity for or advisability of engaging the batteries at the entrance to Santiago harbor and the Spanish vessels at anchor within the entrance to said harbor at the ranges used, and the propriety of Commodore Schley's conduct in the premises.

On May 30th the "Massachusetts" (then Schley's flag ship), the "Iowa" and the "New Orleans," at various ranges, the least being 7,000 yards, fired for ten minutes at the shore batteries and the "Colon;" the latter having been visible inside the harbor since the morning of the day before.

The inquiry is chiefly directed to whether this maneuver should have been "a fight to a finish," rather than a reconnoissance, and whether the ranges used were unduly excessive.

Failure to engage or to do one's utmost to destroy an enemy may under the act for the better government of the navy be punished with death. Toward the close of the Civil War a rear-admiral was tried under a similar charge by one of the most distinguished naval courts ever convened, convicted and a penalty of two years' suspension imposed. The sentence was set aside by the Secretary of the Navy as inadequate. The admiral had two wooden ships—the enemy an iron clad. Modern naval strategy and the provisions of the law aforesaid are separated by an interval of a century.

Eighth. The necessity, if any, for and advisability of withdrawing at night the Flying Squadron from the entrance to Santiago harbor to a distance at sea, if such shall be found to have been the case; the extent and character of such withdrawal, and whether or not a close or adequate blockade of said harbor, to prevent the escape of the enemy's vessels therefrom, was established, and the propriety of Commodore Schley's conduct in the premises.

The question here is whether on the nights of May 28th to May 31st, inclusive, being off Santiago and blockading Schley withdrew his ships so far seaward from the harbor as seriously to impair the efficiency of the blockade, besides rendering possible Cervera's escape.

Ninth. The position of the "Brooklyn" on the morning of July 3d, 1898, at the time of the exit of the Spanish vessels from the harbor of Santiago. The circumstances attending, the reasons for, and the incidents resulting from the turning of the "Brooklyn" in the direction which she turned at or about the beginning of the action with said Spanish vessels, and the possibility of thereby colliding with or endangering any other of the vessels of the United States fleet, and the propriety of Commodore Schley's conduct in the premises.

Or, in other words, was the "Brooklyn" at her proper blockading station when the Spanish fleet came out, why did she turn after moving toward the enemy from left to right, instead of from right to left, and by so turning to the right did she run the risk of colliding with or endangering her consorts? There is no record of collision, nor of being endangered in the reports of the captains of these vessels.

REAR ADMIRAL SAMPSON

Ten. The circumstances leading to and the incidents and results of a controversy with Lieutenant Albon C. Hodgson, United States Navy, who, on July 3d, 1898, during the battle of Santiago, was navigator of the "Brooklyn," in relation to the turning of the "Brooklyn;" also the colloquy at that time between Commodore Schley and Lieutenant Hodgson and the ensuing correspondence between them on the subject thereof, and the propriety of the conduct of Admiral Schley in the premises.

The colloquy referred to is alleged to consist in an order from Schley to the navigating officer of the "Brooklyn" (who, together with the captain of that vessel, the flag lieutenant and others were present on the bridge with him during the fight) to put the "Brooklyn's" helm aport, so making the "loop;" that the officer replied, "Starboard you mean;" that Schley repeated his order; that the officer substantially said, "We shall collide with the 'Texas,'" and that thereupon Schley exclaimed, "D——n the 'Texas,' let her lookout for herself," or words to that effect.

The chief question to be determined is whether Admiral Schley took part in any such conversation, or addressed the navigator any such order, or received any suggestions from him, either in the aforesaid words or any others capable of like meaning. The published official reports in the appendix do not contain them. If the court finds affirmatively, it will be for Admiral Schley to explain among other things why he discussed the movements of his command at a most critical juncture with a subordinate officer of his flag ship, and in case the latter volunteered the remarks and criticisms imputed why he did not at once send the officer below under arrest. If the court finds negatively, the Navy Department can be trusted to deal appropriately with the navigator.

As the court has a "roving commission" it can take up any other matters which it may deem germane to the investigation, but unless the development of new facts forces upon it a different course, it will probably limit itself to the specified inquiries. It knows, as every one else does, that the Navy Department is practically on trial before the country, equally with Admiral Schley, and that any undue broadening of the scope of the issues may lead—no one knows where.

Meanwhile the great interest exhibited by the people shows that they now demand the whole truth, without omissions or suppressions, and no matter whom it hurts politically or otherwise. It is hardly necessary to add that they confidently expect that the President—always solicitous for public opinion—will take care that they get it.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Newest Historical Novel*

By Sydney Reid

Chapter VII

"THE sun was setting in the East behind the high old Long Island hills, and the grand plateau of Valley Forge, where General Washington and his army were still encamped, glowed on the crimsoning effulgence of the declining monarch of day, as did also the glorious bay up which Pizarro sailed when on his way to discover the Mississippi Valley.

"The army was resting at the moment of which we write, and the world famous General of the American forces might be seen sitting, or rather reclining, in a morris chair near the doorway of his canvas headquarters, which was situated on the summit of a small mound near the center of the lines. It is not the Washington of state and ceremony whom we see there. No, no, quite another, and one, we humbly venture to suggest, with whom the historians are quite unacquainted. He has, as may be observed, laid aside his epauletted coat, and his hat, wig and boots are lying on the ground at his side, with the wig underneath. His feet, encased in the thick blue worsted stockings with which Mrs. Washington was so careful to supply him, are elevated above the level of his head, his hands are spasmodically busy with some sort of writing, and his usually placid countenance is contorted by a frown that expressed deep thought.

"The youthful Marquis de Lafayette and equally youthful Alexander Hamilton, members of his staff (to whom, as well as to his country he is a father) stand a few paces removed watching him with respectful anxiety. Presently he looks up and asks:

"'What is a rime for pony, Markee? Hamilton don't know. He's no hand at poetry.'

"Lafayette starts forward, his face glowing from the distinguished honor of the consultation. There is the ring of enthusiastic devotion in his voice and the sparkle of inspiration in his eye as he responds by suggesting "Coney—bony."

"The countenance of the General becomes thoughtful again as he weighs the suggestions, and he murmurs:

> "Yankee Doodle came to town,
> Riding on a pony,
> He put his steed up for to feed,
> And then went down to Coney."

"'Ah, non, non!' exclaimed the Marquis. 'Mais, zat veel not do! If Monsieur Doo-dill have go to ze Coney 'e veel get back ve know not ven. No, no, non—be Garre!'

"'The Markee is right, General,' said Hamilton with grave deference. The exigencies of our situation may render it essential that Yankee Doodle must at times encounter great danger, but that he should expose himself to the perils of Coney Island, unless to save the nation from some dire calamity, seems to me a needless assumption of the gravest risk.'

"'True,' responded Washington judicially. 'True! But I must have a rime. You know that a true poet will commit a crime to gain a rime. That's something pretty clever now:

> "Commit a crime
> To gain a rime;"

or turn it the other way about:

> "Make a rime;
> Commit a crime."'

"After pausing awhile to study and admire this offering of the muses which had thus come to him unsought, the Gen-

* By reason of a most fortunate combination of favoring circumstances THE INDEPENDENT is enabled to offer its readers the treat of a preliminary glimpse at characteristic portions of the newest historical novel, "Watzit All About," by Uno Lloyd Balder-Dash, which is shortly to be given to the public. It is fresh from the prolific pen of a writer who, altho not yet an author, has already made his mark as a great "literary fad." Competent critics who have not read it are enthusiastic in its praise and do not hesitate to pronounce that, like all other recently published historical novels, it is the very greatest of its kind that the world has ever seen. Altho it purports to be but fiction, the discerning reader will note the new and surprising historical light which it sheds on Washington and the men of his time, their surroundings and the stirring events in which they were the actors. The freshness and novelty of the scenes and incidents and the unconventionalism of the character drawing cannot fail to please and instruct. In our own opinion Mr. Balder-Dash has surpassed himself, and we are not in the least surprised at the publisher's announcement to the effect that five hundred thousand copies of "Watzit All About" will be sold before its formal appearance.—EDITOR.

eral once more resumed his original task and his moving lips could be seen framing the words 'pony,' 'bony,' 'stony,' 'loan eh,' and so forth. At last he wrote:

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
Riding on a pony;
Folks they snickered at the sight,
He was so tall and bony."

"Tho greatly pleased with the metrical form of this the sense was not precisely what was needed, and the General continued to write:

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
And he was tall and bony;
He went to church and with Miss Burch
Committed matrimony."

"'How's that, Markee?' cried the author, looking up with a radiant smile."

"'Ah! Be Garre! Ze poetry it ees wot you call 'eem—sublime—but 'e cannot be; non, non—no! 'Eef Monsieur Doo-dill commit ze matrimony zen ve vos all up ze—vot you call? Ah, yes, ze spout. Ha, be Garre!'

"'There's something in what you say, Markee,' admitted the General. 'Matrimony is indeed——.'

"'Ah, vorse—vorse—zan ze Coney Island!'

"Washington nodded in acquiescence, and again applied himself to the task of composition, but the swift approach of darkness attracted his attention, and looking up at Hamilton he commanded him to summon Captain Fraser, the noted head of the Secret Service. A moment later and the man in question had approached and was standing at the salute.

"Washington's feet descended from their elevation, the stern lines came back to his face, his eye had the flash of the eagle's—he was once more the soldier known and admired by all the world. When he spoke his voice was sharp and pre-emptory:

"'Have all the sentinels been brought in?'

"'Yes, your Excellency.'

"'You know that there are unprincipled farmers about here who would not hesitate to steal them should they sleep outside?'

"'I am well aware of that.'

"'Do you know what the British are doing?'

"'Not at present.'

"'Why don't you go and ask them, then? Is it necessary for me to instruct you in the very rudiments of your profession?'

"'Pardon, your Excellency,' exclaimed the unhappy Fraser, 'I will endeavor to do better.'

"'See that you do, sir,' said Washington haughtily.

"Saluting again Fraser hastily withdrew, and a moment later he was seen speeding toward the British lines.

"The countenance of Washington instantly relaxed, and he restored his feet to their former position. 'Markee,' he said genially to Lafayette, 'We have to keep up appearances before these people or they would walk all over us.'

"'Ha, be Garr, c'est vrai!' said Lafayette, gesticulating with all the energy of a child of sunny France, 'eet ees ze troos, zey valk, run, dance, zhump upon us, ha!'

"Washington resumed his writing, but presently waving his hand for attention, he cried: 'I have it! Listen!'

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
Riding on a pony,
He stuck a feather in his hat
And called it macaroni."

"'Ah, sublime, sublime!' cried Lafayette, 'Plus gran, magnifique!'

"Hamilton's Scottish blood rendered him less demonstrative, yet in his calmner way he confirmed the verdict of the Frenchman. 'But what is it for?' he inquired.

"'What is it for?' said Washington, fixing the young aide with a glance that was all aflame with inspiration and prophecy. 'What is it for? Young sir, it is for the national hymn of the greatest people that ever came down the main highway of the infinite cosmos—that's what it's for. As the Father of my country it becomes my duty to present it with an appropriate hymn, and I flatter myself——'

"'Sublime! Sublime!' broke in the enraptured Lafayette again. Then a swift change seemed to sweep over his whole form, giving it the aspect of dreadful rage. Tearing out two handfuls of his hair, wildly rolling his eyes and showing all his teeth, he exclaimed: 'Ah, Albion! Perfidious Albion! I perceive it, zy finis.'

"Just as Lafayette spoke an explosion took place in the direction of the British

lines, and almost immediately a bomb was heard approaching.

"It soared in like some great bird, shrieking the while, with a living, vengeful spite that was blood-curdling.

"Straight at Washington's head it took its course, but he avoided it with the cool dexterity of one well accustomed to such maneuvers, and passing beyond him it dug a deep hole in the ground, where it exploded, leaving an excavation as large as an ordinary cellar.

"'Call the Commissary's attention to that dug-out,' said the Commander-in-Chief, addressing Hamilton. 'He has been complaining that we need a root-house. Markee, please oblige me by bringing the dispatch that was in that bomb.'

"'In the bomb?' queried the Marquis, 'Wonderful! Ah, zese Americans! Zey are so oreeginal!'

"While the Frenchman was searching about the neighborhood of the explosion the cook came on the scene with a huge plate of smoking flapjacks, which he tendered to Washington, who abstractedly helped himself to one.

"'Reach to and help yourself, Hamilton,' he said; 'fingers were made before forks.'

"The Marquis de Lafayette, returning successful from his quest, paused to gaze at the sight of the great General thus engaged in his plain repast.

"'A 'ero!' he exclaimed, 'e is a 'ero! Ah, Albion, perfidious, 'ow could you 'ope to overcome men zat can eat zose sings and leeve!'

"Washington smiled at this impulsive tribute of his distinguished follower, and stretched out his hand for the ball of blackened paper that the Frenchman tendered. He unrolled it and read:

"To the Commanding General, Continental Army, U. S. A.:

"The British have taken the Elevated R. R. and in half an hour will be in your rear. They outnumber your army two to one.

"Mrs. Washington is now on her way to pay you another visit. FRASER."

"A deathly pallor overspread the chieftain's face, and the letter fluttered to the ground. In the momentary weakness that overcame him, he was heard to murmur, 'All is lost!'

"Lafayette, impelled by a great rush of sympathy, could not refrain from glancing at the dispatch as he picked it up to restore it to the General. 'Ha!' he cried, 'the British! I go to spread ze alarm!'

"'Hold!' cried Washington, recovering and speaking in his most scornful tones. 'What think you I care for the British. No, no, Lafayette. If you would understand our true peril read the last line of that dispatch.'"

* * * *

CHAPTER MCMI.

"'Has thee promised to wed him, daughter?'

"'Law, pop! of a certainty I have. Promises don't cost nothin'.'

"'How many now, dost kalkilate, to whom thou art thus pledged?'

"'Only six now, dad. There were ten, but two up an' died and two escaped in the night.'

"'Are these whom thou hast left of all sorts?'

"'Gadzooks, what else! Thinkest thou I slumber. Nay, nay, they are "all right, 'Sopus," I reckon, dad. Two are Tories, two Whigs, and two stand on both sides at once.'

"'And thou wilt wed the one who comes out best, and so we will thrive no matter who is victor. Ah, thou wert ever true daughter of mine. Kiss thy old father, then, and go thy rounds, girl, so that no more escape. It were well indeed, body o' me, if thou hookest some more to render certainty more sure.'

"These words spoken, the venerable old man folded the girl to his breast and kissed her fondly on the ear to avoid disturbing her complexion.

"With a shrill cackle that voiced the overbubbling merriment of girlhood she fled along the path that led to His Lordship's quarters and tripping in stumbled against Sir Marmaduke, who was thoughtfully pulling his mustache as he gazed at the glowing sunset.

"'Haw!' he cried, 'Haw! Sweet creachaw! Comest thou to see me?'

"'La, sir!' exclaimed the maid in a turmoil of pretty confusion, 'didst—didst see our caow?'

"The artlessness of the maid quite overcame Sir Marmaduke.

"'So young,' he murmured, 'and yet—and yet—so innocent.' Then he started, remembering that in his abstraction

he had forgotten to answer the question. Doffing his hat with a stately grace he replied:

"'Thy bovine, fair lady, has not as yet reported herself at headquarters. I prithee permit me to take her place in thy regard.'

"'La, sir, how you do talk! You army gentlemen are so fickle.'

"'Nay, believe me——' he began, but was cut short by a rumbling sound from the inner room, the door of which opened disclosing His Lordship in his sternest mood, his face outglowing the sunset.

"'Colonel Maltravers,' he cried, 'take my army, make a detour by way of Mexico, come upon Washington's rear and exterminate his force if he does not surrender. Hitherto we have been but trifling with him. His treason to the King and armed rebellion we might forgive, but he has not left us, in all the Jerseys, the wherewithal to make our accustomed eggnog, and that is an offense that puts him beyond the pale of pardon. Go at once, then, and I will join thee in the morning in time to receive the sword of the arch rebel.'

"'Nay, nay! Pardon me, my Lord! O Lud, yer Ludship, don't ye go fer ter do no such a thing!' Wild with excitement the maiden cast herself at the feet of the British general. 'O Lud, yer Ludship! Don't go fer ter hurt them there poor fellers. I'm engaged to two on 'em. Spare 'em, yer Ludship, an' I will send ye three fresh eggs soon's I go home. I know where they is in our barn.'

"The British general's face betrayed the battle of strong emotions that was going on within. Presently he controlled himself and said, 'It is well, girl! Thy beauty and courage have overcome me. If those eggs are fresh, thou hast saved Washington and all his army. Go thy ways now, before I repent myself of this leniency.'

"With gleesome giggle the young girl rose from her kneeling posture and leapt down the steps and over a five-barred gate.

"Pausing just beyond, she extracted a double handful of kisses from her rosy lips and threw them at the British officers, causing a wild scramble, during which she disappeared.

"'Gadzooks!' exclaimed His Lordship.

"'Odsbodikins!' said Sir Marmaduke. And they sighed so heavily as to blow out two lights of glass.

"Recovering himself quickly, His Lordship demanded:

"'Have all the farm yards in the country been robbed?'

"'They have, General!'

"'And all the liquor drunk?'

"'That also.'

"'And all the pretty girls kissed?'

"'None have been neglected.'

"'Then the British army has done enough for one day. Let the soldiers rest.'

"So saying the General once more retired, leaving Sir Marmaduke to pull his mustache again and dream sweet dreams.

"'Ah, haw!' he remarked languidly to himself; 'monstrous fine woman.'"

* * * * * *

Reader, dost truly desire to know why all these people talked and acted in so strange a manner? Perchance I know not, but of a truth I do believe they had a premonition that they were to figure in an historical novel of our day.

New York City.

The American Historical Novelists

By Jeannette L. Gilder

Editor of the Critic

WHETHER the historical novel has come to stay or not it is for the historical novel to decide. It will not stay simply because it is historical, but it will stay if it is good reading. The public does not care what a novel is called so long as it is readable. I might not think it readable, or you might not think it readable—but then you and I are not the great public, which is, perhaps, a fortunate thing for most writers.

If I mistake not, Mr. Charles Major was the first of the newer generation of Americans to write a record breaking historical novel. His success set the ball rolling. And yet Mr. Major had no idea of being an historical novelist when he wrote "When Knighthood Was in Flower." He was a lawyer, living in a small Western town, doing a satisfactory business, I have no doubt, but not by way of making a fortune. He had read more or less of English history—I will not say that he had thoroughly digested it; but he was interested in the subject, and to while away the time between clients he wrote with a lead pencil, on big sheets of legal paper, a novel which he called "Charley Brandon." After he had finished it he tucked it away in a drawer of his desk and probably forgot it. One day a friend dropped in at his office, and, having some time to wait, asked for something to read. Mr. Major looked around the room, and saw nothing but sheepskin volumes of legal lore. His friend groaned. He wanted something diverting. Then Mr. Major remembered the manuscript in the drawer, and pulled it out and told his friend to amuse himself with it. The friend began to read, carelessly at first, but was soon absorbed, and he didn't leave Mr. Major's office until he had gone pretty well through the enormous pile of carelessly written manuscript. When he had finished it, he told Mr. Major that he had written a successful novel. The author smiled at his friend's fatuity, but upon being besought allowed him to take it away with him to offer it to a publisher. The friend brought it to New York, and offered it to not only one publisher, but several, all of whom declined it. I can hardly say that I blame them. The manuscript was most unattractive, and

CHARLES MAJOR

there were reams of it, and the style was certainly not classic. But nevertheless, if any of these publishers had realized what a success the book was going to have they would have laid aside their prejudices against ill-written and lengthy manuscripts. Finally it was offered to a Western publishing house, a house with not a very long list of miscellaneous books, and there it was accepted. What followed every one knows. Mr. Major has made so much money out of the book, and out of the play, so delightfully interpreted by Miss Julia Marlowe, that he has given up the practice of law and will devote himself hereafter to, well—if not literature, at least to writing. He has a new novel about ready, and the million or more readers of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" are eagerly awaiting its publication.

It is not very hard to tell what made the success of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." The name attracted the romantic, and the story captivated the sentimental. The readers of books of this

sort are not critics. They like a story, and when they can think they are getting a little history with it, they like it all the better. "When Knighthood Was in Flower" might have been even a poor performance and yet have had a success.

"Richard Carvel" appeared at about the same time that "When Knighthood Was in Flower" was rushing through the press. Mr. Churchill took American history for his subject, and in "Richard Carvel" gave a carefully thought out and conscientiously written story, whose worst fault was its imitation—unconscious, I have no doubt—of Thackeray. The two books, "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "Richard Carvel," are not to be compared. Here again the public rushed in

WINSTON CHURCHILL

and devoured the story. That it was a better written story than "When Knighthood Was in Flower" did not enter into the question of its popularity. It was American history and a love story, and real characters, cleverly drawn, figured through its pages.

Mr. Churchill's career as a writer is interesting. As far as I know, it began with "The Celebrity," a clever and amusing book, but without the least suggestion of his later work. "The Celebrity" was successful and was much discussed, because the leading character was supposed to be a well known journalist and story writer. That Mr. Churchill disclaimed the likeness did not prevent the public from insisting upon it. Some time after the publication of "The Celebrity," "Richard Carvel" was published and met with instant success. Everybody read it—the literate and the illiterate, and one enjoyed it as much as the other. Mr. Churchill is a man, I fancy, who has himself pretty well in hand. His head has not been turned by success, nor has he sought to follow up one book close upon the heels of another. He left two or three years between "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis." The latter, I need hardly say, is a story of the Civil War, probably the best story of the Civil War that has been written. It introduces some of the same people who figured in "Richard Carvel," but one need not have read the first book to thoroughly understand and enjoy the second. There are those who claim that "The Crisis" is not a novel, that it is an epic. Whatever it may be, it is a strong, well written, interesting story.

After the success of "Richard Carvel," Mr. Churchill bought land and built him a home at Cornish, N. H., on the border line of Vermont, so that his post office address is not the same as his house address. There he does his writing, but when his manuscript goes to the printers, whose press is near Boston, he goes to that city to read his proofs. His is not the ordinary proofreading. He almost rewrites a novel after it has been put into type—not because his first work isn't good, but he thinks that his last is better, and the change of the smallest word is as important to him as the change of a sentence.

Mr. Churchill, like Mr. Major, is a Western man; but his books have been published in the East, and I imagine have had their greatest success in the East, tho "The Crisis," having its scenes laid in St. Louis, has no doubt found a large audience in the West. Mr. Churchill's wife is a Western woman,

a relative of the late James Yeatman, to whose memory he dedicates "The Crisis," and who, after good service for the North during the Civil War, lived for many years a prominent citizen of St. Louis.

Mr. Churchill has seen his first historical novel, "Richard Carvel," performed on the stage, and I do not imagine that the sight made him very happy, for any one less like Richard Carvel than Mr. John Drew could hardly be imagined. But because it was "Richard Carvel," and because of Mr. Drew's personal popularity, the play had a success for a season—a success of curiosity, perhaps, but nevertheless a success while it lasted. It is to be hoped, so far as the dramatization and so far as the leading *rôle* are concerned, that Mr. Churchill will have more to be congratulated upon when "The Crisis" is put on the stage, which I understand it will be in the course of time.

It has often been asked whether a really good manuscript ever comes into a publisher's office from an unknown author. It is not often that it does, but it is not unusual. Miss Mary Johnston's first novel, "Prisoners of Hope," was sent to its publishers without their knowing anything about the author. The first person to read it grew quite excited over it, and it was passed to a second and third, each one being more enthusiastic than the last. It was published immediately as a book, never as a serial. Mr. Walter H. Page was then associated with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., not only as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, but as a literary adviser. He was one of the most enthusiastic readers of "Prisoners of Hope," and with the interest of the *Atlantic Monthly* at heart, he packed his bag and went South to find Miss Johnston. He found her in Birmingham, Ala. When she came into the room to see him he thought it must be some little sister of Miss Johnston come to say that she was not at home. He could hardly believe that this tiny young woman was the author of so virile a novel as "Prisoners of Hope." He talked the book over with her, and then he asked her if she had anything else in hand. She said that she had nothing finished, but that she was working on a story. With the enthusiasm of an editor who scents a popular author in the wind, Mr. Page begged to see as much of the story as was written, and when he left Birmingham he had a few chapters of "To Have and to Hold" in his traveling bag. These he read on the train, and when he had finished them he telegraphed Miss Johnston an offer for serial and book rights. Mr. Page's estimate of the manuscript was backed up by over a million readers, averaging five readers to each copy of the book sold.

Altho Miss Johnston's home is in Alabama, and she is Southern born and bred, she has lived in New York and she has traveled more or less abroad. By the death of her mother she early assumed the cares of a family, so that her time for reading and study was limited. But where there's a will there's a way, and Miss Johnston certainly has a will.

MARY JOHNSTON

One would hardly suspect that "To Have and to Hold" was written by a woman. It is one of the most masculine of this new group of historical novels—not because there is so much of battle, murder and sudden death in it, for any one might write that sort of thing, but for

the point of view. The first installment of the serial publication illustrates what I mean. There is a strength in those chapters that is not to be found in some of the others which the author, no doubt, thinks are stronger. Certainly they are more melodramatic. "To Have and to Hold" made Miss Johnston famous. Within a month nearly two hundred thousand copies had been sold, and the dramatic rights disposed of. But this is a painful story—I refer to the dramatic rights. What the trouble was, it might be a little difficult to say. Some claim that it was the dramatization, others the cast. Whatever it was, the play was a failure. Before its production any manager in the world would have been willing to wager that it was a great dramatic property. There was scarcely an actress of any distinction in the country who did not want to play the part of Jocelyn Leigh, and not one of these but that congratulated herself that she had not done so, after seeing the play performed.

Miss Johnston's new story, "Audrey," now running in the *Atlantic* has not aroused the enthusiasm caused by the serial publication of "To Have and to Hold," but it is a good story. I understand that Miss Johnston herself proposes to dramatize it, which is something of a risk, as, with very rare exceptions, authors are the worst dramatizers of their own books. But I suppose she thinks that nothing could be worse than the dramatization of "To Have and to Hold," and she prefers to have herself alone responsible.

That Mr. Paul Leicester Ford should write historical novels was the most natural thing in the world. He is simply soaked in history. Until the last two or three years he has lived in Brooklyn, and there he was surrounded by an exceptional collection of historical books, manuscripts and pamphlets. The library of his home covered the entire garden at the rear of the house. The shelves ran up to the ceiling on all sides of the room, but these did not suffice to hold all of Mr. Ford's books. Chairs, tables, and even the floor were piled with volumes. Most of these books have been collected by Mr. Ford's father, who, when I first knew him, was the city editor of the New York *Tribune*. But even then he was a book collector, and at every sale of importance he and his son Paul were to be found, with marked catalogs in their hands, picking out the plums of the collection. Mr. Ford was born rich, but he has made himself much richer by his pen. When he writes about the real George Washington, or the unreal Janice Meredith, he has thousands of readers in every part of the United States. "Janice Meredith" was, of course, the outcome of his historical studies. She may not be as true to history as is the real George Washington, but she is true to the hearts of the young and sentimental. Some people claim that it was the picture on the cover of Mr. Ford's novel that gave it so large a sale—but then there are always people ready to say disagreeable things. It is certainly, however, the charm of Miss Mannering that makes the success of "Janice Meredith," the play. What the average public wants is a love story, and this it gets in "Janice Meredith," both book and play. The story is not one that I care for particularly. In fact, I do not care for it at all. But I see what it is in it that the public likes.

Mr. Ford has recently bought land and built a fine house on one of the Seventieth streets in New York. The house, he says, he bought with the earnings of "Janice Meredith," the book, and he furnished it with the earnings of "Janice Meredith," the play. What he bought the land with I don't know, but he might have bought it with the earning of "The Hon. Peter Stirling" or "The Story of An Untold Love;" and if "The Hon. Peter Stirling" had ever been made into a play he might have bought more land and built another house. But I doubt if the Hon. Peter ever sees the footlights. This is rather curious, as there are managers and actors who are eager to present the story on the stage. But Mr. Ford has tied himself up in some way with a dramatist whose play is not acceptable to managers or actors, and there it is. As Mr. Ford is a very clever business man, it is rather amusing that he should have gotten into such a position with regard to his own property. If he were a poor man the situation would be tragic, but as he is not it is only funny.

It would almost seem as though "Alice of Old Vincennes" made its great success

because it was an historical novel. Its author, Mr. Maurice Thompson, had been writing books all his life, and he was no longer young when "Alice of Old Vincennes" was published, and yet he had met with no great success. I mean in the way of "boom." To those who love good literature he was known as a writer of rare charm. In "My Winter Garden" we have him at his best, yet few people have read that delightful book compared with the number who have read the novel. The story of "Alice of Old Vincennes" had been in Mr. Thompson's mind a long time before it was written. He had lived in the country where the scene is laid, and he knew its history as well as he knew its topography. Curiously enough, he had intended using the material for a play rather than for a story, but he was persuaded to give up that idea and write a novel. Fortunately for him he did so, for he was not a playwright and he was a novelist. The play in all probability would never have seen the light, while the novel was an instant success. That there was play material in the book is proved by the fact that it has been dramatized and will be acted by Miss Virginia Harned as Alice, but it is a very different play from the one that Mr. Thompson would have made. Mr. Thompson died while his book was on the top wave of success. He at least had the satisfaction of tasting the sweets of popularity and of knowing that he was leaving his family comparatively well off. This to a man who had struggled as hard as he had for so many years must have robbed death of half its terrors.

"The Helmet of Navarre" is not an American historical novel, but is a novel and history, and was written by an American, so that it belongs in this list quite as much as Mr. Major's story, which is of English history. "The Helmet of Navarre" is Miss Bertha Runkle's first story—that is, her first story to be published. I dare say that she has written others, but not thought them worthy of offering to a publisher, for she is a severe critic of her own work. There is every reason why Miss Runkle should be a writer. She comes of a writing family and has been brought up in an atmosphere of literature. But her mother, who is a writer, never tried to make a writer of the daughter. She let her go her own gait, but I have no doubt that she saw in what direction her tastes lay. Although Miss Runkle is not a college graduate, she has always been a student, if not of text books particularly, certainly of literature. Of history she was particularly fond, and more so of French history than of any other. "The Helmet of Navarre" was finished before her mother knew that she was writing it, but I doubt if Mrs.

MAURICE THOMPSON

Runkle was surprised when she saw the manuscript, for she must have known that her daughter would do something of the sort sooner or later. She had already written a short story or two and some verse. When Mrs. Runkle read the manuscript she had very little to suggest—one or two minor changes—and then the story fell into the hands of the Century Company. One of the company heard that Miss Runkle had written it and asked to see the manuscript. He brought it to the office and every one who began it sat up all night to finish it. It didn't take long for this manuscript to be accepted. At first it was intended only for book publication, but it made such an im-

IRVING BACHELLER

pression on all its readers that it was decided to publish it in the magazine. It attracted attention from the very first installment. I doubt if any other first story ever made so marked an impression with its first chapters. It caught the eye of the managers, too, as quickly as it caught that of the novel reading public, and a dozen applications for the dramatic rights were made before the story had run through half a dozen chapters.

"The Helmet of Navarre" is not a great novel, but it has in it plenty of that quality which for want of a better name is termed "go." It carries the reader along from one adventure to another till he has hardly time to pause for breath; but it is so cleverly done, and there is such a literary style to the book, that it never suggests the sensational. Compared to such stories as "When Knighthood Was in Flower," this is a masterpiece; but it has not the sentimentality of that story, and this would prevent its having as great a popularity. In fact, the love element is very silent in "The Helmet of Navarre," but the story is none the worse for that. Of course the book has been made into a play. Miss Runkle, assisted by Mr. Lawrence Marston, has made a dramatization. I believe that a little more love has been put into the play, as theatre audiences insist upon large doses of love making.

Miss Runkle is by way of making a fortune out of this one story, counting serial, book and play rights. The play is to be produced in New York in December, and probably in London at the same time. The managers who have it in hand are devoting themselves to it exclusively. And yet, notwithstanding all that she has made in the way of fame and fortune out of the story, and the prospect of a good deal more of both, Miss Runkle is entirely unspoiled. She has not yet gotten over the surprise of her success. And what is more, she is not planning another book—that is, she has not begun to write one. She may be thinking of it, but it has not taken tangible form.

Altho Mr. Irving Bacheller made his success with "Eben Holden," which is not an historical novel, his last work, "D'ri and I," is. He has found a new scene for this romance, and one that is full of picturesqueness and charm.

The foregoing are not the only writers of historical fiction, but they are the most notable. One of the strongest of the younger writers is Miss Margaret Horton Potter, whose "The House of de Mailly" is an exceptionally clever story. The scene is laid partly in France and partly in America. It is one of the best written of historical novels by American writers, and its author will do even

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

stronger work, or I am no judge. She is still a young woman, not more than twenty or twenty-one, about the same age as Miss Runkle. Then there is Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, who has just finished a very good historical tale, "Her Tory Lover," that has been running through the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly,* and Mr. Robert W. Chambers, whose "Cardigan" is perhaps the best of the many good stories that he has already written. Dr. Weir Mitchell in some respects stands at the head of American historical novelists, but in this paper I am referring to the younger generation. "Hugh Wynne" has all the qualities that an historical novel should have, and, besides that, it is literature. When most of the stories here mentioned will be forgotten "Hugh Wynne" will live.

If I should enumerate all the American writers who have written historical novels within the past eight or ten years, or even the past four or five, you would be surprised at the length of the list. Some of these novels have been better in certain respects than some of those that I have mentioned, but they have not caught the public fancy, and it is the public that makes or mars an author.

New York City.

Dead Letters

By Mary Tappan Wright

From Cecilia to the Rev. Philip Westacott.

Dulwich, September 10th, 18—.

Dear Mr. Westacott:

We came this evening in the twilight. It is a little station in the midst of a valley of corn fields; the sun had set, and a low hill on our left was black against a red sky. A couple of spires about a mile apart, and half-way between a turreted tower, stood in clear silhouette above the trees. My father waved his hand toward them. "The village is up there," he said.

Just then, stuttering a little over the runs, a chime of bells began to ring, "Lo, the conquering hero comes." The high notes rained down daintily, and the smoke-scented autumn air vibrated with the heavier boom, boom, of the larger bells. "Do they have church as early as this?" I asked. My father shook his head and half smiled; then, taking out his handkerchief, he blew his nose violently, complaining that the heat of the cars had given him a cold,—and I knew that they were ringing him a welcome!

As we turned to the further side of the platform an old gentleman with snow white hair and wonderful fiery eyes came running toward us. When he saw me he pulled off his soft clergyman's hat and stood, half hesitating, as if my presence prevented something he wished to say; but my father stepped toward him, both hands extended. They stood a moment quite speechless, but something in their long look of reconciliation and forgiveness brought tears to my eyes. I cannot account for the way in which the atmosphere seemed charged with emotion this evening, and I need hardly tell you that this first man to greet us was Professor Edmunds, against whose enmity to my father you so often have warned me, and the thought that this difficulty, at least, in my father's way is removed does something to lessen the depression I feel in these new scenes and among these strange faces.

An open carriage was waiting; in it was another dignitary, who bent forward affably and shook hands with my father with such benevolent, impersonal condescension that I knew in a minute it must be a bishop.

"Will you get in beside me, Mr. President?" he said, quite ignoring my existence. "We are to have a little demonstration in your honor, and I should like to have you with me when you make your first appearance."

My father hesitated. "My daughter——" he said.

The Bishop bowed to me, also affably. I cannot tell why I should expect a bishop to get out of a carriage when I am presented to him, but I did. "I fear

your daughter will find the excitement of your reception too fatiguing, we have arranged for her to be taken up to the hotel in the village coach, where she may retire as soon as she feels inclined," he said to my father, who looked distressed and embarrassed. Professor Edmunds ushered me into a rickety coach, and made a motion to get in beside me, but the Bishop remonstrated.

"I will send Evelyn," the professor whispered, giving my hand a little squeeze, and so I was driven meekly in the rear of the episcopal procession.

The coach rattled up to the little hotel, and I descended alone, weary and dusty. The landlady showed me into a dining-room where I had a forlorn supper of tea and toast, by the light of a kerosene lamp. I was just wondering what I should do next when I heard a little commotion of voices in the hall. The landlady came and told me that Miss Evelyn wanted to see me.

"My father sent me,—I am Evelyn Edmunds," she said. "Would you not like to see something of the reception that is being given to your father? Are you too tired to come to the park with me?"

I was too much in a rage at the way I had been treated to feel anything but a desire to circumvent the Bishop. "If you are quite sure that you are willing to take the responsibility of bringing me," I said; "I have already been sent to bed."

She laughed. "I know; but you must not miss hearing your father on that account," she said, and after I had taken a few minutes to freshen my travel-worn appearance we turned out into the night air, past the yellow lamps in the dusty windows of a little village store, and then through two high stone gate posts into the college park.

I could see the glare of moving torches under the trees about a quarter of a mile away, and the park was filled with people. Miss Edmunds and I followed the crowd, across the grass, until we came to the college chapel, just as my father stepped out from the vestibule and stood between the two enormous pillars of the porch. The light of the torches fell full upon him; behind him all was black in shadow; the students stood below, their dark figures outlined in fitful red, and as they cheered their eyes glittered in their upturned faces. My father stood a moment waiting for silence, and when the noise subsided he began.

He spoke of the future of the college, he told how it had always been his dream to build it into something great, something noble, something worthy of those who had planned it! He outlined hopefully his policy; he asked their help, and encouraged them to more strenuous effort, a higher standard,—and beside me Evelyn Edmunds laughed softly, and then sighed.

"What is it?" I asked.

"They all begin so," she said. "I suppose Sisyphus made the same speech when he first undertook his stone-rolling. Man after man has taken up this burden,—it never reaches the hill-top, something always rolls it back again: a bishop, a debt, an ecclesiastical quarrel, or, perhaps, a civil war, and Sisyphus is lucky if he is not caught and crushed in its downfall. Your father is our last hope; he is the strongest man we have had. You do not know what his coming means to us!"

The men cheered, the alternate flame and shadow danced on the pillars, and the Bishop came out and said the Doxology. (Evelyn Edmunds declared that he says it on every occasion, from a five o'clock tea to the consecration of a cathedral.) Then we turned home, and I sat down to write this dreary letter to you. My father came back a little while ago, tired and apparently discouraged; he said that the Bishop had arranged an informal reception where he was to meet the students, and, giving me a hasty kiss, left me here in the tavern parlor alone; it seems that I am left out. In time I suppose I shall become accustomed to it.

Sincerely yours,
CECILIA REYNOLDS.

From Cecilia to the Rev. Philip Westacott.

DULWICH, September 30th, 18—.

DEAR MR. WESTACOTT:

Your consolations and resignations have all come too late. I smote Dulwich smartly; it turned its other cheek, and woke up to the fact that I was no longer eight years old!

We are in our own house; we have some astonishing servants. I have even

given a dinner party, and I attend all the meetings of the faculty. You may be incredulous, but the meetings take place in my father's study, and, as the discussions are loud, and frequently acrimonious, you will know that I cannot but hear when I sit in the next room. I told my father, but he only laughed; so I keep quiet as to my information, and no one is any the wiser for my unique opportunity,—not even myself!

They have left papa every unpleasant piece of discipline, every disagreeable entanglement, and every tiresome dilemma that has come before them in the last three years. Professor Edmunds is loyal and helpful, but some of the others seem to be anxious to throw stumbling blocks in the way at every turn. They quarrel over every motion that is made; I hear the other men take sides, I hear my father's voice making peace; and it seems to me a very weary life for him after the calm and leisure of his days in the pleasant old parish in New York, where you were always at hand to save him from annoyance.

In the meantime I cannot tell you how beautiful this place is! It lies on the crest of a hill, and as we walk along the ridge to and from the village the square fields below in the valley spread out many-colored away to the eastern hills that are covered thick with oak trees, rounding in masses like green billows of smoke. There is nothing harsh, nothing severe, nothing angular in the landscape, and just now the quiet glory of autumn makes the whole world at peace. It is impossible, you tell yourself, that men should be perturbed in the midst of all this loveliness.

From the windows of my father's study some good soul has cut a wide vista through the trees of the park; it opens out toward the sunset, and on these clear days the sky in that direction is like a wall of amber. The chimes on the church tower ring every quarter of an hour a solemn old fashioned minuet: there is no noise of wheels, no sound of voices but the occasional shouts and replies of the college students as they lean out of the windows and chaff the embarrassed passer-by.

Dulwich is a little eddy whirled aside from the stream, and into it, one after another, a little fleet of frustrated ambitions, blighted hopes, broken hearts and wrecked aspirations have drifted out of the current of life. All the autumn air seems full of sobs of regret and sighs of discouragement. My father is the only one who brings with him a breath of the frosty outer world, fresh with promise of the future; but even now I begin to tremble for the time when the inevitable lethargy will fall upon him also, and this atmosphere of calm despair sap all his strength and courage. I cannot say how much of this pessimism is mine and how much Evelyn Edmunds's. We have walked a great deal together in these cool days, down the long country roads or into the pleasant dry woods. We find a spot far away from the village on some hillside, and sit looking out over the corn fields to where the spires and turrets of the college buildings cut into the western sky, and then, however the talk may turn, we always drift back to Dulwich and Dulwich ways. Evelyn never is personal, she tells me nothing of the people among whom she has grown up and the men with whom her father has always been associated. She generalizes;—but somehow her generalizing makes the heart sick and the spirit sink within one.

You must have known her when you were in college. I have spoken of you to her once or twice, but something of interest has always come up and the talk has taken another turn. She is curiously impersonal, as I said.

My father wishes to be remembered to you.

Sincerely yours,
CECILIA REYNOLDS.

The Rev. Philip Westacott to Miss Evelyn Edmunds.

NEW YORK, October 25th, 18—.

DEAR MISS EDMUNDS:

Have you forgotten Philip Westacott? If so, I must recall myself to your memory as a somewhat lanky youth who graduated in Dulwich some ten years ago, and to whom you and your father showed kindness—most undeserved. I write now in behalf of my little friend, the President's daughter. I think that you will find her almost as young and crude as I was myself when I left Dulwich so long ago, and, in bespeaking your friendship for her, I feel that I am asking you to give more than you will receive. And yet, the interest which she

has felt in you and the attraction which you evidently have for her may at some future time reward you for any attention you may show her. I confess that I have trembled a little lest some chance allusion to the past should reveal to her a Philip Westacott different from the man that she knows now; but I am in the hands of all my merciful Dulwich friends, where, as I have been kindly treated before, I hope to be kindly treated again. It would give me great pleasure to hear from you, perhaps a word or two as to the impression our dear old friend, the President, is making, and his chances for success in his present difficult task.

Believe me, as I have always been,
Most faithfully yours,
PHILIP WESTACOTT.

From Miss Evelyn Edmunds to Miss May-belle Browne.

DULWICH, November 3d, 18—.

MY DEAR MABEL:

I beg your pardon! I always forget that you have changed the spelling—My dear May-belle:

When you see my handwriting on the back of this letter you will say "something has happened to her," and—you may be right. How long is it since I have taken up my pen with the intention of pouring out to you something that hurt too much to be borne in silence, and yet that was too near to be shared with any one whom I might meet in my daily life! Writing to you is like flinging a message down a well,—nothing comes back but a hollow echo from the depth of piety in which you have submerged yourself. If ever we meet again, I think you will have forgotten all that I have told you. I doubt myself whether you always read the long letters I used to send you ten years ago; but if you did, you perhaps will remember Philander Willnot? Of course you know that that is not his real name, but so much reticence I felt, in the old days, I owed myself and him.

Did I care for him?—I never have denied it.

Did he care for me?—So he loudly affirmed.

In either case the truth is equally difficult to ascertain.

Ten years ago, without an explanation, without even a farewell, he passed out of my life; now he has come back. The letter inclosed speaks for itself, and here really is the rub: if I knew that the man was in every way unworthy of esteem, my course would be clear to me. If, on the other hand, I could be confident that he was worthy of every esteem, my course, while more complicated, would still be clear; but to feel that he is mean here, generous there; calculating to the verge of dishonesty on one hand, and open with the clearness of day on the other, leaves one, even after ten years, in a frame of mind uncomfortably vacillating.

This is not the first letter that I have received from him in all this period,—he has written to me before, not often, perhaps three letters in all; I put them all in the fire: they did not ring true! But in this there is a note that rings most painfully true, a note of fear. I think that Philander is afraid lest in some way our old,—shall I call it friendship?—may come to the knowledge of little Cecilia Reynolds, the President's daughter. And my dilemma is whether or not to speak.

If he is worthy of her, why should I do it? If he is unworthy, is it not my duty? And yet, can I be sure that this fine word "duty" does not cover some smoldering ember of ancient resentment?

To put it plainly,—did not Philander long ago,—no, I cannot put it plainly! Let me see, May-belle, I am twenty-eight, nearly thirty. It seems very incredible that a woman of—say thirty, it sounds more impressive—cannot endure to set down in black and white that once, long ago, when she was young and he was young, some one,—well,—curious,—it stings yet!

I shall not put it down, May-belle. How disappointed you must be!

Oh, that I had my father's wholesome, undivided, most unmitigated scorn for this man! But I have not, I cannot achieve it quite, altho the way in which he ignores the past in this letter has done more toward this end than all the struggles I have made in the last ten weary years. It is as if he came to me, and said: "See, you do not care for me; I am but a shadow in your past. Recognize this and forget, as I have forgotten." Shall I do it? Can I?

I am wild with myself that I hesitate.

It is not I that am to blame for remembering, but this narrow, uneventful, colorless life that makes the smallest occurrence stand out, almost lurid, from the background of everyday existence!

Only, only, who are right about him, papa and I—you see I rank myself with my father—or Cecilia and the President, who speak of him, one with a respectful, tender affection, and the other with enthusiasm, as a coming man of the younger generation? I fancy the ruthless progress of the coming man necessitates much trampling under foot, and I, in a far off little town, carried neither influence nor preferment as my dowry; while Cecilia, in addition to the prestige a man would reap from being her father's son-in-law, inherits no mean fortune, in good hard cash, from her mother's estate.

Ah, May-belle, if I could only pen some answer to Philander Willnot which would draw from him a clear and definite statement as to his eternal value! If I could, as it were, hold a little judgment seat and find out whether he stood on my left hand or on my right—is this profane? Then how happily should I either consign him to everlasting punishment,—that would please you, May-belle,—or send him to the abode of the blessed with Cecilia as his guardian angel!

As it is, you cannot advise me. For one thing, it would take too long for your advice to come; for another, I should not follow it when it arrived. Good-by, May-belle.

Your distracted

EVELYN.

P. S.—If you only would remit for a time your efforts at conversion and salvation and induce one of your large-eyed, dreamy Hindoos to exert his higher wisdom, and by some occult process send me Philander inside out, how grateful I should be! Think of it, May-belle, the heathen are so plenty, and there is only one of me!

Cecilia to the Rev. Philip Westacott.

DULWICH, November 5th, 18—.

MY DEAR MR. WESTACOTT:

I have been promoted. Last night I went to an old maids' tea party. There were eight of us, seven priestesses, and I, a candidate for postulancy. Evelyn was not there,—she was at home taking care of her mother, who enjoys bad health! There was one thing that was very lovely, no matter whom they spoke of unkindly, and no matter who else was criticised, for Evelyn no one had a single word of anything but praise and affection. There were a good many spicy stories about her, of how she had settled this and that person; but I have no time for those now, because of something else I want to tell you. Did you ever know, when you were here, any one in whom Evelyn was particularly interested? No one mentioned the man's name,—they alluded to the matter as "that old affair."

"She has never gotten over it," Miss Mary Duncan said, "I firmly believe."

"Nonsense," said Miss Louisa Colby, "Evelyn jilted the man most outrageously."

Miss Mary Duncan shook her head, and Miss Louisa Colby looked quite angry. "I don't believe she's ever thought of it from that time to this," she said.

"I wish she hadn't," snapped Miss Mary. "There now, don't let us talk about that man, for it makes me furious to think about it."

And that was all. It astonishes me to see how curious I feel to know who the man was and whether he jilted Evelyn or Evelyn jilted him. If you know, write and tell me.

Sincerely yours,

CECILIA.

From the Rev. Philip Westacott to Cecilia.

NEW YORK, November 8th, 18—.

MY DEAR CHILD:

So you would like to know whether he jilted Evelyn or Evelyn jilted him? Well, you shall know. But hold your judgment in abeyance while I tell you the tale, and do not cast blame where it is not deserved.

There was once a boy and a girl, or, shall I say, a man and a woman. They knew each other a good many years, four of the man's college life and three more which he passed in the seminary. I think they called themselves engaged to be married. To the man the woman was a superior being, to be worshiped and bowed down to from afar. That engagement, on his part, was more like the act of perpetual adoration, which some devout worshiper pays to a statue in a niche. Only, to the devout worshiper,

the pain of seeing how his sacrifices and oblations bore their object is generally spared. This man, however, had either clearer sight or the statue in the niche was more human than most objects of adoration; at any rate, as the last three years of his stay in Dulwich wore on, with each succeeding day he saw that the woman he cared for wearied of him, wearied of him to desperation, but being a statue in a niche she hid her suffering and tried to be to him what she had always been, and was still. But when the day came for him to leave, he said to himself: "I shall not hold her bound to me, and yet I know that if I offer to give her back her pledge she will not take it." And so, like one who thrusts a gift between the pages of some well known book, and leaves it to the beloved reader to discover, he stole away without farewell, without excuse, and left her, to con the tale of her future, free. Now whether did this man jilt that woman or she him?

Child, render judgment.

Thy
PHILIP.

Cecilia to the Rev. Philip Westacott.

DULWICH, November 11th, 18—.

Philip, Philip, she was the guilty one! From the first moment in which her heart had turned away from him she had jilted him as surely as if she had spoken. How fine and noble he was to save her the pain of her own fickleness! I cannot write more.

Good-by,
CECILIA.

Evelyn to May-belle.

DULWICH, November 13th, 18—.

MY DEAR MAY-BELLE:

We went to walk this afternoon, that child and I, and after a brisk turn down the road we climbed the Bishop's fence and rustled up the hill through the leaves. *Oh, the good sweet smell of the sun-warmed leaves, May-belle, and the yellow afternoon, and Pan in the air!*—but I forgot, you don't know Pan!

We sat down, Cecilia and I, where, through a vista cut between the trees, we could see the creek winding blue up the valley, the railroad bridge spanning it like a structure in fairyland. The maples and the nut trees were bare, but the great branches of the oaks arched over us, covered with leaves, deep red, dull yellow and faded pink, translucent against the sky like some glorious stained glass. It was a day that moved one to confidences, and, when I look back, I feel a little as one might who had been temporarily possessed. The child sat a little below me, her hands clasped around her knees, her head turned half-way, enough in profile to show the points of her long black lashes beyond the bridge of her nose. Her eyes are deep blue, and her dark eyebrows delicately drawn. When she looks at you, your heart cries —no, not yours, of course, May-belle, I know your good sense.

I had long ago decided not to say a word that should turn her away from Philander, but, as I watched her, the fate of becoming one of the means which should minister to his worldly advantage seemed too good for her, and some evil impulse prompted me to speak. Fortunately, I spoke in parables; but I showed her a piece of my heart, and, God knows, how it hurt!

"Did that woman love him when he went away?" she asked, for I had not said who the woman was.

"For years life was darkened to her," I said; "and yet I cannot say whether she loved him or not, because I have always believed that love is immortal, and with the years she has changed."

Cecilia, as she listened, had turned more and more away from me, until now I could only see the outline of her cheek. "Are you not sure she loved him?" she persisted.

I shook my head.

She thought a long time, and at last she turned and looked at me. "Would it be any comfort to that woman," she asked, "to know that he had not been perfidious, to know that through some terrible misunderstanding he loved her then and loves her yet?"

"I hardly know," I said. "The woman is another woman now. Why speculate upon an impossibility?"

"It is not an impossibility," she answered. "Not long ago I heard something about that woman. I heard this same story, and I wrote of it to some one I knew. May I read you the answer?"

My heart beat dull in my breast, and for a moment made words impossible; then I said: "Yes, read the answer."

She drew a letter from her pocket, and read it to me. It was a letter from Philander,—Philander also had spoken in parables. He had explained his own case, as if it were that of another man, most ingeniously and effectively.

"Now whether did this man jilt that woman or she him?" the letter ended. When she came to the question I was overtaken with a sudden fit of laughter. She looked at me, her grave blue eyes full of alarm and pity. "Forgive me," she said, "it has been too much for you."

"You knew it was I?" I said.

Her face flushed painfully. "I knew," she said.

"And has Philander Willnot dared write this to you?" I asked.

Her face flushed still more painfully. "Why should he not dare," she said; "he has asked me—to marry him."

I looked at her stupidly. "And you will do it?"

"I cannot tell,—he begged me not to decide hastily, I promised to consider it. My father is so fond of him!"

"And you can trust him—after this?"

"Why should I not trust him?" she asked. "It is no great crime for Philander to write to me about a classmate."

Then that unholy laughter overtook me again, tears rained down my cheeks. She had not seen that he wrote of himself. Was the child stupid?

And do you want to know what I did and what I said and how much I revealed? Ah, dear May-belle, let patience have its perfect work. Besides, how often you have told me that you think it wrong to be curious!

Continued in our next, by

EVELYN.

Cecilia to the Rev. Philip Westacott.

DULWICH, November 13th, 18—.

My mind is full of dull suspense; my heart is torn! I ask you nothing, I will not degrade you by asking, but, oh, Philip, if there is anything that you have withheld, anything that in justice I ought to know, withhold it no longer! Do not let me lie under the accusation, even tho I myself am the accuser, of harboring mean thoughts and injurious suspicions.

I was walking with Evelyn this afternoon, and little fool that I was! thought that I saw a little way into her heart. It seemed that I had it in my power to right an old wrong, and set her feet once more in the way of happiness; it came to me out there, in the sweet Indian summer air, that, in spite of doubts, in spite of her own convictions even, she still loved that man,—loved him even where she despised him—that, Philip, *I* could not do. And so, to set the pain at her heart at ease, I read her your letter. Do you wish to close my pages here and come at once to find out how that reading affected her? Or will you read on to the end? There is little to tell, for she only laughed and laughed, peal after peal. I had not told her who had written me, but she knew that it was you.

How did she know, Philip? Were I another woman and you another man, I should say that the letter of that other man had been written of himself! But Evelyn has told me nothing; she said a few keen, clear-headed little things about that lost lover of hers that I will not repeat to you, lest they come to his knowledge and his vanity be unable to endure the shabby guise in which his soul appears to the woman, whom, you say, he had worshiped as a statue in a niche!

Why are you two people allowing me to stumble on in the dark, you deceiving me, for you are deceiving me, and she allowing me to be blinded? C. R.

From Evelyn to May-belle.

DULWICH, November 18th, 18—.

MY DEAR MAY-BELLE:

So you consulted your Mahatma? Convey to him my profound appreciation of his skill; I say nothing, as yet, of gratitude. Much as our former idols may be in our way we are seldom thankful to the person who kicks them from their pedestals. Besides, knowing as I do that recent events could only have come about through your adoption of the Hindoo religion yourself, I fear to trench upon what may be a delicate subject. Of course, you are aware of all that has taken place. I am only repeating it to clear my own mind.

It has rained steadily for two days; the water gathers on the upper sides of the oak leaves until they grow so heavy that they turn down quickly to pour it on the ground, and then they spring back to their places again. I was watching them through the dining-room window after dinner to-day, and wondering

if, after I had had my fill of trouble, I could pour it out as a sort of libation to cheerfulness, and spring back gayly to my old place in life again. You cannot help moralizing in Dulwich. Where in other places you have the next thing to go on to, here you stop and reflect upon the last thing behind. The glass in our dining-room windows is so old in places that it is irridescent; sometimes it is the only cheerful thing we see for days; like everything else in Dulwich it also moralizes: you see the Bishop striding down the park, and beneath its truthful effects he dwindles to a little man an inch in hight, and then, as he strides on to the next pane, he suddenly becomes inflated like some vast balloon, his head completely out of sight in a myriad of criss-cross defects in the upper sash.

It is very odd, but these panes of glass have no effect upon papa and the President. I know that with your practical mind you will pooh-pooh this, and say that a distorting piece of glass would distort the Angel Gabriel; but this is not true, besides being irreverent.

Well,—there is no use trying to evade the point; as I stood looking out upon the park I noted far up under the maple trees a man coming down whom I took for a stranger. Only, I asked myself, why should a stranger disturb me thus? I jumped up and ran to look out of the third pane on the other sash, through which alone one gets a just view of life; I held myself well back, my head bent forward; yes, it was Philander. He was coming down swiftly, well dressed, his umbrella held squarely over his head,—tho the rain was driving heavily from the south. It was an older Philander, and yet as I looked at him I felt that he was the same. I was very glad, if Philander had changed and grown,—well, never mind, he had not changed and grown, and I had no time to speculate. I ran up stairs to my room, thinking to put on another dress, and brush my hair; then I looked at myself in the glass and queried: "Why should one change one's dress for a Philander who has not changed?" And, on viewing myself candidly, it really seemed that I was well enough as I was. So I made a face at myself and sat down and waited. Perhaps, after all, he was not coming to see me,—for Cecilia lives across the street. I am ashamed to say that I experienced a certain amount of suspense as I sat there, listening for the thin, brassy tinkle of our front door bell.

It came. He had come to me first!

I was watching myself in the glass as I would another person, and I was very white as I rose to go down.

Philander was standing in front of the fireplace, looking about him with a compassionate smile. "I feel as if I were the boy who used to come in here, of old, awed at the grandeur of his surroundings," he said, coming toward me. My private reflections were so loud that I really did not hear what I said in reply. We sat down, I wondered why he had come, and knew that whatever explanation he chose to give, the real reason would be something else. So when, after a few preliminaries, he opened upon me with: "What will you think when I tell you that I am here with the thought of remaining permanently?" I felt quite sure that Cecilia had written something to him which had brought him on a flying visit.

Dulwich does not attract, permanently, men of as large personal needs as Philander.

"Have you been offered the professorship of English Literature?" I asked.

"Not exactly offered," he said, "I have been asked to consider it,—Evelyn, shall I come?"

I put up my hand to my face suddenly with the erroneous impression that he had slapped me on the cheek. "Charming!" I cried, so soon as I had ascertained that the blow was not physical. "Of course you will come. Dulwich is the very place for you."

"That is not the answer I wish," he said.

"Then do not come, I implore you," I said, dramatically.

"Nor that."

I laughed a little and looked at him. "May I ask how it specially concerns me?" I inquired.

"It does not concern you," he replied, seeing his mistake; "it concerns me. You know my hopes in regard to Cecilia. Are you going to frustrate them?"

"What do you mean?" I asked. "If Cecilia cares for you nothing that I could do would turn her against you, and, more than that, I cannot permit you to infer

that I should have the desire to injure you."

"And yet I have injured you," said Philander, in deep melancholy tones.

"On the contrary, I have every reason to be grateful to you," I said, and I hope it did not sound snappy.

There was a long silence. Philander sat looking into the great bed of coals that glowed in the fireplace, very straight and stiff in his severe clerical clothes and round white collar. I felt like a chess player waiting for the next move, and—I felt nothing more.

"No," said Philander, at last. "I have not injured you. I have made no impression upon your life. You have drawn me inside out and cast me off like an old glove,"—I started and remembered your Mahatma, May-belle,—"or a faded flower——" went on Philander, sadly.

"I cannot say which you least resemble," I interrupted; "you are too robust for an old glove, and, as for a faded flower,—couldn't you droop a little, Philander," I asked, "to carry out the simile?"

He flashed an angry glance at me. "You are unchanged, Evelyn Edmunds!" he declaimed, "unchanged in spirit as you are in form. You are the same heartless, jeering woman who jilted me unfeelingly ten years ago."

He had to stop for effect. "Go on," I said, courteously, "do go on."

"Ay, I know what is in your mind, Evelyn Edmunds, you would wish to give the impression that the story was the other way. It was a clever tale you told to Cecilia, out there in the Bishop's woods, sitting on a felled tree, looking down to where the creek wound through the valley. Yes, I know where it was, I recognized it when she wrote to me."

May-belle, I will give you my word of honor that until that moment I had forgotten that on that very spot Philander had vowed—well, never mind what, a great many things! And Philander had remembered, and I had forgot; most curious dispensation of Providence! For he who remembered had not suffered, and she who forgot—we had better not say.

"Philander," I said at last, "what difference does it make whether the happy solution of our personal equation came from you or from me? Why do you come here in this melodramatic, disturbing fashion, to rake up old scores not worth the counting?"

"I am not come,"—Philander has a fine biblical turn occasionally—"to rake up old scores. I am come to set myself straight with Cecilia."

"Cecilia lives on the other side of the path, Philander," I said, sweetly.

Philander plunged again into thought. This time he unbent, with his chin in his hand and his elbow on the arm of his chair.

"Have you never cared for me?" he asked, not turning his gaze from the fire.

"I care for you now," I said, politely, "immensely."

"I will not be trifled with," said Philander, fiercely.

"For that matter, neither will I!"

"Evelyn Edmunds," said Philander, solemnly, "you are unutterably frivolous and shallow-minded."

You cannot tell, May-belle, the joy that it gives a Dulwich girl to be called frivolous and shallow-minded. My thoughts began to soften toward Philander, and at this little loosening of the tension I laughed feebly; it rippled out without my own volition.

"Have you ever cared for me? Answer my question," he said, gorgeously.

"Have I not answered it?"

"No."

"But I have, Philander, and I will give you another piece of information quite as valuable—that is, you have never cared for me!"

Philander struck his clinched fist upon his forehead in a most beautiful and dramatic gesture. "God help me," he exclaimed, "I should not have come!"

"Oh, do not say that," I protested, "you have given me a great deal of pleasure; we never go to the theater in Dulwich. We only go to clubs," I added, with sudden happy inspiration, "and I am dreadfully sorry, but I have a meeting of one this afternoon. Still, it need not interfere with your visit, I could not hope to keep you until half-past three." I stole a look at the clock, it was ten minutes after then.

Philander had not appeared to notice my polite intimation; he wrapped himself palpably in gloomy thought.

"I have not known my own mind," he

said, in a beautiful deep, inward voice, as if he were communing with his own soul in a corner of the cellar. "I have not dared look into it, but for years, unaltered, the old boyish worship has gone on at the shrine of the one ideal woman I have known."

"Philander," I said, "let me beg you once for all to raise your ideal. No man can hope to attain anything noble or heroic whose ideal is 'frivolous and shallow-minded.'"

"You have me at your mercy, as you always had," he said. "You deal with me as if I were a toy."

"Shuttlecock?" I suggested.

"Ay,—a shuttlecock," said Philander, mixing his metaphors as if he were in the pulpit, "tossed on the breath of each inconstant wind; but I cannot believe that you mean it, Evelyn. Star of my boyhood's dream, you have not ceased to love me? You care for me still. Be honest, acknowledge it! Our whole future depends upon the truth."

"What nonsense," I said, indignantly, "do not say 'our!' Your future and mine are as wide apart as the poles, and rest assured, Philander, even if I did love you, no earthly power or heavenly either, would induce me to marry you."

Philander tossed his head up suddenly and looked at me defiantly. "Have I asked you to marry me?" he said.

"You have not," I answered.

"Then why decline?"

"Because, horribly absurd, painful and grotesque as it is, you are wavering now between me and Cecilia; and, to cut the situation short, I should like to eliminate all possibility on my part."

"Evelyn Edmunds," he said, "you will live to repent this day!"

"Why?" I inquired, blandly.

"I tell you, girl, there is no hight to which I may not climb, no position which I may not attain."

"I suppose you mean you are going to be a bishop, Philander?" I said, unsympathetically.

"I shall not only be a bishop, but the most powerful bishop in the country."

"And I might, if I chose, share all this glory?"

"You might——"

"What a ghastly fate!" I interpolated.

"And then again you might not!" he added, quickly.

It was all so funny, that I laughed uproariously. Philander got up and began pacing up and down. All mamma's gimcracks on the *étagère* rattled and tinkled as his heavy tread shook the rickety old floor.

"This is too delicious," I gasped.

"Evelyn Edmunds," said Philander, standing very tall and grand in front of me, "you are unchanged. You are utterly unable to take a serious or dignified view of life. Here you are an old maid," I am sure that he was snappy now, "yes, an old maid, and you laugh as if an offer of marriage were a daily occurrence."

"How do you know it isn't, Philander?" I mildly remarked. "And, moreover, you have just been trying to impress upon me that you have not offered to marry me."

"I know it, girl, and yet I love you. I love you, Evelyn Edmunds, but you can never be mine." He almost chanted in the solemn stress of his feelings.

"Oh, nonsense, Philander, you know perfectly well that I don't want to be yours." I was beginning to be truly angry.

"I must ask you to return my letters."

"What letters?"

"I have written." He was grandly brief.

"You do not mean to say that you think I have kept them! The only letter of yours I have is the last one you wrote, about Cecilia,—you are very welcome to that. I will get it now."

I went to my desk and found his letter; he took it and, still wrapped in gloom, left the house, without bidding me good-by. I saw him cross the street, and he actually had the impertinence to forget his umbrella!

Quite the same, he went up on to the President's porch and rang the bell. I did not watch him out of sight, it brings bad luck.

Here endeth the second lesson.

Good-by,
E. E.

November 19th, 18—.

P. S. *To myself.* Imagine my surprise this morning on hearing from you.

aunt that you had left Yokohama, and were coming home! Fortunately, I put return directions on all my envelopes, and my letters will probably come back to me unread. What you have missed, Maybelle, in coming home! What have I escaped in that you did not come six weeks later!

I woke this morning oppressed and almost unhappy; an unhappiness that I resented as being due to my environment more than to myself. With other training, with wider interests, with a better chance at comparison, I should not allow the rehearsal of a half-bred tragedian to wring my heart and disturb all the even course of my existence.

Luckily, last night I had set down things almost as they were, and this morning I have it clear before me, beyond the reach of erasing emotions; and, as I look it over, it seems an ill-bred little scene indeed, that between Philander and me, a scene from which neither of us emerges with dignity. I must walk far into the country, breathe the fresh air, go deep into the woods, in order to change the sordid tenor of my thoughts. I shall put on a new gown and make a complete change of all my habiliments; so we refresh ourselves when we come home after the squalor of a summer day's shopping in the dust and heat of the country town. We know that we are weary, dissatisfied; we have bought only second-rate materials—all due to our environment—and so we wash and dress and try to forget it.

Later, 4 P. M.

I went for my walk. Philander is blown completely from my memory. It is as if he had never been!

The wind was blowing, the leaves were swirling; behind the soft, half gray clouds were patches of the most delightfully sympathetic sky. These are the real things of this life, the things toward which we should be most profoundly grateful, the things that make up to us for the evanescence of humanity; and, as I came down the path, I chanted a little pæan of praise and thanksgiving to the sweet strong wind, the leaves, and the blue, blue patches of heaven—like babies' eyes!

At the college gate I met Cecilia. She was a little pale, a little worn, very dark round the eyes. Full of my walk I tried to tell her of what I had seen, what I had experienced; but it seemed an effort for her to listen, and almost a pain to reply.

"Will you not come in?" she said, when we reached the gate of her house. "I want to tell you something."

We went in, I sat down, but she remained standing leaning against a corner of the piano. "Evelyn," she said, suddenly, "do you care for Philip Westacott?"

"No," I said, "I do not think I do. Why do you ask?"

She looked at me a moment, and then gave a little hysterical laugh. "Because——" she hesitated. "Oh, Evelyn, I don't either! He came here yesterday," she went on, breathlessly. "His visit was unexpected, and altho he said that he came about the new professorship, I knew that the faculty had not been thinking of him in regard to it, indeed they had almost made up their minds to recommend——" she stopped apparently confused. "Oh, I never meant to say that," she cried.

"You have said nothing," I answered, "except that his visit was not expected."

"It was not only that he had the air of a person who wished to take one by surprise, who hoped to detect something that had been hidden. He did not seem the same man that I used to know in New York; he had thrown something aside, some refinement of manner, some restraint of bearing. He was plebeian, and, as he sat there, all suddenly, without excuse, I could not endure him. It is not as bad as it seems, because I have never really been engaged to him. I have always told him frankly that I was only considering; but when he explained to me how he was going to be a bishop, I felt that anything was better than living the kind of life he wanted to live, in the way he wanted to live it. And I told him so! I was sorry at first, and ashamed of my fickleness; but with every word he said I grew more and more glad, and less and less regretful. I never really cared for him, but, even if I had, his voice and manner yesterday would have cured me forever!"

I was abashed at the child's gentle dignity. She had done almost the same thing I had; she had done it, first with sweet regret; next, with a firmness and self-respect that made her seem to have

had twice the experience that my own years should have brought me. There is a certain crudeness of spirit that a country life seems to foster; I felt it as I talked with Cecilia.

"He asked me for his letters," she went on. "It was horribly mortifying. I had thrown all but one into the fire. Somehow I have never cared to read them over, and I had only kept this one, because it was about you. I think that something stung him in my not having kept his letters. I apologized to him as best I could, but the apology did not seem to make it any better. He had mine. I had only written him a few since I came here to Dulwich, and I am rather glad to have them. I have put them with his, and if you do not think it too much trouble would you read them some time? It would ease my mind of a feeling of treachery that I have had in regard to what I have written of you."

So, the story of Philip is ended for both of us. I feel a little dreary, and yet relieved. I think that my love for him was dead long ago,—he has only borne away the body.

* * * * *

I have thought and watched far into the night! How glibly I wrote those last lines!

Can one ever say that love dies?

I keep vigil for the dead Philip!

The wind goes soughing among the trees of the park; and I hear the dry leaves rushing down the path with a sort of majestic sweeping sorrow,—and love, and joy, and grief are immortal!

Letter from the President of Dulwich College to Mrs. Henry Perkins, Sr.

DULWICH, December 1st, 18—.

MY DEAR MRS. PERKINS:

Since my coming here I have been so occupied that until lately I have not noticed that the change of scene is not agreeing with Cecilia. Dulwich, at the best, is a very quiet little place, and Cecilia has been accustomed to the movement and interest of a city. The child is not ill, and yet she seems far from well, listless, inactive, and, sometimes I fancy, thin and pale. May I now take advantage of the invitation which you gave me long ago, to send her to you when I felt that the sudden change was not proving beneficial? I think in your letter to me you mentioned Christmas, and so, if it meets your convenience for her to spend the vacation with you, I should be most profoundly grateful.

Sincerely yours,
JOHN REYNOLDS.

From Evelyn to Cecilia.

DULWICH, December 24th, 18—.

MY DEAR CECILIA:

We have missed you all day long, and, in fact, we have missed you for a week. The town is deserted, at least deserted of man, the park is tenantless, even the sky seems a little wider, now that the students are not here to fill it with nightly howls and daily shouts.

It is veritable Christmas weather. Night before last we had a heavy fall of rain that froze on the branches of the trees. Yesterday it snowed again, and to-day we live in a world of crystal, even the chains between the stone posts of the park fence are hung with pendants like gigantic diamond necklaces; the sky is so blue that we feel, at times, as if we might fall into it, the hard-trodden snow screams under our footsteps, and on the middle path our shadows run before us, colored like indigo.

We have been trimming the chapel; the old bare walls are all garlanded with thick wreaths of fir, and I have wound and wound until my fingers are blistered and my wrists ache. It was picturesque in there, with the girls standing about the chancel, the smell of balsam and fir, the fire crackling in the tiny stoves in the four corners, and the theological students patiently cutting twigs while we bound them on the stout twine ropes. Mr. Westacott, who has been staying down at your house for the last few days, was everywhere. He designed the decorations, he cut out the letters of the texts, he scolded us when we sat on the chancel rail, and he bowed deferentially every time he passed in front of the old-fashioned communion table, whose four legs, always in sight, stand out far from the wall in ecclesiastical defiance.

And now, who do you think is here? No one more or less than she who was once Mabel Brown, and has progressed through May-belle to become the perfect, the immaculate, the altogether infallible Sister Amabel Browne!

She came here the night of the freez-

ing rain,—it is impressed upon my mind, for I went up to her aunt's to meet her. She had arrived at Littleton from the West, and then had driven five miles in the wet and cold, but she stepped out from the rickety village coach, every hair in its place, her collar spotless, her long white cuffs turned back over her dark blue sleeves, in all the bravery and impressiveness of her diaconal toggery. I confess I was not prepared for Mabel as a deaconess, and before I thought I made a little genuflection, and asked for her blessing; it was an inauspicious beginning; she wanted me to call her "Sister Amabel," and take her seriously—the way Mr. Westacott does; they are having a really soulful time.

What a relief it would be to both of us if—— Good-by, Cecilia.

Your affectionate,

EVELYN.

From Evelyn to Cecilia.

DULWICH, January 1st, 18—.

MY DEAR CECILIA:

Come back immediately, my dear, before we are all changed beyond recognition! Sister Amabel has taken us in hand. We are being improved, elevated, ennobled, to such a degree that unless you return within a week you will never be able to catch up with us.

First she attacked our intellectual life: we are stagnating, she said. I granted this, only added that we enjoyed it, and that stagnation was our chief charm.

But Sister Amabel shook her smooth, charming head, and looked at me coldly, out of her prominent blue eyes. "Have you no desire to live a higher life, Evelyn?" she said, sadly.

"No, Sister Amabel, I find it already too troublesome to live the lower one."

She thought a few moments, and then said, a little snappishly: "Well, at any rate, you are not going to refuse to join our Literary Society?"

"I wouldn't miss it for worlds, Sister Amabel," I returned.

"The same old ironical, bitter Evelyn!" she cried. "Ah, if you could only learn the peace of a grander, calmer outlook on life!" and I knew, of course, that Philip Westacott was hovering somewhere within hearing.

The first meeting of the Literary Society took place down at her aunt's; Sister Amabel said she preferred this, as she wished from the very beginning to set a certain stamp of simplicity and high thought upon the thing, which she feared might be lacking if we had it first at our house. And, to do her justice, she set the stamp most indelibly. It was very simple, indeed, and the high thought was supplied from Sister Amabel's own mint. She hates me to call her Sister Amabel; but I notice that she fairly revels in having the others do it.

She read an essay on Buddhism,—S. A. is in the fashion, you see, dear,—to the Rev. Philip Westacott. It was a beautiful essay,—nobody understood it but the person addressed. And he and she discussed it afterward for the benefit of outsiders, in terms of the deepest significance and incomprehensibility. Then we had refreshments, at least they were called refreshments, but the younger part of our society refused to be refreshed and, grumbling audibly, conveyed to me the information that they were hungry.

I am going to have the next Literary Society myself, and I shall try to do something toward restoring the balance of power.

Good-by, my dear.

EVELYN.

Sister Amabel to the Rev. Philip Westacott.

DULWICH, June 28th, 18—.

MY DEAR PHILIP:

I have been staying with Evelyn Edmunds ever since my aunt and dear grandmamma went to the seashore; it has been a sad, almost a disappointing visit. In all our aims, in all our aspirations, Evelyn and I have grown apart. I cannot but say that when we were young together I often felt this difference, but never to the degree of complete separation that I feel now.

Nothing is sacred to Evelyn Edmunds, not even the deepest emotions of the human heart. Little Cecilia Reynolds is here very often, and I must say that Evelyn's influence upon the child is deplorable! In my small way, Philip, I have always been an acute observer of humanity, and in Cecilia I see a soul more in sympathy with my own, and, dear one, with yours! She shows your influence,—infrequently, alas!—but still

she shows it, and whatever aspirations she has toward the higher life are due to you and you alone. Not that she ever mentions you, but there is a sweet dignity, a look of gravity, almost of regret which I see on her face at the sound of your name, that I can only attribute to a recollection on her part of nobler and higher things. I put them in the comparative, Philip, for, alas, this sweet creature daily falls more and more under the hardening, critical and skeptical influence of her who was once my dearest friend.

I leave, you know, to-morrow. The commencement exercises are all over, and I am glad to flee away from the gayety and dissipation to the quiet retreat of the little farm house where dear grandmamma and Aunt Mary are now sojourning. I hope that by the time I reach them the slight hardness which I noted—without any feeling of anger, dear—in Aunt Mary's conduct toward me since I have come home will have entirely passed away, and that she may have had grace to overcome her jealousy of the evident preference dear grandmamma shows for me. It is but natural that I, being young (and, may I say it to you, Philip), more attractive than Aunt Mary, dear grandmamma should prefer to have me with her. Why should I be thus followed through life by the detraction and dislike brought upon me by those gifts of Providence for which I am wholly irresponsible? But this is repining, and when I write to my Philip I try to be ever cheerful, ever serene!

I have penned these lines to you in order to put my mind into a proper state in which to make the announcement of our happiness to Evelyn and Cecilia. You know I told you I intended to do it before I left, and this afternoon seems to me the most auspicious moment. I shall write to you again this evening, and tell you how they have received it.

I mean to be merciful, Philip, for I feel that to both of them this may be a bitter blow,—in spite of your repeated assurances to the contrary. For why should you have assured me, Dear One, if it were not that unconsciously you are aware that Evelyn's interest in you has always been more than that of a sister, and also that you knew that Cecilia's young heart needed but a word to turn to you as the one bright star of her existence?

Later.

I went down stairs, Philip, to where Evelyn and Cecilia were sitting under the shadow of the large white pine tree. Evelyn was lying in the hammock, pushing herself lazily with one foot. She looked very worldly; there is something dissipated in the heels of Evelyn's shoes; and Cecilia was lying back in a large wicker chair, reading a French novel,—I constantly see little indications of frivolity in Cecilia; it grieves me.

I sat down on the garden bench and surveyed them both; Evelyn drew herself up in the hammock and put both her feet on the ground. "It has come at last!" she said, with that dramatic exaggeration of hers which at times really grows wearisome; yes, wearisome!

Cecilia looked at Evelyn, distressfully.

"What has come?" I asked, with dignity.

"You have our most heartfelt congratulations and good wishes," said Evelyn. "Nothing could be more appropriate; you were born for the episcopate."

"Evelyn, how can you?" said Cecilia.

I tried to keep the color from mounting to my face. Alas, these fair delicate skins, like mine, always betray the inner emotions! "I do not know what you mean, Evelyn," I said. "The dear Bishop is happily married to dear Mrs. Babbitt, as we all know."

"Yes," said Evelyn, "but this is a future dear bishop."

I confess, Philip, to a feeling of irritation at having my news forestalled in this way, and before I had thought I answered rashly, "Well, if anybody deserves to be a bishop he does."

"He is sure to be a bishop," said Evelyn.

"Sister Amabel," said Cecilia, "tell us your news. Evelyn is spoiling everything. What was it?"

I hung my head, overcome by sweet embarrassment.

"Do not try to blush, Sister Amabel," said Evelyn, "you never do except when you are in a rage."

Quietly ignoring her rudeness, of which I too well knew the cause, I turned to Cecilia. "My dear, you at

least will understand," I said, "the joy I feel in announcing my engagement to the Rev. Philip Westacott."

Cecilia rose, and, coming toward me, took my hand. "I wish you every happiness," she said, "and hope that the life to which you look forward may bring you all that you expect and long for, without disappointment or disillusion."

Evelyn jumped to her feet and followed Cecilia. "I *know* you will never be disappointed," she said, with the utmost heartiness, "for Philip is really all that you ever could wish for;—if he had been made to order he could not be more suitable!" and then she sat down beside me and began to laugh.

"Go and get a glass of water," I said to Cecilia, "I fear that the shock of my news has made her hysterical."

She did not seem to like this, Philip, for she stopped laughing suddenly and grew very white. I am sorry to say that *Evelyn* never grows *white* except when she is in a rage. But she did not have hysterics, it is only justice to say so; but I fear that the announcement has permanently unhinged her mind, for I catch her laughing in odd corners when she thinks I am not looking at her, as if she had found something exquisitely amusing.

I must say good-by now, it is late at night; can it be, my Loved One, that I shall see you soon? Until that blessed moment, adieu!

Devotedly, AMABEL.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

September Tramping-Song

By Curtis Hidden Page

MARCHING through the woods-road,
Merry is the heart, O!
Dwellers by the woods-road,
Teach me all your art!

Early touch of crimson,
You are like her cheeks;
You shall touch my lips, too,
And teach how true love speaks.

Graceful, tender birches
Bending in the sun,
You shall teach me wooing
Till her heart be won.

Rushing brook below me,
Leap and laugh and shine!
You shall lead me onward
Till I make her mine.

Black-and-yellow warblers,
Bold harlequins of song,
Tell me all your knowledge;
Must I woo her long?

Veeries in the beech-trees,
Calling to your mates,
Know you the bunch of poplars
Where my lassie waits?

Oh for the bunch of poplars
Silver in the wind, O!
Lassie at the road's end
Let your heart be kind, O!

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK CITY.

LITERATURE

D ri and I*

THIS story of love and war on the Northern frontier, beginning during the year 1812, is told in a style which suggests the bloodthirsty simplicity of a seventeenth century romance. And, in fact, there was much in the situation to recall an older civilization. For in those days French grandees lived in their chateaux along the St. Lawrence River, and an envious British nobility scowled across the Canadian borders at the fierce Yankee soldiers, whose energy and courage never flagged whether they strove with the savage forests of the New World or fought against the powers and principalities of the old one.

In the development of the two principle characters in this story the author shows a fine appreciation of that *camaraderie* which is the charming feature in so many of Dumas's novels. "D'ri," the Yankee patriot, is autocthonous, a wilderness type, shrewd, Herculean, modestly brave, with a sort of frugal wit expressed in grinning idioms,—a peaceful man who fights when he must fight for liberty rather than for glory, and one who makes an excellent foil for that young American cavalier, Ramon Bell, who carries his life in his hands with the reckless manner and bravado peculiar to warrior heroes of an earlier day. He makes a long journey on a saddle wet with his own blood, fights when his boots slop over with blood, stains the waves of the harbor with blood, and still keeps enough in his veins to show a veritable hawk's spirit toward his enemies and a lover's warm eyes for women. Indeed, if Miss Runkle is to be criticised for the slight abrasions upon the little French rooster men in her recent novel, "The Helmet of Navarre," Mr. Bacheller is equally culpable for his gross display of gaping wounds. Were such blood-letting possible, it would make nuns of his heroes rather than the dare devils that they show themselves to be.

Apparently all our historical novels show the same pioneer background of hostile forest lines, the same desperate diligence of invading frontiersmen. And the author invariably deifies military courage in men and the flesh-and-blood beauty of women. Such literature is neither moral nor immoral; it simply ignores the moral world. Prayers are mere figures of speech, and everybody shows such capacity for escaping death and disaster that there is small margin for an intervening Providence. But every writer of quality surpasses his fellows in some matter of detail, if not in the whole scheme of his work. These are the little cupolas of genius, decorations of the man's own individuality. One will devote himself to a sky line that glows like an aurora borealis above the dark shadows of a commonplace tale; another will exhaust his talent in the reproduction of architectural effects or in the descriptions of jewels; and of George Meridith it is said that he is a master hand at interpreting the delicate and fleeting expressions of emotion upon the fluttering eyelids of the women in his novels. But Mr. Bacheller is at his best when he records the sounds and varying moods of water surfaces. From the falling of the "fairy bullets" in a summer rain that crowd the smooth waves of the lake with rings and jubilant pebbles of water, to the thundering war-drums of a storm cloud tearing down a river bed, his inspiration never fails him. It is the presence of that mobile water surface and the passionate noise of enthusiasm which makes his description of Perry's battle on the lake one of the finest ever written.

But it is only in the fashion of this little cupola that Mr. Bacheller's story differs from the average historical novel. In the beginning too much is introduced to prove the frosty quality of the primitive atmosphere. The hearts of his people are rudely exposed, their motives made amusingly evident, and with all his ingenuity for digging dungeons and hauling his prisoners this way and that with bandages over their eyes, too much

* D'RI AND I. *By Irving Bacheller.* Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.

is revealed, too little suggested. Only once in a long while does he lend the swift wings of his fancy to the reader, and the power to do this after all is the supreme test of genius.

Disjecta Membra *

It is too bad that no one should have been willing to assume responsibility for the English of this book, for the author has quite enough to answer for, without having the language of the translator laid to her charge. In justice to her, then, let it be said here, by way of supplement to the title page, that Matilde Serao is an Italian novelist, rated by many as the equal of d'Annunzio, and that in her own language she is reputed to have some kind of a style—a fact which would never be suspected for a moment from the infelicities of this version.

In any style or language, however, the book would still be exasperating. And we must confess that it would have hardly seemed worth our while to rake out the rubbish of this refuse *naturalism,* if it were not for its belated influence on English letters. But with books like "The Octopus" coming into existence, all splashed and blotched with its dregs, we believe that the tendency of such work cannot be too nakedly exposed or too vigorously denounced.

One of the surest symptoms of literary degeneration is the confusion in one piece of writing of several distinct types or forms. Lines of demarcation become obscured or obliterated; and the novel, confounded and crossed with history, journalism, statistics, and what not, issues in some dubious hybrid like *The Land of Cockayne.* The title page to the contrary notwithstanding, it is not a novel—in fact, it is not properly literature at all; it displays neither selection, contrast, relief, nor any other device of art, except a disorderly huddling climax. It is, to be sure, semi-unified by a psychological motive, elucubrated in the airless crannies of the author's brain and imposed upon the action till it has become an obsession. It is just possible that the book might be hazily classified as fiction, tho we shrewdly suspect from the documentary madness it evinces that the incidents and characters are real in part; and certainly the bulk of it is nothing more than a dilation of common Italian scenes—*raportage,* in short.

As nearly then as we can describe what is essentially formless, it is a report on the effects of lottery-gambling upon the inhabitants of Naples, supported by a set of typical instances, fictitious or otherwise, the whole thrown together without much concern for composition. To this end a slice has been cut out of the Neapolitan population of all such as are addicted to the vice, in order to show its action on successive social layers; and the moral, which is of the negative demoralizing sort dear to the *naturalist,* has been reinforced by an episode which serves loosely as a rallying point for the examples. This expedient distorts the perspective from the very start in admitting no saving or redeeming element. In a word, the book is an "experimental" study of the kind reducible to Zola, with little or no personal interest, in which a decadent individual has been replaced as protagonist by a decadent people.

Naturally the atmosphere is fetid with the effluvia of the wretches pullulating in it, all alike mean, sordid, squalid, animated by a single motive, the basest known—the greed of gain. What little story there is, after hovering for a long time like a buzzard over its victim, pounces at last upon the heroine, a creature too fair and delicate for her fate, who in the universal infection is represented with some mysterious taint of blood. Even here there is no rise to the grandeur of tragedy—nothing but a dull, pitiable collapse. A single breath of passion from the breast of the lover alone stirs this stagnant misery, but too feebly to vitalize the air for a moment.

And the most exasperating thing about the book withal is its wanton perversity. About *naturalism* in the hands of its originators there is a sort of crude elemental dignity, the dignity of brute force, but still tremendous and impressive. Even Zola himself is, in a measure, endurable because of the genius which makes itself heard at intervals in some convulsive, half-stifled cry. But what possible indulgence can be felt for those who set themselves to ape the vices of

* The Land of Cockayne. *By Matilde Serao.* New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

strength in the hope of concealing their own debility and adding a cubit to their stature? And of such is the modern Italian novel—a mere *pastiche* of that last belated issue of *naturalism,* which, substituting a diseased mind for an unclean body, has got itself, as tho in some broad Rabelaisian jest, the name of "idealism." So d'Annunzio is ignominiously included in the ranks of this school, as if he were by reason of his vices a native Frenchman. And here, too, belongs *The Land of Cockayne,* with its kind, among the survivals of a bankrupt *naturalism.*

A Half Century of European Literature *

THE value of this translation is seriously impaired by several defects, one or two of which are, indeed, inherent in the original.

In the first place the series of which it is a member belongs already to the past, a fact of which the translation allows no hint. In consequence of this misleading omission many of its critics have jumped to the conclusion that the book is brand new, and that its sequel exists as yet only in the state of projection; whereas in Europe, as a matter of fact, the work is already—we will not say antiquated, that is hardly true, but aging. So rapid is the movement of thought nowadays that in criticism especially an idea or even an entire method is likely to drop out of date in the brief space of a score years—or less. English publishers might have taken a lesson in timeliness from Strodtmann's German version, and English translators one in explicitness from its introduction.

The second drawback is one for which no blame can possibly attach to publisher or translator. Not only is the translation born belated, the original itself was never exactly in the forefront of progress. The lectures of which it is composed were delivered to the most backward, the most intellectually cowardly people in Europe, regard had for their advantages and opportunities, who could scarcely have borne the full revelation of the truth. Indeed, it is almost impossible for a public so naturally liberal as ours to imagine the indignation aroused in Denmark by these lectures, softened as they are, which, after all, do hardly more than epitomize ideas generally current in intellectual Europe years before and long since reckoned with in European criticism.

And this consideration leads to our third exception—namely, that the work is mainly derivative and secondary. Of course, when one remembers the immense extent of ground to be covered, it is seen as well nigh impossible that so young a man should have hoed it all over anew. But at the same time the fact remains that the author has contributed very little to his subject, that his work is rather intended to force upon his own country the recognition of ideas with which the rest of the educated world was already pretty well familiarized—a purpose for which he deserves credit certainly, but one which gives him a value less absolute than relative.

It may well be that Dr. Brandes has shown himself later, in his Shakespeare, in another light; here, at all events, he has proved himself a scholar rather than a critic. The essential difference between the two is this. The aim of the former is to *constater,* to determine and exhibit the past, its habit, language, mode of thought, and what not; while the latter feels bound to carry over and apply that life to present needs, bringing out its meaning and significance for his contemporaries. In short, the scholar restores, the critic interprets. As yet, at the time of the series of which we are speaking, Dr. Brandes would seem content with merely recording phenomena, unconcerned with methods or vehicles of translation.

By this we do not intend that he has no personality or that he has banished his personality from his work. On the contrary, one may fancy that it was his personality more than his book that alarmed the conservative in his own country. In the *Main Currents* he is, to use his own words, "an essentially modern spirit; his philosophy is the scientific philosophy of the nineteenth century; he is a warm, convinced humanitarian, and has as little belief in a happier existence after death as in a personal God." It hardly need be added that this is the modernism

* MAIN CURRENTS IN NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE. *By George Brandes.* In six volumes. Vol I. The Emigrant Literature. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25.

of a couple of decades ago, not that of to-day. Positive, then, materialistic, and pugnaciously liberal, hostile to religion and authority, and unsympathetic toward romanticism and every form of mystical ecstasy, he has allowed his preferences to become apparent without having as yet any really fixed critical criteria.

And yet in spite both of its limits and limitations the series has its interest and value, as what of Dr. Brandes's has not? Particularly interesting to us is this initial volume for a sort of analogy, half-fanciful, half-real, we have permitted ourselves to draw between the disposition of spirit at the period with which it deals and that at the present. That period may be described as "the passage of the eighteenth into the nineteenth century," and that disposition as *fin de siècle,* tho the barbarism is happily passing out of print. It was characterized by a total failure of authority, due to the disintegration of society and the dissolution of religion, which left art for the moment almost without a subject and entirely without a generally recognized ideal; by a universal discontent and nostalgia, the result of an undisciplined life and aimless activities, and by a sense of isolation and individuality, and, it may be added, of despised genius. These symptoms Dr. Brandes diagnoses as effects of two great events, "the emancipation of the individual and the emancipation of thought." Of course, there may be and very likely are differences in the causes of the conditions then and now, which will issue in very different resultant solutions; but at the same time there is sufficient similarity to make consideration of the earlier situation and its outcome personally interesting to-day.

We have purposely omitted any discussion of the ideas of the series, since they are avowedly not the writer's own. But for its bold design, for the conception and presentation of the intellectual life of half a century as a consistent whole, "partaking of the form and character of a drama" in "six acts," to each of which a book is devoted, he is alone responsible. It would require too great a space to discuss the fundamental principles by which such a conception must stand or fall; but this much may be suggested, without derogating from the breadth and exhilaration of such a survey. Ever since the reign of anything like systematized thought it has been a constant puzzle to know what to do with "the unclassified residuum"—that which is left over after science has appropriated its part—amid which literature has always been the hardest to deal with. At the date these lectures were written it was the fashion to psychologize all such stuff. That is to say, any province of human observation that has not yet worked out a method of its own is straightway brought under the dominant method of the day, which in this case happened to be psychology. As a result of this inclination it was the tendency fifteen years ago or so to regard literature as a huge psychological complex, an hypothesis which, in spite of the brilliant side-light it occasionally threw upon the phenomena, did too often disturb and even distort their actual relationship.

A Jewish Encyclopedia *

THE first volume now appears of this long projected and promised work. It was projected by Dr. Singer, but it was not until Funk & Wagnalls, with their experience in dictionaries and encyclopedias and subscription books, accepted the financial burden, that it could be actualized. Such a Jewish encyclopedia is really needed, and it might well claim a large market among both Jews and Christians. We confess that we are a little startled to see that the first thick volume, bulkier than those of the Encyclopedia Britannica, altho not containing as many pages, only extends through "Apocalyptic Literature," which would seem to promise twenty volumes. But the paper is very thick, altho the type is not too large.

The editing is well done. Competent Jewish, and several Christian, scholars have been enlisted. As an example of good work one may mention the article "Apocalypse," by Prof. C. C. Torrey, of Yale University, and that on "Apocalyptic Literature," by Prof. Moses Buttenwieser, of the Cincinnati Hebrew Union College. Of course there is inequality

* THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA A descriptive record of the history, religion, literature and customs of the Jewish people from the earliest times to the present day, prepared by more than four hundred scholars and specialists. *Isidor Singer, Ph.D., Projector and Managing Editor.* Vol. 1. Aach. Apocalyptic Literature, large 8vo, pp. xxxviii, 635, New York: Funk & Wagnalls. $7.00.

in the work, and a rabbinic specialist need not be expected always to be expert in all modern Oriental knowledge; but the general level of the work is high and scholarly, and reflects honor on the board of editors, among whom we may mention Dr. Funk, chairman of the board, Professors Gottheil, Jastrow and Toy, and Drs. Deutsch, Ginzberg, Jacobs, Kohler and De Sola Mendes. Dr. Ginzberg, who has charge of Rabbinic Literature, and was brought here from Europe especially to aid in editing the work, is a superior Arabic and rabbinic scholar.

The flaws one notices are few. It is a curious freak of proof-reading that the first line of the Moabite Stone, quoted under "Alphabet," should contain two gross errors in the Hebrew text. This article is by a scholar of the first rank in epigraphy, Herr Lidsbarsky, and yet in the front of the fine very full plates giving the history of the Semitic Alphabet this Moabite Stone again fares badly, as both its *kaph* and its *qoph* are misdrawn. Under "Adoration," a Babylonian design showing a goddess presenting a worshiper to a seated deity who may be the Moon-god, Sin (after whom Mount Sinai was named), is without evidence entitled "Worshipers of the Stars;" and under "Abyss," it was rash to follow Ball in calling a crowded mass of fighting animals on an old bowl "Tiamat, the Assyrian Abyss."

We are pleased with the number of the illustrations, which are generally well chosen. Some of the engravings might be better, and the colored plate giving the animals of Palestine is not a thing of beauty. We are inclined seriously to question the wisdom of including in the biographical sketches the names of living men. We observe that of the twenty-one "Adlers" included, nearly half are still surviving, and among them are lawyers and doctors forty years old, or less. One cannot help suspecting that they have been "patrons" of the work. The usual rule to exclude all living persons should have been observed.

Jews have received full toleration in this country, with a few early cases of discrimination against them, especially in New York under the Dutch. The result is that there are more Jews in the United States than in any other country except Russia. The persecution in Rumania explains the fact that over fifty thousand Jewish immigrants reached here in six months of last year. There are now over a million Jews in this country, of whom four hundred thousand are in New York, about a hundred thousand in each of the States of Pennsylvania and Illinois, and sixty thousand in Massachusetts. They are ambitious, scholarly, both practical and idealistic, communal and philanthropic. This country is likely, before long, to be the chief center of Hebrew learning and enterprise. It is appropriate that this great Jewish encyclopedia should appear in this country—it could hardly find support in any other—and it becomes our abounding mutual religious charity that it is Christian enterprise that supplies the publisher.

In this connection we may mention that Dr. N. Jastrow's great *Dictionary of the Targumin, the Talmud Babli and Yerushalmi and the Midrashic Literature* has safely reached its thirteenth part and its 1292d page, and we judge that four parts more will finish the work. It is a credit to American Jewish scholarship that such a dictionary of rabbinic literature is given us in English instead of compelling us to depend upon Buxtorf or Levy.

A Soldier of Virginia. A Tale of Colonel Washington and Braddock's Defeat. *By Burton Egbert Stevenson.* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.) Again the Virginia cavalier and that composite of sweetness and light, the Virginia girl of romantic fiction. There is plenty of adventure in the tale; fighting with French and Indians, hairbreadth escapes and the like. The obstructive mother of the heroine is more than usually resourceful and stubborn, and it is a hard struggle that the hero wages for his bride. He is successful, of course; that ending seemed assured, for he had the good fortune to have the heroine on his side from the beginning. The hero is quite up to the level of his class—an unsullied gentleman of honor. Once, indeed, he came near telling a lie; but as he was a very young boy at the time, the momentary weakness is not held against him. The author is at his best in the emotional passages; the sweetness and pathos of some of the incidents suffuse the story with a

charm which persists in spite of very serious faults. The diction, an atttempt at that of the eighteenth century, does not appeal to us as a success; we do not believe that the Virginia folk of the year 1754 talked as these characters talk. The plot of the story has also its weakness; to begin a narrative with an exciting episode, which requires a digression of 132 pages in order to connect it with the remainder, is a rather futile striving after effect. Among minor faults there are several delightful anachronisms, the most amusing of which is the hero's quoting of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" 16 years before that poem was printed. What is meant by referring to Charles I as "the Pretender" we cannot guess.

Byways of War. The Story of the Filibusters. *By James Jeffrey Roche.* (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.) A narrative of the filibustering expeditions against Central and South America and Cuba. The story begins with Miranda's ill-fated descent upon Venezuela in 1805, and ends with the "Virginius" affair of 1873. By far the greater part of the book is given up to the exploits of William Walker, sometime President of Nicaragua, for whom the author displays an admiration but thinly disguised. He does not, however, slur over Walker's vicious qualities; indeed, he relates them in detail. Nevertheless, the adventurer's bravery, persistence and executive ability appeal to him as admirable, even tho exercised in so wretched a cause. He censures in strong terms the action of Captain Davis, of U. S. S. "St. Mary's," in forcing Walker's surrender at Rivas in May, 1857; a like action by Commodore Paulding, of the "Wabash," in forcing the second surrender, at San Juan del Norte, in December of the same year; and finally the conduct of the British commander, Captain Salmon, in causing the third surrender, at Lemas, Honduras, in September, 1860. Walker was practically an agent of the slave-holding powers of the South. He boldly advocated slavery, and reinstituted it in Nicaragua on being elected to the Presidency. His death, by the fusillade, September 12th, 1860, marks the end of filibustering, in its larger aspects, on this continent. The various Cuban expeditions since then have been but petty affairs compared with the undertakings which preceded them.

Content in a Garden. *By Candace Wheeler.* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.) This is a book written for the elect,—those who not only accept the favors that flowers confer by their presence in this world, but who return an intelligent sympathy and affection. It contains not merely the science and philosophy, but the poetry of a mountain side garden, drifting in gorgeous waves of bloom against a stone wall. There is the fragrance of balsam firs in the pages; and the author's sentences cling to her trees like pretty vines. By a curious jugglery of words she brings into sight a thousand vivid flower-hearts at once, tosses purple dust clouds of perfume into the air, charms poppies over the rock wall so that they appear to tremble along the ledge like fine ladies in scarlet silks; and to the very ground she gives a sweet significance of softness and fertility, as if it yearned for blossom seeds. And all the while she is teaching the science and domestic economy of flowers, giving to the practical gardener valuable hints as to the arrangement of shrubs and annuals, the artistic effects to be secured in colors, and innumerable suggestions concerning seasons and seeds. We commend the volume to all who have "gardens," or love them.

The Grapes of Wrath. *By Mary Harriot Norris.* (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.) The characters in this story are kinsmen, serving in the Northern and Southern armies during the last year of the war between the States, including the women of their respective families; and the title is suggested by the holocaust in Richmond after the withdrawal of Lee's army. The author shows capacity and insight, and occasionally the courage of inspiration in a sentence that flashes across the page like a bolt of red light, but which leaves behind the heavy atmosphere of a commonplace historical novel. There are too many wagon roads, and she is excessively conscientious about commissary details, which are more essential for the

provisioning of an army than for the progress of a story. And, on the whole, she is unfortunate in her subject. A war story reaching from a New Jersey village to Lee's camps in Virginia is based upon Northern principles and Southern prejudices, both of which are equally difficult to deal with congenially and respectfully. As in this case, the author is likely to magnify the one and patronize the other, or show a gross insensibility to both. In fact, it is dangerous to tell tales about a fight between brothers till their wounds have healed.

THE ROAD TO RIDGEBY'S. *By Frank Burlingame Harris.* (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.) In showing the rude drama of Western farm life, the modern author appears to depend much upon the successful use of profanity for producing the effect of virility and noisy courage peculiar to the prairie farmer. And in this story, which tortures its way up and down a sun-baked road in Iowa between a country store and a farm house, the author shows a modest skill in selecting a sort of wholesome blasphemy, consisting of expletives and symbolic idioms of damnation that convey an impression of muscular emotions rather than maledictions. There is a noticeable freshness and immaturity in the young writer's opinions, a rash insistence upon tragic details, and an unexpected timidity in the lover that is almost inexcusable; but, on the whole, the book is well worth reading, showing throughout that keenness of humor peculiar to the vigorous wits of young American writers.

FIANDER'S WIDOW. *By M. E. Francis.* (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.) The scenes in this story are laid morning and evening between the green hedgerows and wheat sheaves in a rural corner of England, and a "dell" is included, expressly for the lovers, where yellow primroses overtop the grass and brown thrushes sing hymns to the maiden stars. The author never permits the prosaic effect of a noonday glare upon her fields. Every hay rick is outlined against the sky with the red penciling of a cloudless dawn, and the lovers only meet when a bright horn of the moon tilts up through the twilight over the primrose dell. The story is sufficiently absurd, but there is so much talk in it of dew and fresh milk that the power of illusion is strong enough to hold the reader's appetite in suspense, at least.

THE POTTER AND THE CLAY. *By Maud Howard Peterson.* (Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company. $1.50.) A good story, with a vital spot in it, of how a young Scotchman, formed by birth and breeding for honor, sacrifices honor for a love that he never wins, and then redeems himself, at the supreme cost of his life, by serving England as a nurse in the cholera camps of India. The struggle of the man with the destinies that shape him is well wrought out, altho the final effect is marred by an insistence on the elements of pain, and a note of hysteria in the style. There are other characters worthy of mention and vital to the plot; but the Scotchman appeals more profoundly to our sympathies. The author, we may add, shows some capacity for conceiving and delineating a noble friendship between men—a friendship which stands the test of rivalry for the same woman's love.

DOOM CASTLE. *By Neil Munro.* (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.) Mr. Munro is a conjurer who can plant his castle in broad daylight on a good Scottish rock with the yeasty tide for a moat, and transplant it at nightfall to the borderland of mystery. There is, however, little material for the psychical society here. Unghostly is the melting flageolet music that wooes beauty in her bower at midnight, and he who is not prepared to give and take a substantial sword thrust in the dark should shun these winding stairways. After some alternation of light and darkness the shadows are dispelled for the most part, and Doom Castle belies its name. Is it with unconscious humor that the author permits his hero, a gallant Frenchman who has fared forth to avenge the injuries of his dead love, to forget both wrong and wronged under the spell of a fairer face? Perhaps the amours of Count Victor are not finished with the finis!

NEIGHBORS. Annals of a Dull Town. *By Julia M. Crottie.* (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6 shillings.) This group of short stories reveals a marked comprehension of Celtic character, and a rare intuition for right words. Homely but vital and real are the Innisdoyle folk; daft old Gubinet, who never recovered from the shock of seeing her father buried out of the sliding coffin; Rose Ellen, who catches the match-making fever at Shrove-tide and all but achieves a fine marriage for her friend's shiftless son; dreaded Miss Dunne, whose endowment of language, while more decent than that of the lane-women, is more deadly, since "the shock of hearing the plain truth is one of the hardest to poor human nature;" Peggy Dee, who wills away her double shawl, linsey gown and other treasures, believing her swollen jaw to be a "blast;" and, undutiful Johnny, so oppressed by his mother's unctuous prayers for patience that he resolves to make off to where, "even if I am doomed to destruction I'll have some enjoyment in p'ace before I go." Miss Crottie's work is no less perfect in its way than the New England short stories which we consider classics. Hers is the broader, freer touch necessary to the portrayal of a humor and pathos that have more breadth than subtlety.

RALPH MARLOW. *By James Ball Naylor.* (Akron, Ohio: The Sallfield Publishing Company. $1.50.) An interesting hodge podge of village life, written in a bright, jerky style, and seasoned with that rural humor which is a sort of monkey faced expression of wit. But the story will be popular in spite of its faults, for, like a clown in a circus ring, the author contrives to be entertaining; and there is something so infectious about his innocent guffaws that the reader is compelled to smile even while his better judgment condemns.

THE HOUSE OF DE MAILLY. *By Margaret Horton Potter.* (New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.) An admirably written story passing from the dissolute court of Louis XV into the pioneer life of America, and back again to France during the eighteenth century. "The House of De Mailly" furnished three mistresses for the French King, beautiful, shameless women, who were exalted to the highest social and political importance by their dishonor. The author's genius consists in the gold and silver imagination with which she reconstructs vividly the magnificent aspect of moral degradation in this licentious period of French history. The story is far from being wholesome, but, as a gorgeous picture of historical sins, it is a work of art.

Literary Notes

OVER one-quarter of a million copies of "The Crisis" have been sold since its publication on May 25th.

...."Bloody Mary" is now to be washed and made clean. The task is undertaken by Mr. J. N. Stone in a biography to be published shortly.

....Doubleday, Page & Co. publish this week "The Bears of Blue River," by Charles Major; "The Backwoodsman," a tale in Cooper's vein by H. A. Stanley, and "The Black Tortoise," a detective story, by C. Sparre.

....Among the fall announcements of J. T. Taylor & Co. we notice "A Drone and a Dreamer," by Nelson Lloyd; "The Screen," by Paul Bourget; "The Van Dwellers," by Albert Bigelow Paine, and the "Chester Edition" of the Novels, Poems and Life of Charles Kingsley.

....Captain Mahan's great work, "The Influence of Sea Power Upon History," can now be read in Japanese. The third volume of the translation has recently been brought out in Tokyo. Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. announce a new book by Captain Mahan to be published in the autumn.

....The September *North American* contains an interesting article on "Russia and Popular Education," by Pobiedonostseff, Procurator of the Russian Holy Synod. The article is an answer to that of Prince Kropotkin on "The Present Crisis in Russia," and presents the other side of the shield.

....Henry T. Coates & Co. announce the following books for early fall publication: "Captain Bluitt: A Tale of Old Turley," by Max Adeler; "London: Historic and Social," by Claude De La Roche Francis; "Short History of the American Trotting and Pacing Horse," by Henry T. Coates; "Lester's Luck," by Horatio Alger; "A Summer Hymnal," by John Trotwood Moore, etc.

....A brief criticism of Shakespeare by Victor Hugo (we call it criticism, it is in reality a rhapsody of incoherent phrases) opens the

current issue of the *North American.* The five pages of the eulogy might be summed up in the sentence, "Shakespeare, like Æschylus, is prodigal with the unfathomable." How often must the great poet in the gloom of Hades have shaken his head and prayed to be delivered from his friends.

....Mr. Karl Blind has an essay in the current *Forum,* in which he bitterly censures the English for their neglect of old Indian poetry, and especially of the famous "Drama of the Ring." It does not seem to occur to Mr. Blind that the English neglect the Hindu drama for the reason that it is vastly inferior to what they already have in abundance. With the literatures of the world poured in upon us it becomes unceasingly more and more necessary to select. In this connection we might call attention to the remarks on the distinction between scholarship and criticism in our reviewer's notice of Brandes's work. Scholarship accumulates, criticism discriminates.

....The following information, quoted from Rosa Belle Holt's volume on "Rugs, Oriental and Occidental," may be new even to many lovers of these fabrics: "The hunting rugs of Persia are the most remarkable and interesting rugs in existence. They had their origin in the Chinese pictures of hunting scenes, from which they were copied. They were undoubtedly made as early as the sixteenth century for the Shah. Exquisite in their weaving, marvelous in coloring, and of rare sheen, they are worthy of the closest attention. Nor is this their only merit; they serve as records of ancient customs, depicting the method of the chase, and portraying the mounted hunters in pursuit of the elephant, lion, phœnix, deer, and other creatures (fabulous and real). There are perhaps twelve of these precious rugs in existence. One belongs to the Imperial House of Austria, another to Baron Adolphe Rothschild, a third is in the Berlin Museum, and a fourth may be seen at the Boston Museum."

....From *The Ladies' Home Journal* for September, we take the following account of Ernest Seton-Thompson's new home in Connecticut: "A hundred acres of woodland, which they have named Wyndygoul, for one of the Seton estates in Scotland, offers the naturalist-artist-author-lecturer an ideal opportunity for investigating and studying his animal friends, and a quiet retreat for writing and illustrating. It is difficult to realize that so wild a bit of forest is within an hour of New York. The private road that leads from the gates to the house winds a quarter of a mile between green walls of trees, flanked by mossy bowlders, and rising above ravines that tumble off at reckless angles. The house stands on the highest point of the tract. It is Spanish in effect, the lower story of rough-hewn, green-tipped rocks, quarried on the place; the upper story of creamy pink stucco. The low, red roof, wide verandas, low entrance door and quaint arrangement of windows are interesting and picturesque. The Englishman's love of solidity is shown in the thick walls, massive cornices of natural wood, and in the heavy beams of the studio ceiling."

Pebbles

"How many servants have the Wrigleys?" "Two; a deaf cook and a dumb waiter."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

....Every one now expresses himself pleased with the *personnel* of the board which is to inquire into the charges made against Admiral Schley. There will be no such unanimity after the verdict is rendered.—*The Galveston News.*

LATEST NEWS FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

CALABAZO, August 12.—An uprising of rebels is reported at Barquisimeto. It is reported to consist of three desperate characters and a donkey. The Government officials have fled. LAPAZ, August 12.—A terrible battle between the revolutionary and Government forces took place near Cochacamba yesterday. One man lost a toe and a picket fence was partly demolished. ASUNCION, August 11, via Santos Campos, August 12.—A revolutionary plot has just been uncovered here by the discovery of two boys who were hidden in a cave, where they had secreted several yellow-backed books, a one-bladed jackknife and a piece of gas pipe. As a precautionary measure the Government has called out the entire army, which is now stationed in the pantry at the palace, it being anticipated that the rebels will make their first attack upon that point.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

THE NEW EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were all pulled down
As onward hustled through the town
A youth who bore where breezes stirred
A pennant with the single word,
"Commercialism!"

His brow was moist; his eye below
Gleamed with a dull and smold'ring glow,
And like a cracked and ancient bell
Arose his queer, defiant yell,
"Commercialism!"

Oh, wait!" the pastor hailed the youth,
"And humbly learn eternal truth."
"I'll think of that," the boy replied,
"When I have turned the golden tide.
"Commercialism!"

"Oh, come to school!" the master said,
"And fill with lore your youthful head."
The boy yelled back as on he raced,
"Old man, I have no years to waste,
"Commercialism!"

"Oh, stay!" the maiden softly cried,
"And I will be your loving bride."
The youth called back with scornful smile,
"Just wait until I've made my pile,
Commercialism!"

Then cried the sage, "Beware the joys
That link themselves to golden toys!"
"Bah!" cried the youth, "you do but jest!
I've linked my life unto this quest.
Commercialism!"

One day they found him dead and cold
Beside his chests of worshiped gold;
And on the breeze that round him moaned
They heard that fateful word intoned,
"Commercialism!"

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

EDITORIALS

The Development of Phototherapy

THE recent announcement of the reward of the prizes established by the late Alfred Nobel for advances in medical science has called general attention to the work of two distinguished investigators whose labors are not sufficiently known or properly appreciated outside of their own countries. Two hundred thousand Danish kroner, or crowns (over $50,000) are awarded to Dr. Pavlov, professor of experimental medicine at the Imperial Institute of St. Petersburg, for important researches in the problems of animal nutrition, and a like sum to Professor Niels Finsen, director of the Medical Light Institute of Copenhagen, for the successful introduction of light as a therapeutic agent in the cure and prevention of disease. Professor Pavlov's work is of more technical character and lacks the practical interest there is in phototherapy, but will receive its share of attention in a subsequent article because it represents a landmark in medical scientific progress. Professor Finsen's work has a human interest beyond its practical importance, because its development is typical of all true advance in applied science and represents the gradual evolution of a simple idea into a system of therapeutics.

About ten years ago Professor Finsen's attention was attracted to the fact that the scars of smallpox were always most marked on the hands and face, and were rare or absent on other parts of the body. Covered parts were spared, exposed parts suffered. This seemed to him not to be due to any noxious effect of the air, but to the influence of light. His knowledge of the methods of treatment suggested at various times for the prevention of smallpox pitting showed that all reported successful methods agreed in the fact that they called for the more or less complete exclusion of light. This agreement was not due to any conscious recognition of the possible harmful influence of light, but the applications suggested by different clinical observers accomplished the common purpose of light exclusion. Professor Finsen treated a series of smallpox cases on the simple principle of excluding what were known to be the chemically active rays of light—namely, those near the violet end of the spectrum. This purpose was accomplished by having the patients live in red lighted rooms. The expectations raised by theory were fulfilled in practice. The dangerous secondary fever of smallpox was very favorably modified. Very few of the smallpox lesions went on to suppuration, and the rare scars left were small and unnoticeable. Control experiments showed that parts of the body of patients exposed to light suffered from the suppurative process and remained permanently pitted. These observations were confirmed by observers in other countries. The treatment has not received all the attention it deserves, but there can be no doubt of the merit of Finsen's original work in the matter. His results were presented to the medical world with modest diffidence, and confirmation by other observers was awaited before definite conclusions were announced.

These observations on smallpox laid the foundation of the negative side of phototherapy. From them it became clear that skin lesions were prone to be seriously influenced by light, and the question of light exclusion and of light selection for chronic skin diseases was brought into the foreground in dermatology. Important advances are now making along this line. The positive side of light therapy remained to be developed, and Professor Finsen succeeded in solving some of its problems. It is well known that the exposure to the rays of the sun will produce a very marked reaction in the skin. These changes, almost inflammatory in character, have been thought to be due entirely to the heat of the sun's rays. Professor Finsen showed, however, that the light rays apart from the heat were active in producing the changes known as sunburn.

He pointed out that nature's protective effort in hot countries was the deposition of pigment in the skin. This neutralized the effect of the rays of light somewhat as the interposition of red glass protects sensitive photographic plates from the action of the chemical rays at the violet end of the spectrum.

Professor Finsen knew that besides producing the destruction of the cells on the surface of the body light was capable of destroying other living cells, as for instance bacteria. He argued that in skin diseases, where the bacteria were close to the surface of the body, the destructive agency of light might be used for beneficial purposes. Lupus is a skin disease due to the presence of tubercle bacilli in the superficial tissues. It is a very chronic disease, extremely obstinate to all ordinary treatment, always causing disagreeable disfigurement and sometimes serious destruction of tissues. Professor Finsen directed his first efforts in the use of light as a therapeutic agent to this disease. The results were beyond even his expectations. The new method of treatment was faithfully employed in a long series of cases and all possibility of delusion removed before Professor Finsen's conclusions were announced to the medical world.

His results have been confirmed by the observations made in other countries, and now by the generous philanthropy of fellow-countrymen Professor Finsen is the director of the Medicinske Lysinstitut (institute for the employment of light for medical purposes) in Copenhagen. From this institute a series of interesting and important papers on phototherapy are issuing. It has been found that the other form of lupus, the disfiguring lupus erythematosus, is also affected favorably by concentrated light. At least one form of baldness, alopecia areata, in which the hair falls out in patches, is amenable to this treatment, and it is thought that other forms of baldness will be benefited if patients are submitted to the treatment in early stages of the affection. In a word, a new natural therapeutic method has been discovered that promises to be of great service in the difficult department of skin diseases. Just what the limits of the beneficial application of the new remedy will be time must determine. There is no doubt, however, that Professor Finsen has enriched modern medicine in a very practical, important way.

The Historical Novel

Tell me how you take your pleasure, said a wise man, and I will read your character. That is a true saying, and applies to matters intellectual as well as material. For this reason, if for no other, we cannot fail to regard our taste in lighter literature as indicative of our intellectual character, as more significant possibly, because freed of all secondary purpose, than what may be published in science and philosophy. And such a thought may well give us pause when we consider the mass of cheaply made novels, historical novels mainly, that are now flooding the country. Despite the flattering reviews that herald them, despite this enthusiastic reception and their sale by the fraction of the million, these books, looked upon as literature, are one and all bad, most of them immitigably bad. Among those who have been trained to enjoy what is good, who have been initiated into the incomparable delights of true literature, there is and can be but one opinion in regard to these books—they are not literature at all. They bear the same relation to true books as the latest ragtime song bears to Mozart.

And yet a cautious man will be slow to condemn out of hand what forms the intellectual food of a nation of readers; some genuine office such books must fulfil, and it is worth while to consider them from both points of view. That these tales which sell by the hundred thousand should assume historical form is a fact easily explicable. First of all, it is an age whose ideals do not make for literature; they tend to social betterment rather than to development of great and original character. Hence the writer is thrown back on a previous age in his efforts to find the right environment for heroic personalities. There exists furthermore, not only in America but throughout the world, a curious recrudesence of nationalism side by side and strangely in contrast with the widespread tendency to emphasize the general brotherhood of man. And this recrudescent chauvinism naturally leads the artist to embody the national idea in romantic pictures of his

country's past. The result is this overwhelming output of historical novels.

Again, if it is not hard to understand why fiction has taken to masquerading in these historic weeds, it is no more difficult to see why the succes ful novels should be as wormwood to the trained mind while finding so prodigious a welcome among the people at large. It is first of all due to the fact that the ideals of life now current are, as was intimated, social rather than individual; and it needs but a slight knowledge of literature, whether in the epics of Greece or the drama of England or the sacred vision of Dante, to have learned that the aim of the artist has always been to portray the struggle of the isolated soul. Furthermore, the reading public has changed, and with it the aim of the writer has changed. In place of the few who judged a new book and enjoyed it as a worthy or unworthy link in a long chain of traditions, in place of the small cultured circle to whom the author once looked for audience and criticism, there has grown up a body of persons without leisure or training to enjoy works of a severer taste, who are yet sufficiently educated to set up their judgment as equally valid with that of the few, and who are sufficiently numerous to drown the voice of the few in their acclamations. It is not strange then that the artist, who almost invariably lives in the breath of praise, is bewildered and led from his truer intentions by this clamor of the streets. Of old the mass of people were so ignorant that their opinions could be separated from those of the wiser few and could be disregarded accordingly. Yet even under such conditions in so far as "the general" were heard at all, they were a disturbing element to the artistic sense. One need but turn to the Elizabethan drama to see how sorely the poets resented the intrusion of the vulgar taste into the judgment of their work and how deplorably the artist erred when such intrusions caused him to swerve from his better guidance. So the plays and prologues of that good period are replete with protests against "the breath that comes from the uncapable multitude." Now the multitude is no longer "uncapable;" it is half educated; it has become the artist's public. Even if his finer ear can distinguish the voice of wise praise from the tumult of those who seek common pleasures, yet it is not easy for him to resist the allurements and substantial rewards of great popularity. And still, if he is strong to despise the goldren calf, he must shut himself up with his ideals and, except in rare instances, lapse into the inefficiency of the dreamer who is cut off from the wider inspiration of life.

The result to those who seek the more chastened delights of reading is only too sad, but in another way it bears its own justification and glory. It is the same insistent question in another form: is it better that a few should be privileged to enjoy high intellectual delights while the many remain in ignorance, or should the world be leveled to one grade of intellectual mediocrity? We, or the world spirit for us, have chosen the latter good, and those who sorrow in that choice must sorrow in vain. Their hope must be that progress is not leveling alone, but that in the end this common level must rise to where the few once stood. They may find the popular historical novel like ashes and dust to their taste, but they may also look upon it as a means to educate the great and ever growing mass of readers up to better things.

Wherein They Fail

Labor organizations have always been subjected to a hot fire of criticism. Not only employers, but also the literary and professional classes, including the writers for newspapers, have ever been ready to expose any tyranny or foolishness of which trade unions have been guilty. Nevertheless, by the year 1895, the unions, after protracted fighting, had succeeded in living down a great deal of popular prejudice, and in winning influential support from disinterested and intelligent onlookers. One had only to compare the attitude of the public seven or eight years since toward organized labor in general with that of England of a generation ago, as brilliantly portrayed by Charles Reade in "Put Yourself in His Place," to realize that, nothwithstanding much remaining hostility, trade unionism was no longer hated with the bitter hatred of earlier days.

It is quite unnecessary now to insist that the more thoughtful and dispassion-

ate observers of social tendencies had come not only to look tolerantly upon the organization of labor but also to see in it elements of positive good, that seemed to be indispensable to a safe and normal development of democratic institutions. No one class in any society can enjoy unlimited power without becoming overbearing and bringing the traditions of republican equality and simplicity to naught. Under modern conditions the employing classes in England and America, commanding as they do fabulous amounts of capital, and understanding as they do the methods of efficient business organization, would soon become intolerably arrogant, and would convert republican institutions into a mockery, if, from time to time, they were not confronted with organized resistance.

It is, therefore, a matter for sincere regret that for five years past the great labor organizations of this country and of England have so often behaved with an almost incredible foolishness. They have once more started a strong reaction of public opinion against themselves, and in certain instances they have even awakened in some degree the old spirit of bigotry and bitterness. There never was a time when a strong and efficient organization of labor and a wise policy on the part of its leaders was more needed than now; and yet, at the critical moment, the leaders are making blunders that are almost crimes and for which they can hardly be forgiven. By the great strike of 1897 the English iron and steel workers knocked England's industrial primacy in the head. They precipitated a disaster which will never be retrieved while civilization endures. By what looks like a deliberate breach of contract the Amalgamated Iron and Steel Workers of this country have now given to the most powerful combination of capitalistic interests in the world an opportunity to develop and to make use of arbitrary power which the most wise and patient democratic endeavor may not be able to curb for years to come.

There are three distinct ways in which organized labor miserably fails, to the keen disappointment of its best friends and well wishers.

In the first place, it attempts to extend the principle of unionism by coercion. The temptation undoubtedly is great. The men who have struggled to build up a union cannot be expected to feel kindly toward men who, as the trade unionist looks at the matter, are ready to profit by any gains which trade unionism has conquered for the wage-earning classes, but who are unwilling to do their share toward supporting the unionist movement. Frail human nature is not to be blamed overmuch when men who feel bitterly resort to force to compel those whom they regard as disloyal, or hostile, to act with the majority, or even at times with a minority, for what is believed to be the common welfare. Nevertheless, the policy of coercing non-union men has always been and always will be absolutely fatal to the trade-union cause. By its very nature the organization of labor can be effected and maintained only by intelligence and reasonableness. It makes no real gains except as it convinces workingmen themselves and the general public that it is both expedient and just. The American people will never extend their hearty sympathy and co-operation to any movement that attempts to accomplish by violence what can be satisfactorily accomplished only by education. So long as the labor leaders counsel a coercive policy they kick against the pricks, and irreparably injure their cause.

In the second place, it seems to be well established that, in recent years at least, the labor unions have been indifferent, or worse than indifferent, to the binding force of their agreements. From every part of the country we hear complaints from employers who, on the whole, have been friendly to the trade union principle that there is no longer any use in making agreements or contracts with a labor organization because the leaders of the organization have lost or thrown overboard all sense of business honor, and make their promises in the deliberate expectation of breaking them. Where there is so much smoke there undoubtedly is some fire, and it is a deplorable thing that the unions have by any conduct, whether deliberately dishonorable or merely negligent, brought upon themselves such fatal criticism. Whether merited or not, this criticism is sure to operate with deadly effect, and to turn into hostile opponents many influential

men who would gladly support the trade union principle if they could do so without seeming to countenance dishonor.

The third way in which the labor organizations fail is in their attitude toward the amount and quality of work done by trade union members. In the days of the medieval guilds every workman felt an intense pride in the quality of his work. Unskillful or dishonest workmanship would have subjected him not only to the wrath of his employer, but also to the contempt of his fellow craftsman. We hate to say it, but, so far as our observation has extended—and it has extended over a pretty wide field—the spirit of the old craft guild has entirely disappeared from the modern trade union. Not only does the bricklayer, the carpenter or the plumber who belongs to the union fear to work a moment overtime, or to work too fast, lest he incur the disfavor of the labor leaders, but he even fears to do work that shall be thoroughly good of its kind lest he incur the criticism of men who believe that it is the duty of loyal trade unionists to "make work" for one another. Bad work has to be done over. Therefore the bad workman befriends his fellow unionist!

That this simple logic as it lies in the minds of many workmen is more a matter of ignorance than of immorality we are willing to believe. But in either case it is disastrous in the long run to the trade union cause. There is no one thing which the trade unions could do which would more certainly make them popular with mankind in general than the adoption of a policy of first-class workmanship under all circumstances. When the employment of a trade-unionist carpenter, mason or plumber means the certainty of thorough and honest workmanship the trade unions will have little cause to complain of an unfriendly public, if in other respects also they deal fairly and honorably.

Presbyterian Revision

During the past week the three subcommittees of the Presbyterian General Assembly have been busy attempting to perform the duties put upon them for the revision of the subscription required of ministers and elders to the standards of the Church. Inasmuch as the Church is very much divided on the subject, and the Committees also, it would seem hopeless that any harmonious result could be reached. Still it is not quite beyond hope. When you bring men together by sevens, and tell one company that the General Assembly has directed that they make certain propositions for the amendment of the Confession, or that they prepare a compact popular statement in modern language of the present beliefs of the Church, they will do it, even if some of them doubt if it ought to be done. An order from the General Assembly has authority, and the conservative members will yield at least enough to do their duty and try to prepare as good a summary of doctrine as they can. They are helped in this by the comradeship which exists about a table. Put several hundred men in a hall or church, and let the speakers stand on a platform and orate, and they will put forward their pronouncements in all their angularity and emphasis; but let them meet in the courtesies of private conference, and they will manage to agree, or at least to minimize their disagreements.

On the face of it the most important work is given to the sub-committee which must soften down the harshnesses of the old Confession, and perhaps add emphasis to its declaration of the love of God and the work of the Holy Spirit. For the Confession is the binding Creed of the Church, that on which trials of heresy are decided, and the attempt will be made to make decrees less fatalistic, and to give infants a surer hope of salvation, and to mitigate the certain damnation of all the heathen. Then, with the amendments made, the Confession will be ready to stand another century with refreshed and more compulsive vigor.

To be sure this is not what many Presbyterians want. They desire the old Confession to be laid carefully away, sweetly closeted in cedar and camphor, where it will do no hurt and can be reverentially taken out once in a year or two, piously admired and again returned to its honored historic repose. They are not glad to see—they fear—the infusion of twentieth century blood into the aged veins.

But the work of the sub-committee on revision, or that on a declaratory state-

ment, cannot be as important as that which will prepare an "untechnical" statement of the Presbyterian faith. The Assembly declared that it is not to be a substitute for or an alternate of the Confession of Faith. Certainly not; but it will be just the same. No one who can accept this proposed "brief statement" will be thought too heretical to occupy a Presbyterian pulpit. So our interest will go with this new statement. The Committee, we are sure, and so it is reported, will manage to agree. It will emphasize the love of God for all men. It will manage to get in all the five points of Calvinism, but in a way that will not give much offense to Arminians. We think it better that no creed whatever should bind a Church, but if the old Confession, however amended, is practically superseded by the new statement, and this is yet distinctly declared not to be a standard of doctrine, that will be almost as well.

Decimal Coinage for the World

The effort now making in Australia to establish a decimal system of coinage is what might well be a first fruit of the union of the colonies into a single Commonwealth. Various proposals have been offered, of which one that attracts attention comes from the Victorian Bankers' Association, and would make the farthing the nominal unit, 1,000 farthings, instead of 960, as at present, to make a sovereign. This would make the sovereign worth $5.06.

Our decimal system of coinage, established in 1792, was the first fruits of the proposition of the French Revolution for a general decimal reform of weights and measures. It was established before long labor in measuring an arc of the meridian had given the French metrical unit suggested by Talleyrand. So our dollar was a haphazard selection, based on a previous Spanish dollar. Our decimal coinage is accepted by Canada, and a similar one by Mexico and a number of the South American republics. But France, followed by the Latin Union of South Europe, has taken, under various names, the franc, worth a little over 19 cents, as its unit, and, since Austria's decimal unit is just over 20 cents, we might fairly expect it to become the standard for all continental Europe, if Germany had not so perversely made the mark, of nearly 25 cents, its unit, altho accepting the French system of weights and measures. Japan has a decimal system with a gold yen almost exactly equal to our dollar. Thus of all the principal civilized countries only Great Britain, *not* followed by all its colonies, holds to a ridiculous fractional system of coinage as well as of weights not easily convertible into any other. It is not strange that Australia wants to get rid of it, as Canada has already done.

But why should Australia start a new decimal system of its own? Are there not too many decimal systems of coinage already, supplied by the United States, France, Germany, Austria, Japan, Mexico and the South American republics? Of all these two have the precedence in age and in use, our dollar and the French franc. The franc might well be expected to give a common coinage to all continental Europe, as it has to the countries that have accepted the Latin Union; while the dollar prevails over North America, part of South America (as a kindred peso), and on the Pacific Coast of Asia. To one of these two standards all others ought to be made to conform, and, finally, one of the two should be taken for the world. It would be an offense to establish a new system in Australia to create new confusion. We do not ask that the dollar be taken; indeed we suspect that finally, when we have international coinage for the world, the French system will prevail, as it surely will in weights and measures; but we do ask that we have either a dollar for a unit or a shilling for a unit, said shilling to reduce to the value of the French, Swiss and Belgian franc, the Italian lira, the Greek drachma, the Spanish peseta, the Finnish mark, each being worth 19.3 cents.

Has the United States lost its leadership in reform? We led the world in adopting a decimal coinage; we are nearly the last of countries to hold to pounds and ounces, feet and inches. The conservative countries of Europe have not hesitated to make the reform, even Germany and Spain. Must we wait for England to set us the example? Even her colonies are running away from their mother.

Strawberries, Peaches and Grapes

AMERICA as the fruit growing country of the world is rapidly displacing America as the cotton growing. It is easily within the memory of many now living when cultivated strawberries were nowhere to be found in public markets. About 1840 Hovey's Seedling and Wilson's Albany began to be heard from as garden products. But there were not one thousand dollars' worth of cultivated strawberries in the United States at that date. In 1900 it is estimated that our markets received eighty million dollars' worth, and all of these found consumers. Any one who has followed the evolution of new varieties has seen the little fieldberry expand, until it became an inch in diameter; and then the crimson circlet reached a circumference of seven, eight, and even nine inches. There are varieties that admit no more than fifteen berries to a quart. In quality many of these huge sorts, like Sharpless and Sample and William Belt, are so good that it would seem nothing could be better. In color the range is all the way from the light crimson of Cumberland Triumph to the glossy deep scarlet of Marshall and Gandy.

No one should grow strawberries, or eat strawberries, or even look on a strawberry bed, without a poet's heart. We have entire sympathy with the saying that "God doubtless could have made a better berry, but that doubtless God never did." We do not fully agree with this saying as a matter of fact; but we like the enthusiasm of a man who comprehends that a strawberry was never meant to be eaten simply to tickle the palate and nourish the body; it should feed also the soul and stimulate the brain.

We are inclined to think even better of the peach than of the strawberry—that is, the peach on its native heath—the peach as it falls dead ripe from a Crawford or a Champion; and looks up from the greensward as if asking you to enjoy it. It is not so long ago when in New York the peach was a novelty. Its first market appearance was as a very inferior fruit, and quite hardy to endure our Northern winters. The choice sorts develop in what is called the Peach Belt; running irregularly from the Northeast to the Southwest. Grand as the peach is, new sorts are so rapidly developed that we cannot be sure that any one of those now cultivated will not be soon superseded.

There is a natural revery that belongs to a peach orchard. The combination of the useful and the beautiful makes of it a gallery far exceeding the noblest produced by art. The Japanese get at this soul of things in a way that we do not. The whole population moves in processions to admire the cherry and peach gardens; and their romance as well as their poetry is not of love, but of the flowering trees. The peach tree forgets itself in blossom, and again in fruit, so that it is, as a tree, short lived. If the reader has never been in a peach orchard where the Champions and Elbertas fill the landscape with that flush of color that defies art, he had better for once forget the mountains and visit Delaware. It is there that one learns that the stomach is not so far removed from ideality and aspiration. The Arab may justly say, "Joy of my liver;" and the Hebrew speak of the "bowels of compassion." We are told that Delaware sends to market each year four millions of baskets of peaches; Connecticut as many more; and Michigan surpasses both.

Yet there is one other fruit that in beauty, food value and esthetic worth we hold to surpass even the strawberry and the peach. This is the grape. "Under his own vine and fig tree" was the ideal life of the Oriental. At the present rate of progress, within twenty years every American home will have as full a supply of grapes as the cottages of Syria. We can show a vineyard of eighty varieties, grapes of every hue and of every quality. Here are flavors for every taste, from the crisp purity of Duchess to the sweet Hayes and Lady. Over the barns of this ideal home run, hand over hand, superb vines of Lindley and Goethe; glorified names, resurrected to an immortality of beneficence and beauty. The vine itself is an evolved hope—climbing, clinging—growing on and on—feeling its way with tender tendrils, but never forgetting to do its duty. Never was there a more irrational thought than to ferment the juice of grapes, already brewed by nature, into wine. The grape is in itself perfect food; so complete in

nourishment that those who have tried it freely invariably decrease the c nsumption of meats and vegetables. A medical expert says:

"Nearly all the common everyday ailments will vanish when grapes are freely eaten twice a day, and constitute the bulk of food consumed. Eat more grapes, is my most earnest advice. A grape vine is a family doctor."

The procession of our fruits is something wonderful in every stage of it. Formerly it was a quickstep; but now the peaches from California are followed by those from Georgia, and these are supplemented by those from Connecticut. Last of all Michigan and New York fill their baskets, and round out a full two-months' supply. Florida strawberries begin the procession, and each degree of latitude takes its turn, until New York, near Lake Ontario, closes the list. This gives the consumer more than six weeks of his favorite berry, and he is quite ready then to turn to the raspberry. This fruit cannot be shipped to any distance with success, and is therefore a local luxury. Its season cannot extend over about one month. But the blackberry is ready before the raspberry is gone. The Southern dewberry is on hand by the first of July, and the Northern Eldorados protract the season until the tenth of September. The century, which began with a meager supply of fruits, closed with a succession that reached the whole year round. The evolution of new and better fruits, more beautiful and more luscious, still goes on.

But the glory of growing these fruits is not only what they are doing to feed, but what they are doing to quicken, our intellects and to ennoble our characters. They have a moral function of no mean order. They have created such men as Charles Downing, Patrick Barry, Longworth, Rogers, who added over fifty grapes to our list of choice varieties; Colonel Wilder, whose name is identified with pear culture; Wilson and Hovey, heroes of strawberry evolution. These men have affected the moral standing as well as the economic standing of America. Nearly every new strawberry, or grape, or pear, carries about the name of its proud originator. The impulse to create new fruit has grown upon us, until it is found everywhere among our land owners. We are all interested to know who William Belt is, when we eat the superb strawberry that he has given us. The Seckel pear immortalizes a very plain Pennsylvania farmer, and the Sheldon pear does as much for a Connecticut woman, who carried the seed to Wayne County, New York. Patrick Barry was a man of sterling character and horticultural wisdom, but Patrick Barry is also a new pear of honorable qualities. When Horace Greeley offered a prize for our two best varieties of apples, the Baldwin and Hubbardston won —each bearing the name of its originator. Grimes's Golden and Stuart's Golden point to us two men who had the wit to preserve for humanity gifts that might easily have been wasted. "I would rather create a better grape than the Delaware, than write a famous book. They will not let the grape be forgotten, while the book would be read for one or two years and then be forgotten." We sing the song of peace, and not the achievements of war. When we honor Clapp's Favorite pear or Sutton's Beauty apple, we glorify the deeds of the friends of mankind. May the day dawn upon us when he who creates a new fruit shall be crowned as he has been crowned who wins battles.

One New State Will Be Enough

THE recent opening of adjacent Indian reservations to settlement has added about 100,000 to the population of Oklahoma. When the census was taken, last year, the Territory had 398,245 inhabitants. Its growth in population and wealth has been rapid. Organized in 1900, the census enumerators in that year found 61,834 souls within its boundaries. At the assembling of the Fifty-seventh Congress, when its Delegate asks for the admission of the Territory to the union of States, he will be able to point to a population exceeding 500,000. The number has not decreased in a decade, as the scant population of Nevada has; nor has it grown slowly in fifty years from 61,000 to less than 200,000, as in the case of New Mexico. Eleven years have almost multiplied it by ten, and if the Territory should be raised to the rank and privileges of a State by the Fifty-seventh Congress, it would enter the Union with a population entitling it to three Repre-

sentatives in the House. There is every promise of continued growth. Oklahoma is not a mining camp. Its prosperity is based upon agriculture and all the varied mercantile activity that marks the life of a vigorous community where the soil is rich and the climate favorable.

There ought to be no hesitation about admitting to the Union such a territory, whose population is five times that of Wyoming, three times that of Idaho, and twice as great as Montana's, while it exceeds that of either of the Dakotas. All of these have been States for more than a decade. Utah, admitted in 1896, has even now only a little more than half as many people as can be counted in Oklahoma. Some think that the new State should include both Oklahoma and Indian Territory; but while the latter has a large number of inhabitants (391,000), the two populations are dissimilar. It is better that Oklahoma should stand by itself. When all the proposed negotiations with the Indian tribes shall have been completed the time will arrive for a decision as to the government of Indian Territory.

New Mexico and Arizona will stand by the side of Oklahoma, asking for admission. Estimates as to the partisan political affiliations of a majority of the voters in each of the three Territories may affect the decision of Congress, altho they should have no weight. Thus, it is said that while the Republicans have a small majority in Oklahoma, and New Mexico has a comfortable Republican majority, Arizona is Democratic and probably will continue to be so. But the decision should not depend upon any record or estimate of party majorities.

Neither of these two Territories should now be empowered to set up State governments. In each of them growth has been slow, the population is insufficient, and there is no reason to expect a rapid increase in the near future. Beginning in 1850 with 61,000, New Mexico had 93,500 inhabitants in 1860, had nearly 2,000 less ten years later, and has gained only 75,000 in the last twenty years, showing only 195,000 at the last census, altho her area is three times that of Oklahoma. Here are not enough people to make a full allowance for one Representative under the recent apportionment, to say nothing of the inevitable two Senators. Arizona had 40,000 inhabitants in 1880, and 59,000 in 1890. The increase to 123,000 at the last census shows a more encouraging rate of growth, it is true, but it is due chiefly to the new mining camps. To what extent the mining population will be permanent or will increase no one can tell. The entire number of inhabitants now is too small for Statehood. Irrigation may cause much growth in both of these Territories by and by; but this remains to be proved. The applicant in either of them for Statehood legislation may point to the populations of certain other States, to dying Nevada's 42,000, Wyoming's 92,000, and Idaho's 161,000. Where is the intelligent American outside of that decaying mining camp who will say that Nevada ought to be a State, with two Senators and a member of the House representing its 42,000 people, and with three votes in the Electoral College? Both Wyoming and Idaho should have been excluded from the Union until they could show a much larger population than either of them holds to-day. The nation would not have suffered if the applications of Montana and Utah had not been granted. We presume there can be found good men who will say that the American people would feel no sense of loss now if both these States were still Territories. As for ourselves, we regret that they are not. The errors that Congress has made in creating States furnish no argument for the admission of New Mexico and Arizona, but they do supply a strong one for the exclusion of them in the present stage of their development.

There have been taken into the Union five Territories that now, being States, have a total population of less than 825,000. These States, with one-ninetieth of the entire population, hold one-ninth of the Senate's ninety seats and cast more than one-thirtieth of all the votes in the Electoral College. There should not be added four Senators and six Electoral votes for the 317,000 inhabitants of New Mexico and Arizona, with opportunities for those scandalous and corrupt Senatorial elections that sometimes take place in thinly settled States where rival millionaires contend for the prize, and of which we have had more than enough.

England Forbidding Missions

It is an extraordinary condition of affairs that has continued now for two or three years in the Sudan, under which a Christian Power (England) forbids Christian missionary work. There is not a pagan Power or Mohammedan on the face of the earth of which this is true. When Khartûm was captured the authorities, whether General Kitchener or Lord Cromer, were so afraid of exciting the pretty thoroughly awed Moslem people that they planned to placate them by establishing a college at Khartûm, from which all Christian influence should be shut out, for the instruction of the sons of the Moslem chiefs. Nothing was to be introduced that could offend their prejudices, and missionaries were forbidden to carry on any labors in a newly opened country. We are not surprised that the Church Missionary Society has sent a most courteous communication, signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, to His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, calling attention to the anomalous condition, recognizing what might be supposed to have been a necessity temporarily for police purposes, but which can no longer be such, and asking if the time has not come to withdraw the prohibition. The history of the Punjab throws some light on this matter. When that province was annexed in 1849 the British officers, both civil and military, promoted the immediate establishment of missions among a population largely Mohammedan. This was done in such an Afghan city as Peshawar, where the peril is quite as great as at Khartûm, and no evil results followed, and soon the turbulent Punjab was one of the most peaceful provinces of India. And it was the men of this province, who had not been ashamed to avow their Christianity, who had the largest share in saving the British power in India when the mutiny broke out in older northwestern provinces. Such facts as these are mentioned by the Archbishop, but all the comfort he gets from Lord Lansdowne's reply is the acknowledgment of the communication, his pleasure at its recognition of the need of caution, and a statement that he does not know when it will be possible to remove the restrictions now imposed upon the labors of missionaries, but the subject shall receive attention. We are convinced that a great blunder was made at the time.

Dr. Alderman on Education

It is a very strange kind of appeal which Dr. G. A. Alderman, President of Tulane University, New Orleans, has made for aid from Northern wealth. He says that Northern philanthropy has spent $25,000,000 on negro education at the South, most of which has been literally wasted; and so, he says, has much of the $100,000,000 spent on them by Southern taxation. Now if neither the Northerners nor the Southerners who pay money for negro education can be trusted not to waste most of it, what encouragement is there for other gifts? The argument does not seem to be a fetching one. But President Alderman explains further that the education of one untaught white man out of his ignorant prejudice "is worth more to the black man himself than the education of ten negroes." Putting ourselves in the black man's place, we must beg leave to differ. A man's own education, white or black, is worth more to him than the education of any one else. We are glad to affirm that it is not true that the money spent by Northern benevolence on negro education has been mostly wasted. No benevolent expenditures have been more carefully watched by the donors or more economically administered. A year ago the American Missionary Association, which has been the most active pioneer in this work, sent down through the South a deputation headed by one of the most competent of our local authorities, President Backus, of Packer Institute, Brooklyn, and they returned declaring that condition of the schools was better than the officials had reported. It must be remembered that it is the pupils and their parents that pay most of the expenses of these Southern schools aided by Northern beneficence. At the same time President Alderman is right in appealing to the North to help Southern white education. Much has been done in this way, and we hope much more will be done. The name of the best endowed Southern white university bears the evidence of this in its name, and Vanderbilt University is not alone in receiving Northern benefactions.

The Turkish Trouble A week ago the cloud between France and Turkey seemed to have blown over, but that was only for two days. It now looms large again, and threatens to concern all Europe. If America could collect its little bill, why should not France collect its bigger bill? So it is not the Quays Company, but private claims for damages received which the Sultan cannot or will not pay, which have made this new difficulty. It is interesting to be told that the Emperor of Germany will not use his kind offices to help the defaulting debtor, distinguished friend as he is, but advises him to settle up. It is yet more interesting to see that this trouble is likely to bring on an understanding between the Powers as to their course of action about Turkey. Things are in a very parlous condition all about the Turkish Empire. The soldiers are not paid and are in threatened revolt. The Christians and Moslems in half European Turkey are glaring at each other where they are not fighting, and new massacres are reported in the Eastern provinces, where the Kurds are allowed to repeat their raids on Armenian villages. We can never anticipate in Turkish affairs when some great outbreak may occur, and other provinces may be delivered, or given over to European control, which is always a blessed change.

Prince Chun It was a decidedly alarmist suggestion which came from Paris, that Prince Chun and his accompanying princes and officials would, if they must, make the lowest of kotowing adorations before the Emperor of Germany, but that to do so would be such a disgrace that they would immediately commit suicide. Happily the Emperor William relented and yielded his first demand on the strenuous protest of the Chinese ambassador. We could hardly anticipate, with all our knowledge of Chinese perversities about duty and disgrace and death, that the members of the Chinese embassy would have killed themselves. They simply refused. We knew that Chinese who think they ought to die have various graded ways of dispatching themselves, more or less honorable, befitting the occasion; that some of those designated by the allied Legations for capital punishment are said to have eaten gold leaf or glass or to have cut open their bowels; and we know that those who think they ought not to die find no trouble in hiring other people to die for them; and that those to whom an injury has been done, or beggars who have been refused alms, will kill themselves on the premises of their foes out of strange revenge; but such a protest against humiliation as it was suggested that Prince Chun and his retinue would make, to the self-extermination of the whole deputation, is really beyond belief. That would have been such an act of reparation for the murder of Von Ketteler as the world has never seen, and it might have had an effect on the relation of European Powers to China such as we should not desire, not to speak of its effect in Germany and Europe.

There are a few tender-hearted people, more Christian than Christ, who are still scandalized that any missionaries should want any Chinese murderers of foreigners punished. But let us consider one such murder. Miss Coombs was an American young woman, a missionary at Tai-yuen-fu. When the missionaries had to rush from the burning missions building they took with them eleven schoolgirls. Two of these were sick and one had to be carried by a Chinese Christian on his back. He was old and could not run fast, and Miss Coombs remained behind to help him and lead the other sick girl. In the crowd Miss Coombs was seized and carried back to the burning building with the girl she was leading. She begged for the child's life, even if they killed her. A man took the child and Miss Coombs was pushed into the fire, and twice made her escape, only to be pushed back, and a door and other things were heaped on her to keep her down. So she perished. We make no objection to the execution of one Chinaman chiefly responsible for the murder of these Americans at Tai-yuen-fu; we desire it, and our desire is a Christian one, we are sure.

One-tenth of the millionaires in this country are women, according to the New York *Herald's* list. They have taxation without representation.

INSURANCE

The Mutual's Summary

THE Mutual Life of this city—really there is no other Mutual Life and the two words alone ought always and everywhere to be a sufficient identification—announces with reasonable pride that its total cash receipts up to the present year exceed a billion. Specifically, this was $779,504,161 in premiums direct, and $228,508,481 in interest upon them. In the 58 years $540,479,810 has gone back to policyholders in the various ways; management expenses have taken $169,712,280; and $325,753,153 are in hand for future needs; this last item and the returns to policyholders, taken together, exceed by $86,728,802 the total premiums. The payments to policyholders, it may be well to add, include sums paid for purchased policies and for "dividends," the latter, of course, being treated as income and outgo for bookkeeping purposes, tho they may have never come into actual possession of the company. The largest item in expenses is the initial outlay of procuring the business, and so long as the human nature in men makes it necessary to send messengers after them to move them to what ought to be the spontaneous act of taking out insurance on life so long they must pay those messengers. Perhaps the next largest item—certainly a very large one—is for taxes of all sorts, and this must continue until taxation becomes more rational. To have paid nearly 170 millions for "expenses" is expensive, but 58 years are a long term, and there has been a vast business done. There have been mistakes in it, undeniably, and some wastes and extravagancies in it; but the argument which can safely persuade a man to defer insuring his life until an impeccable and infallible company is found can also persuade him that he will live too long to need insurance.

And the 325 millions on hand—accumulations which so tempt legislators, inflame socialists, and load with invective the pens of reckless writers? To divide this up would be pleasant for policyholders, especially for those who would like to figure out their own shares; and there is an unnumbered multitude besides who would cheerfully lend a hand (or both hands) to the process. It has been more than once demonstrated—to those who accepted the demonstration—that only one dollar or so in ten will "ever" be returned to members, and the late E. B. Harper once wrote a magazine article, if we are not mistaken, in which he proved that the reserve and surplus they held was the disease which slew companies in years long past; notwithstanding, we should have grave fears about the future of the Mutual Life if those millions should all leak out some night through a hole in the vault. But the only hole in the vault large enough is the door, and the door is locked and guarded.

THE new "ordinary" life insurance written in Rhode Island in 1900, by 31 companies, was $8,816,260, but the four "industrial" companies operating there wrote $9,497,751. It is safe to say that no other State furnishes such comparative figures, which are accounted for by the extraordinarily large number of mill operatives in Rhode Island. There is, however, no difference in substance between these two plans of insurance; the difference concerns merely the mode of adaptation. Industrial insurance is a plan working by small installments. It covers a wider range of ages than the other, and largely serves as a fund for sickness and interment expenses. Its common unit is not $1,000, but a weekly premium of five or ten cents, and even (in Great Britain) the weekly penny. Necessarily this is a relatively expensive work to carry on, for each little payment costs at least as much for collection as the largest ones, and so it is true that the comparatively poor pay a higher rate for life insurance than do those better off. But so do they pay a higher rate for everything else, since poverty must always buy in driblets. This is one of the disadvantages of poverty, curable when poverty is cured. The persons to whom this small-great insurance scheme addresses itself could not (or would not) hold and combine the weekly fraction of earnings; it must be received from them as it accrues, or not at all.

FINANCIAL

The Chartering of Corporations

By a very loose general incorporation law recently enacted, and by special acts creating several corporations with extraordinary powers, Connecticut is bidding for a share of the revenue now enjoyed by New Jersey, West Virginia and one or two other States in which laws have been made attractive to incorporators. Not only in the States where nearly all of the great consolidations (commonly called trusts) have procured their charters, but also in some other States where the popular opposition to such combinations is noisy and persistent, corporate charters for them can easily be obtained under general laws. In some States this opposition of a large number of the inhabitants has no perceptible effect upon the corporation statutes. "We are convinced that you are great evils," some States seem to say to the large corporations, "but we will give you charters for almost anything you like, if you will pay us the fees." Those who are bewailing the ravages of the "octopus" should inspect the incorporation laws enacted in the States where they themselves live. The combinations are not restricted to the use of the statutes of New Jersey, or those of two or three other States that have been bidding for their patronage. They can get charters elsewhere without difficulty, altho the fees to be paid elsewhere may be larger, and the slight restrictions imposed may be such as they desire to avoid.

Still, if the people of a State revise their own incorporation laws by adding new limitations and restrictions, they cannot revise those of certain other States where charters are granted for use beyond the boundaries of the granting commonwealth. In his review of the year's legislation at the recent meeting of the American Bar Association, Mr. Wetmore remarked that there was a tendency in a State entered by corporations chartered elsewhere to exact as far as possible from such corporations the same guarantees, and extend over them the same control, as in the case of a corporation chartered by the State itself. The foreign corporation, however, has some advantage in that it can be sued only in the Federal Courts.

The practice of granting charters in one State that are to be used chiefly in other States tends to intensify the hostility of a considerable number of persons to all corporations. Charters recently granted in Connecticut by special acts show to what extremes this practice is carried. The International Power Company, which is permitted to have a capital stock of $250,000,000, and is said to have been designed for a great consolidation of street railways in other States, is empowered to do almost everything, "to engage in any lawful business whatsoever;" but there are certain kinds of business which it may do only "outside of the State of Connecticut." In two other similar franchises—charters for the Colonial Commercial Company and the Pacific Mercantile Company—which are substantially as broad as the one already mentioned, the only important restriction is that neither of the corporations shall operate steam or electric railroads, or supply gas, electricity or water "in this State." But they are authorized to do these things and almost everything else in other States. The restriction was imposed at the demand of local railway, gas and water interests. Probably very few voters in Connecticut realized what their legislators were doing when these charters were granted.

Such legislation should be explained and denounced by competent men of public spirit in every State where it is enacted or proposed. It should be explained, because we do not believe a majority for it can be found where the purpose and character and effect of it are understood by the people. One effect is that it stimulates a demand for giving to Congress exclusive power to create and supervise all corporations.

. . . . Dividends and coupons announced:

Amer. Bicycle Co., coupons Sinking Fund 5s, payable Sept. 3d.

Mexican International Railroad, coupons 1st Consol. Mort. 4s, payable Sept. 1st.

Minn. & St. Louis Railroad, coupons 1st and Preferred Mort. 4s, payable Sept. 1st.

U. S. Leather Co. (Preferred), $1.50 per share, payable Oct. 1st.

International Paper Co. (Preferred), 1½ per cent. quarterly, payable Oct. 1st.

Colo. & Southern Railway (Preferred), 1½ per cent., payable Oct. 1st.

Southern Pac. Co. (Tex. & N. O. R. R.), coupons, payable Sept. 1st.

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Survey of the World

President McKinley Shot

Once more an attempt, possibly successful, has been made by an assassin on the life of a President of the United States. Lincoln was killed by Booth, maddened by the overthrow of the Southern Confederacy; Garfield by Guiteau, a disappointed office-seeker; and now McKinley has been shot by a man who calls himself an anarchist. The President had accepted an invitation to visit the Buffalo Exposition. He was the guest of Mr. Milburn, President of the Exposition. He had spent one day visiting the buildings and making a notable address. The second day he visited Niagara Falls with Mrs. McKinley. On their return from Niagara Mrs. McKinley, being wearied, went directly to the house of Mr. Milburn, while the President went back to the Exposition, where he was to receive those who wished to shake hands with him. For this purpose he went to the Temple of Music, where from a door a line of citizens passed by him. Several detectives watched the line, and near him was his private secretary, Mr. Cortelyou, and at his right stood Mr. Milburn to introduce the citizens. An unknown man, short and dark, looking like an Italian, suspected to be an accomplice, passed just before the assassin, and held the President's hand longer than he should, so that he was shoved along by the Secret Service officers. They watched him carefully, but paid no special attention to the boyish and innocent-looking man behind, whose right hand was tied up in a handkerchief, as if injured, and who extended his left to the President. The President smiled and reached his hand, when the man lifted his right hand and shot the President twice through the handkerchief. One ball struck the breastbone and lodged there; the other passed through both walls of the stomach and lodged in the muscles of the back. The President lifted his hand to his chest and drew it away stained with blood. Secretary Cortelyou caught him as he staggered, and he was speedily taken to the hospital of the Exposition. Immediately behind the assassin, in the line, followed a stout negro, named John Harper, who instantly threw his arm around the assassin's neck, with a strangling hold, and with the other hand seized his pistol, while Mr. S. R. Ireland, a Secret Service man, cast himself upon him, and threw him to the floor. Cries of "Lynch him" arose, but the officers speedily removed him from the crowd and carried him to a police station. Accounts agree that the President's first word was that the news must be gently told to Mrs. McKinley, and it is said that he then told the officers not to hurt the assassin, and told Mr. Milburn his regret that this affair would be an injury to the Exposition. The shooting took place at 4 P. M. on last Friday. Instantly the attempt was made to bring the best surgeons in the city. Fifteen minutes after the shooting the President was laid in an ambulance and taken to the Emergency Hospital, the crowd making way as it went at full speed to the hospital. There six doctors were in attendance, with skilled nurses. The wound in the chest was superficial, and the bullet was easily extracted. The other bullet was seen to have perforated the stomach. The walls of the abdomen were opened, and a small perforation found in the front of the stomach and a larger one in the rear. The stomach was turned around, and this wound first sewed up and then the an-

terior wound sewed, and the cavity properly washed with disinfectants, and the incision closed, with the proper drainage tube. The bullet was not found, as its course could not be immediately traced, but it had probably lodged in the muscles of the back, and had not passed through any other vital organ. It will not be necessary to seek its location with the X-rays unless inflammation shows itself, when it will be located and removed. The operation was courageously undertaken by Dr. Matthew D. Mann, aided by several other physicians, and completed within an hour after the injury. This is a phenomenally short time, and of great importance as favoring recovery. As the President desired to be taken to Mr. Milburn's house this was done. Meanwhile Mrs. McKinley had been informed that the President had fallen and had suffered some injury, but was not allowed to know that an attempt had been made to murder him. Her health is such that the physicians did not dare to let her know the truth. Mr. Milburn's house is picketed with soldiers, and the streets near it closed to traffic. The physicians have given out frequent bulletins, and at the time we go to press the condition of the patient is as favorable as could be expected. At the same time at his age the wound is a very dangerous one, with the chances now favoring for recovery. The members of the Cabinet immediately hurried to Buffalo, as did also Vice-President Roosevelt, who, under the Constitution, would become Acting President in case of the disability of the President. The grief of the Vice-President and the people, as also of the representatives of foreign nations, has been most sympathetically expressed. The Empress of Germany and her husband have sent a special message to Mrs. McKinley. King Edward and other rulers have cabled. Prayers for the President were offered in all the churches last Sunday, Cardinal Gibbons having given direction that this be done in Catholic Churches.

The Assassin

Every effort is making to learn whether the assassin's act was planned by any circle of anarchists. When questioned he first gave his name as Nieman, which may be one of the names under which he has passed. He declared himself an anarchist, said that he had been fired by addresses of the anarchist lecturer, Emma Goldman, and that he rejoiced that he had accomplished his work. He declared that he came from Detroit, and that he had no accomplices, as no one else had any knowledge of his intention. He afterward confessed that his true name is Leon Czolgosz (pronounced Cholgosh). He is about 26 years old, the son of Russian Polish parents, but born in this country, and attended public schools in Detroit for a little while, and then went to work as a blacksmith's apprentice. Later he worked in Cleveland and Chicago, and was employed in a wire mill near Cleveland when he went to Buffalo on his murderous mission. He became much interested in socialism and made anarchistic speeches in its meetings. It was at a meeting in Cleveland two weeks before his crime that he was fired by Emma Goldman's lecture. She is a woman who has been arrested and imprisoned in New York for her addresses inciting to violence, and is also an advocate of free love, and has lived with several different affinities. It has been a part of her creed that rulers should be exterminated. The apparent fact that the man who shook hands with the President in the line just before Czolgosz seemed to lean back so as to cover his pistol hand, has raised the suspicion that he was a confederate, especially as he has not come forward to show who he was; but no other evidence of a confederate has been found, altho a number of arrests have been made in Chicago of anarchists of his stripe. He is not at all known in the East, and does not seem to have had any special prominence in anarchistic circles in the West. He had been in Buffalo nearly a week before the opportunity he sought came. He had bought in Buffalo the self-cocking pistol he used. It is learned that Czolgosz while in Chicago tried to get into the secret circle of the conspirators, but they suspected him of being a spy. While there, according to report, he declared himself ready to give up his life for the cause and willing to assassinate a ruler, but he was not wholly trusted by those to whom he came. The people arrested in Chi-

cago, with some of whom the assassin had been in consultation, are connected with an anarchist paper edited by a man and his son named Isaak. There is no reason to believe that Czolgosz is insane; he is simply a fanatic, and believes he has done a grand thing which will give him a great name. Under the law of New York the extreme penalty for the crime, should the President recover, is ten years' imprisonment, which can be reduced by good behavior to six and a half years.

President McKinley at Buffalo

President McKinley's visit to the Buffalo Exposition has attracted attention at home and abroad, not for the exposition's sake, but because the President made it an occasion to give a forecast of his policy on certain important subjects, which he believes to be also the policy of his party and of the country. We comment elsewhere on his utterances, and it is enough here to quote the most significant passages. After a felicitous expression about expositions as the "time-keepers of progress," and the usual appropriate talk about the progress and development of the country, especially in its trade, about rapid transit, telegraphs, he turned to the topic of our prosperity depending largely on our foreign commerce; and here he spoke a positive word for reciprocity, crediting Mr. Blaine with great foresight:

"We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us r for those with whom we deal. We should take f om our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor.

"Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet and we should sell everywhere we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

"The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not."

This led him to consider tariff revision:

"If perchance some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?"

Then naturally followed the subject of a commercial marine, and yet he did not directly urge a subsidy bill:

"Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamers have already been put in commission between the Pacific Coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the eastern coast of the United States and South American ports.

"One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the convenience to carry it to the buyer. We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense; they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go."

The Isthmian Canal was also favored positively, and a Pacific cable:

"We must build the Isthmian Canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed."

With his tribute to the memory of Mr. Blaine and a good word for the coming Pan-American Congress in Mexico this autumn, President McKinley concluded an address which is received with great approval in this country, and with some fears abroad that it indicates a serious commercial conflict with Europe, and an enhanced spirit of imperialism.

The Steel Strike

The end of the great steel strike seems to be near at hand. On Wednesday and Thursday of last week long consultations were held in this city between Mr. Schwab, President of the United States Steel Corporation, and a number of the officers of the subsidiary companies, on the one hand, and a committee of the Board of Conciliation of the National Civic Federation, who really represented the Amalgamated Association on strike,

of which Mr. Shaffer is president. The committee consisted of John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers of America; Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor; Professor Jenks, of Cornell University, and two other representatives of labor organizations. They had previously met Mr. Shaffer and his associates at Pittsburg, and presented his proposition to Mr. Schwab and his associates, but it was rejected. Then the latter offered their proposal, good only till Thursday night, to count all as union mills which the Amalgamated Association had been able to close and keep closed, while all those mills should be non-union which had continued in operation or had since been put in operation. This would have been something of a gain on both sides, altho the balance of gain would have been with the operators and not the strikers, as nine mills that went on strike but are now partially running would be lost to the strikers. The proposition was rejected by Mr. Shaffer, on the ground that it would be a desertion of the Amalgamated men still on strike at these mills, and that he still believed the strike could be made a success. Thereupon Mr. Schwab and those with him declared that they would hold no further parley, and that the mills would be opened immediately with non-union labor. This, it would seem, is being done with a good prospect of success. The principal fight has been at McKeesport, where Mayor Black has very positively put himself on the side of the strikers and has neglected to protect the mills against violence. The result has been that the sheriff of the county has come on the scene with his deputies and promises to keep the peace and protect the workmen. The Mayor was very angry at the sheriff's indifference, and has, apparently out of spite, summoned as special police the bankers, mill officials and others who had denounced his action in confining his previous summons to strikers to act as police. One of the principal establishments about which the contest has raged, the Demmler Tin Plate Works, was opened last Friday, eight of the mills being fired. A number of the workmen were brought over in a steamboat from across the river at Duquesne, and others ventured to run the gantlet of the pickets. Fires were lighted in several departments of the National Tube Works with expectations that they would be running with a full force of men that week. Their strike was one of sympathy, and the men have met and resolved to return to work. The indications are that the strike will prove a failure, and be a great blow to the Amalgamated Association, and that President Shaffer's bad management is largely responsible for the result.

Political Affairs It is settled that ex-Mayor Josiah Quincy is to be the candidate of the Democratic Party for Governor of Massachusetts. He has been out of politics since 1896, when George Fred Williams turned the party over to free silver and Bryanism. In this city the Citizens' Union has withdrawn the name of Controller Coler from its list of nominees for Mayor, and the impression grows that Mr. Low will be selected. Vice-President Roosevelt has finished his series of addresses in the Northwestern States and has made two addresses in Vermont. Mr. Croker sailed last Saturday for New York, and no one knows till after his return who will be the Democratic candidate for Mayor. The monthly statement for August shows that the expenses of the Government for July and August were nearly $13,000,000 less than last year, and there is an unexpected surplus for the two months of $6,055,377, so that apparently the surplus for the year will reach $100,000,000, the largest amount since 1888. The Alabama Constitutional Convention has dissolved, and its results will be sent to the people for ratification, of which there is no doubt, as the negro vote is suppressed. The chief opposition will be in the northern white counties. All the delegates signed the constitution except one Republican and two Populists. It enacts the Grandfather clause for suffrage, to hold till 1903, but up to that time the registrars can put on the poll-list any illiterate whatever whom they think capable of understanding the constitution, and those thus admitted are permanently registered. Once more it is reported on apparently good authority that the negotiations for the purchase of the Danish West Indian Islands are

being successfully concluded. The press report puts the price at $4,800,000, which is $800,000 more than it was supposed would be necessary. It is believed that the Senate would approve the treaty and the House vote the appropriation. The chief islands are St. Thomas and Santa Cruz; the total area of the group 126 miles; the population less than 50,000, and the harbor of St. Thomas is one of the best in the West Indies and was once the seat of a large commerce.

Colombia-Venezuela

Hostilities between Colombia and Venezuela have apparently begun. Just as we go to press the Venezuelan fleet (whatever that may be) is reported to be bombarding Rio Hacha, an important city of Colombia on the Atlantic Coast near the Colombia-Venezuela boundary line. The possession of this port is said to be the key to the whole Atlantic sea coast of Colombia, and with it as a base of supplies Barranquilla and Santa Martha, the most important cities on the coast, would be in the victor's power. However, as far as we know, there is not yet any "official" war. The United States has offered to act as mediator in the present dispute, but altho Colombia seems to wish to avail herself of our good offices Venezuela has politely declined. Secretary Hay's note offering the mediation of the United States is thought in some quarters to imply that the United States will not permit Venezuela, Nicaragua or Ecuador (the two latter are still reported to be sending troops into Colombia) to impair the sovereignty of Colombia against her will over the Isthmus of Panama. In the meantime the political atmosphere is filled with conflicting rumors which tell of both Liberal and Conservative gains. The situation, on the whole, has not materially changed from last week.

Newest England

New Zealand having enacted laws for compulsory arbitration in labor disputes, universal suffrage, old age pensions, a "modified" single tax, penny postage, etc., etc., and at present prospering under the same, it is interesting to see what she considers "the next steps" in the way of social legislation. The present House of Representatives has now been in session for about a month, and is busily engaged upon the following program, which Mr. Seddon, the Premier, outlined in his recent speech. The resumption of large private estates for the purposes of small settlement has passed out of the realm of experiment and the policy is to be "vigorously proceeded with." There is some talk of New Zealand abandoning protection and adopting a free trade policy. At any rate, legislative efforts will be made to extend her commerce with South Africa and other outside markets. The State proposes to run its own coal mines, and there is to be legislation against "corporations who fix the price on food stuffs or coal." Clerks and employees in merchants' offices are to be brought under the factories act as far as the hours of labor are concerned, and the members of Parliament are all to get a raise in their salaries. Penny postage has been such a success after a trial of two years that the expansion in the form of business done has compensated for the revenues surrendered. The Opposition in the House of Representatives to the radical policy of the Government has declined to choose a leader and has apparently given up an organized resistance. Thus radicalism has an unobstructed path in New Zealand and Mr. Seddon ought to be the happiest of all living Premiers.

Politics in Belgium

Several bills of considerable importance were passed by the Belgian Parliament, whose session has recently closed. To the world at large the most noteworthy of these is the Congo Bill, which gives Belgium a place among the colonizing countries of Europe. Ever since King Leopold's venture was assured, some five or six years since, the public mind has been gradually preparing for the annexation of Congo, and, now that it is certain no objection will arise from France and the other signatories of the Berlin Act, it remains for the King to bestow the colony by a formal act on the nation. Before the annexation can be consummated, however, a *loi organique* must be passed, determining the nature of the government to which the new colony will be subjected, and a bill to this end will be in-

troduced at the next session of Parliament. The Military Reform Bill is another matter of importance. In accordance with this bill the army will be left about the same on its actual peace footing, but will be increased by some 40,000 men in times of war; and this increase, it is hoped, can be raised by the special inducements to civilians to volunteer for active service. It remains to be said that the anti-Clericals are profoundly dissatisfied with these reform measures. The Anti-Gambling Bill, as it was passed, may serve to check a growing evil, the more so as the Puritanic attempt to prohibit all games of chance whatsoever was successfully thwarted in the Senate. Another important bill was that which provides pensions for teachers. But the next Parliament will have to settle questions of more radical importance than these. By the Catholic Reform Bill of 1894 the franchise was regulated on a basis of universal suffrage for every male citizen who had attained the age of 25 years. An additional vote was granted to married men or widowers who paid not less than 5 francs yearly in direct taxes, and two supplementary votes were allowed for certain professional qualifications. This system practically disenfranchises over 100,000 men who are married, but who do not pay the requisite amount of taxes, while at the same time it gives exaggerated influence to the clerical orders. Hence the Opposition, and more especially the Socialists, have declared their determination to do away with the law by constitutional means if possible, but by force, if necessary, and to compel the Government to introduce a bill for universal suffrage on the basis of one man one vote. At present the Clericals have a working majority of 18 in the Chamber of Representatives, which is divided into 85 Catholics, 33 Liberals and Radicals, and 34 Socialists. The Upper House has a still larger proportion of Catholics.

Church Problems in Switzerland

The new statistics for the Swiss republic report 1,918,191 Protestants and 1,383,135 Catholics. This compared with the last general census of twelve years ago is a nominal decrease of 12 per cent. for the former and a nominal increase of 10 per cent. for the latter. This change is, however, only relative and seeming, as the Protestants have shown a noteworthy emigration to Alsace and other manufacturing districts, and there has been a phenomenal immigration from Catholic South Germany. Switzerland shares with Germany a remarkable shifting of population, the capital and enterprise of the country being largely in Protestant hands and the laboring contingent being Catholic. Wherever the interests of the former are prosperous Protestantism grows at the expense of the Roman Catholic element; where common labor has exceptional prospects, the Catholic population always shows special strength. Only a few hundred in Switzerland reported themselves as "without confession," while 12,399 were Jews and 13,253 belonged to "other confessions." For years there had been, as was the case in Protestant Germany, a surplus of candidates for the ministry, but the decrease in the number of theological students at the universities has been so marked that this oversupply has given way to a dearth of pastors. The Church in general has been taking an active part in securing a decorous observance of the Sabbath, and the latest step in this direction has been the declaration on the part of the Church authorities at Zürich and elsewhere that they will no longer perform any marriage service on Sunday, as Sunday weddings have generally been attended with wild carousals. Church life is nowhere more active in the republic than in Geneva and in the Vaud Canton. In Geneva the Protestant Church has been compelled to meet the problem of increasing Ultramontane influence caused by the growth of immigration from the pronounced Catholic districts of France, as also a movement toward radicalism and rationalism, represented chiefly by the foreign element, particularly among the Russian and Slavic students. The question that has aroused the widest influence in Geneva and surrounding districts is that of women voting in church affairs, which of course is never allowed in State churches, and which even the free churches have forbidden. A radical innovation in this regard is now proposed by the conservative association, altho some of this class, notably Pastor

Chaponnière, the editor of the organ of the movement, the *Semaine Religieuse,* wants the suffrage rights of women restricted to the election of pastors. It is noteworthy that the "left," or the radical element in the Church, is opposed to the change, their organ, the *Progrès Religieux,* opposing it on the ground that the Church is under the jurisdiction of the State, and that in State affairs women have no right to the privilege. In reality the reason for opposition is the well known fact that the women contingent of French Protestantism is conservative and evangelical to the core and would add great strength to the positive side. Heretofore the radicals have been able to control Church affairs entirely in Geneva and in the Canton, and this supremacy would be endangered, or rather surely lost.

China's Apology to Germany

Prince Chun has apologized to Emperor William, and the insult to German honor in the person of Baron von Ketteler has been atoned. For some time after the arrival of Prince Chun in Europe the final ceremony was delayed because the Prince refused to prostrate himself before the Emperor, as was demanded. At last this part of the ceremonial was waived, and even those least friendly to Emperor William admit generally that he showed great dignity, altho equal severity, in his reception of the Chinese envoy. On the fourth of September Prince Chun made his official call at the palace in Potsdam. He was received without salutation by the guards, and the German Emperor remained seated during the apology. The buttons and epaulettes of his majesty's white uniform were covered with crape. Prince Chun bowed repeatedly as he approached the throne and appeared much agitated. The Chinese imperial address as read by the Prince was, in part, as follows:

"The Great Emperor of the Chinese Empire to His Majesty the Great German Emperor, greeting:

"Ever since the empires have been mutually represented by permanent legations we have stood uninterrupted in friendly relationship with one another, especially since the visit of Prince Henry, whom I had the privilege of receiving frequently and treating with on intimate terms. Unfortunately, in the fifth month of last year, the Boxers rebelliously penetrated into Peking and the soldiers joined them. The result was the murder of your majesty's Minister, Baron von Ketteler, a man who, as long as he occupied his post at Peking, paid careful attention to the interests of your countries, and to whom we are bound to pay our especial acknowledgments. We regret most deeply that Baron von Ketteler met so terrible an end among us. The fact that we were not in a position to take due protective measures was painful to our sense of responsibility. . . ."

In reply to Prince Chun's words on delivering this letter, the Kaiser said:

"It is no joyous or festive occasion, nor the fulfilment of a simple act of courtesy which brings your imperial highness to me, but a deeply melancholy and very serious event. My Minister to the court of the Emperor of China has been slain in the capital of China by the murderous weapon of an imperial Chinese soldier, acting under superior command—an unheard of crime, which is branded as infamous by international law and by the usages of all nations. From the mouth of your imperial highness I have just received an expression of the deep regret of the Emperor of China. I readily believe your imperial brother personally stood aloof from this crime and the subsequent acts of violence against the inviolable legations and peaceful foreigners. All the greater the guilt resting on his advisers and government. The latter must not delude themselves with the belief that they are able to obtain atonement and pardon for their guilt by the expiatory mission alone. They will be judged by their future conduct, in accordance with the laws of nations. If the Emperor of China conducts the government of his great empire henceforth strictly in the spirit of these prescriptions, then will his hopes be fulfilled and the results of the complications of the last year will be overcome, and between Germany and China, as formerly, peaceful and friendly relations will again prevail. In the sincere wish that this may be so, I bid your imperial highness welcome."

After this ceremonial apology was completed the Prince was received with some of the attentions of an ordinary royal visit. In diplomatic circles the Kaiser is thought to have come through a difficult affair with honor to himself.

China Protocol Signed

Another act of the Chinese tragi-comedy is really closed. A dispatch from Peking, September 7, declares that the Powers have signed the protocol. The meeting occurred at the Spanish Legation, to which the Chinese representatives, Li Hung Chang and Prince Ching, were borne in chairs with a large following of horsemen. Li Hung

Chang was so feeble that he had to be lifted from his chair by two men. The doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, Señor de Cologan, in a brief speech in behalf of the Ministers, expressed the hope that the present event would open a new era for China in her relations with the Powers. To this speech Prince Ching replied. The protocol, which consists of 12 articles with numerous annexes, plans, etc., goes over in detail the various terms to which China has consented during the course of the negotiations. The articles may be summarized as follows:

Article 1 refers to the appointment of Prince Chun as special ambassador to Germany to express the regrets of the Chinese Government for the assassination of Baron von Ketteler.

Article 2 gives the edicts by which the various authors of the crimes committed in Peking were punished.

Article 3 relates to the reparation for the assassination of Sugiyama.

Article 4 gives the agreement of China to erect monuments for the foreign cemeteries which have been desecrated. To this purpose China has already paid 15,000 taels.

Article 5 gives an edict (date blank) forbidding the importation of arms and ammunition for two years after edict, the time to be extended if necessary.

Article 6 refers to the indemnity of 450,000,000 taels and to the manner of raising the money and paying the interest.

Article 7 defines the area of the legation quarter and confirms the rights of the legations to have a defensible quarter reserved exclusively for foreign use.

Article 8 states that China has consented to raze the forts at Ta-ku and other forts impeding the communications between Peking and the sea.

Article 9 relates how China, on January 16th, conceded to the Powers the right to occupy the points necessary for maintaining open communication between Peking and the sea.

Article 10 declares that China has agreed to post during two years the edict of February 1st, prohibiting membership of any anti-foreign society on pain of death.

Article 11 relates to amendments in various commercial treaties.

Article 12 gives the edict, dated July 24th, which transformed the Tsung-li-Yamen into the Wai-wu-Pu, a board for foreign affairs with precedence over the six other Ministers of State.

Under the present agreement the foreign troops must evacuate public places, including the Forbidden City and the Summer Palace, before September 17th, and all the expeditionary troops in the provinces, except the permanent garrisons, must be withdrawn by September 22d. The Americans and British are permitted to occupy the temples until their barracks are completed.

The Dispute with Turkey

Nothing of real importance has occurred in the quarrel between France and Turkey, and the affair promises once again to lapse into insignificance. It is said, however, that a decree has been drawn up at Paris expelling a number of Turkish agents who have been employed to spy on the Young Turk Party. Furthermore, the Sultan has recalled Munir Bey to Constantinople. But, on the other hand, it is denied that any special tax has been imposed on the French religious orders in Turkey. Monastic institutions, which have no firman are by law subject to a tax of 10 per cent., and the local authorities have merely received orders to collect this tax impartially from all nationalities. It is asserted by the Vienna correspondent of the London *Times* that the present troubles are due to the overweening infatuation of the Sultan, which dates from the Armenian massacres five years ago. He was able at that time to impress his Moslem subjects with the belief that the Powers were afraid to interfere. The tide of Pan-Islamism was further encouraged by the visit of Emperor William to Constantinople, and by the feeling that Germany really sympathized with Turkish aims.—The Turkish Ambassador in London, Cosaki Anthopulo Pacha, has informed Great Britain that the recent action of a British warship in the Persian Gulf is incompatible with friendly relations. Holland, too, has its little quarrel with Turkey. She is demanding satisfaction for the violation of the Dutch Legation in Constantinople by Turkish police, who forced an entrance into the building while in pursuit of a man they wished to arrest.

"The Chinese Settlement" Once More

By the Rev. W. S. Ament, D.D.

Missionary of the American Board in China

THE time taken to bring the negotiations to a conclusion by no means seems "intolerably" long, as THE INDEPENDENT seems to think, when we consider the obstacles to be overcome. Sixteen nationalities besides China were involved, each with an equal vote upon the matters at issue. There were unusual provocations. The comparison with the case of Japan in 1894 seems unsatisfactory and inconclusive. Then only one nation had to settle with one nation, and the issues were comparatively clear and well defined. It was a discussion where one nation endured no great outrages from another. It was a struggle of diplomats where no great moral issues were involved. Even then the length of time taken drew on the patience of the world, and spring had passed along to late autumn before the end was reached. Here sixteen nations had been deeply injured by China, one foreign Minister had been barbarously killed, and all the other Ministers would have met the same fate had their engagement been kept. Two hundred and fifty foreigners, men, women and children, of many nationalities, peaceful and unarmed, law-abiding people, living within their treaty rights, were butchered under circumstances that shocked the world. Approximately thirty thousand native Christians, having broken no law and promised protection by a "paternal" government in the exercise of their religious duties, were swept out of existence with no one to lift a helping hand or utter a word of protest. Millions of dollars of property were destroyed and myriads of people driven from their homes and reduced to poverty. Treaties and promises were ignored and trampled under foot. If ever nations had the right to make stern demands, certainly the time, and the duty as well, had now arrived. Instead of magnifying their claims and doing as they might have done, the Powers have demanded nothing more than a fair return for actual expenditures and indemnity for actual losses sustained. Their moderation is a triumph of Christian civilization and is a standing wonder to many Chinese. Did China ever conquer a nation in the world's history without absorbing her territory? The Chinese authorities are able to realize now that their worst enemies have been the Boxers and their own soldiery, who destroyed more property by far than the foreign troops.

So far from the consent of China being "forced," at a very early date in the negotiations, the Chinese Commissioners told the Powers that whatever demands they wished to make the signature would be immediately forthcoming. If there was any pressure brought to bear by the presence of foreign troops, certainly it came from the nature of events for which they were not responsible, and which they did not initiate. The foreign negotiators were men, we have every reason to believe, who had the best interests of China at heart, and who did the best they could under the difficult conditions. The smaller nations caused as much delay as the larger or more. It was necessary to be unanimous in order to reach conclusions. The wonder is that this committee of sixteen men should come to any harmonious result. Considering the varied and conflicting interests at stake, the difficulty of dealing with a court five hundred miles away, the time taken to bring these negotiations to an end cannot be considered intolerably long.

It would have been most desirable if, as you suggest, the "first thing to be done" had been the removal of the Empress-Dowager and all her advisers of the Prince Tuan type and putting the young Emperor on the throne. That was the general sentiment and hope in Peking on the arrival of the allied forces, and its accomplishment was taken for granted. But it was not so easily achieved as supposed. It was not long before word was sent by Chang Chih Tung and the leading Viceroys of the south that the Empress-Dowager was not to be interfered with

and that to attempt to punish her would be to arouse the whole empire and involve the nations in a bloody war. Hence to demand the removal of the Empress-Dowager at that time seemed to all to be an unwise undertaking, and the results would not justify the effort. Furthermore, to demand that China, as a *sine qua non*, must enter upon a course of reform at the dictation and practically under the direction of foreign Powers would certainly be most irritating and militate against the constantly asserted doctrine of preserving the integrity of the empire. China must be left to work out her own salvation by her own methods, foreign nations giving only such help and encouragement as they are invited to do. It is easy to say, from a distance, what the Powers ought to have demanded, but it is safe to assert that the gentlemen who constituted the committee had as much political wisdom and were as sincerely desirous of a speedy and satisfactory settlement as any people at a distance. The last word from China is that many of the leading statesmen in China are not only decidedly in favor of reform, but what is better still, they dare affirm it now without fear of losing their heads. The recently issued program by the eleven Viceroys and Governors of different Provinces, under fourteen heads, indicates the sincerity of their motives.

With respect to the statement that "Russia has taken advantage of the opportunity to seize Manchuria," I can only say that this province is to-day under the Chinese Government with Chinese magistrates in office. Russian soldiers are there in considerable numbers, to be sure, but under the permission of the contract which antedates the Boxer uprising, which accords to Russia the right to place troops there to protect her railroad interests. As it is, Chinese officials are entirely inadequate to the settlement of the province after its centuries of misrule, and to-day, but for the assistance of the Russian soldiery, the province would be in a state of absolute anarchy. A Chinese official told me last spring that the Chinese would not mourn to see Manchuria go to Russia, as it had never paid expenses, and was a burden to the central Government. The Manchus value it highly as the ancestral home of their dynasty, but the Chinese look upon going there as an exile. Its resources have never been developed by China nor a good government inaugurated.

The United States, Great Britain and Japan have been selected for commendation for their moderation in claims for indemnity and desire for reform. The reasons for such selection are not given. The United States sent 2,500 troops to China, mostly from Manila, at comparatively small expense, which computed in a liberal way would not exceed $5,000,000. The claim of the United States was presented for $25,000,000. This hardly accords with her posing as a better friend of China than some of the other Powers. Japanese soldiers had not been in Peking three days before they discovered the treasure in the Board of Revenue (overlooked by the British) and carried to their legation the sum of 7,000,000 taels of silver. She could well afford to be generous in her demands on China when that one haul would nearly recoup her for all her war expenses.

That there will ever again be a great national combine against foreign nations, as last year in China, is very unlikely. Local uprisings may take place and sporadic disturbances, but the Chinese are satisfied with their experiment of 1900, and will never repeat it. As for atrocities committed by "so-called Christian nations," it is true not only of General Chaffee, but of all the foreign generals that, after they reached Peking, special care was taken to prevent lawless behavior on the part of the troops, and strict discipline was enforced. The writer lived under four different flags, Japanese, German, Russian and Italian, and saw enough to condemn, but also enough to assure him that these were exceptional instances and that on the whole the conduct of foreign troops in Peking was most commendable. From Tientsin to Peking, during the march when the troops were uncertain of the fate of the 800 people in Peking, they were severe in their treatment of the Chinese; but the punishment fell upon the riverine population, the most thievish and ill-deserving of all the peoples in North China. But put together all the misbehavior of the foreign troops, it will bear no comparison with the bald villainies and shameless inhumanity of the Chinese soldiery and Boxers. Many women, suicided or murdered, have been laid to

the discredit of foreign soldiers who were the victims of the Chinese. The defeated Chinese soldiery, fleeing northward from Tientsin and westward from Peking, were worse than an army of locusts. Women drowned themselves in groups to escape them, to my certain knowledge, and their villages can be pointed out. The country was denuded of all its animals and all the pawn shops were in part or totally looted before the foreign troops arrived on the scene. On the contrary, before the allies had been long in Peking, strings of refugees could be seen coming from the foreign camps, where they had been to receive food to keep them from starving. The city was cleaner within a few weeks after their arrival than it had been before in centuries.

In Shansi the outrages committed on women, foreign and native, of which the Governor, Yu Hsien, was both spectator and participant, beggar description. Delicate women were strung on poles and carried like swine. Aged men and women were chopped into many pieces and thrown to dogs or into the ditches. High officials did not hesitate to insult and browbeat, before murdering, the victims brought into their presence. To say that foreign soldiery committed atrocities worse than these that have been and might be related is far from the truth.

The outlook may be briefly summed up. The court expects to return to Peking, as all signs indicate. The Forbidden City is in process of repair and cleaning and native banks are opening their doors, a most favorable sign. The party for reform is gaining strength and confidence, has a defined program, and the lines between it and the anti-progressives are more clearly drawn. New ideas are usually born into a nation's life through blood and struggle. China will be no exception to the universal law.

Owosso, Mich.

Themes of Talk in England

By Justin McCarthy

IF the line from Shakespeare which tells us that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" could possibly need any new illustration, such might surely be found in the story of the Empress Frederick, whose death is just now calling forth fresh mourning in England. The late Empress, or rather Dowager Empress, had worn the Imperial Crown of Germany but for a short time. She was the Princess Victoria, eldest child of the late Queen Victoria, and elder sister of King Edward VII, for whom the British Government have been devising new titles. Those who have read the Highland journals of Queen Victoria will remember many amusing and some touching passages about "dear little Vicky," then in her early childhood. Little Vicky became the German Empress, whose death from a terrible disease has lately caused sincere public sorrow throughout England. She married the late Emperor Frederick, the famous German Crown Prince, who displayed such splendid qualities of generalship in the Prussian campaigns first against Austria and then against France.

Frederick succeeded his father, the first German Emperor, under the new system which brought Prussia to the front and shut Austria out of Germany—the German Emperor who was crowned in captured Versailles. Frederick had displayed gifts of statesmanship as well as generalship, which seemed to promise the coming of another great Frederick in the history of Germany, but he was seized very soon after his succession to the Imperial Crown by the same terrible malady which has now brought his wife to the grave. I can well remember seeing him coming to one of the great windows in the Royal Palace at Berlin, and holding up his little boy, now German Emperor, for the admiration of a vast crowd assembled in the streets beneath. That was in the far off days immediately following the famous coronation at Königsberg of Frederick's father, King William I, who was afterward to be crowned as German Emperor at Versailles. The

marriage of the Crown Prince Frederick with the Princess Victoria of England appears to have been a genuine love-match, and, so far as these two hearts were concerned, it might have been one of supreme happiness. But the Princess Victoria entered the German Royal family at a trying time, and her life was one of intense anxiety and trouble. From the very first she was unpopular in Germany. During my earliest visit to Berlin and in all later visits I heard only the same story about the unpopularity of the

THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK

Crown Princess. She was a woman of remarkable capacity, with advanced and enlightened views on political and social questions. She was a Liberal in politics, and she soon came into antagonism with the views and the purposes of Bismarck and with the antiquated feudalism of the King. Bismarck was her enemy, and made no secret of his enmity. She had courage and spirit and would not give in, and her life was for many years a struggle against the great Imperial Chancellor.

Her husband thoroughly shared her ideas; he was strongly opposed to the autocratic system and to the medieval fashions of repressing free speech, which were dear to his father and to his father's great Minister. Altho a splendid and successful soldier, he found no joy in war, and his one ambition was to make Germany a great, free and peaceful State, leading the way in civilization and enlightenment. With his too early death his widow had no longer any place in public life, and she must have known for years that her own doom was approaching. The death of her brother Alfred Ernest, Duke of Edinburgh, and afterward Duke of Saxe-Coburg, by a malady of the same nature as that which had carried off her husband, threw its fearful shadow over her declining years. Her death, when it came, must have been welcome to her. She was by far the most gifted intellectually of all the children of Queen Victoria, and she might, under happier auspices, have made a noble figure in history.

The session of Parliament is drawing to its close—will probably have reached its close before this article accomplishes its voyage to New York. It has been a long and a barren session. Indeed, if one were only to say that it has been a barren session he would be paying it an extravagant compliment, for it has certainly given birth to some monstrosities. It has accomplished the passing of some new rules which promise to make the Parliament of England nothing but the passive instrument for carrying out the will of an autocratic Government. The new rules only tend to limit more and more the right of the House of Commons to any effective voice in the voting of supplies. The great constitutional change which was effected when William III came to the throne of England was the system which compelled the sovereign and the Government to depend on the free vote of the representative assembly for the money with which to carry on the administration of public affairs. The new rules which have been forced on the House by the Tory Government have apparently for their object to bring us back to the condition of things which prevailed under the Stuart dynasty. The avowed object of the Ministry is to prevent their course of policy from being impeded or obstructed by any discussion or opposition on the part of the minority. But any one who knows anything of the history of the English Parliament must

know that every great reform and every great improvement hitherto accomplished in English legislation has been the work in the first instance of a brave and intelligent minority. For session after session the minority seem to be striving in vain, but by persistent debate they make their views gradually better and better known to the country at large; they instruct and enlighten public opinion; and one day the minority are turned into a majority, and the needed reform is accomplished.

Now, however, the Tory Government declare that they cannot have their business interrupted by argument and debate, and that the restrictive power of the closure must be tightened more and more in order to enable the Government at any moment to say that their proposals must be accepted without debate. Of course if this object could really be accomplished it then would be obviously a saving of time, temper, money and trouble to desist altogether from summoning Parliament and let the Ministry manage the affairs of the country in their own way. But it is impossible to believe that such a policy could be successful in the England of our days —it is impossible to believe that any genuine reaction could take place among the English people of our time against the principle of representative government. The Ministry have succeeded thus far only because of the South African campaign, and the fervor of jingoism which it has called into action. The leaders of the Government in the House of Commons have only to say that every one who opposes any of their demands is an enemy of his country and a partisan of the Boers and the member of Parliament who has no very clear opinions of his own is ready to vote for anything rather than incur the reputation of being a traitor to the British flag. The country will recover from this curious condition of mental upset and will begin to ask itself in calmer and more reasonable mood whether the extinction of the two South African Republics is really worth the temporary extinction of English constitutional liberty.

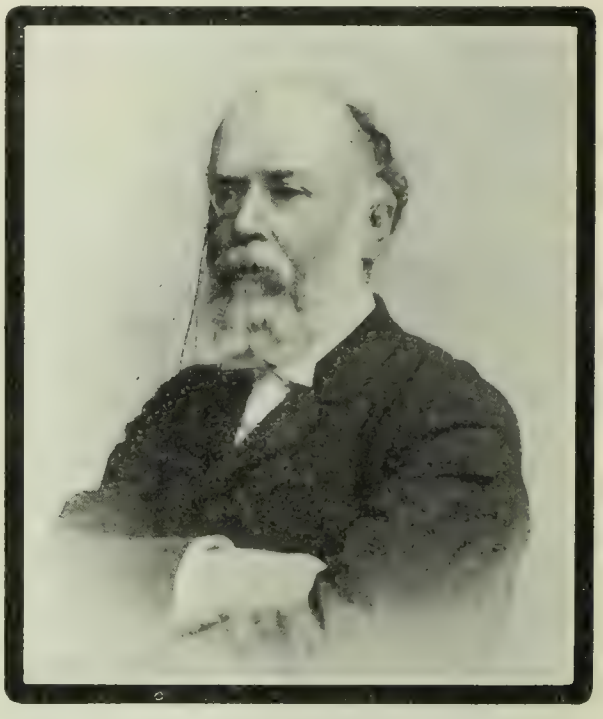
One of the rising men in the House of Commons is Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles. During the last few weeks he has signalized himself by delivering one of the most brilliant philippics against the Tory Government which have been heard in Parliament for many sessions. The success derives an additional piquancy from the fact that Mr. Bowles—Tommy Bowles as he is familiarly called in and out of Parliament—is himself a member of the Tory party. He has been distinguishing himself of late by his persistent complaints against the Government because they would not pay sufficient attention to his representations about the inadequate condition of the defenses of Gibralter. All these attacks culminated in his latest and most powerful arraignment of the ministerial policy in general delivered by him within the last few days. The speech was a rattling, audacious, and really brilliant invective against the Government and against the flock of weak and brainless followers who trot after the leader whithersoever he chooses to lead as the sheep shuffle along after the bell-wether. Bowles clinched his denunciation by a most telling and appropriate quotation from Bolingbroke, which illustrated with peculiar and unexpected effect this idea of the flock and their leader. Mr. Bowles has been for a long time in the House of Commons, and is a familiar figure in London society. Every one who knows him knew him to be a man of remarkable capacity for Parliamentary debate with a certain eccentricity of political action which gave him a new attraction in the eyes of the unconcerned lookers-on. Cynical observers were apt to say that Tommy Bowles thought he ought to have obtained a place in the present Ministry, and that his exclusion from office had lent a new impulse to his patriotic independence.

Judging from my personal knowledge of Mr. Bowles I should be inclined to regard him as a sincere politician, who has become more and more impatient because of the recklessly despotic action of the Government. But if the cynical observers are right, then I cannot help thinking that the leaders of the Government only added one other to their many mistakes when they failed to see that it would be much better to have Tommy Bowles as a contented member of their body than as an independent and dissatisfied critic of their policy. He has infinitely more brains, more ready wit, more gift of eloquent phrase-making, and a more bitter tongue than the vast majority of the men

on his side of the House, and he can do the present Government more harm than all the Cecils and all the family connections of Mr. Chamberlain now in office could be counted on to do good. Mr. Bowles's position in life and his private means will always enable him to face the risk and expense of contested elections, and if he is really disappointed at his exclusion from office his is not the disappointment merely of a poor man who wants official salary, but that of a man of ability and ambition, who feels that he has been unfairly passed over and deliberately neglected by those to whom he is capable of rendering signal political service. Whatever may be said against him, there is this much to be said for him, that he has undoubtedly enlivened the political atmosphere, and has created a new sensation for an outwearied Parliament and public. We can all afford to be thankful to him for that much at least.

Another member of the Tory party who has been giving occasion for much talk of late, altho in quite a different way, is Sir John Gorst. Sir John Gorst holds office in Lord Salisbury's administration. He represents in the House of Commons the department of National Education, at the head of which is the Duke of Devonshire who, of course, sits in the House of Lords. Why the Duke of Devonshire should be placed in such a position can only be explained on the principle set forth by a character in the once famous Grande Duchesse, who explains that he has been appointed master of a school in order that he may learn something. The Duke of Devonshire during his long career in the House of Commons as Lord Hartington certainly never gave any indications of a scholastic disposition or of any personal interest in what Bacon calls "the advancement of learning." Sir John Gorst, who is but a mere underling in the Duke of Devonshire's department, is, on the other hand, a man of great natural ability, of high culture and of general enlightenment. Intellectually I should say he is one of the foremost men in the present Government and in the whole Tory party, and I know that he has a deep interest in the spread of education and a remarkable aptitude for the work. But the present Government have of late been doing all they can to render impotent and worthless the efforts of the National School Boards to spread a genuine education among the poor, and to Sir John Gorst falls the melancholy task of defending their stupid and reactionary policy in the House of Commons. To judge by his recent speeches Sir John Gorst seems as if he could find no better way to accomplish this distasteful duty than by treating the whole subject with contempt and trying to turn it into ridicule.

"How is this?" we are all asking ourselves. Is it that Sir John Gorst finds



SIR JOHN GORST

himself absolutely powerless in his department and fancies that he can do nothing better for the national service than to convey the idea that the department as at present managed is only a fit subject for public laughter? Is he, too, a disappointed man—disappointed because he has always been kept as an underling instead of being placed where his own intellect and parliamentary capacity ought to place him, at the head of one of the State offices, and is it a relief to his mind to treat the whole business as a fitting subject for burlesque? To some of us who have had opportunities of meeting Sir John Gorst and studying his capacity any explanation however fantastic seems more worthy of acceptance than the idea that he is not really sound on the question of popular education, and that he is

not thoroughly qualified for the work of its advancement.

I have not left myself much space for literary subjects, and literature is not indeed an appropriate theme in the present condition of English feeling. But I must say a few words about a delightful little volume of prose-poems, called "In Arcady and Out," which has just made its appearance. It is composed of charming phantasies which present themselves to us in the form of short stories and seem to tell us at once of the painter and the poet. The connection, indeed, will appear quite natural when we learn the name of the author. "In Arcady and Out" is the work of Oliver Madox Hueffer, the grandson of Ford Madox Brown, the founder of the pre-Raphaelite school of painting and nephew of the three Rossettis, Dante Gabriel, Christina and William Michael, the latter of whom is still living. No wonder that young Oliver Madox Hueffer should unite in his artistic productions the qualities of the painter and the qualities of the poet. The name of this young author brought back once again to me bright recollections from dear old days when I was happy enough to be admitted to the companionship of Ford Madox Brown and the literary and artistic friends whom he gathered around him. Oliver Madox Hueffer's father was a close friend of mine for many years. He married one of Madox Brown's daughters, and William Rossetti married another. The elder Hueffer was himself a very remarkable man. He was a German who had settled in London, could write English as if he had been British-born, and contributed many articles in French to the *Revue des Deux Mondes.* He was for many years musical critic for the *Times.* An early death cut short his promising career. I am sure my American readers will thank me for calling their attention to the fresh poetic little book just written by his son.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

British Comfort at Sea

By Poultney Bigelow

AUTHOR OF "CHILDREN OF THE NATIONS," "WHITE MAN'S AFRICA," ETC., ETC.

. . . So I strapped my little typewriter under the saddle of my bicycle and hurried away to New Haven (Sussex, not Connecticut) to catch the steamship "Calvados," which was advertised to sail at half-past seven in the evening and to reach Caen, in Normandy (the captain and steward pronounced Caen as tho referring to the brother of Abel), at daybreak of the following morning.

It was a lovely trip for a cyclist over the breezy hills of Kent, past venerable farm houses whose architecture recalled the fact that it was from this county that New England brought the builders who gave us the so-called *Colonial* style. Brede Hill lay in my path, where Stephen Crane spent some of the last period of his brief life, and where I wondered if its villagers ever heard of Bunker Hill; not far off were the homes of Henry James and the author of "Lit-the Lord Fauntleroy." At Lewes I wheeled past the house where the many-sided renegade Tom Paine lived as a British functionary, and in good time drew up alongside the "Calvados" and applied for a berth. In the main cabin of this craft sat the chief steward with his cap on his head chatting with a good-looking stewardess. They kindly informed me that the ship would not sail that night—they could not even say if it would sail on the following morning. It was a Tuesday evening, and the Monday before had been a so-called "Bank Holiday," consequently it was regarded as the proper thing that indulgence should be extended to all wage-earners while recovering from the effects of the normal holiday drink. The stevedores on the wharf were unloading a precious cargo of French fruit, butter, cheese and other food supply in a drowsy and casual manner, tossing the little baskets as tho they were footballs in the hands of weary and incompetent players. The chief mate explained the situation by telling me:

"We can't get no more work done nowadays—these 'ere men is too proud to work—we offer them any price—a shilling an hour—they'd rather go and get drunk—last boat was fixed the same way—full cargoes, and no one to unload them."

The mate was a good broad-faced sailor, one of that noble international type produced by life on the high seas and contact with many ports.

The run from New Haven to Caen is but a trifling hundred miles, less than from New York to Albany or New London, but it is across dangerous water, and calls for resourceful seamanship.

When I found that there was no chance of sailing that night, and that furthermore the steward could not even furnish a warm dinner or supper, and that baggage would not be allowed aboard until the cargo had been cleared out of her, I left my knapsack by way of reserving a bunk and tramped away from the docks to the town proper, to hunt up the chief hotel where I fondly anticipated a comfortable meal after a forty-mile bicycle run.

The hotel is famed for having entertained Louis Philippe in 1848—one more of the many crowned heads who have braved the horrors of the British cuisine and the channel service rather than the fury of their loyal subjects. In the "coffee-room" I was approached by a kinky-headed waitress who acted as tho she expected of me nothing less than a marriage proposal, which not receiving she answered my request for a hot meal by referring me to two cold joints on the sideboard—ham and beef. She said there was nothing hot, nor could it be procured. But finally by intercession at headquarters I was humored to the extent of fried ham and eggs—the ham from Kansas City, the eggs from Hungary, some bread of Minnesota flour, and butter from Denmark. It was a scrappy meal compared to what I should have found in a town of corresponding importance in America, but I'm not complaining. These are but philosophic notes to contemporary history.

There entered a stern-looking lady of full age and dimensions, the type cataloged as "Femina Britannica severa." She scowled at me, not in malice, but merely according to the local custom by way of staving off any possible conversational effort. She took her seat at the very furthest possible point from me, and was soon busy with her cold meal. It had meantime grown dark, and I had ordered a lamp. Of course, out of my narrow provincialism I offered to share the light with my matronly companion, but received a crushing snub which was no more than I deserved. Then entered two British clergymen who huddled themselves into the most isolated spot left in the room, who ate their cold meal, washed down with copious draughts of whisky and water in a manner calculated to leave the impression that it was a criminal offense to notice one's fellow-creatures, or converse above a whisper in a British dining-room.

When I got back to the good ship "Calvados" I ventured to call for sheets and pillows, that I might turn in. The steward had never heard of such strange luxuries; of course, I did not tell him that such things were quite common in the smallest coasting craft of China and Japan, and that even the American barbarians regarded them as matters of course. However, I slept just as well on the plush of the cabin seats with a handkerchief to protect my head from the bacilli of the common cushion and a ship's rug over me.

Perhaps you think I am describing some intermittent "tramp steamer?" On the contrary, the "Calvados" is the property of one of the greatest railway companies in England, a twin-screw modern craft comparing favorably with the average cross-channel passenger steamer. What I write is merely to indicate that strange atrophy of British enterprise, that curious lack of imagination, that extraordinary dullness of national spirit which permits British commerce and manufacture to lag many years behind the age, while Germany and the United States march forward to new industrial victories.

When I woke next morning it was with the sound of feminine voices and the clatter of teacups on the cabin table. Ladies were taking their breakfast in the stuffy cabin wherein men were sleeping in various stages of undress, and not even protected by a curtain from the general public. My modesty has survived several strains, some in Zululand, where

the ladies take off a necklace by way of *déshabillé;* the natives of the French West Indies are pretty free in the exposition of chocolate statuary; in Hungary the cold Anglo-Saxon rapidly adjusts himself to the manifestation of a more fervid femininity—but never—not even in Japan—did my system receive so violent a shock as on waking up in the cabin of the "Calvados" I found the cold stare fixed upon me of the severe lady who had repelled me with so much prudery the night before. There she sat toying with a cup of alleged tea, apparently triumphing in the confusion which I sought in vain to conceal. I covered my head with the highly unsanitary ship's blanket, but could feel those cold Britannic eyes making vain my buttress.

Up rose from his couch a fellow-man at last, and that gave me courage.

"Steward," called he, "what coffee have you got? French or English?"

"English, sir," replied the steward with patriotic emphasis.

"Then give me tea," answered the experienced man with resignation.

Under the shelter of this diversion I raked together a few accessories, wrapped the microbious blanket about me like a squaw, and sneaked swiftly past the battery of maiden modesty, out into the passage-way, and thence into an apartment, partly closet, partly wash basins—so far as odor was concerned they could be distinguished only by the eye.

When I returned I, too, called for tea, and after tasting it felt like crying with my friend: "If this be tea, bring me coffee; if it be coffee, bring me tea."

The ship was twelve hours late in starting, and consequently correspondingly late at the other end. No effort had been made to advertise this change of time, and there was consequently an obvious disposition to vent one's feelings in language embodying the letter rather than the spirit of Holy Writ. For my part I tightened my belt, and waited patiently with an appetite that increased with every diminution of waist measurement.

The "Calvados" touched French territory at Oyesterham, an insignificant village at the mouth of the Canal de Caen. It was early in the afternoon, and the French of this neighborhood lunch usually at half-past eleven. So with some trepidation I raised my hat to Madame Janvier at the Hôtel de la Marine, and begged to know would she give me something to eat.

"*Mais, certainement, tout de suite;* what would monsieur like to have? It was rather late, but if monsieur would wait a few minutes. . . ."

Then followed a *déjeuner à la fourchette,* commencing with *hors d'œuvres;* then an *omelette aux fines herbes* of the most delicate quality; then a grilled sole with a sauce calculated to undermine any average resolution; then some lamb cutlets with potatoes that melted away between the teeth, and finally an excellent Camembert, with a plate of fruit such as the swellest restaurant in London could not have matched at any price.

It was such a treat! Not merely that the food was excellent—perfectly cooked and eaten under a canopy in the fine salt air. But there was Madame Janvier taking an interest in my existence, or, if she did not, she acted the part so well that I loved her if only as an actress. She gave me unlimited cider, which is the custom throughout Normandy, and when I left she took ten per cent. from a bill which amounted only to the gross total of fifty cents, because I was a member of the highly-respected French Touring Club.

As I sat, radiantly happy in the thought of the culinary horrors behind me, my spirits rose so high that not even the invasion of two British tourists could seriously modify my merry mood.

Madame Janvier proceeded to serve each with the same meal that had made me joyous and commenced with placing before them about ten inches of a choice and costly sausage carefully wrapped in tinfoil. It was a rich piece of "*délicatessen*" ware, of which each guest was expected to shave off a very small fraction of an inch. The chief of the two savage Britons, to the horror of Madame Janvier, but in no way to my surprise, seized the succulent rarebit, cut it in two, and commenced to devour it as tho it had been a bit of coarse bread, and nothing else in sight. Even with my experience of the night before, my regard for Madame Janvier roused in me the reckless determination to offer an explanation, so I leaned across and in a voice intended to be amiable said I presumed this

was their first visit to France. Their answer was a monosyllabic affirmative.

"Then," said I, "it may interest you to know that you are eating the first of five courses, all of which are included in the one price for a *déjeuner.*"

By the time the bearing of this well-meant piece of information was perceived by my rigid-featured fellow-travelers the savory sausage had disappeared, and in the background I discerned a sorrowful group made up of the cook, chambermaid, boots and waiter, at the center of which stood Madame Janvier controlling her feelings with the pride of an artist, yet obviously calculating her losses.

The rest I will tell you some other time.

SOMEWHERE IN NORMANDY.

Two Men of Revolutions

By Col. J. I. Dias Barcenas

CONSUL FOR VENEZUELA AT PHILADELPHIA

[Colonel Barcenas, whose comments in these pages recently upon the "Situation in Venezuela" were so illuminating, is now in receipt of correspondence directly from the scene of the trouble in South America. His intimate personal acquaintance with all the men concerned, and this latest direct information, make his study of the personalities of General Castro and General Uribe of peculiar value.—EDITOR.]

THERE are several reasons why the struggle now being waged in South America, closely involving Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador, should intimately interest the people of the United States. In the first place there is the consideration which must appeal most strongly: the commercial—it might almost be called the selfish—one. The trouble between Colombia and Venezuela has had, and will have, the effect of stopping a flow of capital into South America which not long ago bid fair to supply the germ of a new life of trade, in Venezuela at least. Once the country returns to its normal condition it is not to be doubted that the march of enterprise will be resumed. It will mean much to South America; and it follows that it will mean much to the Northern Continent.

In all, between thirty and forty millions of dollars are about to pour into Venezuela, and a large amount into Colombia and Ecuador, as soon as the conditions are such as to encourage capital. Yet the people of these countries are content to wait. They are willing to sacrifice present gain to the principle which looks toward future security.

And herein is contained the strongest reason why the people of the United States should be interested in South American affairs. The men who stand out pre-eminent in the present imbroglio—who have been in the forefront of patriotic movements for many years—are stern figures, hewn from the same sort of material as that of which real founders of States are made. To those unfamiliar with South American conditions the true worth of these leaders may not be apparent. And a brief summary of their careers may serve to throw new lights not only upon their characters, but upon the existing state of affairs in Venezuela and its neighboring republics.

Towering above all others in South America to-day by force of personality and devotion to conviction are General Cipriano Castro, the President of Venezuela, and General Uribe Uribe, leader of the Liberal party in Colombia. The one is fighting to maintain that prosperous peace to the establishment of which he gave many years of his life; the other is waging a war which seeks similar ends, but has thus far failed of the success that has come to the Venezuelan leader.

General Castro was born forty-five years ago in the State of Los Andes. His education was as thorough as time and place would permit. From his earliest years he favored the science of political economy, with that which was its concomitant study in South America—warfare. In early manhood he gave ample evidence of the possession of an energetic

temperament that required—nay, demanded—an outlet in public work. In Los Andes he soon became a leader, and succeeded in forming a local party, called "Castristas." In the administration of the affairs of State in Los Andes he always held a high position. His earnestness and undeniable sincerity won him a wide good-will. He was sent to the Venezuelan Congress as deputy, and that was the beginning of his national career.

The first time I saw General Castro was in the sessions of the Congress of 1889. I felt the force of his magnetism, and knew instinctively that here was a man born to be a leader. It was not his physique that attracted—he is short, very

GEN. CIPRIANO CASTRO,
President of Venezuela
(By permission of El Economista Internacional.)

short, not more than five feet five inches in hight, and his form, if not weak, is slender. The two qualities in him that commanded attention, even at that time, were his nervous energy and his readiness in debate. On all matters concerning the welfare of his country he was fluent. His speech was copious and emphatic. Facts and figures came to him as by magic, and there were no false deductions. Castro is the born orator. His style is nervous and tense, at all times of public speaking, and the flash of his eye shows a determination stamping everything he says as that which he means. In the Congress of 1889 he made many telling speeches, each phrased in the crisp, short sentences peculiar to him. From that time he was a factor in the affairs of Venezuela.

Unfortunately the Government of Palacio, under which Castro had begun to show his worth, lasted only two years. It was in 1890 that Castro indicated his superior mind and his unflinching courage. In Venezuela the administration of Palacio was known as "The Age of Gold." Castro believed in it, and when Crespo began his campaign against Palacio General Castro was the last to leave the field. Crespo, who had overcome every other antagonist, could subdue but could not conquer him. He retired to his plantation near San Antonio, on the Venezuelan boundary line, knowing the struggle to be unequal and at that time hopeless. For six years he remained there, awaiting the hour when opportunity should ripen, meanwhile formulating plans that were destined to revolutionize the affairs of his country. In these six years he prepared himself for a great work.

Here, then, was the man. The opportunity came in 1899, during the administration of President Andrade.

For some time General Castro had been in communication with General Garbiras, the leader who has since been stamped a traitor for captaining Colombian troops against Venezuela. Garbiras was a Venezuelan soldier and an enemy to Crespo. They had intended to join forces in order to put down Crespo's tyrannical government. This was in 1893, and Garbiras occupied a higher political place than did Castro. He had been President of his State, had served as Senator, and had been one of the arbitrators sent to Spain for the adjustment of the boundary dispute between Venezuela and Colombia. Garbiras felt, therefore, that in any revolutionary movement he and not Castro should be the leader, because of his record. In a letter to Castro he expressed his views on this point. I remember one paragraph of General Castro's answer. It was:

"My Dear Garbiras: I have carefully read your letter and I am surprised to note your statement that, because a man is an ordinary soldier, he cannot become to-morrow a sergeant, a colonel, and even a chief."

In that letter Castro presented a program of action which comprised a complete scheme of government. He told Garbiras, in effect, just how he should administer the affairs of the country

should he ever come to have the authority. These things became public in Venezuela when Castro had risen to the Presidency, and the people wondered to see how closely, with him, the real had followed the ideal. His observance to-day of promises made several years ago shows at least that General Castro possesses the qualities of successful ruler in a South American Government, for, above all, he has adhered to the principles for which he declared.

When General Castro took up arms against Andrade in 1899 the State of Los Andes was with him, practically to a man. He organized the army and drilled it upon his own plantation. The determination that was part of his character was well illustrated in the device which, at his direction, every one of his soldiers wore on his hat. It read:

"From San Antonio to Caracas!"

It meant a march of 1,000 miles, a task which was deemed impossible of performance. But Castro's was not an idle boast. He reached Caracas with his army, and it is interesting to observe that he followed the same path as did Bolivar, the Liberator of Venezuela, in the war of independence, on his march from Colombia. Viewed in all its aspects this campaign is considered the most successful and remarkable that Venezuela has had in its history.

From the beginning of the revolution General Castro was known to his troops as "Cavito"—the little corporal—and their fondness for him was akin to that of Napoleon's army for their great commander. None of his soldiers spoke of him as General Castro; it was always "Cavito." He had a kind word for them always; and, while dignity was a part of his personality in office and afield, yet his relations with the army were of a nature approaching the intimacy of friendship.

The agricultural and business interests of Venezuela never suffered from war where Castro commanded. Not a little of his popularity may be traced to the active remembrance of honorable dealing in times of travail. He took nothing for his army for which he would not pay, and he paid cash for everything. In South America this excited the utmost surprise; it was a departure from the custom of revolutionary leaders.

After the battle of Tocupitos, which was the decisive action between the troops of Castro and Andrade, the Los Andes chief was thrown from his horse. The animal fell upon him and broke his leg. He suffered great pain; but his first thought was for his victorious soldiers. They were encamped near the city of Valencia, and in an outlying district was a rich cattle-breeder. He sent to him for 250 head of cattle to feed his army, and, with his order, he dispatched 250 twenty-dollar gold pieces, a thing which constituted an event of almost national moment in the history of revolutions.

The cattle-breeder was surprised. He sent the cattle, and with them 250 more, as a present. General Castro returned them with thanks.

"I need only 250," was his message. "And those I have paid for."

It was a course of conduct modeled on similar high principles that won the esteem of his countrymen and established him in their confidence. Yet when Castro entered Caracas the conditions promised little. Every one was discouraged after the strife and tribulation that had formed so large a part of the administrations of Crespo and Andrade. But the new President showed speedily that he was the logical ruler of the country—the man demanded by the situation. He brought together the broadest and most progressive statesmen of the country; and, in less than two years, succeeded in placing Venezuela well on the road to a real prosperity.

All his Ministers were men of reliability and, unlike some of his predecessors, President Castro did not fear to surround himself by brilliant, able associates in the work of rebuilding a republic. Eduardo Blanco, one of the most notable writers of South America, an intimate friend of the President, who had co-operated with him to carry on most of his projects, was made Minister of Foreign Affairs. His diplomatic skill has called forth encomiums in both Europe and America, and Arocha, Minister of Progress, and Velutini, Minister of the Interior, are other able aids in Castro's work.

He is the sort of a leader who will hear

what his subordinates have to say, and weigh it well. But he does not wait for any Minister to take the initiative. His plans are generally well made and clearly outlined in his mind. Frequently he supplies a department with its policy before the head of it has conceived any complete line of action. In fact, he is both the titular and the real chief of the Venezuelan Cabinet. What is still better, perhaps, for Venezuela is the fact that President Castro enjoys the esteem and full confidence of his Ministers.

A glimpse of this faith is furnished in a letter which I recently received from Minister Blanco. It indicates great confidence in the solidity of the Government and the ability of Castro to preserve it. He says:

"The Government is almighty. General Castro will come out of the present trouble successful as ever in his undertaking. Our army is powerful, our country trusts us, and our idea now is to make of Venezuela the real republic for which we all have been yearning for so long. I consider the trouble with Colombia practically at an end."

To-day, as when a General in the field, President Castro is accessible to the humblest soldier in the army. His ways are extremely democratic. I have seen, in his governmental residence, a soldier come straight to him, in his own room, without any preliminaries of red tape, to make a request or register a complaint. For Castro fears no man, and the specter of assassination has not brought terror to his dwelling as it has to those of so many other South American leaders.

He never showed this in a more masterful way than at the time of his attempted murder during the Carnival, in February, 1899. He was riding in a carriage with his wife when a man, paid to kill him, leaped to the steps, pointed a revolver directly at him and fired twice. Castro, cool and imperturbable, threw up his arm, diverted the homicide's aim and scarcely changed color. The police rushed to the carriage and seized the man. As they were taking him away they endeavored to inflict summary, if not lethal punishment, upon him. General Castro jumped from his carriage.

"You must not harm that man," he said. "He is now in the hands of the law."

The General rode to the Presidential mansion, left his wife there and went out in his carriage alone, riding about until 7 o'clock, when he attended a ball. His course of conduct that day showed his utter disregard of fear, and his entire contempt for the political methods which could find room for the employment of assassins.

Señora Castro is well suited to be the wife of such a man. She, too, is brave and fearless. Highly educated, a thorough patriot, she loses no opportunity of advancing the cause of the Government of which her husband is the head. She is particularly interested in the affairs of the United States, and when the present troubles in Venezuela are at an end, I am informed, she will visit the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. This, in brief, is the story of the rise of one of the great men of South America.

The antithesis is found in the career of a patriot who may yet be set down as a martyr. At the age of sixty-five General Uribe-Uribe finds himself still battling for a principle against a power which, it would seem, he cannot overcome. In the United States some difficulty is always experienced in understanding these things. Here the differences of political opinion are settled with the ballot. In South America they are settled with the bullet. A peaceful battle—if I may use the term—at the polls fixes the supremacy of any party in this country. In the Southern Republics, particularly Colombia, the political leaders who hold to their office can be ousted, not by any appeal to the popular suffrage, but by an appeal to arms. At least this is the conclusion which must be arrived at by the student of Latin-American history.

For many, many years, General Uribe has been the idol of the Liberal party in Colombia; he should be, for to its cause he has dedicated his life. His immolation has been complete. The Conservative party, in Colombia, means the religious party. All the ingenuity of the ecclesiastics has been exercised to maintain its supremacy. Yet it is unpopular with the people, who largely believe that armed force alone keeps it in control. The attack of Colombian troops upon Venezuela, for instance, was an unpopular move. Should General Uribe succeed at last in overthrowing the Conservative administration the recent action will undoubtedly be repudiated,

And if the doughty old warrior should finally win victory he will be prepared to rule as ably as he has fought. For he is more than a soldier; he is an orator, a writer and a philosopher. His fiery speech has brought hundreds to his standard, time and time again. His writings have made him one of the most widely read men in South America, lending him an influence totally apart from that exerted by his warlike personality. His philosophy has strengthened him to meet defeat and sally forth again. Nothing

GEN. RAFAEL URIBE URIBE,

Leader of the Revolution in Colombia

(By permission of El Economista Internacional.)

but superior force of arms has ever given victory to his enemies. He, himself, has resolution enough for an army. I know that I am expressing the opinion entertained by thousands, not only in Colombia, but in Venezuela and Ecuador.

If there is anything to be said against this man of iron courage it is that his devotion to the Liberal cause approaches fanaticism. In his more than forty years of active work in behalf of what he believes to be true independence he has left nothing undone to accomplish its establishment. He has omitted nothing in either civil or military strategy. Even in defeat he has had his followers. Why this is so may be explained, partly, by an incident of which I was a spectator.

Some years ago I had the good fortune to hear General Uribe address a large meeting on a patriotic theme. He was telling his hearers how noble it was to fight, to suffer, to die for their country. He pictured, in graphic language, the mortal end of the body, dwelling on the fact that all must die sooner or later, and fall prey to the worms.

"Why then fear to see the red blood flow!" he exclaimed, in a burst of passionate eloquence. "Think how grand it is to be wounded while fighting for your country, your liberty, your honor. Ah, my friends, there is a decoration which no medal can equal—the scar which you carry to the grave! 'That,' you may say, 'I won in fighting for my country.' It is an honor which remains with you always."

With these and similar words, Uribe, even then a veteran in patriotism, stirred his hearers to enthusiasm. They cheered madly. While such a man lives and there are wrongs to be righted South America will have revolutions.

Among the hundreds of friends whom General Uribe has won are influential men in all parts of the world. He has made many visits to the United States, and is very well known in New York City. He has been through Venezuela several times, and is an intimate friend of General Castro. It has led certain of Colombia's political rulers to believe Castro gave him aid in his revolutionary movements. This I know to be untrue. He had the sympathy of the Venezuelan President, no doubt; but, beyond this, he asked for and received nothing. The Liberal party being the dominant one in Venezuela it is only natural that there should be much sympathy with the man who is so bravely trying to overthrow the Conservative administration of Colombia.

In Venezuela there was much surprise that Colombia should court trouble. It had its internecine warfare on its hands, and was facing a crisis in its relations with Ecuador. Now that Colombian affairs of State are so complicated, it is thought by many that General Uribe will at last achieve that victory for which he has so indomitably fought.

As affairs now stand in South America, it is to be expected that there will be other chapters to write concerning its two stalwart figures. From information which I have received from Venezuela it appears that the troops led by Garbiras

over the frontier were Colombians really authorized by the Government of Colombia. There were 6,000 men in 22 battles. General Castro, in three days, forced them back. He has pronounced Garbiras, his former ally, a traitor to the country. There is now an Ecuadorian army marching on Colombia, whether to fight or merely to protect the frontier from invasion is not known. Fresh opportunities will probably be afforded General Uribe. It is the gage of battle that he seeks. There the missions of the two patriots cease to bear resemblance.

In the story of South American affairs President Castro would figure as the man of peace; General Uribe's role must be that of the man of war.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Subsidy Problem in New York City

By the Hon. Bird S. Coler,

COMPTROLLER OF NEW YORK CITY

IT always gives me great pleasure to take advantage of any legitimate opportunity to sound the praises of New York City. Such an opportunity

BIRD S. COLER

certainly presents itself in any discussion of the public and private charities which that city supports. New York is the gateway of the nation through which passes every year the never ceasing stream of immigration. Thousands of the poor and ignorant of foreign lands reach New York every week. Most of them find at least a temporary resting place there. Eventually they may be in large part distributed throughout the nation; but many, if not most of them, remain in New York City for considerable periods of time, and it is during this stay that New York performs what is really a national service. The poor are relieved, the sick made well, and the ignorant are educated—largely for the ultimate benefit of other communities. The enormous amount of money which New York spends for education alone,—over twenty million dollars—is due in no small degree to the education of the children of these immigrants who thereafter seek homes in other States, and who have thereby become qualified to be good and useful citizens through the generosity of the people of New York City. Much the same causes lead to the large appropriations which the city treasury makes to private and public charities. This is especially true of hospitals and the great children's institutions. Largely on account of this constant influx of an alien population is due the fact that the charity problem of no other city in the world can be compared with that of New York City; and it is also true that in no other city in the world can there be found such free-handed generosity in dealing with all forms of charitable relief. To no inconsiderable extent the heavy burden of taxation borne each year by the taxpayers of New York is a gift to the nation; and it is to me inconceivable that the fu-

ture historians of our country and our people should fail to acknowledge this fact in terms of gratitude.

The growth of the subsidy system in New York followed closely upon the growth of foreign immigration. In 1850 the amount appropriated for the poor cared for in private institutions was only $9,863. This amount grew by decades as follows: In 1860, $128,850; in 1870, $334,828; in 1880, $1,414,257; in 1890, $1,845,870, and in 1900 (for Greater New York), $3,079,259. The subsidy system in charity was the outgrowth of necessity. The public institutions were inadequate in that they could not promptly respond to the rapidly increasing demands of charity. Private institutions could be and were quickly organized. For a time private benevolence stood nobly in the breach, but in so far as these private institutions were performing what was essentially a public service, it was inevitable that they should sooner or later seek public support. This support was granted; but in the granting of it no uniformity of rule or method was adopted. The subsidy system was not prearranged; and it was not the result of forethought; it was the gradual outgrowth of new conditions. It was like a house humble in its origin, but frequently added to from time to time until finally it sprawled all over the ground in ungainly amplitude. It is perhaps not too much to say that the city authorities last year tore down this ramshackle structure and erected in its place an edifice, of which, whatever its faults may be, it may be said that it is at least symmetrical.

Prior to the passage of the so-called Stranahan Act in 1899 the city had been appropriating various sums of money to private charitable institutions under special acts of the Legislature passed from time to time at the solicitation of individuals interested in these institutions. No uniform policy has been pursued in the passage of these acts. Different institutions received different rates of payment for precisely the same kind of charitable work. In some instances the Legislature had directed the city to pay money to certain institutions, the objects of which, tho of a charitable nature, were not of such a character as to warrant public subsidies. The institutions receiving these subsidies were not required to account to the city for the way in which their subsidies were expended, and the city officials possessed but little knowledge of the workings of these institutions. The whole subsidy system was characterized by an entire lack of system. The effect of the Stranahan Act of 1899, following the Constitutional amendment of 1894, was to grant to the local authorities full and ample power and discretion in the matter of making appropriations for charitable purposes, and to throw upon the city government the entire responsibility for these expenditures. This was an experiment not only interesting from the standpoint of those engaged in charitable work, but of genuine importance to the broader question of municipal home rule. I believe that all students of municipal government will watch with the deepest interest the results of this experiment and that upon its success or failure depends in no small degree the prospect of the citizens of New York City being able to wrest from the Legislature of the State the power of expending their own money for municipal purposes according to their own lights.

In rearranging and reapportioning appropriations for private charities in the budget for the year 1900, the Board of Estimate and Apportionment (which in New York City is the appropriating body) adopted the following principles:

First: All such appropriations should be included in the annual budget, which is raised directly by taxation, so that each item thereof could be under the easy scrutiny of the taxpayers. Hitherto, donations to private charities had in large part been made from the excise fund and other special funds which affected the tax levy only in an indirect manner, and which were, therefore, more or less removed from the critical inspection of the taxpayers.

Secondly: With scarcely an exception, all payments to private charitable institutions were measured by a system of per capita charges or by some other system of pro rata payment governed by the specific service performed. The schedule of payments now in force is as follows:

For infants under two years of age and for inmates of the infants' hospitals between the ages of two and five, per day	$ .38
For dependent children from two to sixteen years of age, per week	2.00
For delinquent children, for adult inmates of reformatories committed by the courts and for inmates in homes for fallen and friendless women, per annum	110.00
For maternity cases, per case	18.00
For homeless mothers nursing their own infants, per month	12.00
To hospitals for medical treatment, per day	.60
To hospitals for surgical treatment, per day	.80

The city has ceased to appropriate money for subsidizing homes for the aged. While this form of charity is in many respects a most worthy one, it was felt that it belonged properly to the realm of private benevolence. The city, through its several subdivisions, cares for the helpless aged in the almshouses, and while it is true that a natural prejudice exists against almshouses, and that entrance therein is a sad end for those who have led respectable lives, it was also recognized that the stigma of allowing a relative to go to the almshouse is in many cases a strong incentive to inducing persons to support their aged relatives at their own expense; whereas the same persons would actively seek to have such relatives admitted to a private home for the aged to which no such stigma attaches. At all events, it was felt that the maintenance of public almshouses and the subsidizing of private homes for the aged necessarily resulted in a kind of class distinction which is indefensible in a democratic community.

The City of New York has also ceased to contribute public moneys toward the support of private institutions engaged in work of outdoor relief. Many of these charities are also of a most worthy character, but they, too, belong rather within the scope of private benevolence, and the danger of fostering pauperism by the entrance of the city into this field is too great to be ignored. With the sole exception of small payments authorized to be made to the poor adult blind, the city is expressly prohibited by its charter from itself engaging in any form of outdoor relief, and the same principle which warrants this wise prohibition in the city's charter would seem to forbid the undertaking of this work in an indirect manner through private means. There have been thus far a few exceptions to this rule in regard to outdoor relief which have been recognized by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. Perhaps the most important exception relates to dispensaries. For many years dispensaries have been receiving grants of public money in the City of New York, and in the Borough of Brooklyn especially these grants had been of such magnitude that a public dependence upon this kind of outdoor relief had grown up to such an extent that its sudden abolition would have doubtless caused considerable suffering in certain quarters. Appropriations to dispensaries were, therefore, not abolished, but circumscribed and abridged. Instead of making donations in lump sums to dispensaries, the city adopted a rule appropriating each year to dispensaries amounts limited to fifty per cent. of the amounts received by them from private benevolence during the preceding year and not exceeding in any case fifty per cent. of the amount actually disbursed for dispensary purposes. This has had the effect of wiping out of existence a number of dispensaries of mushroom growth, which depended exclusively upon city money for support, while at the same time it has not crippled those private dispensaries which have been established upon a more substantial basis.

It is perhaps too soon to speak the final word in regard to the success of this experiment. Generally speaking, the new rules have been acquiesced in by the great private charities of New York with cheerfulness and good will. Considering the difficulties inherent in any radical change in the subsidy system, it has been surprising and a matter of sincere congratulation to note how few have been the objections or complaints which have been raised. In 1899 the amount actually expended by the city in aid of private charities was $2,886,229.30. Under the new system, first inaugurated in 1900, the Board of Estimate and Apportionment appropriated $3,079,259.60—it being uncertain at the time of making these appropriations just what the results of the new system would be. The actual amount expended in 1900, however, was $2,676,534.28, or $209,695.02 less than the amount expended in the preceding year, and $402,725.32 less than the amount appropriated.

Outside of the saving effected by striking from the list of beneficiaries institutions engaged in works of outdoor relief, the principal decrease in cost has been found in the great children's institutions. This has been due chiefly to a more careful system of inspection instituted by the Department of Public Charities, to a more careful supervision and audit of accounts by the Department of Finance and to the valuable assistance rendered to the city officials by private individuals and associations engaged in charitable work. The chief increase of cost under the new system—in fact, it may be said the only item of increase—is to be found in the subsidies to hospitals. The hospital problem is one of the most difficult phases of the subsidy system in New York. It is too intricate to be summed up in a few words, and the conditions are so different in the boroughs of the city that generalization is scarcely possible; but I may say that the difficulties of this side of the question are not so fundamental as to resist future solution in the hands of any intelligent Board of Estimate and Apportionment.

Speaking broadly, therefore, I may conclude by saying that the subsidy system of New York City has been greatly improved by intrusting its treatment exclusively to the local authorities; and that while it is still a proper subject for much criticism and improvement, there has been enough accomplished already to mark out a path upon which the most substantial and beneficial progress may be made in the future.

New York City.

Among Mayan Indians

By Frederick Starr, Ph.D.

Associate Professor of Anthropology in the University of Chicago

[Professor Starr has just returned from a trip to the Mayan Indians. We are glad to be able to give our readers this brief article before the publication of his book on the subject.—Editor.]

Of all North American Indians the Mayas and their linguistic kin had made the greatest advance in culture. The Mayan linguistic family is a large one. The Mayas proper lived in Yucatan; a score of related tribes—each with its own territory, language, customs and religion—occupied parts of the adjoining Mexican States of Vera Cruz, Tabasco and Chiapas, and of the areas now forming Guatemala and Honduras; and the Huaxtecas—a curious offshoot—lived near the Panuco River in what is known as the Huaxteca, in the States of Vera Cruz and San Luis Potosi.

These districts are now occupied by the descendants of those ancient tribes. Curiously, and accidentally, the Indians which we planned to study on our last Mexican expedition were all, with one exception, tribes of this Mayan family. Unlike our previous journeys it was broken into three sections, our work lying in widely separated areas. We first visited the Huaxteca; then, by a sea voyage, we reached Yucatan; lastly, after another sea voyage, a railroad journey and an ox-cart ride of nine days we penetrated into the State of Chiapas.

Our purpose was to study the physical types of six Indian tribes, by methods already used in preceding years among eighteen South Mexican tribes. We made measurements, pictures and busts. In each tribe we made measurements of one hundred men and twenty-five women, taking fourteen measures upon each subject. Of those persons who appeared to show best the racial type portraits were made—a front and a profile view of each; photographs were also made of groups of Indians, of occupations and industries, of houses and towns. In each tribe we made busts in plaster from living subjects, selecting always those five among the persons measured who appeared to be most typical. As the Mexican Indians are suspicious of strangers and superstitious of such investigations we naturally met with difficulties.

Yucatan, in January and February, is intensely hot and dry. The peninsula is of lime stone, and its surface is almost an

TZOTZIL
Huixtan, Chiapas

unbroken level; one ridge, but a few hundred feet in hight, traverses it from Campeche toward the northeast. Except where clearings have been made for town sites or plantations the land is clad with a dreary and monotonous thicket of low trees. At this season there is no surface water; there is but little at any time. There are no rivers. Towns used to depend for water upon the natural pools in underground caverns—*cenotes*—or upon rain water guarded in reservoirs. Today the country is dotted with wind mills from the United States, which pump subterranean water to the surface, and the human water bearer rests. In Northern Yucatan great plantations of *hennèquin* or sisal hemp are seen everywhere. Always a source of wealth, they have been phenomenally prosperous since our Philippine war has interfered with the supply of Manila hemp.

The soft and musical Maya language may be heard even on the streets of Merida and Progreso. It has held its own, and is even said to be gaining ground upon the invading Spanish tongue. Outside a few towns with Spanish names most of the places are Indian villages with strange looking apparently unpronounceable names.

The Mayas are neat, and their clothing is painfully clean. All are clad in white. The woman's garments are loose and ample, and the borders are decorated with running floral patterns in bright colors. The women wear neck-chains of pure gold loaded with coins, medals and crosses of the same precious metal. The Indians of North and West Yucatan are peaceable, but in South and East Yucatan are two masses of "Independent Mayas." These have ever given the Mexican Government trouble, and at present they are at war. There is but a handful of these sturdy independents, but their villages are in the forest thicket, and no roads leading to them are passable for troops. In the sixties these bold fighters destroyed town after town in Central Yucatan. Dreadful scenes of bloodshed took place. A long stretch of unoccupied country still lies between the territory of the independent Mayas and the towns of Northern Yucatan, and there the traveler may see deserted village after deserted village, with the empty and neglected houses still standing, lonely and modern ruins.

Keane, in speaking of the Mayas, says that "every village has its native Zadkiel, who reads the future in his ubiquitous crystal globe." These seers are called *h'men*. Desiring to see their procedure we sent for one. He was pure

TZOTZIL INDIANS
San Andres, Chiapas

Indian, with indifferent command of Spanish; of middle age, dark, short, a little stout; he was clad, as usual, in white. Slung at his side was a little pouch containing his professional outfit, a half dozen small glass globes broken from bottle stoppers. We begged him to consult his oracle regarding a book which we had lost. At his request we took him to the little chapel of the country house where we were staying. He reverently kissed the altar, the saints and the crucifix, after which he prepared for his pagan divination. Calling for and receiving a candle, he lighted it, and set it in the chapel's darkest corner. Squatting before it and muttering invocations in his native tongue, he gazed long and earnestly into one of the crystal balls held between his eye and the light. Seeing nothing, he tried another and another crystal. He repeated his invocations, gazed again, the perspiration pouring from his face, but do his best he could see nothing of the missing book. *Urged* to try again, he declared that the only thing he could see interesting us was fever, there it was, red like fire, but nothing more. When we returned that night to Tekax where we had left our plaster worker well in the morning, we found him with fever, and for more than two weeks he was useless. Curiously the coincidence of the disease and the prediction only struck us much later.

It was the sufferer's condition that led us to make the long ox-cart journey. Leaving Yucatan from the port of Progreso we reached Coatzacoalcos by steamer; from there by railroad we went across the Isthmus to Tehuantepec, famous for its handsome women—Zapotec Indians; returning as far as San Geronimo we arranged for the long ride. The town is Zapotec, and is hot, windy and sandy. Here the Indians shape great vessels of clay free hand—gigantic plates and griddles and water jars of which one will load a cart.

When all arrangements were completed we started with two carts—one for the party and one for freight. Four passengers and a driver are too much for a single ox-cart, and we will know better another time! At starting our *carretero* apologized for the shabby condition of our vehicles, but the second day out—reaching his own home—he "fixed them as fine as a church" for the balance of the journey. We traveled at night and all night, resting during the days. No one can appreciate how many

The Potter.—San Geronimo

"Fine as a Church"

excitements and experiences enter the life of such journeying. An article much longer than this would be necessary to describe them. Long before we reached Tuxtla Gutierrez, the capital of Chiapas, we met our first *marimba,* a sure sign that we are getting south. This instrument, no doubt African in origin, is like a xylophone, with sounding pipes hung below the keys. It is played by four players and sounds much like a piano. It is a favorite instrument from Chiapas through Central America.

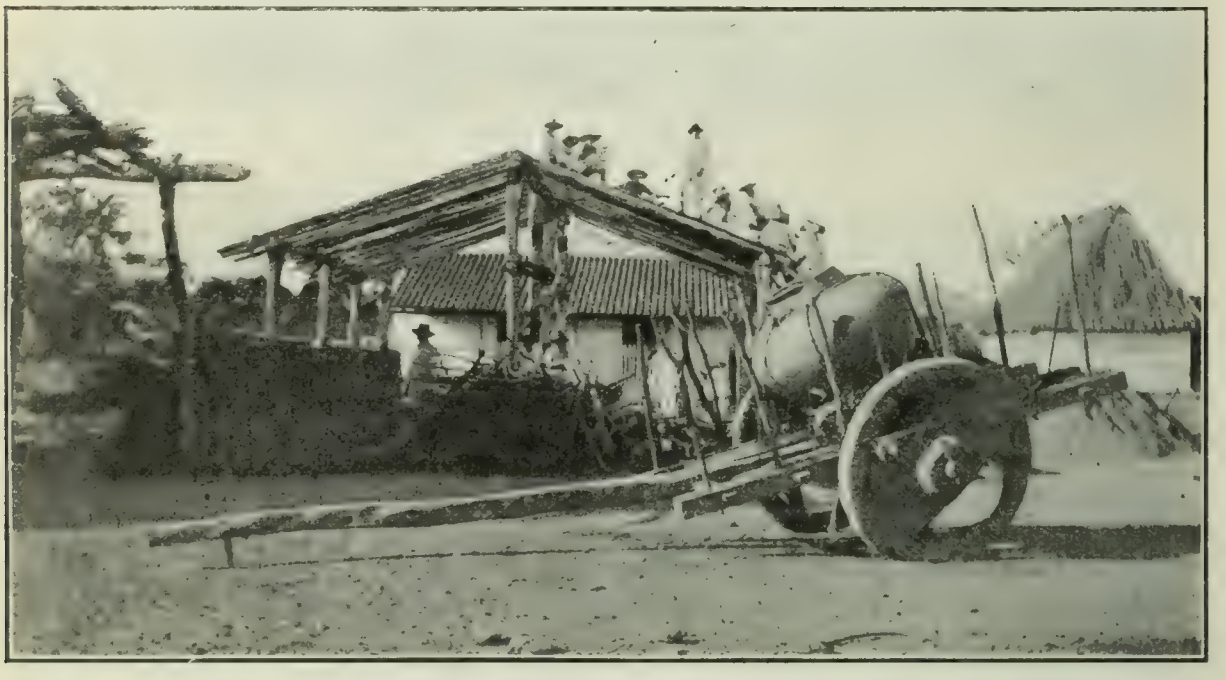
From Tuxtla Gutierrez our journey was made with mules. Between Tuxtla and San Cristobal we crossed the beautiful river at Chiapa in the great dugout canoes, while our animals swam alongside. At San Cristobal we found our Chiapas Indians of Mayan stock, and from there on were among them constantly—three tribes, Tzotzils, Tzeudals, Chols. No Mexican Indians are more interesting. The tribes differ in type, in dress and in hair arrangement. Often Indians of different villages of the same tribe differ in dress and manner. The Tzotzil Indians, of Chamula, are wonderfully conservative. They are industrious and hard workers; they tan good leather and give it a finish which their Spanish neighbors cannot surpass; they make good, plain furniture—tables and chairs; they fashion neat little wooden boxes; they are skilled in the fabrication of guitars, violins and mandolins; they are famous weavers and their close woven, heavy woolen blankets go to all the towns for miles around. To save time we did our work among the Tzotzils at San Cristobal, securing our subjects in the market place and in the jail. We were interested in learning that most of those whom we examined in confinement were incarcerated upon one charge of fifteen counts—among which were murder, arson, highway robbery, etc. They did not look such desperate criminals, and were really rather political prisoners, perhaps we should call them patriots. The fact was that the whole party had been concerned in a recent insurrection.

It was these very Chamula Indians who in 1869 rose against the white man and tried to restore the ancient Indian life. They murdered one hundred men, women and children. It took the whole power of the State Government to save the city of San Cristobal itself from capture. The Indians were under the leadership of an inspired priestess, a girl named Agustina Gomez Checheb. She replaced the ancient idols and restored the old religion. But after three hundred years of Christianity the Indians craved a Christ crucified, but he must be of their blood, not of the hated race. So the little Indian lad, Domingo Gomez Checheb, nephew of the divine oracle, was crucified to take away the sins of the Indian world.

Many mestizos and whites in San Cristobal were interested in our work, and made dire predictions of our ultimate fate. "Yes, so far," they said,

"these gentlemen have had no adventures. Wait until they reach Tenejapa and Caucuc; they will never get further; there they will meet their doom." The Indians of Tenejapa and Caucuc are Tzendals, and most picturesque. With their dark faces, bronzed limbs, long tangled hair hanging down upon their shoulders, and dressed in dark-striped or solid black woolen garments made by the Chamula Tzotzils, they would anywhere arrest attention. We have no space for aught of Tenejapa, but regarding Caucuc we must say a word. Caucuc, the terrible, is magnificently located at the end of a great ridge crest from which the eye sweeps in three directions over a landscape of fine valleys and mountains. Toiling up the road to reach this site our minds were flooded with a record of historic facts. Here, too, was a center of insurrection. Here, too, the Indian had sought to gain his freedom and destroy the hated stranger; here, too, he had lost. As at Chamula so in Caucuc it was an inspired priestess who aroused the war spirit and tried to lead her people back to the old gods and the old life. Maria Candelaria in 1712 was the prototype of Agustina Checheb in 1869. The thrilling story has been often told.

Arriving at the village we went directly to the Agente's house. We were expected, and, promptly summoning the village government, he made known my errand to the officials. We then dismissed them, and busied ourselves with some details of work. Shortly they returned. Having kissed my hand, in salutation, the dozen finely built brown fellows ranged themselves in a semicircle before me. With their long hair, their brilliant eyes, their somber clothing and serious manner they presented a striking picture. After a moment's silence their spokesman, who alone spoke good Spanish, addressed us in a speech both elegant and dignified. They desired to express their pleasure and appreciation that we had come to their remote village to learn their ways and life; they hoped my stay might be agreeable, and my work satisfactory; they bade me welcome, and as earnest of their sentiment begged me to accept a humble offering. Thereupon the Presidente stepped forward, and, opening a napkin, laid before me a great heap of corn cakes, while the Syndico deposited a calabash vessel, richly lacquered, full of eggs, each neatly wrapped in corn husks. And this was Caucuc, Caucuc where we were to meet our doom!



A Water Jar.—San Geronimo

CHICAGO, ILL.

Penny Wisdom

By Christine Terhune Herrick

There was a woman in our town,
And she was wondrous penny-wise

OF course, it had to be a woman. A man might show wisdom in serious savings, but his principle is usually contained in the aphorism that if you take care of the dollars the cents will look after themselves.

This especial penny-wise woman—who typified a class—had made small economies a study by the aid of a cook book and a husband of liberal tastes in diet. She had laid well to heart the wise precept that if a woman cannot add anything to the family income she can at least save it. In the same book where she read this great precept and others of similar import she found many recipes for cheap dishes. As a result her husband was commonly condemned to live on stews six days a week, and for a treat had a pot roast for Sunday. But he nearly always was allowed a pudding—and when his wife had company she prided herself upon the made dishes she could prepare from the inexpensive cuts of meat she ordered, rendering them savory by the judicious addition of mushrooms, stock and seasoning.

With all these economies the grocer's bills were larger than she felt they ought to be and her ungrateful husband complained of a tendency to dyspepsia. Men often had dyspepsia, but the grocer's bill was a serious matter to a woman who was trying to keep down expenses. She could not understand why such plain fare as stewed turnips and carrots and parsnips for vegetables and bread or suet pudding for dessert should come high. The bread pudding especially depressed her. It is a way bread puddings have. Such a cheap dessert, too, for the bread was already in the house. It took her a long time to discover that since a sauce of cream or of milk and butter or of eggs combined with salad oil must be used to render palatable such unkindly fruits of the earth as the average winter vegetable, the dish costs about as much as a green vegetable cooked in a simple fashion, and that even bread pudding is not the epitome of cheapness when to two cents' worth of stale bread must be added eggs, milk, sugar and flavoring, or dried or fresh fruit to make it acceptable to the taste.

This woman was first cousin to the sister of economical tendencies who saved twenty cents a week by employing a cheap laundress. That the woman rubbed holes in the clothes and ironed abominably did not alter the fact of her cheapness. It was this same sister who thought it economy to pay less for an inefficient cook and an incapable dressmaker than to give more to women who knew their business, even altho the fittings of both the inner and the outer woman were much damaged in consequence of the financial saving.

Perhaps it is because of the feminine capability for detail that small economies appeal peculiary to a woman. She usually recollects better than the average man her infant school teaching and cherishes the belief that since

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land,"

so diminutive savings may in time amount to a royal sum total.

In this faith she is strengthened by a hereditary instinct that has for generations considered care of candle ends and cheese parings an essential part of the whole duty of woman. Nearly all the exponents of the domestic law and prophets confirm her in this and multiply methods by which she may swell the list of her economies. So much a part of the housekeeper has this tendency become that hardly one can be found who has not her especial fad which has gone beyond rational economy and developed into a penny parsimony. To this each one will bow, perhaps with pride, perhaps with some embarrassment. One woman, generous in other respects, will acknowledge that it cuts her deeply when extra milk is demanded in the kitchen.

Another will lament if the coal or the kindling wood gives out a day earlier than the time she had allotted for the service of the stock in hand. Still a third, generous in most provisions, suffers agony when the weekly allowance of butter is exceeded. In none of these cases do circumstances seem to cut much of a figure to the sufferer from the economical fever. She may be well to do, so that the added expense is but a trifle to her. Or she may be lavish in other quarters where prudence would amount to more. That makes no difference. Milk or kindling or butter is her pet parsimony, and by this one alone is her pocket nerve most surely touched.

This sort of thing hardly deserves the title of penny wisdom—any more than does the economy of another housekeeper who was so much distressed by finding that there was often a portion of the daily French loaf left uneaten that she changed her order for this to fifteen cents' worth of rolls daily, because these would all be eaten, and there would be no heel ends of stale loaves haunting her conscience when she remembered the bread box. Even this is hardly more absurd than many of the esoteric economies practiced by women. In nothing else do they show more decidedly the lamentable lack of proportion that is at once among their most provoking and most charming qualities.

That women are natural martyrs is a foregone conclusion. With the taste for self-immolation comes the martyr's joy, and they know an occult bliss hidden from the mere man when they weary themselves out physically by walking to save a carfare. To the average woman it is an added touch of glory if the walking is bad. As she enters her house with damp soles, draggled skirts and an aching back, she takes solid comfort in the reflection that she is a nickel to the good. The nickel, the necessity for changing foot gear and skirts and for cleaning her muddy garments do much to mentally reinstate her for having spent twice as much as she had intended for her spring bonnet. Far and few are the women who can strike a balance when it comes to figures, but farther and fewer are those who cannot succeed in footing up correctly their mental debit and credit column.

Once in a while one finds a woman whose sense of proportion is abnormally developed—for a woman. She it is who feels she saves more by taking a cab on a wet day than by muddying her best gown and injuring her Sunday shoes—to say nothing of endangering her health and damaging her disposition. Still, even in her case it may be doubted, should she be a woman who must be careful about small expenses, if she does not have to go through an elaborate course of self-justification before she feels quite easy over this display of her penny wisdom.

Usually this virtue shows itself in simpler, more feminine fashion. There is something of the large common sense of a man about the preceding instance. More natural is the economy that finds its chief opportunity for exercise in the domestic department, where it watches over the disposal of food products, takes account of the butcher's and grocer's bills, and sees that the left overs are used and not abused. It manifests itself in the shifting of rugs or of furniture that all parts of the floor covering may wear equally, in the giving out of bed and table linen, that all may not be soiled or worn out at one time. It looks after the purchase and care of clothing and of everything else connected with household economy. When it is properly directed, it does not confine itself to the saving of money. That is a badly constituted economy which feeds a family with food that is convenient to the purse and innutritious to the body. It is like that form of the virtue happily displayed by a noted housekeeper who boasted she could make "such an elegant dish" out of an ordinary round steak.

"Only a cheap cut," she explained. "I do all I can to keep down the meat bills. Of course, the cookery was a little troublesome, but as I have more time than money, I did not grudge the work. I marinaded the steak in olive oil, sauted it in butter in the bottom of a saucepan and poured stock over it. Then I covered it closely, and let it stew very slowly for an hour. After that I added half a pound of fresh mushrooms to the gravy, and when they were tender, put in a can of French peas. At the last, with the other seasoning, I stirred in a glass of

sherry. No one would have guessed that it was just an ordinary round steak!"

This is a true story, altho it would be hardly fair to take it as thoroughly representative. There are methods of making cheap cuts palatable and using left overs without extravagance in supplements and seasoning, and to these are due all respect. But there are others less worthy that appear in the guise of an angel of light, and would lead astray, if possible, the very elect.

Most of the esoteric economies of women move men to scornful mirth. They do not comprehend why women should flatter themselves on saving wrapping paper and twine when fresh brown paper can be bought by the roll for a dime, and a ball of string that would last a couple of years costs but fifteen cents. There seems no sense to these lords of creation in treasuring half sheets from letters for memoranda when a nickel buys a whole pad of writing paper.

But the woman who practices none of these economies is an anomalous creature. One sees her sometimes and the women who do have to save look upon her with outward disrespect and secret awe and envy. They, too, have hidden longings to throw aside once-cleaned gloves and underflannels that need patching. They, too, crave to rise to hights where they would unashamed wear their best corsets in the morning and refuse to save washing by eschewing white petticoats for street wear. Perhaps it is as well for the men who pay the bills that most women are made with a love for small economies. It is more admirable in the home circle than when it displays itself at the bargain counter. It will generally be found that a thoughtful Providence has endowed the non-economical woman with a competency. Or perhaps it is the competency that has spoiled her as an economist. When one enters the region of the unprovable, it is hard to be positive in discriminating between cause and effect.

If a consensus of opinion were rendered by women, it is probable that a large number of them would assert that they detested the necessity of economizing. No doubt they would mean what they said. Yet it may be questioned if the majority do not hug themselves over some personal and private form of penny wisdom. One may prove her possession of the quality by exchanging her expensive tailor suit for a cheaper house gown when she comes from the street, or by substituting slippers for boots for indoor wear. Another may keep on her old gloves in the car when going to a lunch, and put on her best only when she reaches the dressing-room. One thrifty soul may practice generosity without pain by accumulating her charity or church money in small hoards. Deaf to the time hallowed adjuration that one should give until one feels it, she drops the pennies or the nickels, or even the dimes she finds in her purse each evening into the receptacle devoted to the gathering of funds for Destitute Ministers or Decayed Actors—according as her tastes may lie. Once in so often the bank is opened and the sum it holds withdrawn to be applied to the desired purpose. By this means may both God and mammon be served with prejudice to neither. The pet mission is benefited, and the liberal soul assures you complacently that she has never missed a cent that she has given.

Any or all of these forms of economy have advantages and commend themselves to the sensible—even if he be a man. Unfortunately, the commonest form of economy among women is one which in a superlative degree illustrates the already acknowledged lack of proportion of the sex. Not one woman in eight will rise superior to the temptation to economize on food when she has to eat alone. Where a man would take a steak for his midday meal, or if his lunch must be hurried stay himself with a roast beef sandwich and solace himself with a glass of beer, his wife or sister will order at home a cup of tea and a slice of bread or of toast at a restaurant, an oyster *paté,* a saucer of ice-cream and an *éclair* or a Bath bun.

For such abstinence as this a woman will give various reasons. She may say —and think—that it is too much trouble to eat when there is no one to share the meal with her and help the food down with chat. She may assert that she is not hungry unless she has company, or may go to the length of declaring that she is better off with only a light luncheon. Whether she thus excuses herself

or boldly says that this is one place where she can economize best and feel it least, is of no importance. It is in this form of saving that she writes herself down hopelessly short sighted, and puts the very name of penny wisdom to open shame.

NEW YORK CITY.

Cupid and a Pig

By Edward Boltwood

WHILE the train was nearing Cosycot station, Shepherd read Lydia's note again.

"Dear Walter," it began, "of course we should be glad to have you at Cosycot during your vacation, and I suppose Aunt Elizabeth can put you up. But you will find us both completely busy with a colony of Fresh-Air children near by which Aunt is taking care of. It is a noble work, and Aunt Elizabeth has interested me in it very thoroughly; I can think of nothing else, and have decided to devote my whole life to laboring among the children of the poor, if I am worthy of such a career. I want to tell you this before you make up your mind to come, so that you will understand that I won't be able to see much of you and so that you may expect to find me sobered by a serious purpose. Yours most sincerely, Lydia Farrow."

Shepherd crumpled the paper viciously in his pocket. "Confound Aunt Elizabeth!" he grumbled. "'Sobered by a serious purpose!' That's the old maid's phrase—not Lydia's. Result of reading novels about hospital nurses. The children of the poor must be taken care of—but, hang it all, so must Lydia."

A trap was waiting at the station to convey him to Aunt Elizabeth's cottage, and his hostess was waiting at her piazza to greet him. Miss Gibbs was an elderly lady whose figure and bearing looked as much out of place in the country as would the portico of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. No amount of gingham and flannel could rusticize her.

"Dear Lydia left her apologies to you, Mr. Shepherd," said Aunt Gibbs. "She has been forced to absent herself upon an important duty connected with our children's mission. May I beg you to amuse yourself until she returns? Thank you—so kind of you—my clerical work leaves me little leisure in the afternoon, and later I have an outdoor class in botany."

Shepherd spent a quarter of an hour in a vain attempt to read a magazine, then he flung it down and started at random across the rolling and sunshiny green of the fields. A shadowed lane tempted him for a mile or so, but when he saw the path running ahead of him into the hot glare of a highway he paused uncertainly.

"Hey, Mister Shepherd!" called a familiar voice from the fence, and a familiar head and shoulders appeared in the adjacent thicket. Voice, head and shoulders belonged to Cuppy, the newsboy who was accustomed to sell him the morning paper at his office door in New York.

"Hello, Cuppy," said Walter in great surprise. "Are you up here with the other kids?"

"You bet," assented Cuppy. "The flat is a couple of blocks down the street. Milk an' pie an' chicken—and sheets fer ter sleep in. Dere's twenty of us. Termorrer we has atterleetic sports. I'm the empire."

"Miss Gibbs is very kind to do all this for you."

Cuppy stopped short in his progress out of the bushes.

"Say," he demanded, "this Miss Gibbs—are you wid her?"

"No," replied Shepherd thoughtfully, "I'm agin her."

"That's right," said the ragged object of Aunt Elizabeth's bounty. "The old lady's all right if she'd only leave us be. What fer does she come round a-lecturin' and puttin' us on the sneak? I'm on the sneak now. She pays the rent fer us, an' we takes off our hats fer that. But," he concluded with a darkening eye, "she

runs a night school out o' doors by daylight and I'm on the sneak. Miss Farrer, she's the people."

"She is all of that," said Shepherd, feeling strangely comforted; he wanted to shake the boy's brown hand as they strolled together down the highway. "She is all of that, for sure," he added.

"Sure. Miss Farrer's worked fer the gang of us till she's most down an' out. She looks as pale as me mother on a wash day. Does yer know what she's doin' now? Gone up this road a couple er mile after a pig."

"After a what?"

"Ter git a pig—a greased pig fer the atterleetics. The farmer what runs our joint made her chase away to buy one off his brother, who needs the money. I told her I'd go meself, 'cause she's so tired, but 'Naw,' she says, 'Cuppy, youse must stay fer the bot-enny.' So she chases erlone, for she says it's her dooty, she says."

Shepherd gave his leg a savage slap with his walking stick.

"Hurry along, Cuppy," he exclaimed. "Perhaps we may meet her. And this is a fine job for Lydia Farrow!"

He plowed through the dust doggedly, while Cuppy took to the roadside, dodging among the low bushes and keeping a wary glance over his shoulder for a possible pursuer. Proceeding in this skirmishing order they reached a turn from which could be seen a little bridge, spanning a peaceful brook, and, on the bridge, a girl with a green sun umbrella. She was holding the umbrella over something behind her, and she did not observe the two pedestrians.

"Hey, Miss Farrer," yelled Cuppy.

Miss Farrow turned and Shepherd waved his hat.

"Hello, Lydia," said he. "What in the world have you got there?"

"I have a pig here," answered the young lady. "I am afraid the pig is overcome by the heat. How do you do, Walter?"

"There's a sight more chance that you are overcome by the heat yourself," retorted Shepherd wrathfully, and, in spite of her protesting gasp, he seized the umbrella and shaded her pretty head with it. This maneuver gave him a chance to shake hands with her, and left the pig exposed in the glow.

"Say, he's a dead one," remarked Cuppy.

The small animal lay apparently moribund on the planking and emitted a feeble wail when Shepherd poked a toe gingerly against his somewhat emaciated flank.

"Oh, dear, what shall we do?" said the girl. "Do you think it is going to die? Auntie is so severe when I fail in my duties."

"Good heavens, Lydia, do you mean to say that a pig more or less——"

"But you don't understand, Walter—I must, must show myself trustworthy in every detail. Aunt Elizabeth says so. She knows a girl who couldn't stay at the Rivington Street Mission—that's where I want to go—because they couldn't rely on her to clean milk cans. Do you believe that if we sprinkled water on the poor thing——"

"Let's throw him in the brook," muttered Shepherd between his teeth. "He'd appreciate it, and so would I."

"No, no, no," cried Miss Farrow. "Your handkerchief."

Shepherd gave her one wild look and vaulted over the low railing at the side of the bridge. He soused his handkerchief in the stream, clambered up the bank, and squeezed out the water over the pig, who was reduced by this demonstration to the last extremity of terror. He rolled about, involving himself in the cord around his neck; he squealed; dissolution seemed imminent.

"I don't know much about pigs," said Shepherd, desperate because of the genuine trouble in Lydia's big gray eyes. "Do you, Cuppy?"

"Aw, I seen one in Jones's wood, an' say, I tink this feller's fakin.' Stan' up Bill," ordered Cuppy, grabbing the leading line. "Lemme take him elong fer yer, Miss Farrer."

"I couldn't let you, Cuppy, really I couldn't," protested Lydia. "Aunt gave me this to do, and every failure counts against me. Besides, you ought to be at botany. Give me the cord." She leaned rather wearily against the railing and contemplated the hot stretch of road. "But I *am* tired and thirsty," she added.

"What's that place up on the slope?" inquired Shepherd, pointing to the right.

The place was where a rude bench stood under some heavy overhanging

trees on the neighboring hillside. The clear water of a spring spouted generously out of a rock close by it, plashing into a pool, and the dark green of the foliage surrounding it made the spot stand out on the knoll, like a bower.

"That's the—that's a—why, a spring," faltered Lydia.

"The farmers call it the 'Lovers' Well,'" explained Cuppy.

Miss Farrow blushed slightly. She could not help it; Shepherd was looking straight at her.

"Lydia," said he with stern determination, "you and I are going to walk up there and you shall rest yourself. It is absolutely ridiculous for you to think of promenading through the sun with this beast. Cuppy shall guard the pig. You'll take care of that pig, won't you, Cuppy?"

"Yep," agreed that eager youth. "Come on, Bill."

Shepherd picked up the green umbrella and closed it with a snap.

"But—Aunt Elizabeth," the girl demurred. "She will be angry. She will say I'm not fit for Rivington Street."

"I advise you not to introduce those subjects at this moment," said Walter, pulling her hand within the crook of his elbow, in an old-fashioned but an extremely comfortable way. "Here is the path. Good-by, Cuppy."

Cuppy, however, was already invisible in a rapidly moving cloud of dust, from which the indignant squeak of the pig drifted back indistinctly to the Lovers' Well.

Lydia laid her hat on the bench, and a bashful breeze played with her hair. Shepherd brought her some icy spring water in a pocket drinking cup. They elaborately discussed the mechanism of the cup, and then, after a pause, they talked of other things. Perhaps it is unnecessary to specify the topics; Aunt Elizabeth and Rivington Street did not figure importantly among them.

"Let us go back across country," suggested Walter, when it was time.

"Very well," said Miss Farrow. "I think we can find a way along the brook. It will be better than the road."

The way along the brook excelled the road in every particular. It led them through thick woods where in the half light they seemed to be quite alone in the world. But on a ridge which skirted a cleared hollow Shepherd was reminded to the contrary.

"Look," he whispered, grasping Lydia's arm. This was no effort, because she was close beside him.

"It's the botany class," she answered, and they both peered down through the interlocking leaves.

Miss Gibbs, beneath an incongruous sunbonnet, towered in the center of a circle of awed and perspiring urchins. A swamp lily, evidently the subject of her discourse, nodded dejectedly in her uplifted hand. The botany class did not appear to be interested.

"Let's run," said Shepherd.

"Wait," said Miss Farrow. "Don't you hear something coming? Oh, what is it? Oh, what in the world is it?"

On the other side of the clearing where the class was in session the bushes were swaying and crackling as if a miniature cyclone were careering through them. Aunt Elizabeth's scholars dispersed and dashed expectantly toward the disturber of scholastic quiet; Miss Gibbs herself remained rigid. Not, however, for long.

"Sho, sho, sho!" cried Aunt Elizabeth, waving the lily at a maddened pig, who came for her at a gait as near to a gallop as pigs achieve. "Sho, sho!"

"Hi!" screamed Cuppy.

"Hey!" howled the botany students, and performed a war dance.

The pig flew between Aunt Elizabeth's feet and there fell prone, panting *in extremis,* and the lady sat involuntarily at his side. She was speechless when Shepherd assisted her to rise. In the meantime Cuppy and his cohorts had manacled the pig ruthlessly.

"Lydia Farrow," gasped Miss Gibbs, "What does this mean? Are you insane? Are you trying to insult me?"

"Please, ma'am——" began Cuppy.

"Silence! Lydia, did you order this outrage?"

"Stand by the boy, anyhow," murmured Shepherd in Miss Farrow's ear.

"Aunt, it was all an accident, and I'm to blame," exclaimed Lydia. "It was not Cuppy's fault, really it wasn't."

"I've endured your incompetence long enough," answered Aunt Elizabeth, leading, somewhat stiffly, the return march to the farm house. "I do not see how I can recommend you to dear Miss Stein."

"Who is dear Miss Stein?" asked Shepherd.

"She's the head worker at Rivington Street," said the aunt.

"Oh," said Shepherd. "Then it's all very easy," and he smiled at Miss Farrow cheerfully.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, Miss Gibbs, that Lydia and I——"

"Never mind now," put in the girl, reddening. "Aunt Elizabeth, Walter is anxious to give you lots of money for the Fresh Air farm."

"That is good of him."

"Yes, Miss Gibbs, I think I am bound to."

"Well, I don't see why, altho we shall be glad enough to have it," said Aunt Elizabeth, and she turned to regard her charges, straggling along behind and bearing the pig aloft, like a sacrificial victim.

"Shall I tell you why I think I am bound to?" proposed Shepherd. "You see, Lydia and I——"

"I do wish you would wait," Lydia interrupted. "Look at Cuppy. I wonder where he got that name."

"It is a contraction for Cupid," said Shepherd solemnly.

"Cupid!" sniffed Miss Gibbs. "Cupid!"

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Federation of Young People

By Francis E. Clark, D.D.

PRESIDENT OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

To the Editor of THE INDEPENDENT:

MAY I ask you to allow me a little space to correct some misapprehensions in an article which recently appeared in your columns entitled "Federate the Young People's Societies," by Mr. W. T. Ellis? The impression is given that the Christian Endeavor movement is not fulfilling its mission as a federator of young people's societies. As a matter of fact, it was never so much of a federation as at present, and is becoming more and more a federation every year. Already there are embraced in this federation the Presbyterian, Congregational, Disciples of Christ, Cumberland Presbyterian, Reformed Presbyterian, Methodist Protestant, Primitive Methodists, Friends, Reformed Episcopalian, Christian, Free Baptist, United Evangelical Association, United Brethren (Old Constitution), Mennonite, Church of God, Reformed Church in America, Reformed Church in the United States, African Methodist Episcopal Church, and African Methodist Episcopal Zion churches; large sections of the Baptist, United Presbyterian, English Lutheran and German Lutheran, and United Brethren Churches, and smaller sections of the Methodist Episcopal, Protestant Episcopal, and Southern Presbyterian Churches. In some other countries, as Australia and Canada, the federation is even more inclusive.

During the past year two more of the denominations in the United States have adopted the name and general methods of the Christian Endeavor Society for their young people. Within the last half dozen years several others have done the same thing. There is a distinct and growing tendency in this direction. Many Baptist societies have become Baptist Unions of Christian Endeavor, and it is advocated by leading men in the denomination that every Baptist Union should become a Christian Endeavor society, and every Christian Endeavor society in a Baptist Church a Baptist Union. In Canada nearly all the Methodist societies are Epworth Leagues of Christian Endeavor. In fact, the federation is already an accomplished fact for nearly all who care for the fellowship.

Again, the article seems to imply that the several denominations cannot in the present Christian Endeavor federation guide, direct and control their own young people, leading them forward in "the prosecution of special missionary work, the raising of extraordinary funds, the

training of church officers, the maintenance of a denominational reading course, and so forth." The denominations not only *can* do all this, but they actually are doing it, as the Disciples of Christ, the Methodist Protestant, the Baptist, the Free Baptist, the Friends, the Reformed churches, the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterians prove. All of these denominations and others also are doing some or all of these things to-day with their Christian Eendeavor societies in the freest, fullest and completest manner. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are given every year to denominational missions by Christian Endeavor societies, and tens of thousands of pastors testify to the loyalty of their Christian Endeavorers to their own churches.

Secretary Baer, of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, has already outlined a plan of more complete oversight by his denomination of the Presbyterian Christian Endeavor societies, a step which, of course, is equally open to all denominations. This is all entirely consistent with an interest by Christian Endeavor societies of all denominations in Systematic and Proportionate Giving, Good Citizenship, the Quiet Hour, Local Union, Unification, and so forth, of some of which efforts of United Christian Endeavor your correspondent seems to speak slightingly. The Christian Endeavor movement now invites to its broad platform all young people's societies of similar purpose and method of organization. It lays down no hard and fast rules which must be adopted. It has been found flexible enough to adapt itself to the needs of all evangelical denominations in an ever increasing degree. A *net* gain of a hundred thousand members is made to its ranks every year. All nations are now represented in the World's Christian Endeavor Union, and it is gaining recruits in foreign and missionary lands with marvelous rapidity. The federation is an accomplished fact. The United Society of Christian Endeavor is now and always has been chiefly a bond of union between societies in this country and the World's Christian Endeavor Union between the societies in all lands. Neither of these unions exercises any authority, levies any taxes, or desires any control over any society. Fullest denominational loyalty is always inculcated.

There will doubtless always be some who will not care for such fellowship, whatever the federation may be called, but for an ever increasing number each year the Christian Endeavor federation affords such fellowship.

BOSTON, MASS.

How the Daisy Became Red

By Annie E. Ball

THEY tell a tale of how a merry bird,
A joyous lark, flew singing toward the sky;
He sang, "O Daisy, thou art fair and sweet,
In silvered rim is set thy golden eye.
Thy lashes white are wet with dewdrop tears,
The Sun, thy fondest lover, dries for thee."
At this the modest flower hung her head,
And blushed the rosy red that now we see.

CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y.

LITERATURE

A Prince of Dilettantes *

THOSE who love the flavor of literature, not serious but genial, must be charmed to get in hand this volume containing the complete works of Charles Stuart Calverley. Everybody is familiar with a few of his most delectable parodies, and with his famous skit, the "Examination Paper" on Pickwick; but only after reading the whole volume of his work do we appreciate how perfectly he represents the ideals and pleasures of the true dilettantes, how preeminently he stands as the flower of the race. He was predestined, it should seem, to absorb the superficial culture of the universities and to express that culture in prize verses that should be at once academic and poetical. It would seem to be the hand of Providence that led him to defy the authorities of Oxford, so that, passing from the Thames to the Cam, he might be steeped in the traditions of both schools. The stories of his college scrapes are told with sufficient humor in the biography attached to the present volume. When Calverley (whose family name in his earlier years, by the way, was Blayds) sent in his Oxford prize poem to be printed, he wrote the signature in anticipation of his impending doom:

CAROLUS STUART BLAYDS,
E COLL BALLIOL
prope ejectus.

When asked to explain he is said to have declared that "those tiresome printers would do *anything.*"

After his college years Calverley became a practicing lawyer, but his real mission in life was to prolong the traditional culture of the universities into the hubbub of practical affairs. How faithfully he accomplished this cheerful task this volume of poems displays. After the humor of his parodies the translations certainly exhale the choicest flavor of his genius. His versions of Homer and Virgil and Theocritus have a fineness of touch that is not often found in such exercises.

But to us, we confess, the translations from English into Latin are still the best and most perfect pages of the book. And apart from the mere charm of his Latin verse we find in these translations a curious lesson in that subtle intellectual sport that still holds us captive—the running down of the distinctions between the classical and the modern spirit. Turn to Calverley's rendering of Lycidas, and you will find a Latin poem that faithfully represents the original, and that even carries over not a small part of Milton's high inspiration.

"En! iterum laurus, iterum salvete myricæ!"

Even those half mystical lines:

"Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake,—"

pass easily into the language of Virgil:

"Post hos, qui Galilæa regit per stagna carinas,
Post hos venit iturus."

As a foil to these contrast the flat and feeble attempt to express in Latin the brooding revery, the feeling of mystery, the ineffable pathos, in short, the romanticism of Tennyson's "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean:"

"Scilicet et lacrymas—quis dixerit unde profectas?"—

It is not the translator who is here at fault, except in so far as he has chosen to convey a certain mood of thought through a medium that was molded to other uses.

* THE COMPLETE WORKS OF C. S CALVERLEY. Imported by The Macmillan Co., New York: $2 00.

The Child *

WORDSWORTH'S recognition of the child as "father to the man" is one of those flashes of poetic insight that overleap and anticipate the results of many years of careful study and generalization. The dictum becomes every day a more settled commonplace of science. The study of the child, beginning practically with the work of Tiedemann, more than a century ago, has developed until it has reached the distinction of a separate

* THE CHILD: A Study in the Evolution of Man. *By Alexander Francis Chamberlain.* Contemporary Science Series. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

THE CHILD: His Nature and Nurture. *By W. B. Drummond.* The Temple Primers. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 40 cents.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BABY *By Milicent Washburn Shinn.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

branch of science; sharp-eyed observers note the infant from the moment of his birth, record the days—the hours even—when he first notices light, when he first follows a moving object, and first utters a syllable, while a host of co-ordinating and generalizing minds sum up the results of these observations. The child is studied to determine what is revealed of the past and what is foretold of the future. His earliest instincts and reflexes are minutely compared with those of savages and of the lower animals. His speech, from its first *ma-ma-ma,* is carefully analyzed; and every surface millimeter of his body is measured, to discover primitive analogies. Unhappy, indeed, must be the lot of a modern infant in a truly scientific family; he is from his birth a "prisoner of state," and an unrelaxed surveillance follows him till his thirteenth or fourteenth year. He is, in a sense, a martyr to Science; and Science gratefully records this martyrdom.

Dr. Chamberlain's work is a summary and critical review of the literature of child study. An indication of the nature of his task may be gained from the fact that the bibliography (including essays and monographs) printed in the volume comprises 696 numbers. There is no word but of praise for the manner in which this work has been done. To have assembled, sifted, classified and compared the mass of various data and theories which have been put forth on this subject is itself no mean accomplishment; and it is still more admirable that the author has fashioned so clear and entertaining a text, wherein sober judgment and critical reserve are so conspicuously shown.

It is to John Fiske, altho he had been anticipated by Anaximander at the very dawn of Greek philosophy, and again by Rousseau, that we owe the scientific interpretation of the prolongation of human infancy. The long period of comparative helplessness is necessary for fitting the child for the complex tasks of adult life. "If Nature had brought men and women into the world adults, already grown up, the intelligence of the race must have been vastly less than it is now." Rousseau has in fact declared, somewhat extravagantly, that under such conditions human beings would have been "perfect imbeciles." Man's "comparatively witless infancy," in Dr. Chamberlain's words, "foreshadows the intellectuality of his later years. The moment Nature decided that, with man, the struggle for existence was ultimately to be altruistic, rather than selfish, she was forced to make man weak in order to insure his later strength in the right direction."

From a consideration of the helplessness of infancy, the author surveys in turn the subjects of play, the resemblances of the young, the periods, language and arts of childhood; the survivals of animal and primitive human life as revealed in the child; the comparison of the child with the savage, the criminal and with woman. A summary condenses the conclusions generally agreed upon, and seeks to harmonize some of the more divergent ones. The author's interpretation of the part which woman and child play in the development of the race is somewhat extravagant, viewed in the light of a general scientific consensus. He believes that in all races, women and children, to a certain extent, resemble each other; "they are the most generalized forms of the human species." But it is the infant that is the real plasmic factor in evolution, upon whom the circumstances and conditions of life work most effectively and most effectively prepare the way for the new conditions to be.

Dr. Drummond's book is more elementary in treatment, being intended as "an introduction to the study of the physical and mental development of the child." It is more practical in aim, also, having chapters on the surroundings, the care and the growth of the child. It is admirably adapted for use as a "mother's book." It is the work of one who is at once a scholar and a practicing physician; and it unites the results of child psychology with the experience that bears most directly on infant care and nurture.

Miss Shinn's work has been before the public for a number of months. There is little else to do at this late day than to add a word of praise to the chorus that has already been awakened. It is a sufficient commentary on both the charm and the exactness of this work to remark that it had already achieved something of the popularity of an historical novel in cultivated households, and that it is the

subject of numerous citations in the later books on psychology and child life.

The Christian Doctrine of Immortality *

THIS is a work in Biblical Theology, and its aim is to give an accurate statement of the contribution of Christianity to the hope of immortality. It does not seek to demonstrate the immortality of man scientifically, or to deal with the subject from the point of view of philosophy, but by thorough, historical exegesis to set forth the teachings of the Bible on human destiny. This is a large undertaking. The biblical references to immortality are scattered, often obscure, always in the language of popular speech, and never in exact scientific terms, so that considerable critical knowledge and judgment are necessary to their right use. Principal Salmond has the scholarship, the breadth of view and the saneness of judgment necessary to the work; he is also a master in biblical interpretation, and has that reverence and clearness of thought which his high theme demands.

It is some years since a bibliography on Immortality was published, and the list had then over 5,000 titles. The Ingersoll Lecture at Harvard gives us annually a book on some department of the general topic. Interest in the subject is keen, often pathetic. People are eager for light, and grasp even at the superstitions issued in the name of psychical research. The pulpit is for the most part silent. Hymns and religious poems do most to keep alive the immortal hope, but these are often mawkish, and fail of help when help is most needed. The most vigorous speech just now is in favor of what is known as conditional immortality, a doctrine which requires so much conceit for its personal acceptance that the modest mass of people will have none of it.

Demonstration of immortality is beyond the reach of science. The most that science undertakes, as in the work of Royce and James, is to remove objections which scientific facts have created. She can clear the way which herself has littered, but no more. John Fiske's testimony has now peculiar interest:

> "I believe in immortality, not in the sense in which I accept the demonstrable truths of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work."

Speculation on immortality has never risen above its source in Plato. But Plato, at the summit of his thought, lapsed into silence, and said there were "many points still open to suspicion and attack—if one were disposed to sift the matter thoroughly."

In view of the limitations of science and philosophy, it is supremely important to know the message of religion. It is the message of religion, the conviction of immortal life coming from communion with the living God, which Principal Salmond finds in the Bible. He has no idea that the Bible contains an articulated system of eschatology, or a puzzle map of heaven and hell to be put together by his ingenuity. But he does believe that Hebrew men had such thought of God and experience of his converse with them that they learned vital faith in eternal life. The doctrine was "felt out" rather than reasoned out. In the New Testament this faith is stronger and more definite. But its source is still the religious life. It is in Christ, the divine life of Christ, that there is found the strongest ground for hope in eternal life, and the largest knowledge possible to us of the character of that life.

Thus it is the message of religion on immortality which the Bible gives to us. To know just what that message is, one could not have a better guide than Principal Salmond. He is in sympathy with modern criticism—*e. g.*, Daniel is regarded as an apocalyptical book of the time of Antiochus Epiphanes. He has candor enough to admit the pre-millenarian interpretation of the twentieth chapter of the Apocalypse. He treats the ethnic beliefs, the ideas of immortality in the Old Testament, and the teachings of Christ and the Apostles, and states his conclusions in remarkably clear and forceful chapters. He believes that the Bible teaches the inherent immortality of man and the finality of life's spiritual decisions. He is at his best when he exposes the shallow philosophy and untenable exegesis which conditional immortality tries to stand on. He holds

* THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF IMMORTALITY. *By Stewart D. F. Salmond, M.A., D.D., F.E.I.S.* Fourth Edition. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.00 net.

that the common understanding of Bible teaching is correct, but that it needs restatement in many points, with elimination of gross conceptions of future punishment and metaphysical ideas of eternity, and with new emphasis on the biblical teachings of degrees in awards, both for good and evil, and of progress according to character in the life to come.

Mr. McCarthy's History *

PERHAPS a better title for the last two volumes of Mr. McCarthy's history would have been: "The Social and Constitutional Progress of England During the Reigns of George III, George IV and William IV." England's relations with the Continent during this period were certainly as vital to England in their results as her internal history, and Mr. McCarthy confines himself almost exclusively to her internal history, except in his account of her quarrel with the Colonies, which, by the way, is strikingly lucid and impartial, exhibiting a narrative capacity of singular power, and an appreciation of the motives underlying the action of Grenville and his supporters which most Englishmen will accept as fair and even-handed.

Indeed, this spirit of moderation in dealing with persons and principles with which the author can have little sympathy, this amiable tendency to find something good in public men who are now the subject of universal reprobation, will be thought by some of his readers to have been carried to excessive lengths. He discovers a redeeming trait even in George IV. He attributes to him a certain sort of sincerity which would explain the many inconsistencies of his life and conduct. He believes that he had the temperament of the artist, and that, for the time, any part he was performing was perfectly real to him. During his Irish visit he was frequently moved to tears. The emotion that produced them was apparently genuine, and there is little doubt that, for the moment, the affection he expressed for his Irish subjects was heartfelt. Shortly after he had left the green island he wrote a strong letter to his Prime Minister, protesting against the appointment of any but an Englishman to the office of Primate of All Ireland. He was then enacting a new role, that of the patriot English King, always vigilant for the protection of English interests. He wept also when an address was presented to him by his loyal Hanoverians. This did not hinder him from declaring, with evident sincerity, that Hanover and her people were equally repulsive to him after he had spent a few days in the Electorate. All this would seem to absolve the worst of the Hanoverian kings from the charge of conscious hypocrisy.

Mr. McCarthy is at his best, however, when he records the progress and triumph of those political causes with which he is in thorough sympathy. The main incidents of the agitation for parliamentary reform are told with great vigor and eloquence, and with a kind of restrained enthusiasm that at once takes hold of the reader. The mighty transformation that converted England from a narrow oligarchy into a well-ordered democracy has never had its salient characteristics brought out in a more interesting and brilliant fashion. The author is especially happy in his vivid presentations of the men who have made history. His sketches of Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Russell, Peel, and, above all, of Canning, are admirable. We have the very atmosphere and color of the times in which they lived. His portraits of the great literary men of the period are also little masterpieces.

On the whole, the distinctive characteristics of the mind of England and of English political life from the accession of George III to the accession of Victoria have seldom been analyzed with more sagacity of judgment and more charm of style. Mr. McCarthy has been accused of treating only the superficial aspects of history, of having an eye only for its personal and theatrical phases. Even if the charge were true, much would have to be forgiven to a writer who is always graceful, picturesque and luminous, and who could not be dull if he tried.

DECORATIVE FLOWER STUDIES. For the Use of Artists, Designers, Students and Others. Illustrated with a series of forty colored plates printed in *fac-*

* A HISTORY OF THE FOUR GEORGES AND OF WILLIAM IV. *By Justin McCarthy and J. H. McCarthy.* Vols. iii and iv. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25 each.

simile of the original drawings, etc. *By J. Foord.* Imperial 4to. Decorated cloth cover. Gilt top. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $12.00 net.) Miss Foord's present volume is full of charm in more than one sense. It appeals not only to artists, designers, students and art craftsmen generally, but also, in the comprehensive language of the title-page, to "others." More especially, however, the book is adapted to the needs of the designer. The colored flower pages are supplemented by outline drawings of details that will be very useful and often labor-saving to the busy decorator. The artist has written, and not the scientist, and while botanical accuracy as to structure and flower-form has been carefully preserved, the drawings have been made with reference to the art value that obtains in each of the forty cases of the reproduced examples. Delicacy and taste are characteristic of the flower studies contained in the book. The author has in no case presented the impossible flower that lacks nothing of that which is consummate, but she has fearlessly incorporated imperfections that are typical. The essential character of the particular flower covered by an individual study has been sought after, and it may be said that a text has been produced, both with pencil and pen, disclosing much that is lovely, and that has hitherto been overlooked or ignored. The flowers appear in their natural tints and in various stages of growth. There are the buds, the perfected blooms, the blossoms in decadence, and, finally, the flowers gone to seed. The monumental aspect of the book lies in the illustrations, but should the descriptive matter be passed over, the student would have suffered a distinct loss. No attempt has been made to be encyclopedic. Just enough is told about the names of treated flowers, their origin, growth and distribution, as well as the legendary quaintness of flavor that clusters around them, to lend interest to what might else appear as a dry catalog.

THE MODERN AMERICAN BIBLE. *S. Luke.* (*Gospel—Acts.*) Books of the Bible in Modern American Form and Phrase, with Notes and Introduction. *By Frank Schell Ballentine.* (New York: Thomas Whittaker. 50 cents.) Mr. Ballentine is an Episcopal clergyman, whose name is misspelled in Whittaker's Almanac. The two books written by Luke are given in what is verily modern American. The process of reconstruction, so as to get rid of all the familiar sacred language, is carried to a great extent. As an illustration we quote a passage:

"After this he went and saw a saloon-keeper named Levi sitting in his saloon, and said to him:

"'Follow me.'

"He left everything, got up, and began to follow him.

"Levi gave him a great reception in his house, and there was a great crowd of saloon-keepers and others who were with them at table. And the Pharisees and their Scribes kept complaining to his disciples and saying:

"'Why do you eat and drink with saloon-keepers and prostitutes?'

"Jesus answered them:

"'Those who are well need no physician, but those who are sick. I have not come to call good people but bad people to a change of mind and purpose of heart.'"

We do not find fault with this method of translation, for it is fresh and will be helpful to many people.

A CORDIAL AND DISPASSIONATE DISCUSSION ON PREDESTINATION: Its Scriptural Import. *By Bishop John B. Small, D.D.* (York, Pa.: Dispatch Publishing Co.) Bishop Small is a dignitary of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church and has written much in the interests of his Church. It is an interesting fact that the African Methodists in our Southern States find it necessary to defend their views of free grace against the strict Calvinism of the negro Baptists, and this is what the present volume does. Bishop Small's argument is based upon the premise that Scripture cannot contradict itself and is its own best interpreter. It should seem that a very crude doctrine of predestination is prevalent in and has been met by the churches which Bishop Small represents. He very sharply antagonizes the doctrine which he attributes to Calvin, and argues from Scripture that it is destructive to our idea of the righteousness of God to believe that he would predestinate any man to eternal sin and death without previous regard to his character. Such discussions as this we have pretty nearly done with among most of our churches, and we do not think

it a very important matter what one's theory may be in reference to election and reprobation. But better mental gymnastic can hardly be found than the discussion of such a theme, and we cannot regret that it is taxing the acuteness of our colored brethren in the Southern States.

INDIAN BASKETRY. With 300 Illustrations. *By George Wharton James.* (New York: Henry Malkan. $2.00.) Mr. James is a passionate admirer of the Indians and their work, and has written a number of volumes on the Mission Indians of California. In this fascinating book he has gathered what we know of the Indian basket-work, making use not only of the result of his own researches, but of the considerable bibliography which we owe to Mason, Dixon, Cushing, Fewkes, and others. He has had access to the finest private collections, and has illustrated his pages with a wealth of wood-cuts and half-tones. It surprises the uninitiated to find such a pattern as the Greek fret or the anthemion, which have had a native origin and have not been borrowed from the older continent. This shows that not only such simple designs as crosses and circles may arise anywhere, but that even more conventional forms may have diverse origin. This extremely interesting volume is a real addition to our knowledge of an art sure to decay unless it is carefully preserved by those who are interested in Indian culture.

ANTONIA. *By Jessie Van Zile Belden.* (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.) We have here a tale which shows the life of New Amsterdam to have been no less "severe and strenuous" than that of the Puritans. The story (which at some points has a strong reminder of a familiar one) is excellent, and the simple, direct style keeps it moving without any friction. Antonia, as a purely Dutch woman, might have proved too phlegmatic to play the heroine, but, with a drop of Spanish blood added to her veins, she is graceful and spirited enough to please the most exacting. From page to page we pursue the flying phantom of happiness deferred, sure of finding the pot of gold at the rainbow's foot. To be dull on the way is impossible, for when a moving accident is wanting there are always Indians in the background to lend to life that uncertainty so delightful—in fiction.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WOMAN. *By Max O'Rell.* (New York: The Abbey Press. $1.50.) This is the fourteenth book Max O'Rell has published about Jonathan, John Bull and Jacques Bonhomme, and their respective wives, children, manners and customs. If he lives long enough he will probably publish fourteen more, and doubtless they will all be interesting and amusing. In this book he is particularly happy, for his main theme is woman, and what subject is so fascinating to a Frenchman as that? He has many bright, and only a few stupid, things to say about her: whether they be true or false only she, of course, can tell.

THE LUCK OF THE VAILS. *By E. F. Benson.* (New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.) A "thrilling," old-fashioned tale which progresses through the gruesome underground passages and secret doorways of an old English manor house into the most appalling situations, and out again into the sunshine of marital happiness. The "heavy villain" is of an entirely new type, being a rosy faced, innocent-eyed old man with an apparently amiable weakness for blowing a flute, who stings and poisons in the dark like a viper. The plot is ingenious, and the author's powers of description extraordinary.

FAMILIAR TREES AND THEIR LEAVES. Edition in Colors. *By F. Schuyler Mathews.* (New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75.) This tried and proved guide to our familiar trees now appears with the addition of twelve full-page pictures printed in colors. While we do not think these colored plates will add appreciably to the real usefulness of the book, they at least lend a certain sprightliness to its appearance. It is not necessary to commend again the plan of Mr. Mathews's work and his wisdom in laying so much emphasis on the general character of the leaf as the feature by which ordinary observers distinguish tree from tree.

A SUNNY SOUTHERNER. *By Julia Magruder.* (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.25.) In Southern romances the heroine is too often represented upon a pedestal, while the hero, unkempt, unshaven and apparently dashed over with social ignominy, is seen to struggle up to her feet. After a long time love levels the ground, endows him with magnetism and convincing mysteries; and on the last page he invariably turns out to be a Northern nabob of some superlative kind; whereupon the lady steps gracefully down, apologizes for her pedestal, explains that it is a sort of family heirloom, and that she is quite willing to abandon it for his sake. Such is the scheme of this little story. Everything incredible and preposterous is done to bring about a happy ending.

JACK RAYMOND. *By E. L. Voynich.* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.50.) A story written with power, insight and a certain remorseless hardness, recording the martyrdom of a child through the ferocities of an old man who has the homicidal mania. The hard-featured, brave-spirited little hero begins life by showing a fine tendency to work his way up through tribulations; but in the end the struggle seems futile. The rain never falls upon his dry ground. There are no lilies in his garden, only graves. And, worse than all, the author proves that his good people are wrong, and the wrong people are righteous. There is a subtle confusion of moral values which destroys the emphasis of the story and renders it unprofitable reading.

WALTER CARTER. Autobiography and Reminiscence. 1823—1897. (New York: Baker & Taylor Company.) Walter Carter was one of the family of brothers who established the firm of Carter Brothers, booksellers, in New York, in the thirties. They were a sturdy Scotch family, and after Robert came to this country and had been settled for a year he sent for his father and mother and ten brothers and sisters, who were finding that the change from hand-looms to steam-power was destroying their livelihood. It was a noble family of the typical Scotch Sabbath-keeping sort, and Walter was one of the noblest of the family. His autobiography only extends to his twenty-first birthday, but includes some farm life and reminiscences of the book trade of the day, with tales of the clergymen and the anti-slavery and temperance campaigns and political movements. It is fresh, bright and naive. The story of his later life is from his daughter's more practiced pen. In 1844 there were only three men in New York who were rated worth over a million dollars. They were John Jacob Astor, who was credited with $9,000,000; Stephen Whitney, with $6,000,000, and James Lenox, with $3,000,000. Book stores were kept open from seven in the morning till nine at night. The four Harper Brothers had the largest publishing house, each managing his own department well. Daniel Appleton's firm consisted of himself and his four sons, and Robert and Walter and Peter were the active members of the Carter's firm, who dealt wholly in religious books. It is a charming picture that is given of the strong, cheery, good man and his family life.

THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE. A discussion of Problems of Modern City Life in England, with an Essay on Imperialism. *By Various Writers.* (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.) A volume of excellent essays on some of the most important questions with which the present century has to deal. The problems of housing, temperance reform, charity, distribution of industry and cognate matters are discussed in a sober and scholarly manner, by men possessing a first-hand knowledge of the city race. "Some of the authors have lived in settlements; some in block dwellings; others have been brought by voluntary effort or the demands of business into direct contact with the districts abandoned to the laboring classes." The essay on "Imperialism" seems somewhat out of place. Its subject is not only widely divergent from that of the other essays, but its tone and style are also of a different type. If South Africa be, as is maintained, a "land of lies," it is reasonable to expect some of this disingenuousness to appear in the controversial literature growing out of the long struggles there. The expectation, we are sorry to say, is usually

fulfilled, whether the writer be Imperialist or Anti; and the writer of this essay has indulged his prejudices and his passion to a familiar degree. His paper is cleverly, even wittily composed; nevertheless, it is unfair, and its appearance is an intrusion into what would otherwise be an exceptionally valuable work.

SIR JOHN AND THE AMERICAN GIRL. *By Lilian Bell.* (New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.15.) In reviewing this second volume of "Harper's Portrait Collection of Short Stories," it is important to read "Miss Scarborough's Point of View" and the sequel, "With Feet of Clay," otherwise the critic might infer that he has only found some entertaining stories, cleverly written, but a trifle too light to be bound into a volume for preservation. But the piquant humor of the stories referred to, the shrewd smile of the author showing through, the consummate ease and lucidity of the style, the revelation of an inflexible moral test applied to the relations of life peculiar to good women,—all these qualities lift it almost to the dignity of literature.

THE PRACTICE OF CHARITY, INDIVIDUAL, ASSOCIATED AND ORGANIZED. *By Edward Thomas Devine, Ph.D.* (New York: Lentilhon & Co. 65 cents.) This instructive little manual for charity workers is by the capable General Secretary of the Charity Organization Society of the City of New York. It may be, therefore, considered as "official" from the standpoint of organized charity. Some philanthropic and thoughtful people think "organized" charity is a paradox and an officious nuisance; others equally philanthropic and thoughtful hold that it is a necessary evil. This book argues that it is a necessary good. *The Practice of Charity* is to be commended.

SPANISH HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS. *By Katharine Lee Bates.* (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25.) The highways of Spain are broad, well-traveled roads, for they all lead to some particular town with its cathedral, shrine, monument or gallery, all picturing the history of the past. The byways wander about everywhere, by rivers, up valleys to the mountains, or down some side street, and reach the homes and the hearts and characteristics of the people, indicating in curious fashion the present and future of Spain. Our author succeeds in carrying the reader along on her travels over both these ways with great comfort and satisfaction, and she introduces us to many interesting people, and gets us a good viewpoint at many a *fête,* showing and explaining everything in an easy, charming manner. In the end we come away with the impression that for color and picturesqueness, interest and graciousness nothing can quite equal Spain and her people.

BIRD PORTRAITS. *By Ernest Seton-Thompson. With Descriptive Text by Ralph Hoffmann.* (Boston: Ginn & Co.) This is much more than a book of superb pictures; each bird has also a faithful description written by Ralph Hoffmann. There are twenty portraits and accompanying monographs—mostly of summer residents of our Northern States, altho some are included which visit us only in winter, and there are a few of those that spend the whole year in one locality. The delightful song sparrow heads the list, as he should. We are glad to see the Redstart and Bob White and the useful Goldfinch; but, above all others, our summer and winter bird, Chickadee. As a delightful souvenir for a young friend, nothing could be finer than this volume.

THE NINETEENTH HOLE. *By Van Tassel Sutphen.* (New York: Harper & Bros. $1.00.) This is the third volume of the portrait collection of short stories which the Harpers are publishing, and, like its predecessors, is attractive both in make up and material. The eight stories are bright bits of comedy, in which golf clubs and automobiles help out the leading characters; and the plots, just like these instruments of play, lead us through all sorts of difficulties which are at once exasperating and amusing. But it is just this very fact that gives life to the lines. Those who play golf will laugh over the fantastic hazards that punctuate many of the pages, and those who don't will appreciate the slender string of sentiment that holds some of the characters together. The fun of it all makes the book refreshing such days as these.

Literary Notes

THACKERAY now goes into Dent's "Temple Classics." Macmillan also publishes a new edition of his novels.

....A new and revised edition is promised of Churton Collins's "Ephemera Critica," which we reviewed recently.

....This sentence on Thoreau is taken from the London *Academy:* "Thoreau expressed himself in literature with a completeness which stands solitary among moderns; he knew himself, as we say, in and out."

....E. P. Dutton & Co. announce that they will publish shortly Villari's "Life of Giovanni Segantini." The account of the artist's early struggle, his life in the mountains, and his final success is said to make a story of great interest.

....The title of Gorky's much talked-of novel, "Foma Gordyeeff," means "Thomas the Proud," Foma being the Russian form of the English name Thomas, and Gordyeeff signifying proud. The name Gorky itself is a *nom-de-plume* signifying "the bitter one," and was chosen by the author to indicate his early attitude toward life.

....A New Topographical, Physical and Biblical Map of Palestine. Edited by Prof. George Adam Smith. (New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.) This map we receive folded on cloth in covers, and with an index of places. It is on the scale of four inches to the mile, and thus makes on rollers a large wall map. It presents a complete survey of the country as it exists at the present day, compiled from the latest researches of the English and German Palestine Exploration Funds, and gives all the biblical sites as well as the modern place-names. It includes the country from Beirut in the north to the Arabah in the south, extending as far east as Damascus and Jebel Haurân. It is colored to show the elevation or depression, and is every way as complete a map as could be asked for, by far the best acessible to the public and invaluable to biblical students or for travelers in Palestine.

....Hardy and Meredith—that is a conjunction of names to conjure by. Edmund Gosse tells this story in the current *International:* "On the best authority I am informed that the first novel which Mr. Hardy wrote has never been published and will never see the light. The name of it was 'The Poor Man and the Lady,' and it was full of the revolutionary and anti-social extravagances which are native to the unripeness of a youth of genius. It happened by a strange and interesting coincidence that the 'reader' for the publisher to whom this manuscript was submitted happened to be no less a person than Mr. Meredith. He saw the rough power in the book, and he recommended it for publication. But he also sent for the young man, and with great courtesy and friendliness urged him to consider whether it would not be wise to adopt, on his first introduction to the public, a gentler guide. The result was that Mr. Hardy asked leave to suppress 'The Poor Man and the Lady,' and retired to write 'Desperate Remedies.'"

Pebbles

"WAS he on his knees when he proposed to you?" No, I was!"—*Life.*

....When the isthmian canal is completed passengers can sit on the deck of ships in transit and enjoy a revolution on either side.—*The New York World.*

....I met a goat, and said to him,
"The question, pray, excuse,
"Why do you always wag your chin?"
Quoth he, "Because I chews!"
—*Life.*

....*Beggar* (preliminarily): "I've seen better days." *Busy Man:* "So have I; looks as if it had set in for an all-day drizzle. Confoundedly unpleasant. Got to take 'em as they come, tho. Tra, la, la."—*The Charities Review.*

....The sentimental bride on the park bench at St. Joe watched the sun set in Lake Michigan. And she murmured: "See, darling, how phosphorescent!" "It's no wonder," responded the matter of fact bridegroom, "when you think how many matches are made here." Then, as the sun sank to rest, her head sank likewise—on George's shoulder—and all was still.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A little *father* o'er the stile
As James would fain a *sister*—
As eke some *mother* lads would do—
He bent him down and kiss'd her.

The maiden cried, "*Aunt* you a wretch
To treat a girl so badly?
You'd *daughter* be ashamed, I say,
To *cousin* me so sadly!"
—*Boston Genealogist.*

FROM OUR OWN WALT WHITMAN.

I see a thousand lovers yearning for the love that is denied them.
I see a thousand spirits damned to sigh through all eternity for love once lightly thrown away.
I see a thousand angels happy with the love that heaven reserved for them.
I see a thousand little heaps of dust that once were animate with love—that once had hopes and fears—that mock at care.
I see—but I don't suppose anybody cares a cuss what I see.
Chicago Record-Herald.

....During one of Adelina Patti's last tours in the United States, the following preliminary notice was published by a certain Western editor: "Madame Patti Nicolini, the eminent vocalist and farewellist, will come to us for positively the last time next year. All those who expect to die before the year after next will do well to hear the human nightingale on this trip, for Patti never says good-by twice in the same year, and to die without hearing her strike her high two-thousand-dollar note is to seek the hereafter in woful ignorance of the hights to which a woman with good lungs, a castle in Wales, and who only uses one kind of soap, can soar when she tries."—*Argonaut.*

EDITORIALS

President McKinley

The American nation stands awed, indignant, in the presence of a terrible crime committed against its own existence, a crime plotted to destroy not so much a man as the Government which he represents. The burning hatred of the assassin was not against Mr. William McKinley as an individual, but against President McKinley, the chosen ruler of the people. It was the violent protest of anarchy against law.

And who made this law? The people. William McKinley was the people's choice. This Czolgosz family had come of their own free will here to escape tyranny, and had been given the fullest freedom. They had even been invited to help choose the Governor of their State and the President of the nation. We doubt not this Leon Czolgosz himself voted last November. He had become an equal citizen of the freest country in the world, the choicest home of liberty, where birth gives no privilege, where each man is allowed to carve his own fortune, and each to help rule the nation and decide its policy, where the voice of the people is sacred like the voice of God. And against this free, equal government, in the person of William McKinley, he raised his murderous hand.

And who was William McKinley? He was the chosen head of the Government, the sacred representative of the voice of the people. He was a gentle, kindly, spotless man, utterly devoted to the welfare of the people, and solicitous only to obey the people's will in the fear of God. No ruler could have seemed safer against the feathered shaft or the leaden shot of malice.

And yet it was this blameless man against whom murderous malice was aroused. He was regarded as a tyrant, to be slain by any daring hero. He was called the oppressor of the people; his was the Imperialist sword that cut down the struggling hosts of liberty; he was the tool through whom monsters of wealth crushed the army of laborers into penury and slavery. He represented the autocrats and capitalists, the foes of the workingmen. Had not Czolgosz read all these things in the viper press, gloated over the cartoons of it, heard Emma Goldman repeat the bitter lie till he nerved himself to avenge the wrong to the people by tyrannicide?

Yet William McKinley is none of these things that Czolgosz read and heard. He represents the best purpose of all the people. If he has erred in his policy, it is because the people in their fullest expression of high purpose and will have also erred. He rules as President, because the people wish Presidents to rule, and have chosen him to rule. He has executed righteous law for rich and poor, in New York and Idaho, as the people wished it. He has delivered Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines from Spanish tyranny, and has annexed the two last to the United States, and has instituted self-government and liberty and peace in all three, because the American people had a feeling of generous mercy for those oppressed islands, and he has thus enlarged the power and influence of the nation for good all over the world. He has set to the other nations an example of self-restraint and honor in China, such as our people approve. He represents at home industry and prosperity and comfort, and honor and beneficence abroad. It is the worthy representative of the will and wisdom of the people whom this ignorant, conceited, misguided wretch has tried to murder. Against his malice are combined the prayers of the people and the best surgical skill of the world. We rejoice to believe that malice will be thwarted, and that the President will recover to serve out his full term of office.

The Assassin's Deed

In thirty-six years three Presidents of the United States have been struck down by the assasin's bullet, one for every three terms, three elected Presidents out of last seven. Two of them died from the wound; the third may die.

Sympathy for the suffering President is matched with bitter indignation toward the assassin, and yet, while the heart keeps hot, the head must keep cool.

There are some eighty million people

in the United States. Perhaps there are eighty people who are dangerous anarchistic cranks. They are mostly foreigners, or of foreign parentage, who have learned, under tyranny, to hate all government, and who not only believe there should be no rule of law, but who can be persuaded themselves to avenge the people by slaying the ruler. They are atheists, having no fear of God or a future life, and are swallowed up by the conceit of their own folly, and think they make themselves heroes for all the ages if they sacrifice their own lives to slay the tyrants of the world. They are very few, but they are very dangerous. Their insignificance gives them the protection of obscurity, while the destinction of their victims raises them to world-wide notoriety of fame. Against their bullet or dagger no President, no Emperor, no Czar is safe.

This particular assassin declares that he has learned his doctrine from the lectures of a pestilent woman named Emma Goldman. We do not doubt that there are several little companies of these anarchistic assassins in this country which fire the passions of weak men, or even plot murders of rulers and choose by lot the man who shall do the deed. This wretch may not have been chosen by them to do this deed, but he was inspired by them to make his assault on the nation's organic law. In this case the unworty rebel against law was protected by law from just such violence as he attempted against our Chief Executive. There were those who would have killed him on the spot, as he tried to kill the President. But we must hold to law even in defense of those who deny law.

Behind these little groups of anarchists, the John Schwabs and the Emma Goldmans, behind the Paterson or Chicago or Detroit conspirators, stand those other infamous slanderers of the Government and rulers that make it their business and trade to inflame the public mind. We refer to a large class of utterly irresponsible yellow newspapers which are constantly slandering, by type and caricature, our President and other officials. President McKinley is an honest, conscientious man, who tries to do his duty; and those who dislike his policy ought to honor his office. But we have seen, in papers which this week are full of his praise and of denunciations of the assassin, day after day, pictures which represent him as an insignificant, monkey-like dwarf, submissively led by an obese, dollar-marked figure representing the trusts or Senator Hanna. We have all seen those pictures and have read the editorials that match them. But they are all of the same criminal character as the speeches of Emma Goldman. To them we must look for the accursed inspiration that struck down the President. They are not to be laughed at, not to be taken lightly, but with indignation. We doubt not that Senator Hanna is in the same danger of assassination as was President McKinley, and if he should be shot it will be these yellow journals that are to blame. But what care they? The murder of a President sells editions.

But what we shall do with the anarchists is a further question.

Anarchism and the Law

The people of the United States have shown a great reluctance to deal severely with anarchism. The tradition that America is an asylum for the oppressed, and the belief that perfect freedom of political discussion is essential to liberty, have great vitality. European nations have often reproached us for failing to distinguish between a liberty of utterance that is expedient, and a criminal raving that is known to be closely associated with conspiracy and assassination. More than once our relations with Great Britain have been strained by our toleration of dynamiters. Italy, if not formulating a legal complaint, is undoubtedly cherishing a moral grievance against us for our easy-going indifference to the Paterson gang that plotted and have gloried in the murder of a generous and high-minded king. Even when our own domestic peace has been threatened we have still held strongly to the policy of letting anarchism alone until overt violence could be proven. The hanging of the Haymarket anarchists at Chicago was strongly disapproved by a large and influential class of theorists, and by not a few minds of a more practical turn. Lawyers especially have held that Judge Gary's rulings strained the fundamental principles of constitutional law. "So

long as the anarchist only talks, and until he *does* something, he cannot be molested." This has been our creed.

Whether the assassination of President McKinley by an avowed anarchist, following so closely upon the taking off of Carnot, the Empress Elizabeth and King Humbert, will bring the American people and their legislative bodies to a severer view it is not easy to predict; but there are indications, in the attitude of the press, and in the utterances of public men, that give some hope of broader and more courageous thinking. The first wave of indignation will expend itself in threats of "extermination," and similar violent language, and that is on all accounts to be desired. We are already quite prone enough in this country to substitute irregular punishments for due process of law. What the situation calls for is a sober, thoughtful reconsideration of the whole problem of the relation of anarchism to a republican government, an exhaustive discussion of all its possibilities by clear-headed leaders of public opinion, and the adoption of a policy that shall be at once lawful, rigorous, prompt and efficient.

The first step in such a policy is to make clear to the people the difference, which is not generally recognized even by the better newspapers, between a creed of peaceful anarchism and the propaganda of criminal anarchism. There are men against whom no breath of reproach has ever been uttered who believe as an article of philosophy that all government of man by man is morally wrong. The Society of Friends, while not going quite to this length, holds doctrines that very closely approach the denial of the rightfulness of human government. Count Tolstoi, we suppose, while not calling himself an anarchist, is almost or quite an anarchist in philosophical conviction. But philosophical anarchism, when combined with a literal interpretation of the injunction to "resist not evil," is harmless to the community. There can be no possible objection to allowing men to argue that all employment of force in the relations of man to man is morally indefensible; and, if they derive from this principle the conclusion that governments, making use of guns and bayonets and policemen's clubs are wrong, they can harm nobody so long as they also teach that forcible resistance to government likewise is wrong.

Absolutely different is the anarchism that is essentially criminal, and that often develops into actual crime. When one-half of the creed of philosophical anarchism—that, namely, which denies the rightfulness of government— is adopted by fanatics, neurotics, and instinctive criminals, while the other half—namely, the gospel of non-resistance—is ignored or discarded, the result is an exceedingly dangerous product which, by its very nature, is bound to assume a criminal character, and, unless watched and restrained by the community, to grow into murder and revolution.

The second step in a sound policy toward anarchism must be a clear recognition that certain forms of insanity cannot be dealt with on the easy-going plan of *laisser faire*. Criminal anarchism has received much aid and comfort from well meaning men, some of a scientific and some of a sentimental turn, who have protested that the anarchist who counsels violence is *prima facie* an unbalanced and irresponsible person. On this whole subject of a right relation of the law to irresponsible characters there is endless confusion in the public mind. Irresponsibility is a sufficient reason for withholding those punishments which imply a judgment of guilt, and which contain an element of vengeance, or retribution. It is no reason whatever for allowing the irresponsible person, or faction, to go at large, to the deadly peril of useful and law-abiding men, and a continuing menace to the social order. Let it then be granted that anarchists of the blood-thirsty sort are irresponsible creatures, if science so declares. A way must be found within the forms of law to prevent them from putting their creed of violence into practice.

And this brings us to the third step which must be taken in any rational policy of dealing with criminal anarchism. We have had quite enough of the nonsense of waiting until the criminal anarchist murders somebody before taking him in hand. Too many valuable lives have been sacrificed already, and our constitutional liberty has been subjected to an altogether unnecessary peril. Criminal insanity is a medico-legal

phenomenon that has long been recognized in the statutes and by the decisions of the courts of all civilized countries. The criminally insane may be and are deprived of liberty upon proof of criminal conduct, altho their acts have proceeded from irresponsible impulses, or from delusion. It is for the law-making power to say what acts shall be construed as criminal, and what evidence shall be deemed sufficient to estabish the fact of criminal insanity. Is it necessary, then, to wait until the criminal anarchist has shot some one, or thrown a bomb, before placing him safely behind the bars? We think that it is time to recognize and to define by law as criminal all advocacy of assassination as a political method, all participation in meetings in which violence is approved, and all expressions of satisfaction in deeds of violence already committed. Proof of such expressions, or advocacy, or participation, in connection with a plea of irresponsibility by the defense, should then be declared sufficient evidence of criminal insanity, and restraint in a safe place of detention should be provided for those found guilty.

In the policy here suggested there would be no violation of any rational principle of liberty. It is a policy demanded by common sense to meet a serious and growing evil. The alternative is a frequent recurrence of assassination.

Let us, then, have a legal recognition of the criminality of murderous anarchism, and a law providing restraint for life for all who preach or glory in assassination, whether they plead insanity or not.

Recent Investigations in Nutrition

One of the greatest surprises for medical visitors from the Occident who took advantage of the International Medical Congress held at Moscow four years ago to make an excursion into the terra incognita, Russia, was to find the wonderful development of medical education and investigation in that presumedly backward country. At Moscow the university medical buildings, and especially those devoted to clinical or bedside teaching, are easily among the finest in the world. At St. Petersburg the Imperial Institute of Medicine, with a magnificant plant devoted entirely to post-graduate teaching and medical investigation, was a never ending source of admiration, and, let us add, of envy. Americans certainly wished that somehow our republican government could be brought to realize how much such facilities for investigation would redound to the health and happiness of our people.

It was no surprise, then, to those who had visited Russia three years before to find at the last International Medical Congress in Paris last year that a Russian had been invited to contribute one of the most important papers and was given a place on the program beside Virchow and Burdon-Sanderson and our own Jacobi. Professor Pavlov, the Director of the Department of Experimental Medicine at the Russian Imperial Medical Institute, was the individual honored. His paper embodied the results of his original investigations with regard to the most important nerves in the body—the pneumogastric nerves, whose terminal filaments are distributed to all the important organs. The conclusions announced by Professor Pavlov were rather startling, since they represented a distinct advance in medical opinion. The new views served to throw precious light on certain obscure but important problems of animal nutrition. The significance of these original investigations for modern medicine can be best realized from the fact that the committee of award for the Nobel foundation considered that their author deserved a place beside Professor Finsen, the Danish investigator, whose light therapy we discussed last week, and merited to divide with him the more than $100,000 prize that the committee held for distribution.

Since the beginning of the nineteenth century it has been well known that section of the pneumogastric nerves caused death. Claude Bernard showed that irritation of these nerves might cause the heart to stop instantly. This and other similar experimental results enabled the distinguished French physiologist to introduce into physiology the idea of inhibitory nerves—that is, nerves that pre-

vent function in the system by some influence of nerve impulses not well understood. It is not because of this action on the heart, however, that section of the pneumogastrics causes death. After section of these nerves the heart continues to beat, tho it is much more sensitive to extraneous influences than before. About the middle of the nineteenth century two of the greatest medical authorities of the time, Traube and Schiff, disputed over the question of death after section of the pneumogastrics being due to respiratory complications. The breathing in animals with cut pneumogastrics is always lessened in amount, and the lack of sensitiveness in the larynx permits foreign bodies to find their way into the lungs and so cause serious pulmonary derangement.

Professor Pavlov put all preceding investigations out of the problem by showing that animals in which both pneumogastrics were cut might, if due precautions were taken, be kept alive and in good health for an indefinite length of time. We have said that the pneumogastric nerves are distributed to all the large organs. They are sometimes spoken of in anatomy as the pharyngo-laryngo - tracheo - broncho - œsophago - cardio-gastro-hepatic-intestinal nerves, the unwieldy name being a catalog of their main distribution. Professor Pavlov showed that it was not through the cardiac or pulmonary filaments that the cut pneumogastrics caused death in former experiments, but because of disturbances of digestion due to the absence of a certain regulating influence exercised under normal conditions by these nerves upon the stomach and intestines. If animals were given a very simple diet they could be kept alive even with cut pneumogastrics and good health maintained. Even a mild purgative medicine that in ordinary animals had but very slight effect caused the death of animals with cut pneumogastrics. Not only this, but internal temperature was easily disturbed. Constancy of temperature is a sign of good vital resistance, and this was seriously undermined.

In a word, Professor Pavlov's ingenious investigations showed that while digestion was presumed to be a chemical problem, the proper absorption of food after its preparation by the digestive juices depends on the vital nerve-force present in the cells of the digestive tract. Nerves are only conductors, but along them travel impulses on which depends the continuance of life. Interference with blood supply causes death, or a sure lowering of vital activity, but the interruption of the flow of nerve impulses has a like effect. The heart-beat depends on nerve-force transmitted from the central nervous system, so that all the problems of nutrition center now, in a way not quite understood before, in the principle of life, which seems to be more immediately united to the cells of the nervous tissues.

These observations show how much the function of organs may depend on the state of the nervous system. They throw light on the obscure problems of nervous exhaustion in which organic affections of many kinds are simulated. Not only that, but they make clear how the high-strung tense living of our modern days wastes nerve-force, and so exhausts the stock of vitality. While showing the significance of the principle of life behind the chemical and physical processes of the body, Pavlov's work brings into relief the essential unity of the animal system, tho composed of multicellular elements. This is, in a word, the most suggestive research in recent medicine.

Catholic Free School Education

Every one knows that it is a strict rule of the Catholic Church in the United States that every parish must provide a parochial school, and every Catholic child must be sent to such a school under serious ecclesiastical penalty to the parents. "We not only expect," says the Baltimore Council of 1884, "but command with all the authority we possess." For these schools teachers from the religious orders are supplied, Sisters of St. Joseph, of the Immaculate Heart, of the Third Order of St. Francis, of the Holy Child Jesus, and a dozen others, and, for the boys' schools, chiefly the Christian Brothers. To be sure there are multitudes of Catholic children in our public schools, but these are either where no parochial schools exist, or they are chil-

dren of willful Catholics, or, more usually, children who have graduated from the primary parochial school, which is all the parish can afford, and, having learned their prayers and had their first strict religious instruction, perhaps passed their first communion, must now perforce go to the public schools or go nowhere. In such cases indulgence is freely granted by the edicts of the Third Council of Baltimore.

The extent of this parochial system is very great, but yet it does not compare with that of our public schools even in those cities where it is most developed. In the fourteen archdioceses of the United States there are reported 446,441 children under Catholic instruction, of whom 361,183 are in free parochial schools. Chicago has 62,723 in parochial schools; New York, 49,389; Philadelphia, 41,121; Boston, 40,235. The public school pupils are five or six times as many.

As a rule the free parochial school system does not extend beyond the primary grades; but an attempt is now being made to develop it through all grades. The first effort was made eleven years ago in Philadelphia, when Mr. Cahill made a large gift for the establishment of a high school for boys, and in no other city, we believe, is the system so far developed. Doubtless if it is thought desirable to segregate Catholics all their life, or through all their school life, from all other people, which to us seems very unwise, it is important to provide high schools as well as primary schools. Bishop Spalding has well said that "progress starts from the summits." It was the founding of Harvard College only six years after the Puritans settled in Charleston and Boston that gave its dominancy to New England in the United States. Bishop Spalding asks:

> "What sound reason, outside of necessity, can be given why the Catholic parent should be freely allowed to send his child to the public high school and be strictly forbidden to send him to the elementary public school? . . . If the boy of sixteen, with his ripening passions and impressionable moral nature, may live in a Godless atmosphere without harm, why may not the boy of twelve, with his less developed impulses to evil?"

Accordingly it is now the aim of the Catholic hierarchy as rapidly as possible to develop a system of free Catholic schools covering the higher grades. In Philadelphia no rich Catholic has yet built a high school for girls, and accordingly the more advanced scholars are brought together in three "high school centers" connected with the larger parochial schools. There are not many of them, only 148 the last year, and only a two years' course is provided, covering the ninth and tenth grades, after which the pupils receive their diplomas. The ordinary high school course extends from the ninth to the twelfth grade. In the boys' Catholic high school last year there were 400 scholars, while in the entire archdiocese the number of scholars in Catholic schools regularly decreased from 12,577 in the first grade to 666 in the eighth. Of course, a goodly number of upper grade pupils had gone into the public schools, and others left school entirely.

In the largest cities, where the Catholic parochial schools are well developed, such as New York and Philadelphia and Boston, there are from five to six times as many children in the public schools as are in the parochial, and probably only about one-half of the Catholic children are in the Catholic schools. The best and most intelligent Catholics believe in the public schools and patronize them, sometimes at no little ecclesiastical risk. Altho bidden not to send their sons to Harvard and Yale, they patronize these and other colleges freely, and declare that they do not suffer religious shipwreck thereby. Such is the testimony of Father Scully, of Cambridge, as to the Harvard Catholic students. Indeed there is constant complaint that the wealthy Catholics prefer such universities, yet they continue to do so, and a multitude of the graduates of our high schools, normal schools, State universities and other colleges heartily support our American system. It is impossible to draw the lines tight as in the Latin-American countries, where the Council of 1899 absolutely condemns all "free," "mixed," "neutral," or "laic" schools, established "by the machinations and fallacies of non-Catholics and other adversaries of the Church," and parents are told that they must under no circumstances patronize such schools.

So strict a rule would not do here. The people know better. They are will-

ing to pay nearly a million dollars a year in the archdiocese of Philadelphia to support their religious schools, which, perhaps, saves half as much to the taxpayers. But they are right in believing that it is better for their children to mix and compete with other children and learn in the best schools. A secluded and cloistered virtue which keeps out of the dust and heat of public life is apt to gain little force. The present Catholic policy is a poor one, because it does not give the strongest product. It is too protective. But if the Catholic policy must be to cover the whole period of a child's education in Catholic schools, as the Latin-American Council requires, and the Baltimore Council recommends, then we can only wish the high schools for boys and girls to be made as good as possible, and the rebels who break from them to be as many as possible. That will be better for them and for the Church; for the laymen are right, and the policy of the ecclesiastics is wrong.

The Local Political Situation

The probability of full and cordial union among the various Anti-Tammany factions grows stronger day by day. It is true that occasional mutterings of unyielding opposition to this or that proposed candidate have been heard; but most of these expressions, it is generally believed, are not to be taken too literally. It is the common thought that the Mayoralty nominee of the combined forces, whoever he may be, will enlist practically the full support of the organizations now arrayed against Tammany Hall.

The Citizens' Union Committee of One Hundred and Seven agreed, September 4th, on the names to be presented to the Conference Committee of the Anti-Tammany bodies. For Mayor, the selections were John De Witt Warner, Seth Low, George L. Rives and George Foster Peabody; for Controller, Charles S. Fairchild, James McKeen and Charles A. Schieren; and for President of the Board of Aldermen, F. Norton Goddard, General F. V. Green, Lawson Purdy, George Haven Putnam and James B. Reynolds.

Of the Mayoralty names easily the most prominent is that of Seth Low. The strong fight which he made for the office four years ago, when, as an independent candidate, he polled 151,540 votes, leads many to believe that this year, under the changed conditions, he could be elected. The Republican organization, which in 1897 polled 101,863 votes against him, would this year, on the word of Mr. Platt, support him; and the majority of the voters who supported Mr. Henry George would probably also fall in line. His strongest backing is the conservative business element; but he is also a favorite with many of the intelligent leaders of labor and with the non-partisan municipal reformers. He would give an able and a just, if not a brilliant administration—a safe and conservative conduct of affairs.

Mr. Low is an Independent Republican. And this fact is regarded in some quarters as a bar to his candidacy. New York being a Democratic city, it is held that the union candidate should be a Democrat. Ostensibly on this ground, tho largely influenced by other considerations, opposition to him has been declared by certain members of both the German-American Union and the Greater New York Democracy (the Sheehan organization). We hope and believe that this antagonism is not irreconcilable; but the fear that it may be so adds strength to the demand for an Independent Democratic candidate.

Mr. Warner's political leanings meet this requirement; he is, moreover, an able and distinguished man; one who has been identified for years with public movements, particularly in regard to municipal questions. Tho his professional associations have been almost entirely with the business element, his attitude on public matters is frequently that of a social radical; he is, therefore, the natural heir of the Anti-Tammany support given to Mr. Coler before the elimination of the Controller's name from the list of candidates. The mass of the German voters are thought to favor him, and the German-American Union has already declared him its candidate. His aggressive radicalism, however, has revealed strong opposition to his candidacy.

It is not likely that Mr. Coler can be rehabilitated as an Anti-Tammany candidate. The race for the nomination would then lie between Mr. Low and Mr. Warner. There are some indications.

however, that the strength of these two may be found so evenly matched in a stubborn contest that the selection of a "dark horse" may become necessary. Should this contingency happen the honors are likely to fall to District-Attorney Philbin. He would prove a strong candidate, and could doubtless be elected over any opponent whom Tammany may select.

The names mentioned for Controller are all acceptable. The choice will, therefore, depend largely on the Mayoralty choice. A New York Democratic head to the ticket argues a Brooklyn Republican for the second place; a Republican for Mayor would probably influence the selection of a Democrat for Controller.

Equally acceptable, in many respects, are the five names mentioned for President of the Board of Aldermen. For certain reasons, however, we are inclined to think that Mr. Reynolds would prove the strongest candidate. He is not prominently identified, we believe, with either of the two great parties in national or State questions; and the political complexion of the remainder of the ticket will therefore not affect his nomination. As Head-Worker of the University Settlement he is known throughout the city for his social and humanitarian work, and while occupying this place he has been actively connected at all times with the more serious movements against Tammany's inefficiency and corruption. He is a man of earnestness and ability, of sound judgment and sterling character, a man acquainted with the city's needs as are few other men; and the office could hardly find a more capable occupant.

With such material as the Citizens' Union list to select from there is small margin for possible error in the naming of a ticket. The indications are bright for the redeeming of Greater New York from the clutches of the Tiger.

The Servant Girl Problem

The Servant Girl Union, or Association of Working Women of America, is likely to have some far-reaching effects, if it ever gets out of Chicago—as it seems destined to do. It purposes to be an organization to fix the hours of labor, and the hours of relaxation, for all the serving women of America; and to establish compensation as well. Besides this, it stipulates for a certain "free and untrammeled use" of a part of the house for receptions, undisturbed by the mistress, or her family. Under no circumstances shall work be required of any servant girl "before 5.30 in the morning." This first demand, thus made, would in most country families be an absolute impossibility. Dairy men and market gardeners rise, during the summer, between 3 and 4 o'clock; they generally retire at from 8 to 9 o'clock in the evening. But rise early they must, and if the Medes come in with a law forbidding kitchen work before 5.30, there will be a necessity of transferring maid work to men, or a larger invasion of Chinese must be tolerated; or, better yet, an enlargement of the applications of electricity to perform most of our housework for us.

But the second demand—namely, that work shall invariably cease "after dishes are washed at night"—is easily made harmless; for dish washing is, in many families, especially in the cities, protracted at intervals from 7 to 9 o'clock —or later. The intent is plain enough to stop "help" about half an hour after the evening meal, which in the country would be 7.30, and in the city would be a little earlier, or a little later. In many cases this will be impossible; for where there is but one girl employed the children need some attention; and there are preparations to be made for the early breakfast. There is no reason, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, for any stipulation or "union law" in this matter.

But if this early and prompt close of daily work in country homes is to be followed by an evening reception on the back porch, or in the kitchen itself, of male friends, by the girls, and it becomes compulsory for the family to withdraw from that part of the house altogether, half our families will have to forego the pleasure of such a summer boarder as a hired girl. It is about all that a refined family can endure to admit into the home atmosphere a person of different breed and breeding; but if she comes clothed with authority to set up a separate social department of her own—a rival, not a co-

operative establishment—then, as for rural families, we should have to live without her. For length and for depth of flirtation this agrarian courting is somewhat aggravating to Saxon nerves. It is not permitted "to interfere" even when it is protracted until 10 and 11 o'clock. All this may do in the city, where the family sleep quite remote from the kitchen, but in country houses it is to kill sleep. The language of this section of the union rules is that

"Gentlemen friends cannot be barred from the kitchen or back porch; and that the conversation shall not be interrupted by members of the family during such visits."

This bars the housewife from entering or using the kitchen, and the family cannot use their porch—probably the only porch of the house—after dishes are washed in the evening. Hereafter, ye rural friends, build for yourselves front porches.

"Two hours each afternoon, and twice a week the entire evening," shall belong to the domestic, as her indefeasible right. That is to say, she shall be, and she will be, the one, and only one, who has any such privilege in the household. The mistress of even a mansion in the country rarely has any privileges approximating these demands of the union. We know mothers and wives who would only be too glad to get one evening of a week, and one afternoon, during which they might have absolute control of their actions. But the necessities of home life and motherhood and wifehood forbid any such freedom.

"Club life" and "Bargain Mondays" or Bargain Fridays are to be quite as much the right of our new servant as of her new mistress. If by club life is meant an opportunity for intellectual improvement there can be no possible objection to such an arrangement. Our impression is that club life has been working some excellent results for homekeepers. They have of late taken to the discussing of domestic science and economics, to history and to art, with the result that our women are likely to be better informed—that is, better educated—within ten years from 1900, than the men will be, especially the men whose club life is smoking and playing games and story telling. It is a somewhat startling problem ahead—whether the sex that one hundred years ago could not enter a college in the United States will not, one hundred years from the opening of Oberlin, be politically, socially, economically better qualified to govern than the men will be. If club life is to take the servant girl on a similar course of training we can get along with a good deal of it and can manage to do with considerably less service. Probably it does not mean anything definite at present beyond the right to imitate the mistress. But it is probably a first rate point to yield. Possibly it is club life and bargain days that have put up this whole movement. The bargain counter has made several revolutions; it may make more. It has taught women the real and honest prices of goods, and those who ought to economize will not hereafter pay prices without knowing something about them. The hired girl has as good a right as her mistress to this lesson, and this economy. If they will both learn the laws of banking and have deposits in a savings bank or trust company, and will learn the wisdom of living inside their income, they will be better women—whether at the front of the house or in the rear.

Looked at as an assertion of womanhood, and the essential right to improve one's self, the new movement is a good one. But its minutiæ, as now defined, cannot be applied to country life. If it can be applied to city life, which is doubtful, it will tend still more to deplete the country of helpful help and take brains out of the culinary department. We are not saying too much when we affirm that the one most unpleasant feature of country life has been the impossibility of getting intelligent help.

It seems most likely that this aggressive action of the serving women of America will lead to a rational union of their employers. Consultation is needed; and this can come, by arbitrament, to an understanding that will make both sides far more comfortable. What we need is some basis of contract that will bind both maid and mistress and be just to all concerned. It seems also quite probable that there will come about, through this movement, a more rational grading of prices, so that the raw, untrained women cannot secure or demand wages equal to those commanded by the better educated. It will be well if the whole servant girl

question can be stirred up to the very bottom.

The President on Reciprocity

We have quoted elsewhere the very important paragraphs from President McKinley's speech at the Buffalo Exposition. It is nothing less than a formal announcement of the policy of the Government and the legislation which he desires. Indeed, it may be regarded as an abstract and prophecy of his next Message to Congress, as his political will and testament if he should not survive his injury. It marks a turning point in the policy of the Republican Party. "The period of exclusiveness is past." "We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing." "Commercial wars are unprofitable." "Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not." This all means that the policy advocated by Mr. Blaine is now to be pressed. Our Department of State and Mr. Kasson are no longer to be humiliated by having the treaties of reciprocity which they have carefully negotiated contemptuously pushed aside by the Senate. This is the best political news since the end of the Philippine war. It shows that the President is not the submissive tool of selfish politicians, but has at heart the real welfare of the whole country. And we have confidence enough in his remarkable political sagacity to believe that when he made these positive utterances he saw that what he desired would be accomplished by Congress, and he did not fear the charge that he was acting inconsistently with his previous attitude as the strong friend of protection.

Dr. Ament's Article.

The article by Dr. Ament somewhat traversing an editorial utterance about the tardy agreement of the legations in Peking gives us occasion to say that Sir Robert Hart, who is often called the best informed foreigner in China, does not take Dr. Ament's rosy view of the easy submission of the Chinese to foreign direction. He has great fear for the future, when China shall have had time to recuperate. Nor would most people care as little as Dr. Ament for the hold of Russia in Manchuria. But we are glad to quote what Sir Robert Hart has to say about Dr. Ament in the *Great Round World:*

"One name has been much spoken of and written about in this 'looting' connection. I allude to Dr. Ament. Before the siege began it was Dr. Ament, single handed, who ventured down to Tungcho, fifteen miles from Peking, and brought up the missionary community that would probably have perished there had it not been for his plucky, timely and self-sacrificing intervention. During the siege Dr. Ament turned out with the rest of us, rifle in hand, when that horrid bell called on us to muster and, perhaps, make a last stand for women and children. And it was Dr. Ament, too, who was set apart by the Legation authorities to take charge of whatever looted property was brought in for the use of the Legations—a tribute to his honesty and capacity. Later on, it was Dr. Ament who, like or with his colleagues, with no house of his own to return to, took refuge in the palace of a prince known to have played a leading part in the destruction of the missionary premises with which Dr. Ament was connected—a very righteous 'tit-for-tat,' and approved of, I believe, by his national officials. Still later, it was again Dr. Ament who courageously ventured outside of and away from Peking to inquire into the condition of converts at various points, and with the support of officials arrange in an amicable manner for compensation for injuries and losses.

"First and last, and all through, Dr. Ament did excellent work; and I am sure personal gain, personal profit and personal considerations never weighed with him in the slightest. But he stood on delicate ground, and—it is easy to throw stones! To my mind it would have been better for missionaries to have left the righting of wrongs to those in authority. But the times were out of joint, everything was anomalous, and some one, evidently, had to go to the front; it was the need—the duty of the minute that had to be attended to, and perhaps the wonder is that there is not more to find fault with!"

Alabama Suffrage

This is the kernel of the suffrage plan of the Alabama Constitutional Convention: After 1903 every new voter must have been regularly engaged in some lawful business for twelve months before registration, and be either able to read and write, or own forty acres of land, or hold property assessed at $300. The clerks of registry will, of course, decide whether the candidate has had a "regular" business for a year. But before 1903 any one can be registered as voter who served in either army or is the descendant of such soldier, whether he be literate or illiterate, and all others who can persuade the reg-

istering officers that they understand the duties and obligations of citizens. Those thus admitted will possess the right of suffrage for life. The confessed purpose of this scheme is, of course, to let in all the white men and shut out as many negroes as possible, and the clerks of registry are trusted to do the trick before 1903 and before the United States Supreme Court can pass on the constitutionality of the provision which makes heredity a condition of suffrage; as after 1903 this provision lapses. Thus the Constitution of the United States is to be annulled in a State which does not in the least need to guard against "negro domination." It will succeed; and yet honesty is the best policy.

When people do not mean to break laws, but do so out of simple, dense, conscientious stupidity there ought to be some way by which they may escape punishment. There is a faction of the Old Amish Church in Indiana that refuses to swear or affirm to its assessment lists, as required by law. They declare that legal "affirming" is the same as swearing, which is wrong, being forbidden by Scripture. And yet they all have really affirmed. Every one has with pen and ink made the statement under the assessor's list that it is correct, adding the words, "But I refuse to swear or affirm," and then signed the statement. This is, of course, an affirmation, and somehow it ought to be accepted, and yet they are compelled to pay ten dollars each and costs. There is an injustice here.

The Philippine question is dead, says Senator Hoar. The thing is settled, and all should unite to seek the wisest course to pursue in those islands, without pausing to lament the past. He declares that in this matter there is no substantial difference between the wisest leaders of the two parties. We think it will be very hard to bring the Democratic Party to repudiate the acquisition of the Philippines. What they will try to make their own peculiar treasure will be some special emphasis on plutocracy and trusts.

Ten years ago *The Congregationalist* took a census of the attendants at the Protestant churches on a pleasant August Sunday morning in Boston, the city proper, leaving out the suburbs. Then they numbered 7,056. A census taken in August of this year covering the same territory showed only 5,525 present. This is a reduction of 21 per cent., but we are not convinced that it is evidence of the corresponding loss of interest in religion. This is the period of the development of the bicycle and the trolley, and Boston is a Catholic city.

The list of the twenty-five provinces in the Philippines designated by the Taft Commission as sufficiently pacified to pass under the jurisdiction of civil governors covers nearly the whole of Luzon, and more than half of the population of all the islands. Naturally three more regiments are ordered home. The advance now making in administration and education is an honor to the administration there and here.

That announcement of a professorship of labor ethics to be established at the University of Chicago, to be supported by socialistic contributions is on the face of it of doubtful authenticity. If supported and controlled outside of the Board of Trustees it will be a lectureship such as anybody can establish and invite students to attend, as they do a church or a settlement.

Mr. William T. Hornaday, the capable Director of the New York Zoological Park, protests against its being called the *Zoo*. It is of no use, for the Zoo it is, and the Zoo it will be, for short. Who wants to repeat a long word? We much prefer advertisements, but we are perforce content to get *ads*.

The really worst case of loot in China is the seizure by the German troops under General von Waldersee of the famous bronze astronomical instruments made centuries ago by the Jesuits.

"Timekeepers of progress" is the good characterization which President McKinley makes of the series of great expositions.

INSURANCE

Accidents

THE husband whom widow Annie Kahler formerly had, obtained a $10,000 accident policy from a Western association. The widow would now like the money, and the association is less willing to pay than she to receive; it therefore sets up as plea that the policy covered no purposely-inflicted injuries except those inflicted by burglars and highwaymen. The policy might have further stipulated that only burglars with red hair and gold filling in three front teeth should be at liberty (so to speak) to inflict injuries without vitiating the victim's insurance; such a contract would have been legally good, and morally good as well if every reasonable effort was used to make certain that the insured understood it. But the association argues that as the killer of Kahler was a lunatic and neither burglar nor highwayman the purposely-inflicted injury did not come within the exception. Can a lunatic have a purpose, within the meaning of law? It suits the objection to this policy to say that he can, and we cannot see how the contention can reasonably be denied. It must reasonably suffice if the person who does a certain act intends such act, and the character of the act seems immaterial. The act may be murderous, or suicidal, or foolish; or it may be that of a diseased mind which expects unnatural consequences, as when a lunatic springs from a window under the delusion that he can fly; so it does not seem essential that the character of the act be understood.

However, leaving this point of construction open, we come back to the opinion more than once expressed: that what people want and suppose they are getting in accident insurance is insurance against accidents of all kinds, and that their idea of an accident is any hap whatsoever for which they are not themselves responsible. It is proper enough that some prohibitions shall be laid, as, for instance, that a person must not get on or off a train in motion, or must not get off except at a station and after the announcement of arrival there. The insured ought also to exercise at least as much reasoning faculty as an old-fashioned hen, and so it might fairly be held, for instance, that if an insured man tries to force into a gun chamber a cartridge which is too small the company should not be responsible. Draw the contract however broadly and however definitely, there will be cases for dispute; yet since the general protection which the public want is plain enough it ought to be practicable to arrive at a scale of premiums. But here also "cheapness" may be had, if that is the taking thing; yet the oversharp persons who grasp at it should understand how it is attained; trim the insurance by limitation and exception, and the rate can be trimmed, too. Until a claim is presented, the cheapness will remain apparently real.

WHAT you can get for yourself: an immediate income for life; an endowment against prospective retirement from business; a pension for old age. What you can get for your wife: a definite sum at your death, and a fixed income for her life. What you can get for your sons: money to start in a business or profession. What you can get for your daughters: money for marriage settlement, or an income for life after your death. What you can get for your business: additional capital at your own death or your partner's. But how are you to get these desirable things? They are thus cleverly summed up in an English advertisement by the Mutual Life of New York, and they are to be obtained by life insurance. Do not, however, make the mistake of supposing that they are parts of what is purchasable in one policy, at one price, for they are alternates and options; the statement is only a neat way of calling attention to the variety of specific aims and sets of circumstances to which modern life insurance practice has been adapted. Do not, moreover, make the further mistake of imagining these promises, or any one of them, a gratuity. Nothing is given away in genuine life insurance, or possibly can be. Promises to supply something for nothing, or much for little, are very easily made, but they are ephemeral. The organization which puts them out is a pyramid erected apex down.

FINANCIAL

Trade with Cuba

A STATEMENT has just been issued by the Division of Insular Affairs of the War Department comparing our commerce with Cuba for the seven months ending Jan. 31st, 1901, and Jan. 31st, 1900. The comparison shows that there has been a marked decrease in the value of our exports to Cuba. This year Cuba imported from the United States $17,016,111, or $1,164,-864 less than a year ago. It is true, to be sure, that there is a general decrease in the amount of imports into Cuba from the principal foreign countries, except Germany, which in seven months increased her trade 32 per cent.

It is believed that the cause of this falling off in imports of the United States is due to the lack of reciprocal tariff agreements and the heavy duty placed on Cuban tobacco in this country. Furthermore, this falling off has probably had a tendency to extend Cuba's trade with the European and South American countries. Despite all this, however, the Cuban industries are taking a new lease of life and rapidly recovering from the devastation caused by the late civil war. The production of tobacco, sugar and molasses is greatly increasing over a year ago, and there is apparently a limitless field for American capital, altho the fact that foreigners are prevented from obtaining any franchises tends to make such foreign capital timid.

In the exports, however, from Cuba to the United States during the past seven months, ending January 31st, 1901, there was an increase of 35 per cent. *The Journal of Commerce,* of this city, in commenting on this condition of affairs, says that one reason for the failure of the United States to sell in the Latin-American countries south of us is due to the fact that our manufacturers are not offering goods at prices equal to the English and German manufacturers, and that we are attempting to compete with them without underbidding them. Gratitude for freeing Cuba from Spain will not make Cuba buy from us. Trade follows neither the flag nor sentiment.

Financial Items

THE capital stock of the New York National Exchange Bank is to be increased from $300,000 to $500,000.

....To complete its Atlantic line the Canadian Pacific Railway is to spend $10,000,000 for new ocean steamships.

....The plow manufacturers held a meeting in Chicago last week to complete their plans for a consolidation. An advance of 10 per cent. in the price of plows was announced.

....The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Company has taken a charter in Oklahoma to obtain rights for the construction of fourteen branches in that territory. The Rock Island also is building branch lines there.

....N. Wetmore Halsey, for many years associated with N. W. Harris & Co., bankers, of No. 31 Nassau street, as the New York partner, has organized a new concern known as N. W. Halsey & Co. It will conduct a general banking business.

....The first of the three prizes recently offered by the Sound Currency Committee of the New York Reform Club has been awarded to Edward F. Adams, of San Francisco, for an essay on "Credit Facilities for Rural Communities;" the second goes to A. D. S. Gillett, of West Superior, Wis., who wrote on the same subject, and the third to George R. De Saussure, of Atlanta, whose subject was "Branch Banking."

....The New York Central Railroad Company has decided to construct under its present terminal station in Forty-second Street, New York, for suburban traffic exclusively, an underground station wider than the present station by one block and extending northward for eight blocks. Suburban trains, rising gradually to the level of the tunnels now in use, will run through the side tunnels only, and be drawn by electric motors. Connection will be made between the underground station and the new Rapid Transit tunnel road in Forty-second Street.

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Survey of the World

Death of President McKinley

President McKinley died at about 2.15 A. M. Saturday, September 14th. Up to the time that we went to press last week the indications had been so favorable that little doubt was expressed by the physicians that he would recover. This improvement continued during the first of last week, and the only symptom that caused anxiety was the continued weakness and rapidity of the heart-action. The pulse persisted in a rate of 120, much above normal, considering the temperature, which was all that could be desired. It seems that he had long had a weak and intermittent pulse, due, it is intimated, to the fact that he was at one time a heavy smoker. The first serious anxiety came when it became impossible to give nourishment by injections, and it was necessary to supply food by the mouth. But by this time it seemed likely that the wound in the stomach was healed, and at any rate it was necessary to test it in order to keep up the patient's strength. A little chicken broth was given, and a nibble of toast. But the stomach refused to digest the food, and the bowels failed of their function, and a microscopic investigation of the blood showed that septic poison, which the physicians mistakenly supposed came from undigested and decaying matter in the digestive tract had entered the arterial system. This compelled radical measures to clear the bowels, which had failed to do their office. Calomel and castor oil were administered with some relief, but this was followed on Thursday night by an alarming collapse through heart failure. Before these alarming symptoms had appeared some of the members of the Cabinet had felt it safe to leave Buffalo,as had Vice-President Roosevelt, who escaped into the wilds of the Adirondacks. They were called back in haste, and the whole country was filled with sudden alarm. On Friday the most radical means were employed to sustain the action of the heart, and oxygen was administered until, at night, it ceased to be effective. For most of the time he was in a stupor, or unconscious, sometimes expressing a wish for rest or to be taken to his Canton home. At 7.40 on Friday evening he became conscious and expressed a desire to see his wife. He recognized her, and she remained with him holding his hand while he was conscious. Others all retired except a nurse. His last words to those about him were: "Good-by, good-by all. It is God's way; his will be done." And he was heard repeating a hymn: "Nearer my God to thee; e'en tho it be a cross that raiseth me." The members of his Cabinet and Senator Hanna, who had hurried back from Cleveland, and other relatives and friends followed, after Mrs. McKinley left, to take their last look at the dying President. Announcement was made to the public that he was dying and might pass away at any time; but he lingered on till two hours after midnight. It was impossible to tell the very moment when life was extinct. It was not till late on Friday that the President gave up hope of recovery. During the day he expressed gratification that the assassin had escaped the vengeance of the crowd. Everything was done for the President that the best surgical and medical skill could devise, and the most distinguished physicians were summoned, but they were no more successful than in the case of

President Garfield just twenty years ago. It must be remembered that the age of the President was much against him, as well as his weak heart, as the cases are very few in which a man of his years has recovered from such a wound. Of course, there are those who find fault, after the event, with the treatment he received, especially the giving to him of a bit of solid food, but that comes from pure ignorance of the conditions. The death of the President was announced to foreign Governments, and appropriate responses of condolence were received. Various social engagements and public festivals were given up or postponed, including the "America's" cup race.

The Autopsy The story of President McKinley's treatment, and of the symptoms and the causes of weakness and death given above, are as the public learned them from the physicians' bulletins up to the time of his death. But their correctness was to be tested by the autopsy, and that showed that the doctors were far too hopeful from the very beginning. Having thus died by violence a coroner's inquest was necessary, and it was best for all reasons that an autopsy should be had. All the physicians who had been in attendance were present at the autopsy, which was conducted by two surgeons of experience who had had no part in the previous treatment. Their report is as follows:

"The bullet which struck over the breastbone did not pass through the skin and did little harm. The other bullet passed through both walls of the stomach near its lower border. Both holes were found to be perfectly closed by the stitches, but the tissue around each hole had become gangrenous. After passing through the stomach the bullet passed into the back walls of the abdomen, hitting and tearing the upper end of the kidney. This portion of the bullet track was also gangrenous, the gangrene involving the pancreas. The bullet has not yet been found. There was no sign of peritonitis or disease of other organs. The heart walls were very thin. There was no evidence of any attempt at repair on the part of nature and death resulted from the gangrene, which affected the stomach around the bullet wounds, as well as the tissues around the further course of the bullet. Death was unavoidable by any surgical or medical treatment and was the direct result of the bullet wound."

This conclusive bulletin essentially contradicts the anticipations and best judgment of the physicians while Mr. McKinley survived. The one important fact is that there is no sign of any beginning of a process of healing. All that surgeons can do is to put the edges of the wound together and then trust to the recuperating power of nature. But here nature did nothing. Instead of that, there followed decomposition all along the track of the bullet, in the edges of the stomach which had been sewed together, and in the rear of the stomach, where the ball entered the muscles of the back. The reason for this unusual failure to respond opens a very important question in surgery, which will be most carefully discussed by specialists. One of the physicians hastily suggested that the bullets had been poisoned, but this is not likely. A possible cause of the failure of curative action is indicated by the fact, not previously known, that the bullet tore the upper end of the kidneys; and, altho this is not in the bulletin, perhaps the pancreas. Dr. Park, one of the physicians, expresses the opinion that it was the escape of the pancreatic juice which made the system unable to respond, but Dr. Mann denies that the pancreas was grazed by the bullet, altho it was invaded by the extensive gangrene. Indeed, there is a strange conflict in the reported comments of the surgeons who attended the autopsy, both as to the wound itself and the extent of the gangrene. Perhaps the latter difference is due to the difficulty of distinguishing between inflammation and incipient gangrene. The heart was weak, but the cause of death was the failure of the system to begin any curative process. If the organs would not heal, they must disintegrate through gangrene. Further studies will be made from cultures taken from various portions of the wound.

The Funeral Service It is true that in times of deep emotion we are peculiarly sensitive to the forms and ceremonies that surround us, and for that reason, if for no other, it is well that we can look without regret on all the formal ceremonies that took place in Buffalo. They were at once simple and dignified, as a mourning people should wish them to be. At nine o'clock Sunday morning platoons of police officers came to the Milburn house, and were stationed so as to keep the approaches to the mansion free. Present-

ly the military detachment marched to the scene, in silence, with no band playing. While the military was assembling the few persons arrived who were to be present at the last services within the home. The members of the Cabinet were there, sitting as was their wont in the presence of their chief, but not engaged now with the policy of States and empires; other friends and co-workers of the dead President were there. Senator Hanna entered the room among the latest, but did not at first approach the coffin; he seemed bewildered and broken by personal grief, as he has seemed from the beginning. Last to arrive was the new President; he walked rigidly, as if under a great strain, and barely spoke to Secretary Root as he passed. His place was at the head of the coffin, and for a while he looked down into the vacant face while every one present rose and stood in perfect silence. Colonel Bingham, the aide to the President, indicated by a glance at the Rev. Charles Edward Locke that the services should begin. Mr. Locke's father had been pastor of the McKinley family in Canton many years ago, and it was peculiarly fitting that he should now appear to do the last honors to the one who has made that family famous. He stood near the door leading into the hall so that his words might be heard by the family sitting above at the head of the stairs. At the given signal the notes of President McKinley's favorite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," sung by the choir of the First Presbyterian Church, welled out from the hall. It seemed for a moment as if the grief of those listening with bowed heads were to be too great for restraint. The clergyman then read the chapter of First Corinthians, "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?" Again the choir sang, choosing the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," whose words had been on the lips of the President during his last agony. The prayer which closed the service began with the familiar stanza:

> "Oh, God, our help in ages past
> Our hope for years to come,
> Our shelter from the stormy blast,
> And our eternal home."

At the last moment Senator Hanna woke from his stupor, as if realizing that he would never again have an opportunity of looking on his friend's face. He pressed forward, and for almost two minutes there was a pause and waiting while he stood with bent body gazing down into the coffin. It was a picture of utter pathos. He turned away, and the coffin was closed.

Further Ceremonies

At a motion from Colonel Bingham four sailors of the navy, two infantry sergeants and two artillery sergeants, stepped forward and lifting the coffin to their shoulders carried it from the house. It was followed immediately by the President, the Cabinet officers and the others; the family remained behind. Mrs. McKinley has borne up remarkably well during all the days of trial, and only once gave way to passionate weeping. It was almost half past eleven by the clock when the three long rolls of a muffled drum announced to those waiting without that the funeral *cortége* was about to come forth. A heavy mist had been hanging over the city all morning, but at the moment when the sailors and soldiers appeared at the door with their burden, a rift broke in the clouds and a ray of bright sunshine fell on the flowers and flags. Involuntarily an exclamation of surprise went up from those who beheld it, as if some symbolic meaning were conveyed. As the solemn group moved to the street the Sixty-fifth Regiment Band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee" in a minor key, and afterward the strains of Chopin's Funeral March were taken up and floated through the air. A platoon of police wheeled into Delaware Avenue and took their place at the head of the procession. Following them marched detachments of infantry and marines; then came the hearse drawn by four black horses, and behind it walked about a hundred men wearing the uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic. In the carriages that followed were the President and Cabinet members and others of distinction; the first carriage contained President Roosevelt and Secretaries Root, Smith and Knox. From the Milburn House to the City Hall it is about four miles, and the sidewalks along the whole route were massed with people. There was never the slightest confusion or the least demonstration. All without compulsion stood quietly with

bared heads until the *cortége* passed; then they turned toward the City Hall. About 1 o'clock the procession reached its destination. The catafalque, of plain black, was in the main corridor of the City Hall, which was draped with flags and mourning. When the coffin was in place the President and Cabinet members stood to the right and left, while the lid was removed. They and the others who were with them looked for the last time and turned away. The lower part of the coffin was covered by an American flag. Only a few flowers were placed about; on the flag itself lay a wreath of American Beauty roses from Senator Hanna and another of white roses from Colonel Herrick. Meanwhile a vast crowd of people had assembled and were waiting their turn for admission outside despite the fact that for a time the rain fell in torrents. But there was no rush or crush. They were admitted in two columns, three and four abreast, at the entrances on Franklin Street, and were made to walk slowly past the catafalque and out through the doors on Delaware Avenue. The lines extended back for half a mile on the approaching streets. Many persons carried a single flower which they would drop on the catafalque or the floor as they passed by. And so rapidly did these single tributes of sorrow accumulate that several times it was necessary to gather them up and carry them away. It was planned to close the doors at 6 p. m., but at that time no diminution of the waiting crowd could be seen, and the sad monotonous lines were allowed to move by until nearly midnight. It is estimated that more than 80,000 persons came and went. A special train on Monday carries the dead and the mourners to Washington, where the body will lie in state in the Capitol Building. The burial is to be at Canton, where the President resided. Messages of sympathy have come to Mrs. McKinley and to the State Department from every quarter of the world. To print but a selection from them would fill our columns.

Roosevelt at Buffalo

Having at last been found in the Adirondack woods, far from railroad or telegraph, Mr. Roosevelt, informed that the President might not live, hastened to Buffalo as fast as a special train could carry him. On the way he refused to communicate with any one, and on arriving at Buffalo he went to the Milburn house to express his sympathy to Mrs. McKinley. He did not see her, but offered her his condolence through the members of the family. Meanwhile the members of the Cabinet had been in session, and had arranged the plans for the funeral. They all then went to the house of Ansley Wilcox, where Mr. Roosevelt was sworn in as President by Judge J. W. Hazel. All the members of the Cabinet were present except Secretaries Hay and Gage. The ceremony was most simple and most impressive. On taking the oath he declared that it would be his aim "to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace and prosperity of our beloved country." A Cabinet meeting was then held, and it was agreed that all the members would hold their portfolios until the meeting of Congress at its regular date.

The Schley Court

Last week Thursday the Court of Inquiry to investigate and determine the conduct of Rear-Admiral Schley in the war with Spain convened in the Washington Navy Yard building. The meeting of the court was not the brilliant pageant that many looked for. Admiral Dewey and Rear-Admirals Schley, Benham and Howison did not come to the court arrayed in full uniforms, but dressed in an adjoining room; and when the court opened the marines, the spectators, officials and reporters did not make an especially impressive background. After Admiral Dewey declared the court opened Judge Advocate Lemly read Rear-Admiral Schley's letter requesting the convening of the court and also the Navy Department's precept in regard to it. Next in order was the challenge on the part of Rear-Admiral Schley of Rear-Admiral Howison as a member of the court. Admiral Schley's objection to Howison was, in brief, that the latter had expressed himself as unfavorable to Schley's conduct in the battle of Santiago to a reporter of the Boston *Record*. Three witnesses then testified that Admiral Howison had thus spoken disparagingly of Admiral Schley. Rear-Admiral How-

ison having been permitted to retire to answer the charge, returned very shortly and read a statement to the effect that he did not propose to enter into the subject of his private discussions in regard to Admiral Schley's conduct, but that he felt qualified to render a just decision in the court. The orders to serve on the court were not sought by him nor were they agreeable, but he had been taught obedience to all lawful orders. After some cross examination on the part of Admiral Schley's council the court adjourned to consider the case. Much to the astonishment of everybody it returned in five minutes, whereupon Rear-Admiral Dewey promptly said: "I have to announce that the objection of the applicant to Rear-Admiral Howison is sustained by the court. The Admiral is excused from service, for which I know he is very glad." After the adjournment of the court Schley and Howison held a conversation that appeared to be cordial. The next day Acting Secretary of the Navy Hackett announced that Admiral Ramsey, the immediate predecessor of Admiral Crowninshield as Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, was selected as Rear-Admiral's Howison's successor. Admiral Ramsey is 66 years of age, has seen active service in the Civil War, and at the present writing is supposed to be acceptable to Admiral Schley. The court was to have sat again this week, but owing to Presiden McKinley's death its next date of meeting has not yet been announced.

The Steel Strike

The great steel strike is ended, on paper, but not yet ended in fact. On Saturday last the leaders of the Amalgamated Association met in this city the officers of the subsidiary companies of the United States Steel Corporation involved in the contest. After an all day conference an agreement was reached, but the statement of the terms was, at Mr. Shaffer's request, delayed until he should reach Pittsburg. It has not, however, yet appeared. The companies refused to recede from the terms offered by Mr. Schwab at the previous meeting, under which the Amalgamated Association scale would be signed for all the mills that were union plants last year, with the exception of those which the companies have been able to open by the aid of non-union men. The labor leaders tried to secure some provision for those who should thus fail to regain their old positions, but they were told that this would be impossible, as contracts for two, three or five years had been made with the new men. It was agreed, at last, to end the strike on these terms, and Mr. Shaffer was to issue an order calling off the strike. The Amalgamated Association thus lose control of seven mills of the Tin Plate Company, seven of the Sheet Steel Company, three of the Steel Hoop Company, two of the Federal Steel Company, and all the mills of the National Tube Company. But the various lodges of the Amalgamated Association and the Federation of Labor at McKeesport met Sunday afternoon and refused to ratify the agreement, and decided to prevent the resumption of work at the National Tube Works. The mills were picketed, and a very ugly feeling exhibited. There are many strikers who have no chance to return to work, and they are very ready to act as pickets and prevent others from entering the mills. A similar refusal to ratify is reported from Pittsburg, and the Bayview Mills in Milwaukee. It seems that Mr. Shaffer not only did not make the terms of agreement public, but did not even notify the lodges of the settlement. Nevertheless the action taken, and the quarrels over the distribution of the scanty benefits, and the needs of the men, all unite to weaken the strike, so that it may be said to be approaching a collapse, involving a great shrinkage of the membership and power of the Amalgamated Association.

Political Matters

Apart from the installation of a new President the chief matter of political interest the past week has been the return of Mr. Croker from England to take control of the Tammany campaign. As yet he is consulting with his subordinates, and has given no sign as to what will be his policy. No new action of importance has occurred looking to the selection of a union candidate against Tammany for the Mayoralty of New York, altho several Citizens' conventions have met and committees have been appointed for conference. Of great public interest, but forgotten in the tragedy at Buffalo, was

the trial of Policeman O'Neill by Deputy Commissioner York for impudence to his superior officer. Devery had fined O'Neill thirty days' pay on a trivial charge, whereupon O'Neill had angrily answered back and charged that he was punished because he would not pay $25 for the privilege of a transfer. The trial was a sensational one, and O'Neill was very ably defended by volunteer counsel, and the impression was left in the public mind that a system existed by which policemen were bled, in order to secure assignments near their homes. Policeman Marrinan corroborated O'Neill to the extent that he had refused to pay money asked to have a fine of thirty days remitted and a good assignment given him. Policeman Ryan testified that he had promised to pay $25 to get a desired transfer, and the transfer was made as desired, but that since the scandal of O'Neill's case the man had not called for the money. The case is reserved for decision; and meanwhile Assistant Commissioner of Police Devery has had Policeman Marrinan before him for the offense of a dirty uniform, and has made a display of bad language and passion such as has to no little degree increased the indignation of the public of this city.

The Peary Expedition

News has come of the success of the Peary expedition in its exploration of Northern Greenland. It will be remembered that in 1892 Peary and Astrup explored Independence Bay and Peary Channel at the northern portion of Greenland opposite Smith Sound and Kennedy Channel. But north of Greenland and Markham Island is Melville Land, which had never been fully explored, altho Lockwood and Brainard in 1882 had reached the latitude of 83° 24′. The Arctic steamer "Erik" brings back word that Mr. Peary was left on August 29th at Herschel Bay Camp. He had succeeded in rounding the northern limit of Melville Land, the furthest north island of the Greenland archipelago, and most northerly known land in the world. He expected to winter at Cape Sabine and push north toward the pole in the spring. In 1900 Mr. Peary's great march, of which we now get word, took him over the most northerly land on the globe to the highest latitude ever gained by an American, along an unknown coast 160 miles beyond Lockwood's furthest north. Mr. Peary accurately defined the northern coast all the way round to Independence Bay. He left Etah with six companions April 15th, 1900, and after sending back four Eskimos, on May 8th he reached Lockwood's furthest north cairn; pushed forward with Henson and the other Eskimo to 83° 39′, where he found the coast turning sharply east. Striking out due north over the ice he was able to advance only to 83° 50′ before he met the moving, disintegrated pack—a mass of broken ice and open water—which made further progress impossible. He returned to the coast and continued along eastward till about 83° north, 25′ west, he recognized the lofty headland which in 1892 he had seen from Navy Cliff, at the head of Independence Bay. He waited in vain two days for the fog to lift to reveal further features, and then returned along the outward track and arrived at Fort Conger June 15th with the men and dogs in good condition. The new coast shows marked changes. The bold headlands and deep fiords are succeeded by a low, rolling fore-shore, showing evidences of the continental terminal coast. Musk-oxen, bear, lemming and hare were killed and a wolf seen. The remainder of 1900 and January, 1901, were spent in the neighborhood of Fort Conger in preparation for an advance on the pole by way of Cape Hecla. But ten days in the field from April 15th showed that the men and dogs were not in fit condition, and he was obliged to return and prepare for an expedition in the spring of 1902. During the summer walrus were killed to the amount of 180, or about 90 tons of food for men and dogs, besides the meat and skins of forty deer available for next spring's work. Only Nansen has reached a point further north in 1895, sailing in the "Fram." He reached 86° 14′ April 7th, 1895. Mr. Peary, it must be remembered, is now an old man with one broken leg and only three toes, having lost the others in the ice on his previous expedition. His success is certainly remarkable, as he is the first person to have reached the most northern point in Greenland, which is an achievement next in importance to reaching the pole.

The Methodist Ecumenical

The various branches of Methodism have held their decennial Ecumenical Conference in London, and the meetings have attracted considerable attention. There are present a number of bishops and other representatives of the colored Methodist churches in this country, and a protest against their entertainment in the hotel, made by some Americans in London, was promptly met by a refusal to send them away. A message of good will from the Archbishop of Canterbury, which, it would seem, expressed the hope that the Methodists might come back to the bosom of the Anglican Church, the conference declined to receive, apparently because, by some bad management, which can hardly have been intentional discourtesy, it was not addressed to the conference, but to a journal. The chief excitement of the sessions thus far has arisen from too free expressions, by Englishmen, Canadians, Americans and Cape Colonials, on the subject of the war in South Africa. Strong expressions of sympathy with the attitude of the English Government in the war, and equally strong expressions of disapproval, have been received with both cheers and dissent. President McKinley's speech at the Buffalo Exposition on commercial wars was quoted with applause by one American speaker, and it was stated that he was the first Methodist communicant to be elected President. As sensible an utterance as any was that of Dr. E. E. Hoss, of the Southern Methodist Church, that it would be impertinence for this International Conference to tell Great Britain what it should do in South Africa. On receiving news of President McKinley's attempted assassination and subsequent death appropriate expressions of grief were made by many speakers and suitable action taken.

The Czar's Journey

Whether the Czar in his visit to France will proceed as far as Paris still remains an uncertainty. Since the assassination of President McKinley His Majesty will probably be less willing than before to divulge his intended movements. Meanwhile he has met the Kaiser at Danzig, and the continental papers are attempting, as usual, to forecast the results of the meeting. September 11th Emperor William put out to sea in the imperial yacht "Hohenzollern" to greet the arrival of the Czar's "Standart" in German waters. Count Platen, the Kaiser's aide, boarded the "Standart" and escorted the Czar to the "Hohenzollern," where he was received by Emperor William at the gangway. After saluting each other and inspecting the guard of honor they retired to the quarterdeck where they remained for some time in conversation. The next day they observed the maneuvers of the German squadron, watching the sham fight from the flagship, the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Zweite." Later in the day the Czar personally bestowed the Order of St. Andrew on the German Imperial Chancellor, Count von Bülow, and on Count von Eulenberg. Emperor William decorated Count Lamsdorff, the Russian Foreign Minister, with the Order of Merit of the Prussian Crown. Other decorations and ceremonies followed, all of which might be regarded as quite trivial were it not for the interest with which they will be considered in France. The visit of the Czar to that country is of more than formal importance.

Old Age Pensions in Denmark

For eight years Denmark has had a policy of pensioning old age, and some of the statistics of the period are of considerable interest. By a law passed in April, 1891, any Danish subject, either by birth or naturalization, being sixty years of age or over, who is unable to support himself or those dependent on him, or is unable to obtain the requisite care and attention in the event of sickness, is entitled under certain conditions to receive an old age subsidy. These conditions provide that the applicant must not have been convicted of any misdemeanor entailing loss of honor or civil rights; that his destitution is not due to a deliberate attempt on his part to deprive himself of the means of subsistence or to his own extravagant mode of living; that in the ten years preceding the date of his application he has resided continuously in Denmark, and that during that period he has not received relief from the poor rates and has not been convicted for vagrancy. One-half of the expense incurred by the local authorities in carry-

ing out the scheme is met by the Central Government, but this contribution of the Government must not exceed £140,000 in any year. The support given may be either in money or in kind:

	Heads of Families.		Persons living alone.		Dependents on heads of families.	Total
	Males.	Females.	Males.	Females.		
1895...	11,272	151	5,575	17,705	13,706	48,409
1896..	11,775	145	5,672	18,654	14,223	50,469
1897..	12,370	171	5,795	19,639	14,955	52,930
1898..	12,565	172	5,896	20,415	15,240	54,288
1899..	12,971	159	6,227	21,402	15,897	56,656

These figures show that about 2.1 per cent. of the population received aid in the first year, and that this rate has increased to nearly 2.5 per cent. in the latest year. The number of recipients increases by about four to five per cent. yearly, whereas the growth of population is only about one per cent. This is due in part to the fact that the new accessions still exceed the number of withdrawals by death or otherwise. Some observers, however, maintain that it is due to the nature of the scheme itself, which affords no encouragement to habits of thrift. The average amount of pension received by "heads of families" and "persons living alone" in 1898 was about sixty cents per week; but if the dependents are included the average sum to each person supported was about forty-three cents per week.

Progress in Siam

Siam is slowly but steadily adopting Western methods of government. Most important of all is the change that has come in the finance department, which is now established on a fairly business basis. Rice is the mainstay of the country, but the revenue of the State increases steadily now no matter whether the rice crop be large or small. The estimated revenue for the present year, ending March 31st next, is £2,130,000. The estimated expenditure is £2,284,457. The expenditure for the current year had been calculated in such a way as to show a small but perfectly safe surplus over the revenue, when, by the decree of an arbitration board, the Government was forced unexpectedly to pay a sum of £161,000 for the Korat Railway. This accounts for the deficit which, it is calculated, will occur at the end of the year; but the general revenues are advancing so rapidly that even this small deficit may be more than balanced in the next few months. These increases in revenue are due partly to improved methods of administration and in the collection of money, and partly to the growing prosperity and security of the people which enables them to spend more money in such luxuries as opium, spirits and gambling. The Government is now pursuing a policy of abolishing gambling houses, and there are already some provinces in which gambling is illegal, but these houses still contribute very largely to the general revenues. An important change is due to the action of the British Government, which now consents to the abolition of the schedules attached to its treaty of 1856, which established an absurd method of assessing the land revenue. Mr. Rivett-Carnac, the financial adviser of Siam, made arrangements to abolish this antiquated system while he was in London last summer, and at last the land revenue is to be assessed in accordance with modern methods. The first State railway of Siam has now been open to traffic for two months. This Korat railroad is only about 416 miles long, but it has been over eight years in construction, and it is estimated that about thirty-two Europeans and more than seven thousand coolies died during the progress of the work. The cost has been £1,055,100. A dispute with the original contractor was transferred to Europe for arbitration four years ago, and is still under consideration, piling up costs which Siam will have to pay. The first half of the Korat line was opened nearly four years ago, and forms the first section of the main trunk line to the north; the second section, running as far north as Lopburi, has just been opened. The southern branch of the line is now receiving the attention of engineers. This part runs westward from Bangkok to Ratburi, and then southward down the peninsula, passing through a very fertile region of country. The English of Siam are complaining bitterly that the home Government is allowing Germans and Russians to get possession of affairs. This is especially the case in the railway department, which is in the hands of German engineers.

The Invasion of Europe by Products of American Industry

By M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu

[M. Leroy-Beaulieu, Member of the Institute, editor of the *Economiste Francaise*, the leading free trade organ of France, and professor of political economy at the College of France, the great post-graduate school of Paris, is one of the most eminent authorities on all economic questions on the European Continent. He holds a high social position, his large mansion on the Avenue du Bois, at Paris, being the rendezvous of the leading students of financial problems, bankers and public men of the liberal republican school. His Chateau de Montplaisir, near Montpellier, is also the center of a scholarly circle during the summer months. One of the circumstances that has contributed not a little to give M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu the solid position which he holds is his having succeeded to a somewhat similar place occupied by that distinguished political economist of the first half of the last century, Michel Chevalier, whose post he took on the editorial staff of the famous *Journal des Débats*, whose chair he filled at the College of France and whose daughter he married.—EDITOR]

BOTH Europe and America are discussing the present, and more especially the future, invasion of European markets by products of American industry.

There was a time when America sent raw materials, particularly, to Europe, cotton, wood, leather, copper, petroleum, etc., and the European population experienced only benefit from these importations, and felt no alarm.

Then America began to send various food products, wheat, corn, meats of all kinds, or living animals. This second class of commodities was received with less unanimous approval than the preceding. In fact, there resulted from it a reduction in the price of all these articles in Europe, and if the mass of the people found it profitable, European agriculturalists were deeply stirred.

Land rents fell perceptibly in all countries of Europe, and if the American importations were not the only cause of this decline they had a good deal to do with it, and they were at least the most apparent cause. England, by her traditions and the interests of the great mass of her population, absorbed in manufacturing, could still adhere to free trade, but all the continental countries, under pressure from the landed proprietors, powerful in these countries, and from the rural classes, which there predominated, believed refuge should be taken in a very vigorous protection.

Now, however, a third period is opening in the relations between the two continents—that of the invasion, or, rather, for the word is too strong for actual facts, of the threatened invasion of Europe by articles manufactured in the United States; a threat which brings forward serious problems on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean.

Let us examine, first, the actual or recent facts. According to American statistics,* the commerce of the United States has developed enormously during the past few years and exportation in particular has prodigiously increased. In 1900 it was $1,478,000,000, against $1,257,000 in 1899; that is an increase in a single year of about $203,000,000. We do not think any nation of the world ever made such an advance in one year.

The imports of the United States ought to show a similar improvement. They were $799,000,000 in round numbers in 1899; they rose to $829,000,000 in 1900, only a very moderate increase of $30,000,000—less than 4 per cent.

The imports and exports of metals are not included in the preceding figures; it appears from American statistics that, both in 1899 and 1900, there was, in the fluctuations of imports and exports of gold, an excess of imports amounting to $6,000,000 in 1899 and $12,500,000 in 1900; on the contrary, the exports of silver surpassed the imports by $22,500,000 in 1899, and by $26,500,000 in 1900.

To sum up this commercial situation, the United States in 1900 exported merchandise worth $649,000,000 more than it imported; it kept at home its whole output of gold and even increased it fur-

* COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES WITH FOREIGN COUNTRIES DURING THE YEAR 1901. Issued from the Bureau of Foreign Commerce, Department of State, Washington. Government Printing Office, 1901.

ther by $12,500,000 from foreign countries. It must have further profited enough by the enormous excess of its exportations of merchandise over its imports to redeem a portion of the bonds of the American debt, or American railroads or other American enterprises which were in the hands of Europeans. Finally, we must not forget the recent open appearance of American banking houses in the emission of public loans, modest, it is true, but both English and German.

There is in these facts of an entirely novel character matter for legitimate pride on the part of Americans which is perhaps somewhat intoxicating.

Three-quarters of the American exports were destined for Europe—that is, in 1900, $1,040,000,000 out of $1,394,000,000.*

The peculiar characteristic of this new era is that this new exportation is being composed largely of manufactured articles. In fact, Europe received in 1899 and 1900 unimportant quantities of cottons, manufactured in America, $2,500,000 worth each year, the greater part of this product of United States factories going to Canada, China, South America, and even Australia.

But with metallurgic products it is very different; Europe received more than $5,000,000 worth in 1900; $2,500,000 must be added to this for sewing machines, $2,000,000 or more for typewriters, more than $10,000,000 for agricultural implements, $2,250,000 for railway carriages and tram cars, $1,450,000 for various carriages, cycles, etc.

Scientific instruments and apparatus, including telegraphs, telephones, and other articles pertaining to electricity are exported from America in considerable quantities, and their number has increased from year to year; nearly $3,500,000 worth in 1900, against $2,440,000 in 1899. America also sells $540,000 worth of watches, clocks, etc.

It would be superfluous to encumber this paper with figures; those we have given by way of example are enough.

There is, however, another American product, which is much talked about in Europe at present, whose exportation to European countries appears to have a great future—coal and coke. In 1899 the amount destined for Europe was almost nothing, 22,772 tons only; in 1900 it has risen to 596,483 tons, of which 4,835 tons went to England, 161,071 to France, 10,756 to Germany, and 420,271 to other European countries.

It is notorious that all American exports largely increased during the first six months of 1901. Here, then, is the United States, after having inundated Europe with raw materials in the first part of the nineteenth century, then with food products in the last quarter of the same century, making ready to flood it with manufactured goods in the first half of the twentieth century.

How should this inundation be received in Europe? As a benefit or a catastrophe? Opinions on this subject can differ widely. But another question rises: Will Europe allow herself to be invaded without resistance? Will she open her doors or will she attempt to shut them? Will she have recourse to some contrivance of an economic or even political order, to resist better at home the entrance of American products and so struggle with those products in other markets of the world?

American industry certainly enjoys, at the present time, numerous advantages which will soon give it the supremacy in many branches of production, particularly those relating to machinery. The 77,000,000 of the American people are spread out over a surface much larger than all Western Europe, a soil whose natural riches is much less exploited, scarcely touched, by no means exhausted. The American workman, accustomed to combination and change of processes, with the confidence born of immense natural resources, only asking to be used, audacious and quick witted, with an almost unlimited home market, familiar, besides, with all forms of association, possesses pre-eminent superiority over most of his European rivals.

The American workman is, likewise, well fed, well dressed, relieved from all military service, accustomed to adapt himself to all new processes.

Therefore, for some time at least, if not

* These figures apply to the fiscal year 1899-1900. The amount, a little differently quoted, would be higher, 1478 millions for the whole exportation applied to the calendar year 1900. This last total has not yet been apportioned between the different countries. See the American statistics, pages 56 and 57.

a century, at least a half century, until the territory of the United States is more densely peopled, while the riches of the soil and subsoil are yet, in greater part, virgin, Americans will enjoy a certain superiority over their European rivals in large undertakings. From which will result the appearance, in increasing quantities and decreasing prices, of American manufactured products in European markets.

In itself we do not see any cause for alarm, necessarily, for Europeans in this situation; they will themselves perfect their industries and methods of work in the school of the United States, improvements will cross from one continent to another, and all classes will profit by the incessant perfection of production.

However, it is doubtful whether this conception is shared by all European nations, by politicians particularly, and by the voting masses. There are national prejudices and professional interests which must be taken into consideration.

If the United States persists in particular in a policy which consists in developing to the utmost its own exports to Europe and reducing as much as possible the imports from there, vigorous opposition on the Continent, and even perhaps in England, will certainly result.

In 1899 the United States exports to Europe were valued at $936,600,000 and the imports from there were worth only $353,884,000; in 1900 the amount was $1,040,000,000, against $440,509,000. So the United States exported to Europe two and a half, sometimes even nearly three times, as much as it imported.

This situation cannot be considered normal, permanent or decisive. Commerce means exchange, and exchange means an approximate equality of values between merchandise bought and sold.

If the United States wishes to assure the uninterrupted development of its European export trade it must buy more and more from Europe. Otherwise the situation will become impossible. Europe cannot be reduced to a subordinate position, a vassalage, to the United States.

To what besides will such a situation lead, economically? The United States having, in what concerns Europe, an enormous and constantly increasing excess of export trade, consequently becoming more and more the creditor of Europe, the result will be that more and more gold will be drawn to it to pay the difference between the exports and imports. What good will it do the United States to encumber itself with gold more than sufficient for its needs?

To be sure, it may be said that the difference between the exports and imports of the United States is made up, in part, through the travels and expenditures of rich Americans on the western shores of the Atlantic. But large as these sums may be, what these wealthy Americans spend in Europe cannot approach the $583,000,000 or $600,000,000, the difference in 1899 and 1900, between the exports to and from Europe by the United States. We do not overlook the fact that there are other elements which lessen this difference a little; nevertheless the amount is too large to remain at its present status without producing a disturbance in economic relations and perhaps international politics.

The United States must buy more from Europe; it must lower its duties upon European merchandise; Europe does not lack useful and desirable articles to supply to Americans; the United States should give them a warm welcome.

Unless commerce between the United States and Europe can proceed in a regular course, in continued development, public opinion in Europe will demand and impose new protective duties upon American merchandise. That would be a great detriment to civilization.

On the other hand, from a political point of view, if the United States persists in selling to Europe without buying from it proportionately, certain projects, like that of a united European custom house, or at least a union of continental European custom houses, would be more and more favorably considered, and end by becoming a reality.

No well founded commerce can exist unless it is based upon equivalent exchanges.

PARIS, FRANCE.

The Hopes of Japan

By David Starr Jordan, Ph.D , LL.D.

President of Leland Stanford, Jr., University

OF all the lands in the world none exerts the peculiar fascination of Japan. Others have equal beauty of scenery, greater grandeur, more noble works of art, more interesting problems of society. But none possesses an equal fascination. No one who has been in the real Japan which lies outside the treaty ports and the foreign hotels and railways ever could or ever would forget his experiences. No one, if he could, would ever fail to return.

The great secret of this charm lies with the people themselves. They have made a fine art of personal relations. Their acts are those of good taste and good humor. Two cities of about the same size and relative importance are Paris and Tokio. No two could show a greater contrast in spirit. Both are, in a sense, cities of pleasure. Tokio is a city of continuous joyousness, little pleasures drawn from simple things, which leave no sting and draw nothing from future happiness. Paris is feverish and feels the "difference in the morning" and the "hard, fierce lust and cruel deed" which go with the search for pleasure that draws on the future for the joys of the present.

No one who catches the spirit of Paris can fail to miss the underlying sadness, the pity of it all. The spirit of Tokio—not of all Tokio, but of its life as a whole—is as fresh as the song of birds, as "sweet as children's prattle is," and it is good to be under its spell.

Part of this charm lies in the fair scenery of Japan. Great wooded mountains, snowy cones of volcanoes, dashing rivers and resting lakes, each dropped in its place with a wonderful eye to the picturesque. The tall cryptomerias of the central forests rival their sister sequoias and redwoods of the California slopes. The Japanese pine is unique among trees, for wherever it grows, it stands as if posing for its portrait, the center of each scene in which it occurs. If there be an island of white ashes in some purple bay, there will stand seven pines in a row across it, each pointing its long arms in seven different directions. On the old royal highway of the feudal days, from end to end of Japan, stand long rows of sheltering pines as old as the dynasty, each with all the individuality of one in the series of kings. The great pine of Karasaki stretches its long arms further, perhaps, than those of any other tree whatsoever in any country.

With the scenery goes the wealth of flowers, the hum of singing insects, and once the song of birds also till the soulless Paris milliner and the woman with dead warblers on her hat wrought their practical extermination. The geography and the history of Japan have their charms as well and these sink deep into the hearts of the Japanese. Every moor was once the scene of a great battle. On every mountain pass great deeds were wrought. Even tho these names and deeds have long since passed into mythology, yet they are none the less potent to touch the heart of the new as well as of the old Japan. From the great central mountain axis of the main island rocky promontories thrust themselves out across the rice fields far into the sea. The warm Kuro Shiwo, or Black Stream, comes up from the Philippines and Formosa and washes the crags, Ise and Izu, Kii and Sagami, in which these promontories end. In the warm water and sultry vapor-laden air is developed the richest marine life that dwells on any coast in the whole world. And this abundance of life on land and sea by day or by night is one of the joys of Japan.

With the people themselves the virtues of life are all closely joined together. The name of Bushido means the spirit of honor, and this honor covers all the virtues of sobriety, honesty, hopeful-

ness, patriotism and religion. It is the heart of Japanese character. It makes this character and in turn is created by it.

The Shinto religion, the primitive religion of Japan, is often defined as "ancestor worship." It is more than this, far more, but it is also less than this. It has been called no religion at all, because it has no creed, no ceremonies necessary to its practice, no sacred legends or mysteries, and nothing of the machinery of spiritual power which characterize great religions in other countries. It makes no proselytes. It opposes no belief and insists on none. It is the animating spirit that causes a Japanese to love his children, to be kind to his wife, to help the stranger, to be loyal to Japan, to devote his life to her service, and, above all, to be worthy of the traditions of his ancestry, to be a man, even as his great fathers were, and to do no act which is unworthy of his class, of his education or of his training.

No other land has better soldiers than the Japanese, not because of their strength or endurance, for they are a small and feeble folk, but because they will obey orders, because they wish to obey, for in so doing they do their part in the glory and the upbuilding of Japan. The Japanese students belong largely to the Samurai class, the old feudal retainers, and the feeling of loyalty to Japan is the animating spirit in all their studies and in all their work. It is the spirit of honor, the Bushido, the religion of Japan.

So long as the Japanese keeps this feeling he is worthy of trust. When he loses his religious spirit, whatever his rank or creed, he becomes a degenerate, open to the attacks of all the vices. For this reason a Japanese who has lost his pride and grown careless or indolent is one of the least useful of men, and soon sinks to the level of the similarly outcast Anglo-Saxon.

These facts will help us to understand certain criticisms on Japan. The merchant complains that the Japanese have no business head and are careless of their contracts. In this connection we may note the paradox in the relations of the Japanese and Chinese to business methods and to public honesty. The Chinese are the business men of the Orient. The word of a Chinese is his bond and his contracts are carried out to the letter. In Japan the merchant who has miscalculated asks his creditors to pay his debts. This good nature he shows to others. His sense of good taste is stronger than his sense of equity. Yet, while from the highest to the lowest the public life of China is corrupt, there are few countries on earth so honestly governed as Japan. The spirit of honor animates a Japanese official, and a public office is a public trust.

The contractor complains that the Japanese laborer is lazy, drunken, overbearing. This is true in a degree, for only the unemployed, the idle and thriftless Japanese are likely to swell the ranks of contract labor. This vicious system of semi-slavery, at once the curse and the gain of Hawaii, has brought under our flag a class of men not useful to us and not creditable to Japan. The missionary says that Japan is given over to materialism, and that Herbert Spencer holds greater sway over even the converts than the church. The man of science notes the preference of the Japanese scholar for memorization of words or for half-understood abstrusities of philosophy. There is said to be no philosophy in Japan, and into this vacuum comes Herbert Spencer. The man of the world finds the Japanese immoral, not remembering that vice is everywhere near to him who seeks it.

But all these criticisms are skin deep. Under all is the great, loyal, generous nation, the embodiment of good hope, good taste, and good will, a people who love their homes, their children and their country, on whose soil no foreign invader has ever yet set foot.

The teachers of Tokio asked me last summer to talk to them on the subject of "What Japan has to learn from the educational experience of America." I told them, in short, that Japan has to learn the value of individual initiative and individual adequacy, that equity is higher than courtesy; that the cure for vice is found not in prohibition, but in the strengthening of the moral backbone of the individual man; that woman must be trained if homes are to be the centers of culture and purity, and that the final end of education is not promotion, nor culture, nor the acquisition of knowledge, but the de-

velopment of personal effectiveness. The man should know the world and his place in it, that he may do his part to the best advantage of himself and others.

But more important than the lessons which I tried to emphasize was the spirit with which the lessons were received. Eager to learn and eager to make use of whatever was new, and behind it all a real preparation for it. In my explorations of the natural history of Japan, even in the most remote villages, I found everywhere men glad to co-operate, with an intelligent comprehension of what I was trying to do. As a Japanese friend remarked, this would not be the case if the lessons of civilization were not already broadly diffused in Japan.

In returning from Northern Japan to the City of Sendai, in which, on my way northward, I had been most hospitably treated, I received a request from the city officers that I would allow them to visit me at my rooms.

About a dozen of them came, with editors, lawyers, teachers and other persons of prominence. After the usual compliments, the spokesman said that they would like to know from me how they could make Sendai a better city. He said that

"Japan was like a country boy who had come to town and found many things which are new and strange. This boy found in America an elder brother, who could give true advice and honest help in all the difficulties of the new situation. As an American I was welcome to Sendai, and Sendai would like from me all the help I might be willing to give."

After a discussion of what could be done for the clean and wholesome town of Sendai to make it even more clean and wholesome, he touched on the question of Japanese emigration. He was very sorry that the Government had allowed men to go out from the cities of the Inland Sea to America as contract laborers. Among these were many bad Japanese, and they had produced a bad impression in America. Many Americans had come to think that all Japanese were like these. But those who like me had seen the Japanese at home knew they were not. The Government of Japan understands this situation and will let no more contract laborers leave the country. Only the student, the skilled artisan, the good citizen of Japan will be allowed to come to America, and any wish of America, if courteously made known to Japan, will be fully respected.

The Japanese everywhere feel toward America a peculiar, almost romantic, gratitude. It was America who in 1854 first opened Japan to the activities of the West, and furnished the occasion for the downfall of the outworn feudal system and the dual role of Shogun and Mikado. It was America who led in the establishment of the Japanese school system and the great Imperial University at Tokio. It was America who was first willing to allow Japan full jurisdiction in her own ports, which had been opened to foreign residence and foreign trade. To Japan, America is her nearest and best friend among the nations, her guide and leader in paths which are new and strange.

The lesson of the Shimoneseki incident in 1863 has never been lost on Japan. Every school boy knows it and its meaning. Certain ships, Dutch, French and American, passing through the Inland Sea were fired on at Shimoneseki. Afterward these, with a British ship, bombarded and destroyed the town, collecting at the same time $3,000,000 as indemnity, which was divided among the Powers. Later investigation showed that the blame was not all on one side, and the United States returned the $750,000 to Japan. This chivalrous act of common courtesy, never known before or since among great Powers, at once placed the United States in a class apart in dealing with affairs in the Orient. When the vulgar politicians of Europe whom we call the "Great Powers" ceased nagging Japan, outrages and unfriendly feeling passed away. The lesson of all this is worth heeding in the great tragedy of the vivisection of China. For genuine commerce rests on a basis of mutual trust and mutual esteem. Trade cannot be built up by force of arms, nor are its profits ever great enough to make good the cost and waste of a great army. Of all the nations of the Orient Japan is the only one which can in truth be called well governed. Japan is the only one which has had undisturbed possession of herself. The Japanese choose their own ruler, make their own laws, train their own armies, control their own trade. They are the only Oriental people free

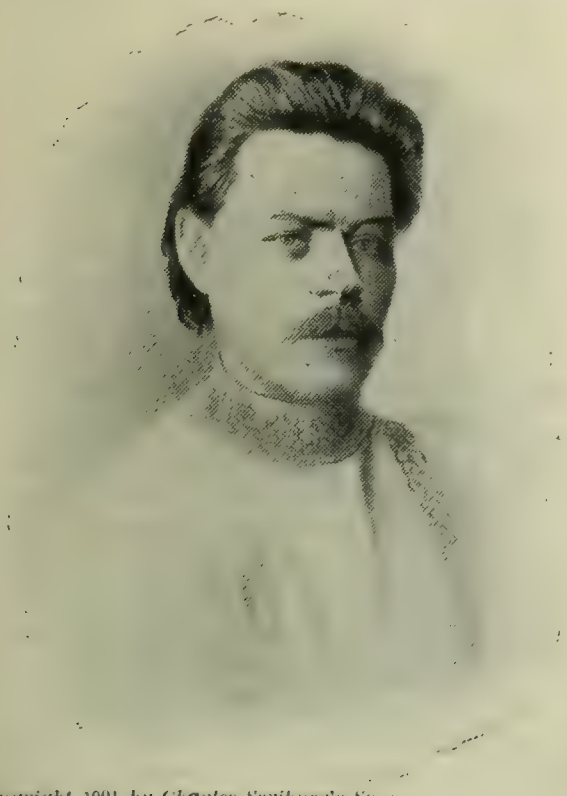
from the mighty curse of opium, for they have the right to exclude it from their ports. The trade of Japan is great and growing. The profits of this trade must go to those from whom the Japanese may choose to buy. To the end of controlling this trade and through it the trade of the Orient to which Japan holds the key, we have only to offer fair dealing, personal courtesy, and the chivalrous spirit which draws together men and nations.

PALO ALTO, CALIF.

Gorky: The New Russian Novelist*

By J W. Clarkson

THE face, with the long hair flung negligently back from the rather low forehead, that looks out on the world from the frontispiece of Miss Hapgood's fine translation of Maxim Gorky's first novel, gives a hint of the nature of



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MAXIM GORKY

the intellect it masks. It is a strong, energetic face, but with something defiant, self-willed, discontented, in it. And certainly this man must have immense strength and energy, as well as the genius with which he is credited, to have leaped at a bound from among the very refuse of the Russian populace to a hight that, at least in the opinion of some of the best Russian critics, places him on a level with Turgéneff and Tolstoy. As almost every chapter in his sketches and stories has been a personal experience and as the infinite variety of his modes of life has supplied the entire material of his art, the knowledge of his work and the interest it inspires would not be complete if we did not know something of the vicissitudes of an existence with which it is so closely connected.

The real name of the new writer is Alexéi Maximovitch Pyeshkoff, his pen-name, Maxim the Bitter, being doubtless assumed to typify his attitude toward life and society. Those fond of tracing mental tendencies to atavistic influences will, perhaps, find one of the sources of Gorky's cruel realism in the character of his grandfather, an officer in the Caucasus, cashiered by the Emperor Nicholas for his savage treatment of his soldiers. Maxim's father had to fly for his life from this terrible martinet. He settled in Nizhni Novgorod, earned a precarious living at the humblest occupations, married the daughter of a wealthy merchant clandestinely, and died a pauper in 1873, when Maxim was five years old. The death of his mother two years later threw him on the world after five months' schooling. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker. But the vagrant instinct that was to color his life developed very early. He soon ran away from the shoemaker, was apprenticed to a draftsman, ran away again, was apprenticed to a sacred image maker, ran away again, and, in fact, tried his hand at a dozen different trades before reaching his fifteenth year. He was constant only to one object, the Volga. His affection for it was that of a lover for his mistress; he never strayed

*FOMA GORDYEEFF. *By Maxim Gorky.* Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

far from its banks, and the scenes of all his stories are laid somewhere between Nizhni and Astrakan. He is never tired of painting the mighty stream, and his pictures of her varied moods have a wonderful lyrical beauty, especially when contrasted with the brutal realism to which they serve as a background.

The turning point in Gorky's life came when he was a scullion on one of the river boats. The cook, an ex-soldier named Smury, had a passion for reading, which he communicated to Maxim. Under this man's direction he read not only what he calls "the classical productions of unknown writers," but the "Lives of the Saints," and many of the works of Gogol and Dumas. It was an awakening. The hunger for knowledge thus aroused in him may have, perhaps, been the means of saving him from dying in a prison or a tavern. The episode in his life that followed had more of romance in it than realism. He tramped his way to the university of Kazan at the age of fifteen, under the impression that he had nothing to do but knock at its gates and have the whole world of culture opened to him. Finding out his mistake, he hired himself to a baker in the city at $1.50 a month. This was the hardest period of his life, he tells us; and here his first criminal experiences may be said to have begun.

During the whole of his previous existence he had been in contact with the lowest classes of the people; now he became the boon companion of the tramps, beggars and thieves of whom he was to be the painter and, to some extent, the champion. He spent his holidays in a tumbledown house, away in a wild part of the country, which served as refuge for such criminals as were too well known to the police to make the city a safe hiding place. Here, in exchange for a few glasses of *vodka,* any one of these wretches could be persuaded to relate the most striking incidents in his career. But the adventure was not without danger for Gorky. One fine day the police swooped down on the old ruin and interrupted a thrilling narrative by hauling the inquisitive Maxim and his companions off to jail. After his release he encountered perils even more serious than those resulting from his inclination for graceless companionships. He entered students' clubs, joined political organizations that were more objectionable still, dreamed of revolutions while enduring every sort of moral and physical privation, became intoxicated with wild theories and abstractions while he was starving, or perhaps because he was starving. During this period of awful distress he attempted to commit suicide. On his recovery he resumed his vagabond life, tramped through the Caucasus, explored the shores of the Black Sea, worked at docks and salt pits, carried heavy burdens, peddled apples and beer, was stevedore, lighter man, boatman, and acquired an encyclopedic knowledge of every sort of out-of-door employment. The acquaintances he made during his wanderings were hardly more respectable than those he had formed on the Volga, but they were picturesque and original, and furnished him with an inexhaustible supply of models.

Soon after his return to the Volga, in 1892, Gorky published his first sketches in the local papers. He had the good fortune to excite the interest of Korolenko, a distinguished Russian author, who introduced him to the St. Petersburg reviews. Korolenko appears to have exercised a lasting influence on his life in other ways. "My masters," he says, "have been Smury, a cook; Lanin, an attorney; Kalinjny, a malefactor, and Korolenko." When the first collection of his stories and sketches appeared in 1898 it was received with tremendous enthusiasm, and had an unprecedented sale. He was the object of tumultuous ovations when he visited the capital in the following year, especially on the part of the students, and ever since his return to Nizhni he has been the recipient of impassioned telegrams from his admirers.

In *Foma Gordyéeff* Gorky would seem at first sight to have deserted the thieves and vagabonds who formed the staple of his previous stories. Nearly all the characters in it are taken from among the great merchants and shipbuilders of the Volga. But tho their habits of life may render them outwardly obedient to the civil law, they have the same fierce desire of enjoyment at any cost, the same intolerance of all restraint, that characterizes the criminal classes. They have all been robbers or murderers at some period of their lives, and each of them

has laid the foundation of his fortune in some hidden crime. Even Ignat Gordyéeff, the father of the hero, the least unpleasant personage among them, and a favorite of the author, "robbed and cheated, sometimes without even noticing it, tho again at times he did recognize the fact, and openly and triumphantly sneered at the men he had cheated, and in the madness of his greed for money he rose to poetry."

Foma's mother was a wild, mystical dreamer, utterly astray in life, and the son develops a dual nature. He has inherited the fine physique, gigantic structure and moral energy of one parent and the brooding mysticism and indifference to life of the other. His father makes vain efforts to initiate him into the art of governing men. But business has only a temporary interest for him. To waste his strength on the acquisition of money seems hateful to him, and he knows no other outlet for the exercise of his faculties. He has all that can make life enjoyable, but he will not live, he will go about seeking the meaning of life until heart and brain are poisoned. Everything bores and irritates him. His wealth is a terrible burden which he makes vain efforts to get rid of. He associates with vagabonds, for they, he imagines, must know the secret he is trying to discover, and spends weeks among them in the most shameful drunkenness and debauchery. In fact, the entire story is enveloped in an atmosphere of alcohol, and every chapter reeks with the fumes of *vodka* and brandy. What will strike the reader as one of the strangest characteristics of this powerful and unhealthy production is the author's evident sympathy with his hero. He regards him as a man of progress, the harbinger of a nobler world, a sort of phœnix among the sordid and rapacious merchants with whom he is contrasted.

In the final scene Foma appears among these merchant princes, "with their red shriveled ugly visages," like some beautiful avenging god, and denounces them severally by name for forgotten crimes that should have sent them to Siberia or the scaffold. But the result proves the uselessness of struggling against social hypocrisies and turpitudes. Foma is hurried to an asylum, and when he emerges from it three years afterward his moral and spiritual life is entirely ruined. He now wanders, a derided vagabond, through the tumultuous life of the city, "shabby, disheveled, half-witted, and almost constantly intoxicated."

The immense talent of the author is evident on every page, but the story, on the whole, is disappointing, and, toward the end, becomes a trifle wearisome. It is really little better than a series of episodes and interminable discourses, the burden of which is the appalling ugliness of social conditions. But while Gorky speaks with ferocious derision of all institutions, he has nothing to put in their place. He does not preach any positive doctrine and has no system of constructive philosophy. He is satisfied with the conviction that our existence is an evil, that there should be no curb on the passions, that the only thing admirable in life is individual strength and passion, and that life itself should be a desperate search after something which, if found, would account for it, but which can never be found because it does not exist! The work is full of similar incoherencies and contradictions. Apparently Gorky looks on life as something concrete and absolutely distinct from the individual liver. We should at times resist it and at times submit passively to its control; but, above all, we should try to extract its vital force, that elixir of the strong which will enable us to master men, and life also. In this worship of individual force, of the *Uebermensch,* as well as in the general scope of his pessimism, Gorky shows himself to be a fervent disciple of Nietzsche. It is the constant presence of this characteristic that renders the story so depressing, and sometimes so disgusting, notwithstanding the author's prodigious faculty of observation, keen psychological insight and capacity for painting in the fiercest colors crude emotions and barbaric instincts. Despite the verdict of Russian criticism, the new writer is far from having attained the altitude of Turgéneff or Tolstoy, and at present he seems just as likely to turn out an intellectual degenerate as he is to turn out a great genius.

New York City.

Life at the Hills Near Peking

By W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D.

President of the Imperial University, Peking, China

THIS summer finds me at my usual resort—a pretty temple at the top of Mount Burlingame, overlooking the capital at a distance of ten miles. Last year I had to quit the place on account of the Boxer outbreak and content myself with what Oliver Holmes calls "intramural estivation"—passing two months in a state of close siege. Since the siege, which was raised on the 14th of August, the city and surrounding country have been without any government except that provided by the army of rescue. Utterly inadequate to the police of so large a region, they have confined their attention chiefly to the city and left the country to the mercy of brigands, who after plundering and levying blackmail usually finish by compelling the villages to pay for protection. Fifty or more villages, in view from my lookout, are thus provided at the expense of a monthly stipend. Naturally the brigands rejoice in the foreign *régime* and dread the return of the native government.

A fortnight ago three bands of brigands occupying as many temples on the plain below were unintentionally put to flight by the cannon practice of a company of British soldiers stationed at the Empress Dowager's palace. Ten days ago these robbers carried away an old man from the front of this hill and a young man from the rear of it, holding both of them to ransom. Yet at the foot of the hill there is a party of twenty British soldiers, serving as a guard for places occupied by the British Minister and his people, while the United States *Chargé d'Affaires,* who occupies a temple a mile to the north, keeps a guard of ten soldiers.

Finding themselves so well paid by their Chinese *protégés,* the brigands take good care not to disturb foreigners, and the handful of foreign guards seldom interfere with their proceedings. Last week, however, some of the British soldiers arrested a supposed robber, and brought him to me for examination. The only evidence against him was that seeing them coming he had tried to hide in the fields, and that he was armed with a couple of revolvers. Three respectable men offered to give bonds for his good behavior, and declared that he was armed because engaged in protecting mule trains on the high road.

We released him on their security; yet I have no doubt that he began as a robber and only ceased to be one when he found it more profitable to act as convoy. Curiously enough, the man had been a Buddhist priest.

The night after this occurrence my people were alarmed by seeing a band of Chinese with lanterns climbing the hill about midnight. They waked me, and I watched them, rifle in hand, as they slowly advanced. Instead of attacking us, as I supposed they intended to do, they turned aside, climbed another peak, fired a couple of shots, sent up a loud hurrah, and then climbed down again. I then concluded that they were robbers and that they meant by this open demonstration to assert their possession of these hills; yet feeling a momentary relief I went to bed and slept soundly. What was my surprise to learn the next morning that they had been sent out to look for two British students, whose absence caused anxiety. It is satisfactory to add that they found the missing students, who were like "babes in the wood," and brought them home in triumph.

I have just heard that a foreign soldier was killed the other day, on the high road between this and the city, by a hidden marksman. When the native authorities are reinstated, as they will be next month, it will take them a long time to oust the brigands and establish public order.

That the Court is really coming back I infer from a decree ordering Li Hung Chang "to persuade the foreigners not to build batteries or mount cannon inside their legations." He will, of course, have

to give assurance that the Court will not use cannon against the legations, as it did last year. Yet what confidence can they repose in any such assurance when the conduct of the Court has been such as to detract no little from China's claim to be a civilized country?.

And the decree which I read to-day gives some hope that the Court wishes to profit by experience. It orders that students and members of legations in foreign countries shall be admitted to examination, and have the highest degrees bestowed on them for their knowledge of practical affairs. One of the questions they will have to answer will probably be this, "Should ambassadors be butchered; or would it be better to endure their presence and make a show of treating them as honored guests?"

PEKING, CHINA.

"A Bishop's Loot"

By William S. Ament, D.D.

MISSIONARY OF THE AMERICAN BOARD IN CHINA

UNDER the above caption there appears in the New York *Sun* for September 4th an interview with Mr. Runge, a curio collector who is about to return to China.

In the first place there is and was no such man in Peking as Yen Li Sen. The name has no similarity to the names of prominent men during the recent troubles. Further, there is no such officer as "Treasurer of the Empire." The story is inherently incredible. No one with any acquaintance with Chinese customs could have concocted such a tale. Through the hint that this Yen Li Sen had been "the Chinese Ambassador to Berlin," we discover who is the supposed victim of the Bishop's rapacity. The Ambassador's name was Hsü Ching Cheng, and he with Yuan Chang protested against the plot against the lives of all the foreign Ministers in Peking. After the legationers were shut in, and had been besieged for some weeks, he protested against further outrage. For this "crime" these men were decapitated. The Chinese assert that on the identical day on which Hsü Ching Cheng was beheaded his premises were looted by a mob from the street. If not taken by the mob his property would have been confiscated by the Government. In any case, it is inconceivable that his curios and porcelains could have been preserved till over a month later, when Bishop Favier could come from the western part of the city, where he had fought bravely for his life, and steal them. It is to be supposed on the ground of this brutal interview that Bishop Favier, a man of high character and large wealth in his own name, gray-headed in the service of the Chinese, deliberately took possession of a man's fortune who had done what he could to protect foreigners. Bishop Favier never made any statement with regard to "loot," which he never saw. He did make a statement to the Chinese with regard to the buildings occupied by the Catholics, saying that as soon as peace negotiations were concluded all the houses occupied by his people should be given up to the owners, as he had no intention of retaining them. After his people had been barbarously murdered in great numbers, their homes burned, and the Bishop himself and colleagues had passed one of the severest sieges known in history, it surely was an act of generosity on the part of the Bishop to surrender those houses before his own people had a roof to put over their heads.

As to Mr. Squiers, Secretary of Legation, and his collection of curios, doubtless Mr. Runge failed to be aware that this collection was largely in existence before the Boxer outbreak. Mr. Squiers has been a collector for years, and many thousands of dollars in porcelains, embroideries, etc., were packed away in cases in Mr. Squiers' rear porch months before the Boxers fired on the Legations. Mr. and Mrs. Squiers both are people of very large wealth and abundantly able to pay a good price for anything they want, and the Chinese well know of this peculiarity. By lending some assistance to Mr. Squiers after the siege I spent some time, almost daily, at the Legation, saw many of the purchases

made. The articles were usually brought by Chinese dealers. It is possible many of these articles had been looted, but if so, this had been done by Chinese.

As to the missionaries, what one did, all did, so far as the occupying of deserted premises was concerned. Some had money in hand for the support of starving people, some sold off the stuff found on these premises at the suggestion and with the knowledge and permission of the highest persons to whom we could appeal for advice. Most of the missionaries and other civilians left Peking immediately after the siege; but two of us, Mr. Tewksbury and myself, remained, and did what we could to hold together the remnants of our people. These people must be fed and reinstated in their villages, or they must be supported at large expense in the city. They had done their best to help us during the siege, some had lost their lives, some had been wandering in the mountains, or dens in the fields, and to desert them at that critical time before their murderers had felt the power of foreigners would have been treason to our religion and a base desertion of those who had a right to look to us for protection. If Mr. Tewksbury and I were overzealous in doing this necessary and Christian work, it is only true to say that if we succeeded it was because we had the full support of the most intelligent Chinese in high office who approved of what we did. General Chaffee accuses Mr. Tewksbury of "extortion" in his private report. Not a word of proof is offered.

The military did not grasp the situation in North China, and one American officer blandly confessed, six months after his arrival in Peking, that he did not know that any Chinese Christians had been killed by the Boxers. He at the time was escorting Mr. Tewksbury and his people in the country where they were gathering up the remains of the dead Christians and giving them a proper burial. The officer was querying what so many coffins were for.

First, it was myself who was attacked, then Mr. Tewksbury, now Bishop Favier and Mr. Squiers have their turn.

Owosso, Mich.

The Confederate State Department

By Colonel L. Q. Washington

[Col. Washington, who is one of the few collateral descendants of the "Father of His Country," is one of the few survivors of the Civil War period who have personal inside knowledge of the State Department of the Confederate Government.—Editor.]

THE public has had a deluge of histories in respect to the Civil War and the Southern Confederacy. The history of the antecedent period covering the anti-slavery agitation has also been written up, but for the most part with bias and partisanship. The military events of the four years' struggle have also been exhibited in official reports, documents, memoirs and narratives of every kind and description. The materials for this history exist in abundance; but, tho passion is subsiding, it would still be difficult to prepare a work satisfactory to both sides of this great controversy.

Very little comparatively has been written in respect to the work of the Confederate State Department. Some ambitious attempts have been recently made to supply this omission by persons whose means of obtaining accurate information were quite limited. Misrepresentations of Confederate diplomacy have come from different sources. They were made during the war in some anti-administration newspapers published in the South. Attacks were made which could easily have been answered by the State Department making known its policy and telling what it had done or was doing, but this method of defense was not permissible. Since the struggle closed some persons have made criticisms based partly on public documents with a certain amount of added misrepresentation, relying on the prevalent sectional prejudice for their market. With some others of late the motives seem to have been to provide sensation and to make money and bold as-

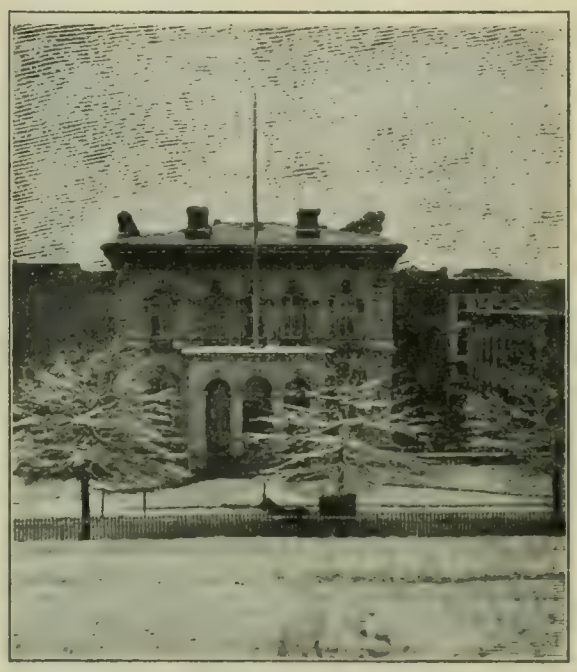
sertions, trusting to luck and the lapse of time to prevent exposure. This last line of business as time passes is apparently on the increase.

The archives of the Confederate State Department were purchased by the

L. Q. WASHINGTON

United States Government in the year 1872 from Col. John T. Pickett. They are in the main, but not absolutely, full and correct. I called Secretary Richardson's attention soon after the time of purchase to one very important forgery. It deserves to be noted that the officials at the head of the Confederate State Department and those prominent in its service who were best qualified to write concerning its operations have published little or nothing about it. Mr. Benjamin, in response to Mr. Davis's inquiries, wrote something, but not much, about the Hampton Roads conference; Mr. Hunter, Mr. Stephens and Judge Campbell considerably more, but on that point chiefly. I regret now that I did not take up this general subject in 1872, but all my time was then engrossed by the work and cares of life.

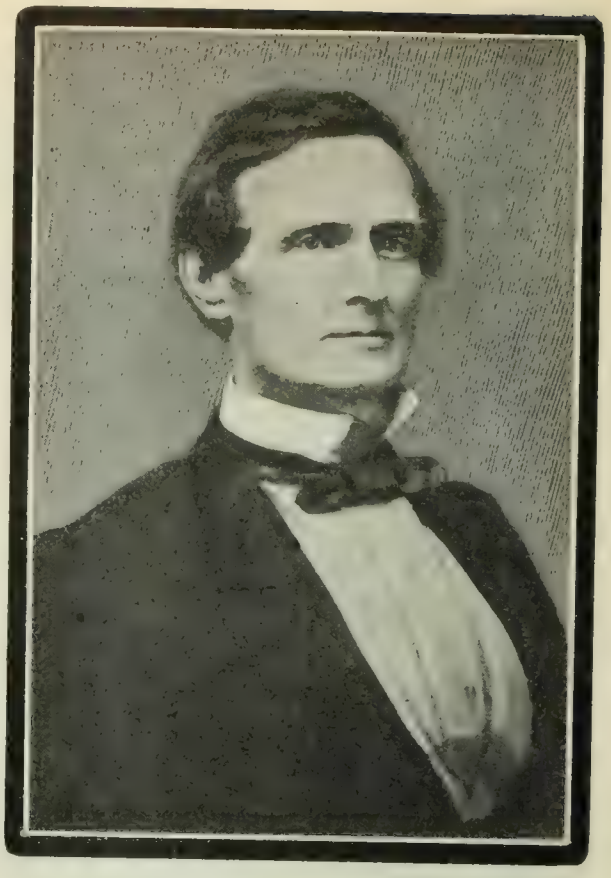
In the absence of reliable exposition by competent persons, and, indeed, nearly all of them having passed away, we are favored with alleged "lost chapters" of Confederate history. The public is told that the secret things of that period are to be brought to light; how Prince Polignac was sent to Paris to swap off Louisiana for intervention by Louis Napoleon, and to supersede Slidell, while another writer tells us how Mr. Duncan F. Kenner, of Louisiana, was dispatched with authority to supersede both Slidell and Mason. Perhaps this is the proper place to say that the secrets of the Confederate Government were well kept. I have heard a statement to the effect that the United States Government was regularly kept advised of the military strength and movements of the Confederacy by some faithless War Department official, but this story has no foundation in fact. It was hatched at a time when gossip was easy and imagination active. Another oft-printed story is that Miss Van Lew, a person of known Union sympathies, residing in Richmond, but having no official position or social *entrée,* contrived to purvey highly important information for the Washington Government.



North Front of Custom House, where President's Office was

She might have picked up some empty gossip and rumors in circulation, but nothing more. In fact, even the leading citizens of Richmond knew little or nothing of what was passing or contemplated

by the Government until events actually transpired. The newspapers of Richmond were hardly any better off. The sessions of the Confederate Congress on all matters of importance were with closed doors and have never been published. The printed reports of the public sessions were very meager—in fact, mere skeleton reports. The Federal spy occasionally entered the Southern lines, and perhaps visited Richmond, but he went away as wise as when he came. He could hardly have done any good work, or he would have reported to the War Department that Richmond had practically no garrison before May, 1863, and only a small one afterward. The blockade runners were allowed to pass between Richmond and Washington, but were a harmless set of gentlemen. I used to cross-examine them, but met only one that had any intelligence of interest, and that was on subjects not connected with the war. This person was a woman who knew how to use her eyes and ears, but not well enough to affect a campaign or change the face of history.



JEFFERSON DAVIS

The successive heads of the Confederate State Department, Messrs. Toombs, Hunter and Benjamin, and those gentlemen serving under it, such as Slidell, Mason, Mann, Yancey, Preston, Lamar, Thompson, Clay and others were then either advanced in years or middle aged men, and now, over thirty-five years having elapsed, it is not strange that they have gone to their rest. I am the only survivor of those who were in the State Department at Richmond, and, I think, the only one living who was in its service at home or abroad. I had been spending a few weeks in Richmond, chiefly engaged in editorial work for the *Examiner,* when, about the 4th of November, 1861, by the invitation of Mr. Hunter, then Secretary of State, I became his chief clerk. On the 22d February, 1862, the Government, under the "Permanent Constitution" of the Confederacy, was inaugurated. This led to some changes in *personnel.* Mr. Hunter went into the Confederate Senate, representing Virginia. The Hon. J. P. Benjamin, then Secretary of War, was transferred to be Secretary of State. Mr. William M. Browne, the Assistant Secretary of State, became one of the President's aids, and, as chief clerk, I performed the usual duties of the former position until the close of the struggle in April, 1865. In this way I became conversant with all that was being done or that had been done by the State Department, and I also learned confidentially much of what was being done by the other departments. With the heads of these departments, as well as the President, I had cordial relations, and most of them I had known before for years. The important military news came to us, of course, and also many of the plans of military operations. I had so many friends in Congress that I was easily kept advised of what it was doing. On the other hand, no one outside knew the business of the State Department except the President, and he was not the kind of a man to gossip or to be questioned.

With these opportunities for an inside view of all that passed at Richmond from October, 1861, to April, 1865, I have been able to appreciate at its true value the fiction in reference to the Confederate Government concocted from time to time. If there be a "lost chapter" of the history of the Confederate State Department, I believe that I am the only one capable of supplying it. The story that

has been made public to the effect that Prince Polignac was sent by the Richmond Government about the close of the Civil War on a mission to the Emperor Napoleon, with authority to offer a transfer of Louisiana to France in exchange for his intervention in favor of the Confederacy is not a "lost chapter," for the good and sufficient reason that no such chapter was ever written, and, therefore, could not well be lost. Mr. Davis was always a great stickler for adhering to the constitution, and he clearly had no constitutional authority to propose such a transfer. Moreover, Louisiana, Arkansas and Missouri were three of the States belonging to the Confederacy, tho at the time largely occupied by the Federal troops, and their soldiers were performing their duties in the Confederate army with singular zeal, fortitude and heroism. The suggestion to turn over these soldiers, their homes and liberties, to any European government in order to save the other States from being overrun would not have been entertained for a moment by Mr. Davis or any one of his Cabinet. Prince Polignac was a gallant brigadier of the Western Army, and is a gentleman of high character and intelligence, but he was not at any time in the diplomatic service of the Confederate Government. The Confederacy possessed a singularly able representative at Paris in the person of the Hon. John Slidell, of Louisiana, a former associate of Mr. Jefferson Davis in the United States Senate. He was trusted to the fullest extent by the President and by Mr. Benjamin; and, from the time he entered on his duties soon after the affair of the Trent, no other person was ever chosen to make any representation, oral or written, to the Emperor or his Ministers of Foreign Affairs. To these officials he had easy access and from them received the most respectful consideration. Slidell was a wise, sagacious, experienced man of affairs, and was probably better fitted to succeed at Paris of all places than any other man. Indeed, I doubt if he had an equal in the South for a diplomatic post, unless possibly Lamar or General Dick Taylor, of Louisiana. These two were men of very striking gifts, and had, I think, the special qualifications requisite for diplomatic service.

When the account of this alleged Polignac mission was published in 1895 I gave it a brief contradiction in the press. At that time President Davis was dead, and I believe only two of his Cabinet still survived—namely, Judge Reagan, of Texas, and the Hon. George Davis, of Wilmington, N. C. Judge Reagan, who, I am happy to say, still lives, wrote me June 28th, 1895, saying that "any measure of this importance would necessarily have been considered by the Cabinet of the Confederacy, and no such project was ever mentioned or hinted at in the Cabinet."

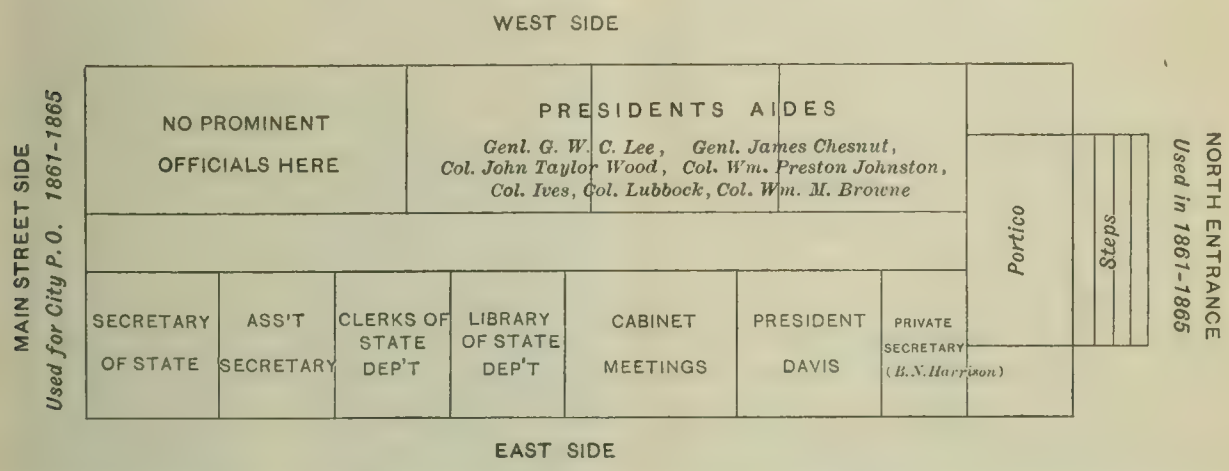
The denial of the Hon. George Davis, ex-Confederate Attorney-General in 1864, to whom I also wrote, is not less emphatic. I append his letter:

"WILMINGTON, N. C., June 29th, 1895.

"L. Q. WASHINGTON, ESQR.,
"WASHINGTON, D. C.

"DEAR SIR:

"After long years I am glad once more to



This diagram gives an idea of the building used by the Confederate Treasury Department and State Department, from 1861–65. There were two floors. The Treasury Department occupied the whole of the ground floor. The State Department occupied the second floor, as seen above

hear from you. I have been confined for a long time with a lingering sickness from which I am not yet recovered, and so I am compelled to write to you by the hand of my daughter.

"I never heard a word of the Polignac canard, and I don't believe a word of it. I know that your relations with your chief, Mr. Benjamin, were such that you would have known of it if it had been true.

"My commission as Attorney-General bears the date of the 4th of January, 1864.

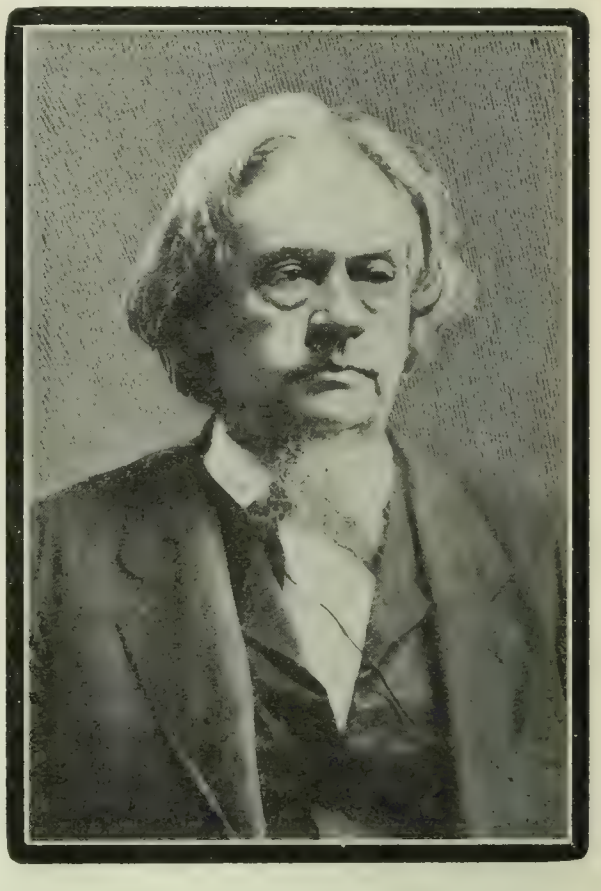
"With kind regards and much esteem,

"I am, yours sincerely,

"GEORGE DAVIS."

The Confederate State Department had in its service some of the most gifted sons of the South. It was organized in Montgomery, Alabama, on February 21st, 1861. The Hon. Robert Toombs, of Georgia, was the first Secretary of State. He was a man of large, powerful frame, with long, shaggy locks, and was thoroughly unconventional. He had been a distinguished member of the United States House of Representatives and was even more eminent in the Senate, where his logic, passion and oratorical gifts made him a power. Had he possessed the musical tones and trained voice of Jefferson Davis or Benjamin he would have come down to us with a great reputation for eloquence, but his delivery was marred by his vehemence, impetuosity and consequent imperfect enunciation. He was no office man and did little work in his department. He was quoted as saying that "he carried the business of the State Department around in his hat." He may have reasoned that diplomacy must needs wait on some positive military success, and at that time there had been little actual conflict of arms. In addition to this, Mr. Toombs was looking forward to military service, and during the summer of 1861 he left the department to become a brigadier-general. He achieved no special distinction in this role, and his fame must rest chiefly on what he said and did during his long and brilliant service in the Federal Congress. Alex. H. Stephens said of his speech of January 7th, 1861, that it deserved a place by the side of that of Pericles on a like occasion.

Mr. Toombs's successor in the Confederate State Department after July, 1861, the Hon. Robert M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, was a man of very different mold. Educated at the famous University of Virginia, and for the bar, he went, after a brief law practice, into the service of the State. He was always a careful student of history and of the science of politics in its most elevated sphere of action. Entering the House of Representatives and becoming its Speaker at the early age of thirty years, he next became a member of the United States Senate, and there taking the acknowledged lead in all matters of revenue and appropriation, he soon impressed himself on all his contemporaries as one of the very ablest among them. On all revenue matters



ROBERT TOOMBS
Of Georgia. First Secretary of State

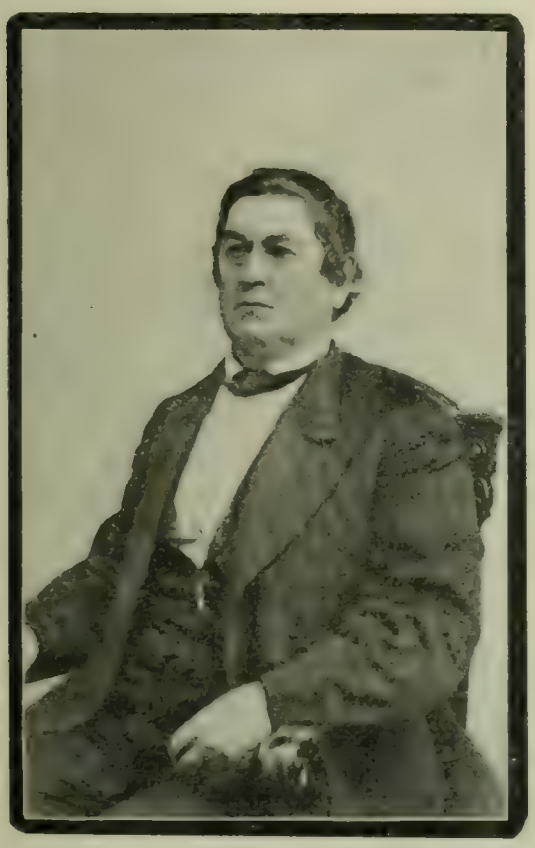
he led the Senate. He left that body in 1861 without a personal enemy and with the sincere respect and esteem of all its members of either perty. His mind was thoughtful, sagacious, well balanced and pre-eminently conservative. His elaborate instructions to Messrs. Slidell and Mason, who were commissioned to London and Paris in September, 1865, embody the general policy of the Confederate State Department which was pursued to the close. Like Mr. Toombs, he was careless as to personal appearance, but he was far more studious, industrious and methodical, and he possesed not only a higher scholarship, but a broader, more

thoughtful grasp of public affairs coupled with a riper judgment and more conciliatory temper.

The Confederate Government moved from Montgomery to Richmond in the latter part of May, 1861. The President's offices and those of the State Department were located on the upper floor of the spacious granite building known as the Federal Custom House. The President had there his personal office and Cabinet room and also some other rooms for his six aids and his private secretary. The remainder of the rooms on this floor were assigned to the State Department and were ample for its purposes, the force being only a small one. On going from the army to Richmond in the early autumn of 1861, I found Mr. Hunter in the State Department. I saw also Messrs. Mallory, Reagan, and others. Mr. Davis I did not see for a few weeks. He was at this time confined to his home on Shocko Hill by a protracted illness, but he possessed a great vitality and he recovered in a month or so. After that illness he was careful to take regular exercise. He used to take very long rides in the country, going out late in the evening and having only a single companion,

JUDD P. BENJAMIN

Of Louisiana; Confederate Secretary of State from Feb 1862, to April, 1865



R. M. T. HUNTER

Of Virginia; Confederate Secretary of State, July, 1861, to Feb., 1862

perhaps one of his aids, or his sister-in-law, Miss Howell. The country about Richmond was at that time thickly wooded, imperfectly guarded, and he ran considerable risk, but on a point like that he would not have relished advice. His attention to his arduous office work was unremitting. He was grave, but courteous, a good business man, attentive to official routine and forms. He had been four years United States Secretary of War, and knew their value. He dined late and after his rides, but was always singularly abstemious and temperate. After dinner he was usually ready for quiet, social converse with his family and friends and seemed to enjoy it greatly. But he never mixed up work and pleasure. There were no formal receptions or large companies at the President's mansion. But, nevertheless, this old house has its pleasant flavor of social traditions.

During the winter of 1861-62 Mr. Hunter's Virginia friends insisted on his giving up the Cabinet place he held and going into the Confederate Senate, in order to represent Virginia. In a matter of that kind he felt that he ought to yield to their wishes and accordingly he was

elected to that body, his term beginning February 22d, 1862. Here he gave his attention chiefly to finance. He was the author of the principal financial measures of the Confederacy, the tax in kind, the interconvertible bond, and others. He was also President *pro tempore* of the chamber.

When Mr. Hunter vacated the State Department Mr. Benjamin was transferred from the War Department to fill the position. He, therefore, entered on his duties February 22, 1862, and remained with Mr. Davis so long as there was a semblance of his government. He was a man of wonderful and varied gifts, rare eloquence and accomplishments, a great lawyer, Senator and man of affairs. He could dispatch readily and speedily a very large amount of business. I have known him to compose a most important state paper of twenty pages or more at a single sitting in a clear, neat chirography and with hardly a single word interlined or erased. His style was a model of ease and perspicuity. Mr. Davis set the highest value upon his services and his friendship. A Secretary of State is bound to consult his chief on every important matter lying within his province. Mr. Davis's room and Mr. Benjamin's were barely a hundred feet apart upon the same floor, and there was hardly a day in which Mr. Benjamin did not visit the President in his office, not so much on affairs of his own department as to learn the army news of which Mr. Davis was sure to be informed, if anybody was. With such relations, therefore, between these two gentlemen, and much more of which I do not now propose to speak, it is a moral impossibility that Mr. Davis would dream of transacting diplomatic business outside of the regular channels. If Mr. Davis had not fully trusted his Secretary he would have dropped him and appointed some one whom he could trust. Mr. Davis practically left the State Department to its Secretaries. He has said that he left finance to Hunter and Memminger, and this was quite true.

The grand objective point of Confederate diplomacy for four years was to secure recognition as an independent Government for the Confederacy. This was the policy embodied in Mr. Hunter's letter of instructions to Mr. Slidell already mentioned, and it was the policy constantly kept in view by his successor in office, Mr. Benjamin. An offer to cede territory in exchange for intervention and help would have been fatal to the arguments on which the demand for recognition was based.

I must not conclude my personal notice of Mr. Benjamin without stating that such was his appetite and facility for work that the President devolved much upon him not strictly pertaining to his own department. The facility with which after the collapse of the Confederacy he attained the highest distinctions of the English bar and made a large fortune, was one of the marvels of a great career. When I met him in London in 1875 he hardly referred to the great struggle with which he had been so conspicuously identified. Nor can I recall that at any time in Richmond or elsewhere he ever indulged in retrospect.

I reserve for notice hereafter one of the so-called "lost chapters" having some basis of truth, but perverted by elaborate fiction out of all proportion.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Mission of Darkness

By Charlotte Burgis DeForest

LO, eyes are made for the light,
And souls are made for joy.
And eyes must be blinded by night,
And souls must be darkened by grief,
That alike they may find relief,—
Relief from the strain of the light,
And strength for the strain of joy.

GUILFORD, CONN.

Holiday Ceremonies in New Mexico

By L. Bradford Prince, LL.D.

Ex-Governor of New Mexico and President of the Historical Society of New Mexico

NO part of our land is the scene of such a number and variety of public ceremonies as New Mexico, nor are more gorgeously spectacular affairs of that nature to be seen in the world. This condition arises partly from the fact that here are to be found, side by side, three entirely different types of civilization, each representing a distinct epoch in the world's history, yet now all existing cotemporaneously in close proximity. These are the Pueblo, the Spanish and the American. The lapse of ages has not changed either of the older of these, so that in a single day one may have brought before his eyes the unchanged customs and ceremonials of the native American type just as they existed centuries before Columbus crossed the ocean, a reproduction of Spanish life as it was in the days of Charles V and Philip II, and beside them the busy hum of the rushing American life of the age in which we live.

It is this which gives to New Mexico its peculiar charm. It seems as if time works no change here. The Pueblo Indians are absolutely the creatures of tradition. Everything with them is handed down from generation to generation by a wonderful system of verbal training, with entire uniformity through the years and ages. In public ceremonies the necessity of an outward conformity with Roman Catholic forms has led to the holding of certain festivals on saints' days and to a strange mingling of Christianity with the ancient religion, but in everything essential it will be found that the ceremonies have been retained as they were before the first Franciscans were seen in the land. The Spaniards who colonized the valley of the Rio Grande just three centuries ago last year, and their descendants until quite recently, were almost entirely isolated from their brethren in Castile or even those in Mexico; for they were surrounded by wild tribes of Indians, since known as Apaches, Comanches, Navajoes and Utes, ever ready to pounce down on any unprotected parties beyond the settlements, and their only communication with the outer world was once or twice a year when an officially protected caravan proceeded down the Rio Grande and southward to the capital of the New Spain. Thus the changes which time wrought in the customs of the motherland did not affect the distant population of New Mexico. And so until quite recent years the purest reproduction, or rather continuation, of the Spanish life and customs of the sixteenth century was to be found on the banks of the Rio Grande.

To begin with the latest type, the American holidays do not differ greatly in their celebration from those which may be found in other sections of the Union. Decoration Day, the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving Day are observed here in the same way as in New England or the Middle States; and, following the more recent additions at the East, Washington's Birthday and Labor Day are now added to the list. On the 30th of May the procession of the G. A. R. with militia to the National Cemetery, the decoration of the soldiers' graves with spring flowers—the red, the white, the blue—and the addresses of loving remembrance of those who died that the nation might live, might be in Massachusetts or in Ohio from all that appears. On the Fourth of July there is the same general display of flags and bunting, the same noise of pistols and fire-crackers, the same patriotic orations, and the same climax of fireworks, as in the section of the country which constituted the English colonies when the actual Revolution took place. The same, but with this difference, that on all these occasions there are alternate addresses in English and Spanish, and that the prominent positions in the program are equally divided between Anglo-Saxons and men of Castilian blood. Nowhere under the flag are there more entirely patriotic American

citizens than the New Mexicans of Spanish descent, and nowhere can more fervent eulogies be heard in laudation of the Fathers of the Republic than from the lips of the born orators of the Mexican population. Facility in public speaking is a natural gift with almost all of them, and it is at no time more fully exercised than in patriotic addresses on the great national holiday. During the particular year just past the events of the war have added to these patriotic demonstrations, and the celebration of "Dewey Day" in Santa Fé and some other places was of a most enthusiastic character.

The distinctively Spanish ceremonials are almost entirely of a religious character. Nearly every town has at least one annual festival with a procession, on the day of its patron saint. In Santa Fé the patron is St. Francis, the entire name of the capital city being "La Villa Real de la Santa Fé de San Francisco"—"The Royal City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis;" and that saint's day is celebrated with bonfires, illuminations and fireworks as well as in other ways. The festival of Corpus Christi, changed in practice to the succeeding Sunday for the convenience of the people, now has two celebrations, in order to divide the procession, which had become so long that it was unwieldy; one being by the congregation attached to the cathedral and the other by that of the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

I will not attempt a description of these, brilliant as they are, as I wish to speak of a celebration more interesting and unique, because local in its character and to be seen nowhere else. This is on the festival of Our Lady of Victory—the "Conquistadora," as she is called, on the Sunday succeeding the celebration of Corpus Christi. The historical legend connected with this interesting ceremony is briefly as follows: When, in 1693, the Spaniards under the gallant De Vargas were attempting the reconquest of Mexico from the Pueblo Indians, who had revolted in 1680 and driven all Europeans from the soil, they marched up the Rio Grande from El Paso and succeeded in recapturing all the towns until they arrived at Santa Fé. Here a large Pueblo force was congregated under their most able chiefs and defended the city against the invaders with great bravery and determination. The siege continued for many days, during which repeated assaults were made by the Spaniards, but without success. The situation was rendered more critical as the Indians were liable to be reinforced or relieved at almost any time by additional forces from other Pueblo towns, while the Spaniards were without hope of assistance.

In this emergency De Vargas made a special appeal to the Virgin, an image of whom he had brought with him from Mexico, and formally registered a vow that if she would vouchsafe to the Christians a victory on the morrow he would build for her a chapel where they were then encamped. The result was most satisfactory. On the ensuing morning a fresh attack was made on the city, and, inspired by hopes of celestial aid, the onslaught of the Spaniards proved irresistible, the defenders were driven from wall to wall, and finally the strongholds and even the palace itself were captured with all the Pueblo army except a few that escaped to the mountains.

The Spanish Governor, De Vargas, was not forgetful of his vow, and erected on the spot where it was made, about a mile northwest of the Plaza, a new chapel, in which the statue now called the "Conquistadora" was installed with great ceremony. There it remained, the object of profound reverence, for over a hundred years, when, the chapel roof being out of repair, it was moved to the Church of St. Francis (now the cathedral) for better care.

From that time until now, being almost another century, the pious citizens annually carry it in grand procession on the second Sunday after Trinity to its own proper home, where it remains for eight days, during which time special services are held and devotions rendered, after which with equal ceremony it is returned to the cathedral for another year. The procession on these occasions is of a beautiful and unique character.

Led by a crucifer dressed in a white surplice over a black cassock and carrying aloft a gold crucifix, and by two acolytes with candles, the procession is headed by the Society of the Holy Trinity, accompanied by their band and the society banner. Various other societies of men and women follow, each distin-

guished by its appropriate insignia, then come from three to six hundred women and girls, the younger in modern dress including hats, but nearly all of those of middle age dressed in black with a black shawl as a covering for the head as well as the shoulders, arranged in that simple yet graceful manner which apparently none but those of Spanish blood can imitate. They are followed by long lines of men and boys and afterward the San Francisco Society with its band and banner. Then comes a procession of girls dressed in white with broad sashes of blue or pink, acting as an escort to the statue of Our Lady of Victory, which is elegantly dressed and supported on a draped platform surmounted by a canopy carried by four girls in white and with white veils. This, of course, is the central figure of the procession and is immediately followed by a number of priests in colored vestments, sometimes headed by the Archbishop and sometimes by the Vicar-General. Then come the professors from San Miguel College, and the procession closes with a long assemblage of all those who wish to unite in the ceremonies.

The most beautiful feature of the occasion is the floral one. The day is usually in the midst of the rose season, and great baskets of roses, red, white and yellow, are prepared from which six young girls dressed in white are constantly supplied. These walk backward immediately in advance of the statue and its canopy and strew the flowers in the way, so that the road is literally a path of roses. The effect of this is very beautiful.

I have dwelt thus long on this festival because it is a local and unique one. Those of the Pueblo Indians must be described separately.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.

Pound Foolishness

By Christine Terhune Herrick

A CLOSE neighbor, perhaps next of kin to penny wisdom, is pound foolishness. Not by accident have they been proverbially mated. The classical example of pound foolishness is, of course, that of the elderly and childless woman who bought at an auction a door plate, inscribed "Thompson, with a p," and justified her act by the hypothesis that she might some day have a daughter who would marry a man named Thompson. But this forehanded character is only noticeable because of a certain picturesqueness that has given her the distinction of immortality in literature. Every auction room and every bargain sale show her compeers. It is an exceptional woman who does not have more or less of this variety of thrift concealed about her person.

One of the commonest forms of pound foolishness is countenanced by many high authorities. This is the purchase of certain household provisions in large quantities. Few writers on domestic topics fail to lay stress upon the economy of buying groceries in bulk. That sugar and flour, potatoes and apples should be bought by the half or whole barrel, cereals by the case, butter by the tub and other things in like proportion is one of the early precepts in the "Young Housekeeper's Complete Guide to Domestic Economy." The ignorant young things buy the provisions first and the experience afterward. The flour grows musty, the cereals develop weevils, the potatoes and apples rot long before they can be eaten, and the cook exercises a lavishness in the use of the butter and sugar she would never show were they bought in such limited amounts that the housekeeper could hold close watch over them. Even after these events the young mistress feels as if she were absolutely reckless and no manager at all when she so far departs from household law as to buy food in small quantities.

In the same line is the equally well established theory that it is economical to purchase an unnecessarily large pattern of dress goods. "It will be so useful when it is time to make the dress over," is the all sufficient excuse.

Perhaps there is no more touching economical fallacy than that cherished by most women with regard to the saving that is accomplished by making over dresses. For the woman who does her own sewing, with or without a seamstress to help, it is often worth while. But there are women who are positively niggardly with their handsome gowns, who get no comfort out of them while the costumes are new and fresh, but go shabby in old clothes until the new are so out of style that they have to be made over. Then a dressmaker is engaged and the large piece of unusued material employed in transforming the gown into something partially in harmony with prevailing modes. By the time work, new trimmings, new stuff and finishings are added up the expense is almost equal to the first cost of the garment. And it is only a made over gown, after all.

Far be it even from a spendthrift reformer to condemn the practice of buying a little more of a dress pattern than is absolutely needed—especially when it is a material it would be hard to match later. But it is well to do things in moderation and not, on the chance of requiring the material in some unlikely set of circumstances, follow the example of many good women and purchase two or three yards extra that will only add to the contents of the piece bag.

Another example of pound foolishness is displayed by the women who indiscriminately hold to the theory that the best is always the cheapest. There are many times when the best is altogether too good for the service to which it is to be applied. One does not buy the finest quality of gingham for kitchen aprons or delicate porcelain for the commonest uses. A cheap quality is often more serviceable in a variety of ways, and the principle of "cheap repairs for cheap 'uns" is not altogether worthy of contempt. At all events, the dictum that the best is always the cheapest should have a certain consideration before its complete acceptance.

Even a man sometimes displays that form of pound foolishness shown by buying so good an article that he must forthwith go out and buy something less good to save the first purchase—as in the case of a prudent old gentleman, who, having bought a handsome family carriage, was so much wrought upon by reflection upon the scratches and blemishes it would show if taken into daily use that he straightway ordered another and less expensive vehicle. Even that was so resplendent in his eyes that he could not sleep o' nights for worrying over it, and knew not an easy moment until he had bought a second-hand depot wagon of disreputable appearance. In this he drove with some peace of mind and consoled himself for the shabbiness of the turnout by the thought of the two handsome traps that reposed, draped in sheets, in the locked carriage house.

Many are the prophylactics that have been suggested against that form of pound foolishness shown by the woman—it is almost always a woman—who buys a thing simply because she thinks it may come in well in some possible and improbable set of circumstances. This great weakness of human nature is recognized and cunningly ministered to by the perpetrators of the bargain counter. When the habit is fixed it is well nigh incurable, but in the early stages it may be controlled by the administration of Sydney Smith's formula, "Do I really want it? Can I do without it?" Properly applied, this remedy is generally successful in the early stages of pound foolishness. Unfortunately, too many women seem to have grasped the spirit if not the phrasing of the political economist who defines civilization as the multiplication of wants. This is a sentiment which appeals to the average woman, who, meditating upon it, feels political economy to be a far simpler and pleasanter science than the economy of the household or the common garden variety.

Perhaps it may be over extension of the province of pound foolishness to make it take in a woman's unnecessary expenditure of energy in compassing ends that are hardly worth attaining. The pernicious principles, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"—generally amended to read, "with *all* thy might," inculcate a subtle and dangerous form of pound foolishness. There are many things worth doing—because they must be done—which it is a sheer waste of time and strength to do with the thoroughness demanded by more important operations.

But, alas, for the ordinary woman! Again her lack of proportion comes nobly to the front and assists her in her hour of need by giving her strength to spend for that which is not bread, and urging her to labor for that which satisfieth not. In vain does one quote Ruskin's words of wisdom: "There are many little things which to do admirably is to waste both time and cost; and the real question is not so much whether we have done a given thing as well as possible, as whether we have turned a given quantity of labor to the best account."

Rarely is such counsel of any use. One may "say it to her loud and clear," may go "and shout it in her ear." In material things she may recognize when she is guilty of pound foolishness, and by denying herself necessities or luxuries, triumph over it. But when it comes to giving up the performance of an unpleasant duty, to renouncing overwork in some distasteful form, she is adamant in her abhorrence of logic. Bring up the question of self immolation and she turns her back upon reason and announces that her principles are founded upon a rock.

POMPTON, N. J.

Business Principles in the Administration of Churches

By Teunis S. Hamlin, D.D.

PRESIDENT FINNEY, speaking from his double experience as both lawyer and minister, was accustomed to say that no cause is so illy pleaded as that of Christianity. It has sometimes seemed to me that no business is so illy administered as that of Christian churches. Reference is not here made to the great missionary boards and societies. Their management, in almost all cases, deserves only the highest praise. They command the unpaid services of many of the ablest business and professional men in our great cities. The public little appreciates the value—that is, the commercial value—of the time and labor thus ungrudgingly given. Large gifts of money to Christian purposes are everywhere applauded, and rightly so; but the equally large gifts of expert service pass for the most part unnoticed. All honor to the bankers, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers, who cheerfully leave their pressing duties monthly, semimonthly, weekly, at any call of need, to cast into Christian service the wealth of their talent and experience. When one thinks of the charities that are thus managed, the hospitals, asylums, reformatories, social settlements, as well as the more distinctively religious mission boards and like organizations, one gains a new impression of how mighty a hold Christian principles have upon the best men of the age.

And the results of such service are most noteworthy. Benevolences are administered as economically as they are wisely and efficiently. The old slur about a dollar for missions, five cents for the heathen and ninety-five cents to get it to them, never had any basis outside of ignorant prejudice; but in these days of widespread intelligence about missionary operations it marks any one that utters it as either inexcusably trivial or hopelessly bigoted. The cost of administering the business of extending the Kingdom throughout the world is less than that of handling any secular enterprise of like magnitude; salaries are lower for corresponding talent and labor, and the ratio of expense to volume of business is notably less.

But it is of the business management of local churches, or congregations, that I wish to speak. These may be very roughly divided into small and large, and the two classes need quite different treatment.

It is a truism that the weakness of small, and especially of rural, churches lies largely in the inefficiency of their financial management. This arises from

lack either of knowledge or of interest. Often there is in the congregation no man of business training. The trustees, or whatever the secular officers may be called, desire to be faithful to their trust, but do not know how. They do not understand the systematic gathering of small sums whether in the form of pew rentals or of regular or occasional payments toward church support. They have no plan for stimulating tardy subscribers, who are allowed to fall behind until they simply cannot overtake their obligations. There is money enough within the parish, and willingness enough to use it for religious purposes, but for lack of wise methods it never finds its way into the church treasury.

Sometimes the same unfortunate end is reached through indifference. The church edifice falls into ruins because no one takes interest enough in it to raise the small sum needed for timely repairs. There is a lack of worthy parish pride. There is also, if it must be said, a lack of full integrity in church business. The minister has been called upon a certain salary, to be paid quarterly or monthly. Common honesty demands that this contract shall be strictly honored; but the salary is allowed to fall into arrears. The minister must borrow to live. His people getting into debt to him forces him to get into debt to some of the better-to-do, and hence more influential, of his people, or others in the community. His notes fall due, and must be extended. His financial standing is impaired, and finally ruined. Of how many promising pastorates is this the sad history! And it is not, as commonly said, because the people are too poor to meet their obligations, but because no one in the congregation realizes just what honesty in such cases demands.

The first pastor that I ever knew as a boy in a rural church was obliged to collect his own salary. It was duly subscribed when he was called; was fairly adequate to his comfortable support, and the subscriptions were nearly or quite all valid. But no one in the church recognized the duty of collecting them when due and paying the money to the minister at regular times. His doing their duty inevitably lessened his hold on their respect. They insensibly came to look upon him as a sort of respectable beggar. And the end, of course, was a dissolution of the pastorate. This process is going on to-day in thousands of small and weak churches.

The cure lies in the application of simple business methods. The first of these is looking after details. Dependence is not to be placed wholly on the relatively large sums that a few are able to pay, but in addition on the small sums, many of them very small, that all can pay; and that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they will pay, and cheerfully, if only they are given the opportunity. The second method is promptness. A small wage-earner subscribes ten cents a week, and can pay it easily; but he cannot easily pay forty or fifty cents at one time at the end of the month. The dime must come out of the weekly receipts before they are used for other purposes, then it will not be missed; but to spare two dimes out of one week's receipts is quite another matter. Hence there must be a system; the envelope plan, or some other, of collecting all subscriptions frequently. But no plan is self-operating. There must be a mind and a heart behind it. The subscriber that inadvertently falls into arrears must be seen, and his payments brought up to date at once. Delay is certain to be disastrous.

It can hardly be questioned that these two simple business methods would soon rescue a vast multitude of weak, struggling and discouraged churches from impending dissolution. Here is a point at which the strong can help the weak. The trouble is not usually indifference, but ignorance of just how to go to work. If every presbytery, conference, association, diocese would enlist a few of its business laymen in the strong city churches to visit the weaker congregations and kindly explain the application of financial principles and methods to ecclesiastical affairs, vast improvement would be certain to result; of course, such visits should not be thrust on any church, but if tendered in a Christian spirit they would nearly always be welcomed. They would accomplish much other good, but this alone would be ample compensation.

Turning now to the large and strong churches, there is an urgent demand for the application of the business principle of cheap labor for cheap work. The finances of most of these churches, in the

points already named, are admirably managed. Far too little credit is commonly given to church treasurers, who are usually men of large business interests and experience, and who give unstinted attention to the church's affairs. They are seldom heard of except at the annual meeting, and then are seldom thanked; they have to meet much captious and unreasonable criticism, especially if they control the renting of pews; and upon their patience and courtesy depends much of the church's success, for which the pastor often gets the credit. They are a notably skillful, faithful and efficient class of voluntary workers.

The policy of most large congregations, however, is distinctly unbusinesslike. Indeed, there is a certain reluctance to acknowledge the business character of a church; an undefined feeling that this is somewhat derogatory to its spiritual mission. But a church in this aspect is no different from any other social organization. It has certain legitimate and necessary expenses. It must have an income and must live within its income. It must use business methods in securing that income and in disbursing it. It must comform to the inexorable commercial law of supply and demand. It must be as careful of the quality and suitableness of the labor it employs as must a merchant or banker. Extravagance on the one hand and niggardliness on the other will be just as fatal to a church as to a life insurance company or a manufactory. Just and generous dealing will just as certainly advance the interests of one as of the other.

Now, here is a minister whose services are worth, let us say, $5,000 a year. A church calls him at this figure, which means that it so appraises the value of his labor. That value is made up of several elements—his natural talents, his education, his social qualities, his ability to preach, his tact and fidelity as a pastor, his Christian character. He is constituted the leader and administrative head of a large congregation. He is expected to be a public-spirited citizen; to interest himself in all genuine reforms, philanthropies, educational movements; to creditably represent his church in all these and other things. He has a large correspondence, which increases every year that he remains in the same field, and much of which is extra-parochial. He is called upon many times each day for services quite aside from anything specified in his "call," which is his contract with the church that he serves; but to refuse or slight these services is to surely injure not only his own standing, but quite as much the standing of his church. In short, there are few occupations more complicated and varied than that of a city pastor in these days.

Now, in this occupation there is both expert and inexpert work. It is the former—*i. e.*, to speak comprehensively, preaching and shepherding—that the congregation has in mind when it says, "This man is worth to us $5,000 a year." Their intention is that he shall make, or keep, them a church of this grade. Their music, their edifice, all their appointments, correspond. If his services prove not to correspond, if they fall below the $5,000 grade, he will be pronounced a failure and must give way to a successor. This system is not justly liable to the complaints often made against it. It is the inevitable working of the law of supply and demand. The church is simply proceeding on business principles when it insists on having "value received" for the salary that it pays.

But it fails to act on those principles when it requires its $5,000 a year minister to do $1,000 or $500 a year work. He is too expensive an employee to be economically made a messenger, or sexton, or typewriter; to be kept at his desk for routine correspondence, or on the street doing errands. Yet in point of fact a very large share of the city pastor's time and strength is thus consumed. What railway president or bank cashier would think himself well employed in running errands? What merchant would consider it economy to act as cash boy or porter in order to save the small wages of those hands? This is inexpert work, and cheap labor must do it. The time, vigor, skill and experience of a manager are too costly for the stool of an office boy or the round of a night watchman.

It is time that this plain principle of economy were applied in our large and strong churches, so that valuable labor may not be wasted on cheap work. It may be said that the analogy does not hold, inasmuch as the church does not exist to

make money. But the church does exist to do business, and is bound to do the most possible on its capital. Or, it may be said, the particular church has only a fixed income; it can pay only $5,000 for clerical salary; to divide the pastor's duties and employ cheap labor for cheap work would necessitate reducing his salary and using the $1,000 saved from it for another employee. But this would be to reduce the grade of the church instead of maintaining and gradually raising it. The error lies in thinking that the church's income is fixed. It varies in part, and in large part, with the quality of service rendered by the pastor. It will rise as he is left free from cheap work and enabled to devote himself to expert service. The higher the quality of his strictly professional product, the stronger will his church become, and the larger its income. Business prudence and economy, therefore, require that a $5,000 minister should, as far as possible, do only $5,000 work. When the strong churches clearly perceive this they will do what some are already doing: provide messengers, stenographic, typewriting and other like cheap service for their pastors. And this not out of sympathy for the pastors, but out of businesslike consideration of their own efficiency and highest welfare.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Some More City Tales

By Mary R. P. Hatch

IT was Old Home Week, and the Irvings, the Doolittles, and the Journalist, Mr. May, and his mother, as dutiful sons and daughters of New Hampshire, were again gathered together in the Cohos hotel parlor.

"Papa was so stubborn, Mr. May," said Annie Irving, confidentially, to the journalist, "he would come and he dragged us here when we would so much rather go—anywhere."

"I am sorry for you, Miss Irving, but I get so many stories here that it consoles me."

"Stories?"

"Yes, for our paper. I hope—there she is!" breaking off, joyfully.

"Who?"

"Old Mrs. Pillsbury. She doesn't look a day older," and he ran down the hotel steps, two at a time, and helped the old lady, bright and talkative as ever, to ascend them.

"Lor' sakes, you *be* here! I told Mandy I 'spicioned you would be."

"Yes, and Mr. Irving's party—"

"I wanter know!"

"Yes, and the Doolittles, and a good many more."

"I wanter know!"

The old lady entered the parlor and greeted them all briskly. "It seems ef it wan't only yisterday sence I set here in this chair and talked you most to death, you folks. I says to Mandy, says I, and to Ephraim when he fetched me over, says I, 'I won't talk this time if they be there, not thes I haf to,' says I."

"But we want you to, Mrs. Pillsbury," said Mr. Irving. "We want to learn all we can of the early history of our town, don't you know?"

"Oh!"

"And about the first settlers. Can't you tell us some stories about them, as you did last year?"

"If I knew what was wanted I could. I know more stories about old times and the fust settlers than you could shake a stick at. Ever heard the Gardner ghost story? Old Mis' Gardner was your great a'nt," turning unexpectedly to the journalist, who stepped aside to get out of the range of Annie Irving's laughing gaze.

"I remember Aunt Maria," remarked his mother, placidly. "I never saw her but once, and I was a child. Didn't she have a curious habit of waving her hands back and forth as if she were keeping time to music?"

"Yes, she did, and that goes with it. She always had that sorter uplifted air. She said she could hear music all the time, and being naturally good on time, she liked to beat it out that way, and she would step one side sometimes to git out

er the way of the sperits, she said, for they was always about her. Some uster say she was a leetle mite touched, but I don't think she was. Couldn't nobuddy cheat her out of so much as an aig or an ounce of butter, let alone flax. She wa'n't a spiritualist. She'd 'a' been madder'n a settin' hen if you'd 'a' called her one, but this music of the spears, as she called it, and her writing messages on a slate, and the rappings did seem a turrible sight like it. She uster come to see me when the children was little (Ephraim was a little mite of a boy), and she was a master hand to make 'em fetch and kerry for her, and they uster hate to see her come into the house jest for that. It was 'Ephy, jest put this stool a leetle mite furder under my feet; Melissy, won't you take up the stitches I've dropped in this feeting,' and so on."

"But about the ghost story, Mrs. Pillsbury," suggested Mr. Doolittle. "Mr. May wants to hear it, I know," with a humorous look toward the journalist.

"I be tellin' it, and afterwards I'll tell you about the junket they had over to your gran'ther's when I was a girl. It was a cur'os story, take it all 'round, and if it hadn't ben for that Melitty Brown might never'd 'a' married the way she did."

"We shall be glad to hear about Melitty's courtship after you have told us the Gardner ghost story," said the journalist, his enjoyment of the story being much enhanced by a look at Mr. Doolittle's countenance, which displayed "many conflicting emotions," as they say in novels.

"Le's see, it was arter Mis' Gardner had gi'n up her slate writin' and the rappings and all that. She told me that she jest had to do it, for the rappings had got so noisy she couldn't get a wink of sleep nights, and day times if she started to write a letter to any of her folks (she had a brother and a sister married that lived down below), why that some plaguey sperit or other would set her a going' off on a letter for them to somebuddy she didn't know who, no more'n Adam, nor care nothin' about. One queer feller (sperit I mean) his name was Sam'wel, was always pesterin' her to send work to his folks. It seemed as ef he had been kinder wild and reckless in this life, and he tried to make up for it by writing to fust one and then t'other of them he'd injured. Mis' Gardner didn't know one of Sam'wel's folks, and postage was high and some on 'em lived in the old country. Must be, Mis' Gardner said, he'd lost all count er time and distance and money there, 'less he hadn't ben never no great hand to cal'late. Anyway, Sam'wel and the raps was too much fer her, and so she said she set right up in bed one night when they was comin' thick and fast and says, says she, 'I won't have no more to do with it.' She said she said it because she didn't want to hurt the feelin's of no sperit; she was always dreadful careful 'bout hurtin' folkses feelin's. Wal', if you'll believe it, Mis' Gardner said she never heard another rap, not so much as one knock; but in a year or two her nephew 'peared to her and told her his mother was sick and wanted to see her the worst way. She was a hangin' out her clo'es that night, and jest turnt 'round from crowdin' a clo'spin onto a sheet, and who should stand at her elber but Francis Martin. He was a sailor, sailing 'round in Chiny and Japan and them places, and she hadn't never seen him but a few times, but she said she'd a knowed him anyway on account er his likeness to her sister Melissy. 'Aunt Maria,' says he, mournful as the grave, 'mother's sick an' wants to see you bad,' and then somethin' cold seemed to be drawed right across her eyes, and when she looked up he was gone.

"Of course Mis' Gardner was all worked up about it. She come over to our house and talked with me about it. She said she knowed it was Francis' sperit by a kinder scat look he had in his eyes, jest the same's he had when she visited to his mother's, her sister's (it was down below in Maine som'ers, I forgit where).

"'Couldn't be he thought you was goin' to ast him to do somethin' for you, was it?' I ast her.

"'No, I guess not,' says she, ''ut if I had time to I should a tried to 'a' sent a little 'pology to Sam'wel for I was jest as sure then that Francis was dead as I be that I'm settin here in this splint bottomed chair er your'n.'

"Wal, sure 'nough, it all come true. Francis *was* dead. He fell overboard and was drownded about that time, as near as she could make out, tho it was

months afore Mis' Gardner got all the pertiklers, and her sister was sick, an' real sick, too, to the time, and she did want ter see Mis' Gardner the worst way. It was somethin' about her things, who was to have what, in case she was took away, but she got well so's to come up and see Mis' Gardner, herself, about 'em. I was invited over to tea with her, and a dreadful nice woman she was, not so improvin' as her sister was, she didn't have that uplifted way with her, but she was more sensible if anything. She told me herself about Francis and how she said to herself more'n a dozen times, if he was to home she'd have him write to Maria to come down, but she hadn't no good pen and nobuddy to make one or write the letter after it was made. Mis' Garnder tole me arterwards that I never see sech a shif'less man as her sister's husband was. He didn't know scurcely 'nough to come in when it rained. She told me a story about him, and if 'twas true it really dooz seem's ef he wa'n't none too bright. A man come to git him to do some work for him one day, and Mis' Gardner's sister's husband went to the door and says, 'I guess I can't go. I guess I'm sick. Mother' (that was his wife) 'says I've got the headache.' Wal,' that tells why she didn't have no one to do things fer her when she was on her death bed, as she s'posed she was."

"Do you believe in ghosts, Mrs. Pillsbury?" asked Mr. Doolittle.

"I don't believe, and I don't disbelieve, nuther. I never see nothin'. It's jest possible it might 'a' ben optical dillusion, as old Dr. Duane uster call it, but Lor', he didn't believe in nothin' scurcely. He was a terrible smart man. Le's see," looking the people over, "be any of you relation of his'n? No, I guess you ha'n't. Well, I'll tell you 'bout how Dr. Duane got his money. Probably some of you know the story.

"Wall, he come to live to the other side of the river from old Connecticut, and he fetched two or three niggers with 'im. Jock was one of 'em, and, as you said," turning to Mr. Irving, "Jock uster come across the river and git the doctor's letters when your grandsire had a white rag hung out the west winder. Sometimes his niece, a turrible pretty, delicate girl, would come in the skiff with him. She lived in the fambly and there was six or eight others, the Doctor and his wife, and four or five children. Wall, this niece had lots of money, her father'd owned a good deal of wile land, and he left it all to his girl, but if she died, to his brother, Dr. Duane.

"Wall, she did die all of a suddint, went to ride with her uncle, got chilled, he gin her sunthin' or other to take, and she died 'fore night. There was a sight of talk about arrestin' of him for murder, but, Lor', in them days you might do 'most anything you'd a minter and there wouldn't nothin' be done about it. But, anyway, what folks said come true, for his money never done his fambly no good. Rich as they was when Dr. Duane died, Mis' Duane squandered most the whole on't and she died on the town. So did three of the children, to my certing knowledge, and 'fore the old Doctor died he was ha'nted, so 'twas said, by his niece. The doors would open and shet at dead of night, and Jock, the ole nigger, tole my mother that he see Missy Alice most every night walkin' 'round the house, flittin' hither an' yon, sometimes a takin' on as ef she felt bad, and then agin Jock said, talkin' an' laughin' to herself in a real pretty way. But, Lor'! I never took no stock in what a nigger said, and mother said she didn't. All I know about it myself is that when I sewed there the doors all had to be locked to keep 'em shet, that I know."

"That is as interesting a batch of ghost stories as I ever heard," remarked Mr. Irving, "and I have heard a good many since the psychical research business came into being. But Mr. Doolittle wants to hear about Melitty and the junket."

"Wall, I'll tell it, tho I wonder what Ephraim would say, or 'Mandy either, if they knowed me takin' the heft er the talk this way up here to the tavern stand. I told 'Mandy I shouldn't say not one lisp, but that I jest sorter wanted to come up and stay over night with the tavern keeper's wife (she's ast me lots of times), and be to the fireworks and the speeches and fixin's to-morrer, seein's they was to be spoke from the porch, and I could set in the house and hear 'em, my ears being so good. Eph said he wished he could, but he said he should haf to set pretty near. 'Mandy said she wa'n't goin' to go to no celebration, but stay to home an'

make her pickles. Wall, it was the junket where Melitty made up with Rastus. I was there and the Irving boys with their wives. It was a big time, comin' jest arter general muster, and Rastus was there with his uniformed on, and lookin' han'some enough. Le's see, that was the muster where Jock got run over and his fiddle smashed, and Dr. Duane gin him sech a turrible lickin' for't, licked him all the way home with a horsewhip. The Doctor was horseback and Jock afoot, and arter he got home he licked him with a bridle over the head till the blood run a stream. Jock wa'n't a mite to blame. The Cap'n was a high strung young feller, and he gin the order 'Forerd, march,' and the next minute 'Retreat,' and Jock, he bein' right in the way, got knocked over. Jock was a great fiddler, and played to all the junkets and frolics all over the neighborhood, and the Doctor took the pay. Jock fiddled that night, I rec'lec'. He sat on the table at the furder end of the long kitchen. He looked pretty sober, and had his head patched up, but Lor'! you couldn't hurt a nigger so he'd stay hurt. He run away arter that, but was ketched.

"I must a ben twenty then and I was as fine as a fiddle in my new linsy-woolsy dress and shoes that Anderson Corliss made me out of the softest part of a calf skin. He come to make our shoes every year afore snow flew and they had to last till next year. It was pretty cold work late in the fall milkin' mornin's in the paster. I uster feel pleased enough when I found one of the cows layin' down, and then I could drive her up and stan' my bare feet where the frost was off, for you see my shoes by that time was all wore out and it wa'n't time fer new ones. But where was I? Sure 'nuff, at the junket and your great a'nt Melitty was there and her spark from Dartmouth College. She was a dreadful pretty girl, sorter still and quiet like, with big eyes that seemed to let you see right down into her heart or soul, or mebbe both. Old grandsir Brown set at the corner, sorter beatin' time with his foot, and the children was in a row on the settle as still as mice. 'Children should be seen and not heard' was the rule in them days. Josh Harding, from the Falls, was tryin' to shine up to me, and so I rec'lec what he had on that night. It was his freedom suit, butternut color, spun and wove by his mother, and fulled by old Deacon Starns. He had a big red handcher 'round his neck and 'nuther one hangin' outer'n his pocket, ten or twelve inches, as was the fashion then. His weskit was sorter buff, and sorter 'twa'n't buff, sorter grayish yeller, more like. He wore long knit stockin's an' his father's silver buckles on his knees and on his shoes, and his collar was as high a your'n," turning to the young journalist, "but didn't set so easy, seem's ef, for his'n sawed so before the junket was over, acrost his years that it a'most drawed the blood, but Lor'! Josh had to be in the fashion if he died for't. But Melitty's spark didn't seem to care so much for clo'es. His was finer, I make no doubt, his ruffles was real lace, and his hair was powdered and tied with a blue ribbon, but he was jest as easy as the old jedge, his father. I've wondered sence what makes the difference in folkses. I guess it must be their fetchin' up, and to old Jedge Hartses they lived like comp'ny the year 'round, with a nigger man to stand ahind the jedge's shoulder and pass the vittals; leastwise that's the way they done when I sewed there. Besides which 'Rastus had ben to college and was a great scholar. How he come to know Melitty I never heerd tell on, nor how they come to fall out. Fursino, it was some joke of that wile cat sister of her'n, Samanthy Ann, that made the fuss. Anyway, it was she that fetched them together agin. I know that, for Samanthy Ann told me so with her own lips. It was at the junket at your grandsir's, Squire Doolittle's. I was there; we had a big supper of beans and brown bread, rye and Injun, and we had 'lection cake and pound cake, and three kinds of pickles, and as many of preserves, and there was cold sliced beef and—that ain't half, for the squire was a good pervider, and Mis' Doolittle the best cook in the country round. After supper we danced. Josh and I led the fust figger with 'Money Musk,' I rec'lec, and being as we was at the head we set out to dance our prettiest. I was as light on foot as any girl could be and Josh danced like a cricket. 'Twas the way to dance for the girl to kinder spin on the tips of her toes and the spark to spring up, 'cut a pigeon wing' and come down ag'in. I wisht you could see it done once. I know it sounds dreadful

odd to hear tell on, but it was pretty when it was done. Wall, that night Melitty come to the junket with Hiram Peters, and Alexander he fetched Sairy Ann Gaskill. The girls rode on pillions ahind the boys, as was the way in them times. We danced and danced till it was high time to go home. Samanthy Ann see Alexander when he fetched his horse up to the block for Sairy Ann to mount, and she up and whispers to Melitty *not to keep Hiram waiting,* tho she knew jest as well as she ever knew anything that it was Alexander 'stid of Hiram. It was turrible dark, so that you couldn't see your hand before you, skurcely, and both boys had surtouts most the same color, and their horses was dark. Samanthy had been mad the whole night the way Sairy Ann carried on, jest as if she had got Alexander for sure, and so she hustled Melitty down the steps as quick as she could. Melitty thought it was Hiram, she never so much as once thought any difference till they got half way home. I don't know what Alexander thought, or when he found out he had Melitty ahind him instid of Sairy Ann. I s'pose they rode quite a piece. Samanthy said she thought they must. But the land sake alive! Hiram was mad clear through. He thought Melitty meant to put on him. But Melitty wouldn't put on nobuddy. Anybuddy would know that that knew Melitty. Hiram he took Sairy Ann up ahind him on his pillion, and they sorter sympathized with each other, and sure's you'r born they up and declared they'd git married to spite Alexander and Melitty. But Lor'! they didn't spite nobuddy. Alexander and Melitty was turrible glad to make up and they did make up. The two couples was cried next Sunday in meetin'. It was before the new meeting house was built, that was. Meetings was held in the townhouse. It was a pretty good stretch up there, but I walked it many's the time. Sometimes as much as twenty on us, boys and girls, uster walk it. But when we girls went alone we saved our shoes, for we could carry them, and when we got to the big rock set down and put 'em on. We had to save our shoes in them days or go barefoot when we didn't want to. Wall, them was lucky marriages, both pairs. Hiram made a most forehanded man, and Sairy Ann turnt out to be jest the one for him. Their grandson is Admirable Peters in the war, and he's talked about a sight. I see a picter of him in a paper, big as life. It looked exact like him for all the world. Sairy Ann made a great housekeeper, but Melitty didn't, not so great. But she didn't need to, for Alexander he got to be jedge of the S'preme Court, and they say, I don't know how true it is, that Melitty never had to so much as put her hands in dishwater, nor sweep her bedroom. I never took no stock in that part on't, for Melitty wan't never what you call lazy, and you can't believe *all* you hear. Your great a'nt Melitty was a dreadful nice girl and she must a made a dreadful nice woman, tho I never see her much after she moved down Concord way," and Mrs. Pillsbury nodded, encouragingly, to the millionaire as she ended her tale.

HANOVER, N. H.

The Pilgrimage

By Clinton Scollard

UNDER our comrade's name
Lo, this legendry!—
Gone on a Pilgrimage
Into a far Countrèe.

Never a word to say
If he will come again,
Treading his buoyant way
Over the paths of men.

Never a clue to guide
Whither his footsteps fall;
Back from the parting tide
Never an answering call.

But there shall dawn a time
We shall be pilgrims, too;
Then we shall know the clime,
Then we shall find the clue.

And they will grave for us
This same legendry;—
Gone on a Pilgrimage
Into a far Countrèe.

CLINTON, N. Y.

LITERATURE

The Mayflower *

It might be supposed, in view of the thorough and long continued investigation of the theme by able students of history on both sides of the Atlantic, that the story of the "Mayflower" had been so thoroughly told as to leave nothing of interest to reward a fresh examination. If this thought has been entertained, a brief perusal of Dr. Ames's sumptuously printed volume will show its error. Careful as has been the investigation of this bit of history by earlier scholars, no such thorough, minute and painstaking search has previously been made into the facts which group themselves about the "Mayflower" herself and her momentous voyage. With the utmost care and at the evident cost of unwearied labor Dr. Ames has gathered such information as may be obtained regarding the "Mayflower;" her inappropriately named consort, the "Speedwell;" their rig, equipment, quarters and lading; the chartering of the larger vessel and the purchase of the smaller; their officers, crew and passengers. Dr. Ames uniformly spells the name of the historic ship "May-Flower," following in this the earliest official record now known in which her name appears. The history of both vessels, while in the service of the Pilgrim enterprise, is presented in the form of a careful and thoroughly annotated "log."

One of the most gratifying features of Dr. Ames's work is that the author has given his authority in cases where an authority can be adduced, and on matters regarding which authority must be supplemented by inference he has put before the reader with the utmost candor the steps by which he has arrived at his conclusions. The result is a volume which careful students of the Pilgrim emigration will regard as indispensable, while it should prove of wide general interest to those who trace their ancestry back to the Plymouth founders, or who are attracted by the picturesque incidents of Plymouth's beginnings.

While the thorough gleaning of this already well reaped field yields little to modify the larger aspects of the familiar story, Dr. Ames does more than merely correct many errors of detail into which his predecessors have fallen. He adds much of value to our knowledge of the minutiæ of the emigration. Thus, he shows good grounds for believing that the "Merchant Adventurers" and Pilgrim colonists were "associated as *but two* partners in an equal copartnership, the interests of the respective partners being (probably) held upon differing bases,"—an arrangement more advantageous to the actual settlers than has usually been supposed. Dr. Ames makes evident that Robert Cushman was unjustly censured, and holds that "he was, in fact, second to none in efficient service to the Pilgrims." The author discovers a hitherto unknown officer of the "Mayflower" in Master Williamson, the "ship's-merchant" or purser. He shows that William Mullens, the father of the more famous Priscilla, was not of the Leyden congregation, and was not a Huguenot refugee, but a "well-to-do tradesman" of Surrey. He makes it plain that at least five of the "Merchant Adventurers" were likewise Plymouth colonists,—two coming in the "Mayflower."

Dr. Ames demonstrates that there is no adequate reason to doubt that the master of the "Mayflower" was *Thomas* Jones; and in connection with him the author gives an interpretation of his much disputed duplicity that will be to many the most interesting portion of the volume. With Secretary Morton, Dr. Ames holds Jones to have been treacherous to the Pilgrims in landing them to the northward of that neighborhood of the Hudson, which was their intended goal. But, unlike Morton and those who have followed him, the author finds the instigation of this treachery not in Dutch jealousy lest the Pilgrim colony be established in a region which the merchants

* The Mayflower and Her Log—July 15, 1620–May 6, 1621. Chiefly from Original Sources. *By Azel Ames, M.D., Member of Pilgrim Society, etc.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $6 net.

of Holland desired for themselves, but in a plot of Sir Ferdinando Gorges and the Earl of Warwick, with Thomas Weston as their tool, "to steal the Pilgrim colony from the London Virginia Company for the more 'northern plantations' of the conspirators." This conclusion, reached by Dr. Ames independently of any hints by Mr. Davis or Dr. Neill, the author fortifies by arguments which, whether absolutely conclusive or not, are certainly of much weight.

The author adds to his painstaking list of the passengers on the "Mayflower" a statement or estimate of the age of each wherever possible, and sums up his conclusions as follows:

"Only two of the leaders exceeded fifty years of age, and of these Governor Carver died early. Of the principal men only nine could have been over forty, and of these . . . . more than half died within a few months after landing. . . . One does not readily think of Alden as but twenty-one, Winslow as only twenty-five, Dr. Fuller as about thirty, Bradford as only thirty-one when chosen Governor, Allerton as thirty-two, and Captain Standish as thirty-six."

Frequently in speaking of the dead of that first terrible winter, Dr. Ames employs "after services aboard," "the service ashore," or some similar phrase. If by "service" the ceremonious burial of the dead by standing reverently about the bier, by walking in solemn procession to the grave, or by volleys of musketry, is intended, the expression is allowable; but if it implies distinctly religious rites, such as we now associate with a burial, it certainly contradicts general Separatist theory and what has been supposed to have been early Pilgrim practice. It should seem in this matter that Dr. Ames had allowed the feelings of the present to interpret the probable actions of the past.

The name of the author of the pamphlet, "The British Flag," quoted on p. 93, should be Jonathan F. Morris, not "John."

An Analytical Novel *

THOSE who read "Evelyn Innes" three years ago will not easily forget their sensations as they turned the last page and read those meaningless words—"The End." Most stories actually do end, leaving, if the book be a conventional romance, a warm glow of satisfaction in the reader's heart; for it is pleasant to see love realized and deferred hope fulfilled. On the other hand, if the author be Thomas Hardy, the reader lays down the book with the same final air that one rises from the bedside of a friend after a long night of watching; death, long dreaded, has come at last, and one draws breath

"Freelier outside, 'since all is o'er,' he saith,
'And the blow fallen no grieving can amend.'"

Not so was it with the fortunes of that exceedingly interesting woman, Evelyn Innes. Seated in a carriage behind a splendid pair of horses, half-way on the road from the convent to the city, the struggle in her soul so intense that the outer world was less than the shadow of a dream—at that precise moment the novel did not end, but it certainly stopped. Not even Henry James, with all his apparatus of irritation, ever succeeded in leaving his characters and their destiny more absolutely open to conjecture. It was only the other day that the truth of the matter appeared. Mr. Moore, engrossed in the patient analysis of his heroine, did not look up until with a start (as he confesses), he decided that his book had reached an impossible length. His publisher agreeing, he arbitrarily chopped the novel in two, and in 1898 published the first part, ostensibly as a complete work, under the title "Evelyn Innes." Now, almost at the same moment, he has issued two books: a revised version of "Evelyn," and a second portion of the unrevised work, called *Sister Teresa.* He also promises to make a further revision, and next year to publish the whole story in one volume. We therefore advise those who are as yet unacquainted with Miss Innes to postpone their presentation a twelvemonth; to those who know her, advice would be useless, for with *Sister Teresa* within reach a year would seem a long time to wait.

Amid a mass of so-called "dramatic novels," whose every frontispiece represents a duel to the utterance, and whose crude pages resound with strange oaths and the clash of arms, *Sister Teresa,* if only by way of change, is welcome. She is to contemporary fiction what the quiet air of her convent was to the hubbub of

* SISTER TERESA. *By George Moore.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50

Piccadilly. Mr. Moore is by nature original, obstinate, paradoxical; were the present humor of readers for realism he would probably write a historical romance; but as we have all with one accord gone in for thunder and guns he presents us with a novel as purely analytical (in its way) as Richardson's "Clarissa." No exciting events occur; the heroine does not every few minutes draw herself up to her full hight and shoot the lightning of scorn from her dark eyes; nor are there any scenes of buffoonery to split the ears of the groundlings. All the things that combine to make up a thrilling romance are missing. There is not a single page illumined by humor, for Mr. Moore is intensely serious; the style is hard, brittle, totally devoid of charm; there is a complete absence of every quality comprehended by the word *picturesque;* if we wished to express the book, as a symbolist might, in terms of color, we should call it gray. Yet to the thoughtful reader, and especially to those who have learned from a sympathetic reading of "Esther Waters" and "Evelyn Innes" what to expect from Mr. Moore, this lack of amenity will prove no obstacle, and the novel, like its predecessors, will be read with unflagging attention. The appeal made by the author is purely intellectual and moral; he does not try to harrow our feelings, nor to please us with toys, as if we were children. It is only to the mature mind that he speaks; and to those who refuse to take a novel seriously, or to expend the slightest cerebration upon its perusal, we can only recommend the thirty-ninth edition of "The Sword and the Ribbon," which, by glancing at its publishers' literary organ, we observe has just passed the five-hundred-thousand mark.

Sister Teresa and "Evelyn Innes" are the history of a woman's soul, and everything in the book is subordinated to this. The central character is developed with unusual power, and we follow her career with the sharpest observation, simply because humanity is always interested in humanity. Sister Teresa is unlike the majority of women in possessing extraordinary beauty and a splendid singing voice; but her character is what appeals to us, and it appeals, not because it differs from, but because it resembles the characters of others. Her soul exhibits, like a faithful mirror, the cruel struggle between the flesh and the spirit—as whose soul, correctly analysed, does not? At one moment she hears only the loud call of the world; at another, lost in an ecstasy of religious fervor, all senses vanish in the beatific vision. Tho the book is intellectual rather than sensational, the heroine is wholly emotional, and lives, like many other women, exclusively in her feelings; the author is cool, but the subject is warm, for, tho the patient may be in a sweat of agony, the operator must remain calm. The contrast between the tortured animal and the firm vivisector is well illustrated by reading *Sister Teresa.* And such a woman, placed in a convent, affords a spectacle well worth studying.

The other characters are all skillfully drawn, with the one exception of the musician, Ulick Dean. Mr. Moore has expended a vast amount of intellectual effort upon a person who turns out to be only a bore. As a sickly sentimentalist he might have had a place in the story; but it was evidently the author's purpose to make him more than that, and he has not succeeded. The individual nuns are sketched with surprising power, and those who are interested in convent life and in the details of the Roman Catholic ritual, will find an apparently accurate and certainly an instructive representation. The discussions on music are as illuminating and valuable as they were in "Evelyn Innes;" such passages as Veronica's interpretation of the Vorspiel to "Lohengrin" fairly haunt the memory.

A Journey to Nature *

THIS volume affords an agreeable relief to the freshet of books on nature, with which the reading public has been inundated since first the season opened. They have been monotonously of just two types, all fact or all fancy; whereas this seems to consist of a stimulating blending of both in rather uncertain proportion.

The substantial foundation of fact upon which it rests—if it be not invidious to disentangle the *Dichtung* from the *Wahrheit*—appears to be this. It

* A JOURNEY TO NATURE. *By J. P. Mowbray.* New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50

seems that the writer is actually, as he gives out, a New York broker, who, as a result of his devotion to the street, breaks down and is obliged literally to flee for his life to nature. There, with his son, who is a mere lad, and a genially disreputable "yellow dog" for sole companionship, he establishes himself in an isolated shanty on a solitary countryside. Thus much seems certain. We feel as tho we could answer personally for the boy, having heard him; and as for the yellow dog, it is impossible to be deceived in its caninity.

For the rest we dare not say how much may be canvas, how much embroidery. And yet in a general way what the critics are fond of calling the "psychology" has an air of genuineness. At first, torn bodily from his usual surroundings and plumped down into an existence totally foreign to his habits, he loses his bearings completely. His time drags tediously, his enforced idleness is a burden well nigh intolerable, and he longs with tragic intensity for one of his indigestible little late city dinners. But by the time he has learned to relish salt pork and early slumbers nature has done its work with him. As health is restored, his sympathies awaken, and little by little he begins to enjoy with that boyish delight and admiration of earth and sky, which even the world cannot quite kill. It is these impressions of his voluntary exile that his book aims to record.

It pretends to no great depth or subtility; and it is entirely lacking in that tinge of pantheistical mysticism which has begun to color the modern view of nature. But in compensation—if compensation be required for what most of us will probably esteem a merit—it is clever, and above all thoroughly healthy and natural. Mr. Mowbray sports none of the badges of the schools; he sees with his own eyes and writes with his own pen. One wonders, indeed, whether this is not the sort of man who, getting into literature every now and then, revolutionizes it.

Nor is the human interest neglected. There are, as understudies to nature's self, the doctor, crusty without as a rich old cheese; the growing boy, as his way is, half-savage, half-philosopher; and the native with something caught of nature's own imperturbability. While woven in with these diverse strands is a desultory love story, in which the writer himself poses as the rational modern Werther over against a young blacksmith as successful rival for the affections of a kind of apotheosized incarnation of nature in shape of a comely country maid, who luckily is undisturbed in her domestic usefulness by her admirer's rhapsodies. Whether this is to be rated as fact or mere embellishing fancy the episode, however significant when viewed with doctor's eye as a symptom of rejuvenescence, strikes us as the weakest part of the book, which, good as it is, would be still better without the intrusion.

The Old New York Frontier*

In *The Old New York Frontier* Mr. Halsey has taken in hand a subject that must have been filled with great difficulties. Possibly this was the reason why the history that has now been written by him waited so long for narration. It would seem at first glance that Mr. Halsey's theme had been a very restricted one, and that it was unworthy of the amplification signified by the very external of the present volume. But when the subject is carefully studied, we begin to perceive that in *The Old New York Frontier* Mr. Halsey has given us a notable contribution to the history of the State of New York. No one who has not himself written history can fully realize the difficulty that confronts the historian who would be accurate in his efforts to reach a basis of fact amid the mass of Indian or pioneer myth, legend and oral tradition of two hundred years ago, which is all that now remains as alphabetic material. The enthusiast alone has the patience to sift this heterogeneous rubbish heap, and when to patience is added literary skill the result is at once valuable and pleasing.

In the volume now under consideration we catch something more than mere glimpses of the Iroquois Indians in their best days. We see them in the time of their splendor before the white man came,

*The Old New York Frontier. Its Wars with Indians and Tories, its Missionary Schools, Pioneers and Land Titles. 1614-1800. *By Francis Whiting Halsey.* With Maps and Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

and, as we read, the tragedy of their despoliation becomes more and more pronounced. According to the present account, which at least has the charm of novelty, especially in view of the Sherman opinion as to the degeneracy of the modern Indian, theirs had been an ideal and an idyllic state of aboriginal life, all of which was to be overthrown by the totally depraved white man when he arrived, bearing in one hand fire-arms and in the other fire-water.

The small Indian villages in the upper valley of the Susquehanna were peaceful and happy until the advent of the white man as a disturbing element. The whole forms a very pretty picture. But the white man came. The Jesuits and Church of England men, and later the New England missionaries, also came and the ultimate fall of the Indian was assured. Differences arose between the colonies and the mother country, and the Indians, with nothing to gain and everything to lose, were finally enlisted in the border wars that followed. Massacres and butcheries resulted from the manner of Indian warfare rather than from the character of Joseph Brant, the Indian chieftain, who is regarded by Mr. Halsey as one of the most noted of the Indian leaders.

The various events of the war drama that now began to be played with great ferocity, and which at last swept away the old New York frontier, until after many years it was again restored,—all this drama of savage and civilized life the author has unrolled with decided skill. The interest is well sustained throughout, and he has been able to present a variegated subject with ease and continuity. He has besides set forth the causes of the war with considerable clearness, perhaps with more clearness than has hitherto been the case. If Mr. Halsey's book be not a great history, it may at least be said that it fully justifies the labor that has been expended upon it, and that has occupied a busy man, for more than ten years, during the little leisure that could be gleaned from very exacting and continuous labor in other fields. The volume has won many deserved tributes from scholars who are in a position to judge its value without bias.

KNOWLEDGE, BELIEF AND CERTITUDE. An Inquiry with Conclusions. *By Frederick Storrs Turner.* (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25.) This is not the longest book ever written, but it seems so. Mr. Turner gives his reader assurance at the outset that he intends to be thorough; he tells him in forty-seven pages that he is conscious, that by knowledge he is to understand such knowledge as he would be permitted to bear witness to in a court of law, that by belief he is to understand such convictions as he holds by hearsay, and that by certitude he is to understand a feeling of certainty. In the fifty-six subsequent pages he states that we are certain of the existence of ourselves, of other people, and of the external world; and these hundred and three pages are not devoted to a minute analysis and criticism of the difficulties which metaphysicians have found in self-consciousness, inference, faith in testimony, belief in the existence of selves other than our own and belief in the external world; they are devoted to futile analyses and illustrations, some of them pages long, of matters evident to every one. There are a hundred and forty pages given to a review of special sciences, and a hundred and ten given to a review of special systems of philosophy. He tells what each special science is about as if no one had ever heard of it before, and laboriously concludes, what no man of science ever disputed, that each science deals with a special subject matter, and takes for granted notions of time, space, causation, and what not, which it leaves to philosophy to criticise. He finds the special systems of philosophy inconsistent with each other and with the attitude of common sense which he assumed in the beginning. Then he draws his conclusions—namely, that we have no complete knowledge of anything and no knowledge at all that is not relative to our powers of knowing, but that so far as it goes our knowledge is all right, in spite of the fact that, resting as it does on assumptions, it is essentially one with belief. This reads like satire, but it is description. "If the conclusions surprise the reader," Mr. Turner says in his preface, "they will not surprise him more than they surprised the writer." We do not believe this sentence is intended to be humorous. "The book is long," Mr. Tur-

ner says, "and might have been condensed." We heartily agree with him. "But it seems to me that the book is really shorter," he adds, "than it would be if reduced to half its number of pages." We beg leave heartily to dissent. The truth is Mr. Turner as a man of science has never discovered the thing called "the present state of the question." As a man of letters he has never taken it to heart that other people can be bored.

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THE MANAGER OF THE B. & A. *By Vaughan Kester.* (New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.) This is the seventh of the "Twelve American Novels" which Harper & Bros. are publishing to illustrate contemporary American life. We are told that its sale surpasses that of "Days Like These," and the others of the series. We should like to believe otherwise, for the story, tho undoubtedly interesting in its own way, is of that cheap melodramatic style which makes the least appeal to the intellect or to refined taste. One knows after reading the first page what it is all to be. A man of crude strength and heroic persistence is at the head of the railroad shops in a small Western town. Of course a strike follows, and of course the hero falls in love with the daughter of the town's "aristocrat"—a girl who has been educated in the East. Of course the girl is repelled by his crudeness—why should she not be repelled—and at the same time attracted by his strength. A forest fire, described with some vividness, is the *deus ex machina* to unravel the knot, and bring the "hesitating fair" to surrender.

☙

CONTEMPORARY SOCIALISM. *By John Rae.* (Third Edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.) The new edition of this scholarly and exhaustive work contains an instructive chapter on Socialistic progress since 1891. The change that has been wrought in Socialistic methods and aims since then is remarkable. As Bebel has truly said, the Social Democratic party of Germany is "a party of learners and a party of progress," and its members are constantly undergoing an intellectual moulting. The revolution wrought in the German party is only an instance on a large scale of the revolution that has taken place in all countries where Socialism is a political force. The old dogmas and tactics have in great measure been given over, and Socialism, while still retaining much of its ultimate ideal, is now a movement for practical social reform. "Class-consciousness" has become a vague phrase; the "iron law of wages" has been sent to the lumber-room; the opposing political parties are no longer "only a reactionary mass;" conditional support is given to non-Socialist candidates, and Socialists may even be permitted to accept office in a "bourgeois" administration. The former fear of immediate reforms, that they might reconcile the masses to their lot, has disappeared, and all Socialist platforms call for a long program of remedial acts. One result of this radical change in policy has been an enormous growth of Socialist power. The greatest material progress has been made in Germany, France, Italy, Belgium and Austria; in the first named nation the vote has grown from 1,427,000 in 1890 to 2,120,000 in 1898. Mr. Rae's work has kept its place, since its appearance in 1884, as the standard critical exposition of Socialism and the Socialist movement.

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THE GREAT EPIC OF INDIA. *By E. Washburn Hopkins.* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.00.) This is one of the earliest of the "Yale Bicentennial Publications," and promises well for the scholarship of the series. Professor Hopkins has for a number of years been known among scholars as the first authority in America on the Mahabharata (pronounce with the accent on the *bha*), and this present volume gives the results of his latest studies. The longest and to technical students much the most important chapter is that which deals with epic versification. As regards the origin and development of the poem, Professor Hopkins looks upon the following facts at least as certain:

"1, That the Pandu epic as we have it, or even without the masses of didactic material, was composed or compiled after the Greek invasion; 2, That this epic only secondarily developed its present masses of didactic material; 3, That it did not become a specially religious propaganda of Krishnaism (in the

accepted sense of the Vaisnavas) till the first century B. C.; 4, That the epic was practically completed by 200 A. D.; 5, That there is no 'date of the epic' which will cover all its parts (tho handbook makers may safely assign it in general to the second century B. C.).

The chapter on the epic philosophy is satisfactory in accuracy of detail, but fails to signify the spirit of the poem as a whole. It is true that all the conflicting systems of India find expression in the vast bulk of the epic, but it is equally true—and this fact Professor Hopkins does not seem to grasp—that the final impression of the poem is singularly consistent. The analysis and discussion of this final impression is, perhaps, more a matter of literature than of scholarship, and unfortunately both in its substance and style the present volume falls entirely outside the realm of literary criticism. The study of Hindu poetry from this point of view is still entirely to make.

COLLOQUIES OF CRITICISM. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. Price, 3 shillings 6 pence, net.) A series of quiet dialogs on bookish topics, discussing chiefly the character of the modern reading public and the effect of this public on literature. There is due recognition of the benefits accruing to art and literature from the new democracy of taste, altho the vulgarizing tendency of this taste is clearly analyzed. Some of the distinctions drawn are finely subtle, as for instance the contrast in the last dialog between the crudeness and the common sanity existing together in the taste of the multitude. In the same dialog a clever comparison of fine manners and good writing ends with these sentences:

"That is to say, tho literature may gain in some ways by appealing directly to the democracy, it tends to lose, by doing so, one of its chief charms, tho not, perhaps, one of its chief values—namely, that grace, dignity, polish, ease and reticence of manner which it was obliged to cultivate when it addressed itself primarily to an aristocracy. I always think of this with a sigh when I contrast the mannerless styles of historians like Green and Freeman with the style of Gibbon, or even of Macaulay. When one reads Gibbon one feels one is being addressed by a man who has the manners of an accomplished diplomatist and the dignity of a statesman whose coat is covered with orders. When one reads Freeman one feels one is being addressed by a man in his shirt sleeves. When one reads Green one feels one is being addressed by a bank-holiday clerk."

WESTERFELT. *By W. N. Harben.* (New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.) In this dingy little love story from the mountains of North Georgia, with the tragic shadows of moonshiners moving through it and clouds of "white caps" circling around it, Cupid is represented as a rude little monster addicted to the drink habit and to drawing fogs of sulky sentiment through his pipe stem. And for this reason, probably, all the women in the novel are morbid, while the men show a disposition to murder each other. Philosophy is reduced to a few proverbs, and the only humor current is a sort of long-fanged canine wit that draws blood oftener than it creates mirth. The author has made a study of mountain folk, and his selection of words is mathematically correct, but they are lacking in the suggestion, tone and color which genius imparts to language.

THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE. *Edited by Edward Dowden.* (Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co. $1.25 a volume.) Two volumes—"Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet"—of this new edition of Shakespeare have come to us, and we do not hesitate to pronounce it the best edition for general reading we have yet seen. The volumes, including each a single play, are of fair size (not effeminate little books that get lost in the hand) printed clearly on paper of light weight. The notes are at the bottom of the page—where they should be; and the whole make-up is simple but attractive. The text is conservative, altho Professor Dowden has the temerity to introduce a few new emendations, and the substance of the annotation brief but serviceable.

THE CURIOUS COURTSHIP OF KATE POINS. A Romance of the Regency. *By Louis Evan Shipman.* (New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.) The plot is exceptionally good and full of possibilities which the development hardly realizes. There is considerable delay about setting the wheels in motion, and even then the speed is not accelerated enough to make us entirely unconscious of the machinery.

Literary Notes

THE autumn list of Messrs. James Pott & Co. advertises an English translation of the Memoirs of Saint-Simon, in four volumes.

....Messrs. Scribner's Sons announce that Mr. Curtin has discovered—and translated—a new Polish novelist, Madame Eliza Orzeszko. At least it is pleasant to know we can all pronounce her first name.

....The J. B. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia, have moved into their new building on Washington Square, where the various processes of bringing out their books are brought together under one roof. The business of the house dates back to the year 1793.

....Among the fall announcements of the New Amsterdam Book Company we note "The Chevalier de St. George and the Jacobite Movements," from contemporary writers, arranged and edited by Charles Sanford Terry; "Lais of Marie de France," translated by Edith Ricketts.

....The Croscup & Sterling Company announce a new edition of Richardson's novels. The edition is to be complete in eighteen volumes and is edited by Professor Phelps, of Yale College. The specimen pages promise a good honest format, neither large and clumsy nor small and effeminate.

....The quantitative estimate of literature.—Of "David Harum" 517,000 copies have been printed. To accomplish this task half a million pounds of paper have been used and seven thousand pounds of ink. (Wasn't it Noddy Boffin who had such a respect for the covering capacity of ink?) All the copies of the book placed side by side would reach ten miles; placed end to end they would reach from New York almost to Poughkeepsie. If the lines on all the pages were set end to end, there would result a solid line of type repeating the story of "David Harum" along 2,048,000,000 linear feet—from here to the moon and two-thirds the way back. What a deal of work the human eye has achieved traveling over this track of "David Harum!"

....The friendship of Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett is almost as famous as some of the notable literary partnerships. In *McClure's Magazine* Clara Morris tells how Booth acknowledged his indebtedness to his more practical companion: "He said laughingly to a friend, at the end of the first season: 'Good work, eh? Well, why should I not do good work after all Barrett has done for me? Why, I never knew what c-o-m-f-o-r-t spelled before. I arrive; some one says, "Here's your room, Mr. Booth;" I go in and smoke. At night some one says, "Here's your dressing room, sir," and I go in and dress—yes, and smoke, and then act. That's all, absolutely all, that I have to do—except to put out my hand and take my surprisingly big share of the receipts now and then. Good work, eh? Well, I'll give him the best that's in me; he deserves it.' And in the beautiful friendship that grew up between the melancholy, gentle Booth and the nervously energetic Barrett I believe each gave to the other the best that was in him."

Pebbles

HOLY SMOKE.—"Mr. Gallent, you are something of a student of human nature," began Miss Bewchus, coyly. "Ah, but now," he interrupted, flashing his bold black eyes upon her, "I am a divinity student."—*Philadelphia Press.*

WHERE TO GO FOR THE SUMMER.

Lawyers to Fee, Pa.
Singers to Alto, Ga.
Bakers to Cakes, Pa.
Jewelers to Gem, Ind.
Babies to Brest, Mich.
Smokers to Weed, Cal.
Printers to Agate, Col.
The sleepy to Gap, Pa.
The idle to Rust, Minn.
Cranks to Peculiar, Mo.
Poets to Parnassus, Pa.
Deadheads to Gratis, O.
Thieves to Sac City, Ia.
Mendicants to Begg, La.
Perfumers to Aroma, Ill.
Small men to Bigger, Ind.
Paupers to Charity, Kan.
Actors to Star City, Ark.
Plumbers to Faucett, Mo.
Old maids to Antiquity, O.
Bankers to Deposit, N. Y.
Apiarists to Beeville, Tex.
Brokers to Stockville, Nev.
Hunters to Deer Trail, Col.
Hucksters to Yellville, Ark.
Prize fighters to Box, Kan.
Lovers to Spoonville, Mich.
Democrats to Dennis, Mass.
Carpenters to Sawtooth, Ind.
Politicians to Buncombe, Va.
Sewing girls to Scissors, Col.
Dry goods men to Calico, Cal.
The "boys" to Midway, S. C.
"Crooks" to Dodge City, Kan.
Theosophists to Mystic, Conn.
Swimmers to Neversink, N. Y.
Poulterers to Hatchville, Ga.
Puzzle fiends to Riddleville, Ga.
Physicians to Doctortown, Ga.
Whist players to Cavendish, Id.
Topers to Brandy Station, Va.
Society climbers to Tip Top, Va.
School teachers to Larned, Kan.
Prohibitionists to Drytown, Cal.
Drummers to Modest Town, Va.
The hairless to Bald Knob, Ark.
Entomologists to Bug Hill, N. C.
Peregrinators to Footville, Wis.
Pork men to Ham's Prairie, Mo.
Druggists to Balsam Lake, Wis.
Baseball players to Ballground, Ga.
Reigning beauties to Bellecenter, O.
Political orators to Stumptown, Pa.
The gum brigade to Chewtown, Pa.
Ne'er-do-wells to Hard Scrabble, Ky.
Justices of the peace to Squire, Minn.
Three-card monte men to Trickum, Ky.
Newly-married couples to Bliss, Mich.
—*Frank D. Goodhue, in the Commercial-Tribune.*

EDITORIALS

President McKinley

No skill of surgeons, no prayers of the people could save the life of President McKinley. The assassin's shot was mortal. All the strength that could be stirred in a will fortified by much discipline and much brave conflict; all that courage that grew out of a loyal soul resting on the truth of God and the devotion of the people; all could not avail against that terrible, and we must believe that necessary law of nature by which disease overcomes the body. The President is at rest—and God knows what is good.

We think of the man and the country. His life was for the country. He was born in 1843, three years after the death of his great grandfather, a soldier of the Revolution. His father and his grandfather were iron furnace men. He was a scholarly boy, religiously trained, and became a member of the church at sixteen. At eighteen he was a teacher in the public schools, and the same year enlisted as a private at the beginning of the Civil War. He was in the regiment of which Rutherford B. Hayes was Colonel, and was on his staff. He was made lieutenant at nineteen, captain at twenty and major at twenty-one. At twenty-three he was admitted to the bar, and at thirty-three elected to Congress, where he was a member for fourteen years, notwithstanding the effort by repeated gerrymanderings to defeat him. He became the leader of the House, the representative of its Protectionist policy, and the author of its tariff law. In the political overturn of 1890 he was defeated for the first time, only to be chosen Governor of Ohio twice. At Republican national conventions he had turned the tide that seemed to be setting for him to the candidate to whose support he was pledged, but in 1896 he was easily made the candidate of the Republican party, on a sound money platform, and triumphantly elected to be re-elected four years later, on the same platform, strengthened and enlarged by the success of his wonderful policy of national expansion, and against the same Democratic opponent, Mr. Bryan. These are the outlines of his official history, but how great is the record of labor, of enthusiasm, of genius, of political wisdom that is involved it would require volumes to tell.

Whether Mr. McKinley's political genius were greater than his fortune, future historians may discuss. It is sufficient for us to know that his incumbency of the Presidential office covers the most momentous period in American history since the Revolution, always excepting the four years of Abraham Lincoln's Presidency. No one could have foreseen it, and yet the path had been unsuspectingly cleared for him by President Cleveland and Secretary Olney in their courageous and sagacious maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine in the Venezuela case. That act, with its determination even at the risk of war with our best friend among the nations, taught the world that the United States was to be reckoned with on this continent, and that the Monroe Doctrine was not a mere formula of words. We had played at foreign diplomacy before, but then for the first time the country, conscious of its power, demanded to be heard in the high politics of the world.

Then William McKinley became President. And then it was time to call a halt to the war and devastation only a hundred or two miles from our coasts. We had been patient; it would have been as easy to be patient still, and so the selfish advocates of easy sloth talked. Why should we meddle with what was none of our business? Let Cuba and Spain settle it between them. But President McKinley—and it was far from sure that the people were with him—offered first his demand, and then his ultimatum to Spain. The blowing up of the "Maine" had little effect; it no more than hastened a day or two the crisis sure to come and fully anticipated. We do not suppose that Mr. McKinley planned the results of that war. He may have thought, or hoped, that Cuba would finally seek union with this country, but not Porto Rico, and furthest from his thought was it that the Philippines would be the prize of war. That was fortune

more than genius. But his was the political wisdom that went forward, step by step, as new vistas of opportunity and duty opened. Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippines, all are ours, with Cuba under our protectorate. Ten millions of people are annexed for our government and development. We are no longer a mere American, we are a world Power. The world begins to declare that in the future controversies of States this our nation must stand equal if not superior to the two strongest of all, Great Britain and Russia. This is the work of the American people as led by Mr. McKinley. He had courage. He took a new path. He was a real statesman. He was not disturbed by the specious clamor of those who charged his policy with treason to the principles of the Declaration of Independence and to the rights of men to govern themselves. How eager they were to have him scuttle out of Cuba and the Philippines, and give them over to anarchy under the fair title of independence! But he regarded the interests of the people of those islands, and the honor of his country. He knew that the heart of the people was ambitious to be just and generous and to give liberty to all men. He did not fear to have his country take the responsibility of regenerating those islands, and in doing this he gained more than the victories of ships; he gained the conquest of honor and wholesome fear for the nation. Henceforward the voice of the United States will be better heard abroad, while the Monroe Doctrine will be more honored in its bearing on the American Continent. It is this grand, daring, momentous expansion of American territory and influence which will make Mr. McKinley's Administration epochal in the history of the country. Other matters of policy, enough to give distinction to other administrations, have been to this but subsidiary incidents. Business prosperity—there have been other seasons of prosperty, tho not so wide; the development of mighty business organizations—that is wonderful, but it was the work not of the President, but the natural and necessary product of competition and enterprise; The Hague Conference with its plan of arbitration; the settlement of the Chinese trouble—all these things have been full of meaning and important; but the nation and the world will remember McKinley as the President under whom the full grown nation threw away the too long treasured traditional and infantile swathing bands of Washington's Farewell Address, and discovered that it had a larger duty to the world, no longer to be restrained by weakness and fear.

We need not speak at any length of the honor and love of the American people for President McKinley. Perhaps it was less personal, less fervent than in the case of President Lincoln and President Garfield, but it has grown with every year of his office. His re-election registered the approbation of the people for his record in the enlargement of our national domain. His faithfulness to his promise in Cuba, his generosity in China, his gift of civil self-government to the Philippines, his readiness to see new light in tariff matters, his openness and honesty and earnestness for the public good, the faultlessness of his Christian character and his devoted care of his invalid wife, had well nigh disarmed opposition, and had won him love as well as honor. It was such a man, at such a time, whose valued life and power, in their prime, were struck down by a worthless wretch, by one who came to the man that ever trusted the people, in the guise of affection and betrayed him with a hand-clasp, as Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss.

President Roosevelt

Some one has falsely called Russia the land where tyranny is tempered by assassination. The murder of Presidents, no more than of Czars, modifies history in any essential way. The slaying of Julius Cæsar did not restore the Republic to Rome. The world has been startled, shocked, when the chief ruler of Russia, of France, of Italy, of the United States, has been assassinated, but the great political current flowed on unchecked, even during President Johnson's troubled term. Guiteau shot Garfield with the cry, "I am a Stalwart, and now Arthur is President." He thought he was breaking down the civil service reform; but it moved on to greater victories.

Instead of McKinley, Roosevelt immediately succeeds to the policy, no less than the office, of the deceased President.

His first political utterance, on taking the oath of office, was the declaration that he would be faithful to President McKinley's purposes. That is a very definite and assuring promise. For Roosevelt is yet young, only forty-three, the youngest man ever made President, and, while he has gained the fervent admiration of the people for his dash and his honesty, they have not yet given him that full credit for tempered discretion which they knew was his predecessor's marked characteristic. Sometimes Mr. McKinley was charged with following instead of leading the people. They sometimes called him slow, as when, in 1896, he kept silence on the gold standard until he had received the Republican nomination. But they learned that his prudence indicated no lack of leadership; he only wanted to make his leadership successful. His policy was fully his own, and history will give him credit for it.

That policy President Roosevelt promises to maintain; and he is a man of his word. Whatever his impetuosity he can always be depended on to stand fast to pledge and principle. This has made him hardly the friend of the party boss. And yet Roosevelt has always made his party position sure; he has been no mugwump. In the briefest way let us review his career.

Theodore Roosevelt was born to wealth in an ancestral Dutch home of this old city of New York. A Roosevelt was alderman more than two hundred years ago. He was graduated at Harvard at twenty-two, studied law, returned here and was elected as a Republican member of the State Assembly at twenty-three. He was a youth of high purpose and instant action. An athlete no less than a scholar, honest as well as "strenuous," he devoted the six years that he remained in the Assembly to the enactment of laws to reform the civil service of the State, and to secure pure elections. The youth gained the heart of the people, and at twenty-six he was chairman of the New York delegation to the convention that nominated Mr. Blaine. Then for two years he lived a ranchman's life in Dakota, learning the spirit and freedom of the West. At the age of twenty-eight he was nominated as Mayor of New York, and made a famous canvass against Abram Hewitt and Henry George, and was then appointed by the President United States Civil Service Commissioner. In that position he dominated the Commission, and he became recognized as the stoutest champion in the country of the reform. At the age of thirty-six Mayor Strong made him Police Commissioner, and his career will never be forgotten in the annals of police administration of this city. In 1897 he resigned to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy, with very important duties in preparing our navy for the coming war; but when the war was declared so strenuous a man could brook no office duties. He might have been commissioned to a high rank; he chose to recruit his own Rough Rider regiment, of cowboys and gentlemen, such as he had known while a ranchman. But he refused to be commissioned colonel, and took the post of subordinate to a West Pointer until experience should have taught him the ways of war. Long before this the people had learned to look where Roosevelt led, and they made him the hero of the Cuban campaign. At the age of forty he was elected Governor of New York, and at forty-two Vice-President of the United States. It is no secret that it was not his desire to be nominated. It was said that the politicians who could not use him at their will nominated him to shelve him, for they would have him put out of the race for the Presidency in 1904. But once more a strange providence has made a New Yorker President who was elected only as Vice-President.

Mr. Roosevelt's marked characteristic has been the strenuousness of set teeth. That doctrine he has preached to college men, and he has been the example of his lesson. The citizen, the officer, must do his duty; he must serve the State; he must be a man of action. So in his development of civil service reform, in his repudiation of a "starchless" service, so in his conduct of the police department of New York, and so in his military career, he has done with more than conscientiousness, with enthusiasm, with exuberance of vigor, the present duty, and always a duty for progress and reform.

His record is his pledge. He declares he will continue, "absolutely unbroken," the policy of President McKinley. Then he will do it; and he will do some things more. More carefully than President McKinley he will maintain and develop a

sound civil service, untainted by political spoils, for he is a less yielding, less politic man. The policy of the Government in Cuba and in the Philippines he will maintain. The new possessions will not be given over to spoilsmen and concessionnaires. The promise to Cuba will be kept, and only Cuba's own unforced desire will tempt the President to make a treaty of annexation, desirable as that may be. The civil government of the Philippines will be developed, and their inhabitants educated in the principles of republican self-government. If new enlargements come, in the Danish or any other islands or territories, President Roosevelt will welcome expansion, for he has no fear for the perpetuity of our institutions. He will be less attacked as the friend of corporations than was President McKinley, for tho he is a rich man he has no special millionaire advisers, and as Governor he put through the law to tax corporations. Mr. McKinley had the great wisdom to see that there must now, with the competing power of our great manufactures, be a reduction of the tariff, at least by generous reciprocity treaties. Mr. Roosevelt is also a believer in protection, but his pledge puts him in line with Mr. McKinley's policy on this matter, which is the most important, in our domestic legislation, now before us. We may anticipate for Mr. Roosevelt an able, a brilliant administration, well grounded in that of his predecessor, and well conducted by himself. He has a long future before him, and it will be strange if he is not his own successor. But when his second term is ended, he will yet be a man in the very vigor of middle life. John Quincy Adams went from the President's chair into Congress as the independent champion of all liberty and justice. President Roosevelt will not waste an old age of experience in the silence of dull respectability.

Responsibility of the Press

A SEARCHING of hearts is sobering and cleansing. We rejoice that in these days of the nation's sorrow an earnest discussion of responsibility for anarchistic criminality, and for all class hatreds, has sprung up in the editorial offices of our most influential newspapers. In a vast democratic nation like this the moral power of the newspaper press is enormous, and nothing but good can come of a sober examination of the nature and extent of its responsibility for evil or for good.

It is true that for the moment this discussion has taken too much the form of mutual recrimination, and too little that of honest self-examination and frank confession. This is the weakness of human nature. Nevertheless, the truth is coming out. In their secret hearts publishers and editors will look their own sins in the face, and, we confidently believe, will silently resolve to abandon many practices which they well enough know have been both discreditable and demoralizing.

During the past week the Republican press very generally has been accusing Democratic organs, and especially the so-called "yellow journals," with responsibility not only for class hatreds in general, but even for anarchism in particular. Administration organs have charged the "anti-Imperialist" press with responsibility for stirring up bitter feeling against Mr. McKinley as an individual and as a chief magistrate. The Democratic press naturally has said little, but here and there one of its influential representatives has attempted to fix responsibility upon the newspaper organs of Capitalism and the Trust. As the New York *Journal*, summarizing the controversy, says:

> "*The Sun* accuses the *Journal*, the *Commercial Advertiser* accuses the *Evening Post*, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* accuses the *Philadelphia North American* and everywhere 'responsibility' is laid at the door of some political opponent or business rival."

Probably no intelligent person in his cooler moments believes that either yellow journalism, or any newspaper apology for capitalism, is directly responsible for anarchism as a creed, or for the specific ravings or deeds of violence of anarchistic criminals. As the *Times* in an especially thoughtful and well balanced article has said, the genuine anarchist attaches no weight to any newspaper utterances whatever, except those of the incendiary sheets edited by his own *confrères;* and the true cause of anarchism might as well or better be sought in early habits of disobedience of parents. The

Times, however, goes too far if it means to deny any casual connection whatever between inflammatory or demoralizing utterances by the recognized newspaper press, and criminal conduct, including even anarchistic violence, in the community. The human mind is, after all a unit, and in a sense the mind of all humanity is a unit. We are members one of another, all of us susceptible to innumerable suggestions, of which we are little conscious at the moment, and all of us are lifted up or beaten down in the moral life by our intercourse with one another, and by our daily survey of the vast worlds of ideas and of affairs, which we make through the medium of the newspaper page.

In particular, it is useless to deny either that class hatreds are the very soil in which anarchism can best flourish, or that the American newspaper press, both capitalistic and yellow, has wantonly and wickedly fostered class hatred. THE INDEPENDENT uttered no untruth when it said, a week ago, that anarchism has drawn inspiration from the cruelties and debaucheries of yellow journalism; and the *Staats-Zeitung* utters no untruth when it says that the cynicism, the derision of the nobler sentiments, the vilifying of workingmen, and the unqualified advocacy of capitalism on the ground that "might is right," that too often are found in the organs of the Republican party and the wealthy classes, breed hatred and fury among those who have encountered little but hardship and misfortunes in their lives. Perhaps, indeed, the *Staats-Zeitung* is right when it attributes the graver responsibility and the deeper guilt to the newspapers that appeal to power and wealth. Much is required from those to whom much is given, and nothing so sears the heart or embitters the soul as cynicism, uncharitableness and the sneering denial of anything better in life than materialistic power and pleasure.

As we have repeatedly insisted in these columns—in articles on popular education, on criminality and mob-lawlessness, on sentimental fads and popular superstitions—the safety, the moral health and ultimately the power and the grandeur of the American people depend upon soberness of mind, an honest acceptance of stimulating and ennobling ideals; a resolute turning away from all that inflames, embitters, degrades or makes unclean. We have no wish to single out any contemporary for reproach, to make ill-founded or sensational charges, or even to say one word that contains a trace of harshness or of disrespect—but we speak only sober truth, as all just men will admit, when we assert that American newspapers, the best and the poorest alike, have not done all within their power to promote this nobler and safer development of American moral life. They have yielded too often to the temptation to say things that hurt and enrage, because so easily such things can be clothed in the taking phrase of smart or even brilliant writing. They have yielded too often to the different but not less deplorable temptation to indulge in reckless personal abuse, to attribute unworthy motives to men in responsible official station, to jeer and ridicule without cause or excuse, and even to besmirch the character of men who have deserved only gratitude from the nation. And finally, they have yielded to the temptation which should appeal only to the base, to debauch the minds of the poorer classes with vulgarity and uncleanness. To all this the American newspaper press, if it is not utterly dishonest—and we do not for a moment believe that it is—must plead guilty. In some measure the American newspaper is responsible for a low moral tone, a somewhat vulgar view of life, a cynical attitude toward all idealism, a tendency to violence and lawlessness, and even an increasing criminality, which thoughtful observers have long been noting with sorrow and with shame, as they have watched the development of a people in which, we sincerely believe, are centered the highest hopes for the future of mankind.

Could there be a better time than this, in the hour of national mourning, for all who in any degree share in the molding of the national mind, to abandon unworthy deeds of the past, and with higher aims, and kindlier hearts, and cleaner thoughts to set about the work of strengthening in and for the people a moral life that shall be, not only in its strong vitality without fear, but also, in its character, without reproach?

But What Became of the Prayers?

We were not of those who hastily claimed that the President's temporary improvement was an answer to a people's prayers. We did not know.

But what became of the prayers? Were they all useless? We do not believe it. For we believe in God, and if there be a God, he must rule, and men must pray, and he must attend to their prayers. He will grant their prayer when he wisely can; and when he cannot he will as wisely and lovingly decline to grant it. That is all that we can say, and so much faith must say.

But this more it may be well to add. God must rule the world by laws. These laws he may not be able wisely to interrupt. His providence will, in answering prayer, follow his laws, and not traverse them. When we see a rock falling we do not pray to have it arrested in mid-air. We understand well enough that a law of God's nature is in the way. So far as we know law, it must, with no regard to prayer, work out its own effects. Whether it be a law of gravity, or chemistry, or meteorology, or hygiene, the result is embraced in the conditions, and we cannot expect prayer to change it. If we put fever-germs in our water we must expect typhoid fever even in a faith-cure hospital. But how far a given result is embraced in such conditions as are known to us we cannot tell. It now appears that when the churches were praying most earnestly for Mr. McKinley's recovery the poison in the blood had from the first made death inevitable. It is best that there should be such laws, and that they should be so certain that we can depend on them. This may not debar us from prayer, but it may make us more submissive when God cannot, in consistency with his laws, grant our prayers.

Can we not learn, too, to see God better in his laws? If Mr. McKinley had lived, multitudes would have been in haste to have their faith in God strengthened by the apparent answer to their prayers. But how many will be ready to have their faith in God's goodness and wisdom strengthened by this exhibition of the fixity of his laws? This is God's world. These laws are his expressions. He is not fickle and untrustworthy. What he has enacted as his rule of carrying on the universe is settled, and we may depend on it. For this, too, let us praise him, for "the law of the Lord is perfect."

The Criminality of Anarchism

We said last week:

> "It is time to recognize and to define by law as criminal all advocacy of assassination as a political method, all participation in meetings in which violence is approved, and all expressions of ratification in deeds of violence already committed."

Ex-Attorney-General Griggs, out of a large knowledge of law, has made a similar utterance. He recognizes the impossibility of suppressing thought, which is free as air, but he would take precisely the course which we have indicated above. He would have Congress enact a law making it a criminal offense to attempt to murder, or to plot to murder the President or any other designated high officer of the United States, or to attempt to overthrow the Government by any other than lawful means. He would have it also unlawful to be a member or attendant of any society or club whose aim is the overthrow of the national Government by violence. He would have the several States pass similar laws to protect their Governors from assassination.

Most heartily do we approve Mr. Griggs's suggestion; but when the law comes to be drawn up by Congress it will be necessary to go somewhat further. We must protect our President; we must also protect the rulers of foreign States against plots of assassination. It is a disgrace to the United States that Czolgosz plotted here, perhaps not alone, to kill President McKinley; it is equally a disgrace to us that Bresci was allowed to plot in Paterson the murder of King Humbert. At present the anarchists are driven out of all civilized lands except Great Britain and the United States. They are watched in Great Britain, but not expelled, and it is said that, in fear that the policy of expulsion will be adopted there, they make it their rule not to attempt the death of a British ruler. They want one European place of refuge. But with all our proper love of liberty, and our desire to make our countries the haven of the oppressed, we have both in England and America been too careless

of the plottings of anarchists against the rulers of other nations. As a political reprisal the French Government has lately expelled the agent of the Turkish Government whose duty it was to watch the circles that were plotting violence against the Sultan. That was not a right act. It is a crime to kill a Sultan or Czar, altho Swinburne wrote a sonnet in praise of tyrannicide, and Cicero repeatedly praises the murderers of Tiberius Gracchus and Julius Cæsar. Political morals have undergone some amelioration since then; Cromwell's way with Charles I was better.

We may set it down as certain that there will be laws enacted restraining and punishing the advocates of the anarchy of violence. Some such laws we now have, but we need national as well as State legislation. Whether we shall go further and make international agreements for the repression of the anarchy of violence is another question. We have always made an exception of political offenses in our treaties of extradition, and this is wise. The revolutions of 1848 brought a multitude of noble spirits to our shores whom we would not, we could not, give over to the rule which they had failed to overthrow. Rather by national legislation, and rather by understanding them by treaty, must the work of holding violence in check be accomplished. We have learned by the saddest experience, three Presidents murdered in thirty-six years, three times as many as of the rulers of Russia, or France, or Italy, that we must protect our Presidents by the strictest detective care; and that is best done by suppressing the circles that meet to denounce death to kings and Presidents. Allow all liberty of thought, all political liberty; but deny the liberty of violence against lawful authority, committed or defended.

Grief for Representative Men

"WHAT is a President?" ask our anarchists, the Mosts and the Goldmans. They do not think it quite safe just now to express pleasure at the deed of such "a man of action," as this Czolgosz, but they excuse their lack of sympathy by declaring that a President is no more than any other man, that hundreds of people die every day, that strikers have been shot down whose lives were worth as much as a President's. Why should they show any more grief at the killing of Citizen McKinley than of Citizen John Doe?

That is good anarchist logic. If Government has no right to exist, if rulers are in the nature of things oppressors and enemies of the human race, then, having no right to their position, there is no more reason to grieve at their death than at the death of other men, indeed less. Emma Goldman could well refuse to say that she was sorry that the President was killed, but that she was sorry for his wife because she was a woman, not because she was the President's wife, and that when one takes the "perilous position" of a ruler, if he is killed it is the result of his taking the position! And Johann Most's *Die Freiheit* can declare the excitement over the President's murder to be "a hypocritical business transaction;" that a thousand cowboy murders are committed every year; that "all citizens are equal," and that therefore "there is no difference between a President and a street cleaner, and no excuse for all this noise and nonsensical uproar," which is only the "idiotic howls" of "the press, Church and political priests."

But there is a difference, and we all know it. True, a man is a man, one man, and represents himself. But he may represent more than himself and be of value to others. Let a lone cowboy be murdered, and the crime is a matter of grief, of little concern except to himself. But let him be a husband and the father of children, and he has become representative; his murder concerns the world much more, and is a matter of wider grief. Let him be the trusted adviser, friend and brother of a large circle and the circle of grief is enlarged. Let him be the representative of his nation, its envoy in Peking, its President at Washington, and an insult or outrage to him is insult and outrage to every one that knows of him and whose representative he is. That is why we were justly indignant that the Boxer crime against mere citizens, missionaries and merchants was enhanced by the unparalleled offense of the murder of one and the attempted murder of all the Ministers to the Chinese court. This is why we are more concerned and more offended at the murder of our President,

whom we knew, whom we elected, who was our spokesman, than if it had been an unknown cowboy or street sweeper that had been killed.

And one man's life may be more valuable than another's. Life is of value for what it can do for the world. We select for high positions men whom we think to possess unusual faculties to do the country service. Then, having selected them for their worth, we give them an immense accession of power. They are told to wield the power of all of us. They can do what none of us can do. Their service is that of all of us, and their usefulness equally enlarged. It is a greater crime, because a greater wrong to the world, to kill a man in a position of great service than one in a position of small service. A greater punishment could properly be inflicted on one who kills a President than one who kills one of us common men.

But why try to expose the anarchistic sophism? The anarchists simply make it a cover for their lack of sympathy, too often for their unexpressed satisfaction at the assassination of rulers. A "perilous position," that of a ruler, says Johann Most. Why "perilous?" It ought to be the most safe-guarded of all, protected most sacredly by the love of the people. It is perilous only if anarchists are murderers, or the apologists of murderers; and one or the other they usually are.

A Bishop's "Loot"

It is a disquieting story sent out through the press that a magnificent collection of Chinese curios made by Mr. Squier, Secretary of our American Legation in Peking, and which is to go to the Metropolitan Museum, is made up of "loot" from the palace of a Chinese prince who was so favorable to the foreigners that the Empress had him executed. The story has it that after the siege was raised Bishop Favier, who knew the value of the remarkable collection gathered by the Prince, looted it and sold it at auction, when Mr. Squier gathered in all the most valuable pieces. But we were not reminded that Bishop Favier had gathered over three thousand converts in the Roman Catholic cathedral, and there, supported by only forty French and Italian marines, kept the enemy at bay from June 12th to August 16th. They were reduced to feed on leaves, roots and bark of trees, and only two ounces a day each at that. Bishop Favier was a chief hero of the siege, and had these thousands of starving and naked Chinese on his hands when it ended to feed and clothe. Of course, he confiscated anything he could find for them, with the authority of the French Minister, who was the highest authority he could reach, just as Dr. Ament did for his Protestant converts; and if Bishop Favier happened to get a bigger haul of property to sell, not for himself, but for the poor Chinese, he needed it all, and it was a most creditable act of war. It was unfortunate that the owner had been a friend of the foreigners; but he was dead, and it was Chinese that benefited by it. The sale was evidently a perfectly proper one, and the Museum need have no hesitancy in taking the collection, if it has the chance. There is no "loot" about it, nothing like "Sulla's loot," who under that name, "*Sullæ præda,*" sold at auction the treasures he took from the houses of the wealthiest and noblest of the citizens after his capture of Rome, as Cicero more than once complains.

A Critic of Christianity

Since his name was expunged, by act of a council, from the list of accredited Congregational ministers, Mr. George D. Herron speaks his developed views with no restraint. In one of our less responsible monthlies he declares:

> "So far as Protestantism is concerned, it no longer stands for reality. Its church-goings and activities are without spontaneity or vital spirituality. Its so-called services have become a superstition that is just as persistent, tho slightly more refined, as the superstition that bends the savage soul to gods of wood and stone, or the painted ox and the sacred crocodile."

The Catholic Church he has more hope of. He is not one of its comeouters. And yet he asserts that Christianity itself, by which he means Christianity as we see it in its organized and official forms, gathered in churches, with its clergy and worship, is "a deadly unbelief in God, in the name of God," "a vast parasitic tyranny," "the product of slave centuries," "no fit religion for free men;" and he does not forget to specify

"the meanness and dishonesty of its councils." Christianity is not all perfect; but when we hear its preaching described as "brutality and imbecility," "moral ruffianism on the one side, and bloodless and degenerate piety on the other," when we are told of "the wolfishness of its ethics and the vulture-like character of its society," we are constrained to ask, Who is this slinger of epithets and what is his impeccable competency to judge and teach good morals? We remember: he is the man who deserted his wife and children for a richer and more congenial young woman, until the wife sought a divorce on the ground of cruel desertion, and who then went through the form of marriage with his more attractive affinity. If this is the better socialism which he supports, let us be satisfied to tent with the "superstition" and the "parasitic tyranny" which bids a man cleave to, and not from, his wife, and puts its ban and curse on free love.

"The Sun" on Park Benjamin

The interest displayed by the New York *Sun* in Mr. Park Benjamin's articles in these columns on the Schley inquiry deserves grateful notice. By way of reply to his paper entitled "Admiral Schley and History," it solemnly complained of him to the Naval Academy Alumni Association, of which he is Vice-President. His demonstration of the "Brooklyn's" part in the battle of Santiago ("The Measurements of a Sea Fight") it denounced as "a glaring offense." And now its rejoinder to his impartial summary of the issues ("The Schley Court of Inquiry") is that "his distaste for fraud is not strong enough." The *Sun* intermits its abuse of Schley to tell us that "It was Sampson's masterful management of the fleet that compelled the enemy to offer battle on his [Sampson's] terms." As a matter of fact on the morning of the battle of Santiago the "Massachusetts" was sent away for coal, and the "New York" with the Commander-in-Chief on board also left her station to go to Siboney, some twelve miles distant. Then Cervera came out. The removal by the Commander-in-Chief of himself, of one-fifth of his battle ship force, and of one-half of his effective chasing force (for the "New York" and "Brooklyn" were the only two vessels present comparable in speed with the Spanish cruisers), thus appear to have been the "masterful management" which compelled the enemy to offer battle with the rest of our ships left behind in command of Commodore Schley.

Worthless Degrees

In treating of the scandal of the American degrees *Zion's Herald* lately spoke of the shame of certain Methodist institutions in this matter. It said the greatest trangressors are the schools of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Societies:

> "To these institutions a certain class of ministers and a few laymen appeal as their last hope for honorary degrees . . . . our Freedmen's Aid Schools should not be allowed to confer honorary degrees in this reckless way."

The calling of attention to this scandal ought to end it. We are glad to say that the colleges controlled by the American Missionary Association have never been guilty. Years ago one degree of D.D. was, we presume worthily, given by Straight University in New Orleans, but this was immediately rebuked, and there has not been another instance in which the institutions controlled by that Association have given other degrees than those which are earned by the students in regular course of study, such as B. A. We observe that the Rev. E. B. England, of Washington, N. J., defending his degree of D.D. received from the "National University of Chicago," declares that it has been "favorably commented upon and indorsed by such journals as THE INDEPENDENT and the *Outlook*, and its advertisements appeared with those of the first colleges of the land in all the leading publications." Regard for our own credit requires us to deny this for THE INDEPENDENT; the reverse is true. The institution has been denounced and its advertisements refused.

Father Cronin's Protest

SOME overreaching Protestants are offended because, at the close of the dedicating exercises of the new high school in Tonawanda, N. Y., Father

Cronin, pastor of one of the churches, volunteered an address in which he protested against the religious features in those exercises. He declared the custom to be a violation of law and of the spirit of law, including in his criticism Bible readings, hymn singing, and prayers of every description, as well as baccalaureate sermons. Father Cronin is right. The public schools are for Jews, and there are many thousands of them; for Catholics, of whom there are millions, and they pay taxes to support our schools. We have long held that religion must not be introduced into our schools, and thus supported by the State. State Superintendent Skinner was present, but he made no reply. He doubtless well understood that the criticism was a just one. He has lately forbidden nuns to teach dressed in their religious garb, and he was right, but the offense of their sectarian dress is not so great as what is often practiced by Protestants. Let us keep Church and State separate.

It is a Tibetan lama, or high priest, who has lately come by way of Peking to Japan, to visit his Japanese Buddhist co-religionists, and very naturally they have made much of the visit, altho there was the infelicity of double translation from Tibetan to Chinese, and then from Chinese to Japanese, and the reverse. But it was not till public attention had been aroused by a succession of public meetings that at the last and largest of the series, in the presence of eight hundred Buddhist priests, Viscount Miura, representing the Japanese hosts, and the lama declared that China, Japan, Korea and Tibet should stand together, on their common Buddhism, and that in the recent troubles in China Buddhism had shown its superiority to Christianity, inasmuch as their religion had no power to check ferocious displays of passion in the soldiers of Europe and America, whereas the troops of Buddhist Japan behaved with exemplary forbearance and charity. There is something in that to consider, but were not the murderous Boxers Buddhists?

That a real anarchistic era of assassination is upon us is seen by the fact that the first avowed work of anarchist assassins was in 1894, when President Carnot was killed. Previous murders had been of a different inspiration, and not one attempt was made on a ruler's life during the thirteen years between the killing of Alexander II of Russia and President Garfield and that of Carnot. But within these last seven years the Presidents of France and the United States have been killed, the Empress of Austria, the King of Italy and the Prime Minister of Spain. It is a terrible record and makes very serious the saying of King Victor Emmanuel, of Italy, that being shot at is a part of the business of kings.

On Wednesday of this week the New York *Times* celebrates its fiftieth birthday, and, as one of its older neighbors, we offer hearty congratulations. The *Times* has done good work in the past, notably in the fight against the Tweed Ring, and to-day has won an enviable position as an exponent to the country of clean journalism. Its recent purchase of the Philadelphia *Times* and its announced association with the London *Times* in telegraphic news show an ambition to enlarge its influence so far as possible.

We regret to see that a paper published in Washington as the organ of the department officers and clerks, publishes an editorial on the shooting of the President, which is utterly anarchistic in its desire that the murderer should be lynched. From such a source the sentiment is doubly odious.

A company is to spend $2,500,000 on a trolley line connecting Sharon, Pa., with Cleveland, Ohio, and the rails for a part of the line have been bought. The trolley age is surely approaching.

And still we reject, we abhor lynching, whether in Mississippi or Buffalo. Calm law must rule, not mad passion.

Just Rates

THE strictly just and correct insurance rate, meting out to each property owner exactly his fair share of the burden of fire loss, is ideal. We class it with the perfect climate and the earthly paradise, where no drawback is found; it is among the non-existent things, if the non-existent can be called a thing. We are nearly ready to pronounce this rate impossible, for even if human wisdom and firmness were able for once to adjust a rate tariff and make it really fit all the crooks in the line of hazards, it would not stay fitted; the conditions change so that exactness would be almost immediately lost. The best any company can do—and the least it should do—is to say, "We think a fair rate for this risk is so much, and we will not take less, whatever others may do." Perhaps this is ideal as well as the perfect rate schedule? It seems to be so, thus far; and yet ideals sometimes resolve their vagueness into definite form—give them time, and stimulate pursuit of them.

There has long been in existence a Universal Mercantile Schedule, so called. Its principle is that it is profitable to set up a standard risk. [The word "risk," by the way, has as one meaning, in insurance parlance, a particular piece of property as it stands, with all the conditions which determine the actual risk or hazard on it—*i. e.*, the chance of its burning.] This standard risk is assumed to bear a specific rating, and any deviations below the standard are to be covered by pro rata additions to the rate—so much for each specific lack of something which looks toward safety, and so much for each positive addition to hazard. The "punitive" idea is strictly correct and just in theory; its troubles come in the attempt at practice.

Yet the attempt must continue. One difficulty is the tardiness of combination among companies. They are in business, not in philanthropic aim to redistribute fire losses and reduce their sum total. The companies are in competition, and the large ones cannot be harshly blamed for feeling unable to see why they should put into a common pool, for the comparatively large advantage of their competitors (especially of the small ones who have little to contribute to such pool), the information which they have purchased by a very costly experience. In their view there would be small mutuality in such a process; they would contribute much and draw out little. Can this view be condemned as unsound and unnatural?

Anti-compact laws also interpose what obstacle they can and thus exhibit their amazing foolishness. No insurance rate whatever can be arbitrarily evolved out of inner consciousness; time was when this was necessarily done, but the original guesses were speedily qualified by results. To illustrate by the opposite extreme, imagine a Martian of a possible human type to appear here and be set at once to the task of writing out a universal schedule in ten days of solitude. Rates are the product, wise and sound or otherwise, of collated and combined experience; the more widely combined and collated, the more favorable the conditions. But the anti-compact law says, "No, you shall be isolated and do it singly, and if two or more take the same rate it is *prima facie* exorbitant!" Consistently, underwriters should be separately walled in, all communication refused them, newspapers excluded, and even knowledge of their own loss experience denied them—another set of men could pay the losses. But this would be too loose a scheme, for underwriters have already had some experience and could not immediately be voided of memories. Logically, the anti-compact law maker should send for Martians.

A Daniel

IT is not the province of insurance supervision (says Commissioner Barry, of Michigan) to try to revolutionize underwriting or unnecessarily or unreasonably to hamper or restrict legitimate insurance; "whatever is done in this direction always results in an additional burden being placed upon the insured." The companies give to Michigan citizens "the most and best protection at the least possible cost, and this cannot be done if the State imposes unreasonable and expensive burdens upon these companies." An administrative or executive officer is not

to assume legislative functions, and it has been and will be his policy to take a liberal rather than a narrow view of the laws, so long as free competition is promoted. The companies should be encouraged, instead of being irritated by what resembles the police surveillance of confidence men. There is a legitimate field for organizations of agents and companies, and he will always be pleased to encourage them.

It is true that, in the phrase of the street, the Commissioner keeps a string tied to these assurances, for he will favor liberal construction of the laws so long as free competition is promoted and the best indemnity is supplied at the lowest possible cost; he will also encourage organizations when they will plainly produce better practice and enhance the interest of all concerned. Nevertheless, he talks rationally, and really deals out wisdom in declaring that hampering returns as additional burden upon the insured and that "the least supervision consistent with safety is the best." Is that so self-evident that it was never denied? Perhaps so—yet the unwritten rule has been approaching this: "the most, and most harassing and oppressive, supervision consistent with the existence of underwriting pays the dominant party best." We are tempted to wonder how a man capable of such utterances was put in office by the party machine (unless Michigan is a later Acadia of simple virtue), and whether the people of that State like such a promise. We prefer to believe in the "saving common sense" of the plain people, since there can be no other saving in a republic. If we trust to that, a wild-eyed financier like McNall, of Kansas, whose sole declared purpose was to make the companies squirm and howl, must be supposed to have been a bit of spume thrown up by the turbulence of agitation.

A SHORT historical sketch of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company from its organization in 1842 to 1901 has recently been issued and contains information which is of interest to underwriters in all parts of the country. The book contains a view of Wall Street in 1831, looking toward the East River, and also illustrations of the new building of the company recently completed at the corner of Wall and William, the old building in the same location, and also pictures of former officials of the company.

....The annual dreary figures of fire waste continue to come from the *Chronicle* office, and have now fulfilled their 17 years. To incendiaries 35,000 fires in 1900 are charged; to defective flues, 61,204; to sparks, 4,681, besides 1,630 to locomotive sparks; to spontaneous combustion, 1,975; to friction, 1,068; to stoves, 1,031; to ovens overheated or defective, 1,004. The reported fire loss in the United States was $160,929,805 in 1900, which exceeded that of 1899 by $7,331,975; the insurance loss was $95,403,650, which was $2,719,935 in excess of 1899. In twenty-six years past the property loss was $2,899,714,021; the insurance loss was $1,700,785,893, leaving $1,198,928,128, or 41.1 per cent. undistributed by insurance. But insurance does not restore except by facilitating more production; it only scatters. These statistics, which are spread out with much minuteness of detail, are hard to grasp and handle so as to found specific comparative conclusions, but there is no difficulty in perceiving their general melancholy aggregate—the practical difficulty is that of being properly impressed by it.

....According to *Tuckett's Monthly*, a publication existing in 1852 but long ago discontinued, the estimated amount of life insurance outstanding in the United States was $120,000,000, and the annual payments for death claims were $2,000,000. In 1900 a single company paid nine times two millions for death claims and endowments, and now has a thousand millions in force. The United States of 1900 is not the United States of 1850; there has been vast growth in population, wealth, thrift, action, intelligence; yet among the same sort of individuals who then dwelt here (if such a conception is permissible), and certainly among a population equal to that of a half century ago, life insurance has acquired a new position. Instances of insuring life were rare then, but it is very common to say they are common now. Exception and rule in this particular are gradually reversing, and of the uninsured dead it will presently be different to say nothing but good, as an extravagant charity counsels.

FINANCIAL

Harvest Prospects

THE harvest prospects for this year are now indicated by the report given out last week of the Department of Agriculture. The report says that the total yield of wheat, both spring and winter, estimated at 750,000,000 bushels, compared with the promise of August 1st, will now be decreased to 644,000,000. A further decline is indicated in the corn crop, which is now 1,335,093,000 bushels against 2,190,790,000 last month. Oats are also yielding less. Of the minor crops barley will do better this year, as well as buckwheat and tobacco. The potato crop will not be so large, while five of the more important apple growing States report an improvement in condition during August. In all States in which the growing of grapes is of more importance, except California, the present condition is below the ten year average. On the whole, the outlook is very good, for even the contraction of the wheat crop leaves the present one larger than any other crop ever raised in this country, with the exception of the year 1891.

Domestic requirements of wheat are in round figures about 415,000,000 bushels, and there is every reason to believe that inasmuch as the European crop is below normal this year Europe can take all of our surplus. Prosperity, then, is not going to leave us.

Financial Items

MERTON & CO.'S report shows that the world's supply or output of copper in 1900 was 486,000 tons, of which 268,700 tons were furnished by the United States.

....Charles T. Yerkes, who is now engaged in projects for underground and surface roads in London, recently sold his interests in Chicago railways for $8,000,000.

....The Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fé Railroad Company has closed a contract in Texas for 9,000,000 barrels of oil, for fuel, to be delivered during the coming twelve months.

....It is reported that electric motors will be used in the Great Northern Company's new Stampede Pass tunnel, where several trainmen have lost their lives, owing to gases generated by engines in surmounting the heavy grade.

....Large orders for railway cars are reported. The Lackawanna road ordered 1,100 box cars last week, the Great Northern 2,200 and the Atchison 750 refrigerator cars. The Rock Island placed an order for 18 locomotives.

....An order for 40 freight locomotives was recently placed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at the Baldwin Works, making 134 locomotives now engaged or under construction for that company at the Baldwin factories.

....A report prepared by the Department of Agriculture shows that the number of spindles in the cotton-spinning industry of the Southern States increased from 1,554,000 in 1890 to 5,001,487 in 1900, and the number of mills from 239 to 500.

....W. B. Keyser has been appointed cashier of the Merchants' National Bank. Mr. Keyser is a nephew of John J. Knox, and served as cashier of the National Bank of the Republic until its consolidation with the First National Bank a few weeks ago.

....The English Sewing Cotton Company, known as the Thread Trust, submitted a depressing report recently. To pay its dividends it was necessary to take $250,000 from its surplus. The shares, which in 1899 rose to the equivalent of $225 upon a par value of $100, have fallen to the equivalent of $75.

....Mr. Reid, the capitalist, whose contracts with the Government of Newfoundland have excited so much controversy, and who recently surrendered a number of his grants and franchises, has now organized a limited liability corporation in which his railroad, land grants, etc., are capitalized at $25,000,000.

....The Pennsylvania Railroad Company's control of the Baltimore and Ohio road was shown by the election of L. F. Loree, Fourth Vice-President of the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg, to be President of the Baltimore and Ohio,

in place of Judge Cowen, who resigned to become the company's general counsel.

....They say in San Francisco that if the plans of E. H. Harriman are carried out, the longest railroad tunnel in the country will be built through the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California, where a tunnel a little more than five miles long would save a rise of 1,500 feet and shorten the Southern Pacific line by seven miles.

....Our coal exports in the last fiscal year amounted to $22,317,496, against $19,502,000 in 1900, and only $13,661,000 in 1899. The quantity last year was 7,676,149 tons. The United States is now third in the list of coal-exporting countries, Great Britain standing first, with 58,000,000 tons, and Germany second, with 18,000,000.

....President Schwab, of the United States Steel Corporation, paid $4,032,000 the other day for a controlling interest in the Bethlehem Steel Company. The subsequent election of directors warrants the inference that the company is now in the hands of a syndicate, of which J. Pierpont Morgan is the head, and that it will be operated in harmony with the Steel Corporation.

....A mortgage for $150,000,000, to secure a projected issue of 4 per cent. bonds, has been filed in Jersey City by the Consolidated Tobacco Company, which recently absorbed the American Tobacco Company, the Continental Tobacco Company and other smaller corporations. It was dated on June 15th, and if it had not been made until July 1st the payment of $75,000 for the war tax stamps on it would have been avoided.

....A discharge in bankruptcy has been granted to Mrs. Mary E. Lease, of Kansas, the well known lecturer, whose petition was filed in New York last May. The schedules showed liabilities of $3,247, and nominal assets of $2,293. The assets were chiefly in the shape of claims against lecture bureaus or political committees, among them being a claim for $500 against the Henry George Campaign Committee for speeches delivered in the New York mayoralty campaign of 1897.

....Incorporation papers for the International Salt Company have been filed at Trenton. This new combination includes companies having a capital of about $30,000,000, the largest of them being the National Salt Company, which was incorporated in 1899 and which controls many salt plants in New York, Michigan, Kansas, Texas and the Pacific States. Associated with it is the Canadian Salt Company, which controls the salt output of Canada. It is said that the American Salt Company, the Retsof Mining Company and the Avery Salt Manufacturing Company will enter the combination.

....The projected large increase of Germany's tariff duties upon products exported by our agriculturists and manufacturers directs attention to the growth and magnitude of our trade with that country. Our exports to Germany have risen from $42,000,000 in 1870, and $92,000,000 in 1895, to $187,000,000 in 1900, and $191,000,000 in 1901. On the other hand, our imports from Germany ($27,000,000 in 1870, and $81,000,000 in 1895) were $100,293,000 in 1901, and for the last six years have averaged about $93,000,000. Since 1896 our exports to Germany have almost doubled, while the increase of our imports has been less than 7 per cent.

....Dividends and coupons announced:

Manhattan Railway Co. (quarterly), 1 per cent, payable Oct. 1st.

Mergenthaler Linotype Co. (quarterly), 2½ per cent., payable Sept. 30th.

Western Union Telegraph Co. (quarterly), 1¼ per cent., payable Oct. 15th.

Union Bag & Paper Co., preferred, (quarterly), 1¾ per cent., payable Oct. 1st

Commercial Cable Co. (quarterly), 1¾ per cent., payable Oct. 1st.

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R. R. (quarterly). $1.25 per share, payable Nov. 1st.

The quarterly report of the Western Union Telegraph Company for the quarter ending September 30th, 1901, shows a surplus July 1st, 1901, of $9,319,285.53. The net revenues for the quarter ending September 30th, instant, based upon nearly completed returns for July, partial returns for August, and estimating the business for September, will be about $1,850,000; from which appropriating for interest on bonded debt $239,040, it requires for a dividend of 1¼ per cent. on capital stock issued about $1,217,005; deducting which leaves a surplus, after paying dividend, of $9,713,240.53. A dividend of one and one-quarter per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared on and after the 15th day of October next, to stockholders of record at the close of the transfer books on the 20th day of September, instant.

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Survey of the World

The Burial of the President

The train which bore the body of the dead President from Buffalo to Washington was met at every station by the tolling of bells and by the grief of gathered multitudes. To the little band of mourners that traveled with the dead this demonstration must have been peculiarly affecting. Tuesday night the body rested in the White House, which had been the scene of the living man's triumphs, and on Wednesday it lay in state in the rotunda of the Capitol. It is unfortunate that a law exists forbidding the draping of national buildings in honor of any death; as a result the Capitol presented a cold, bare look to the eye. The organ by the simple catafalque, the chairs set in rows beneath the high dome, the variegated costumes of those present at the services,—all, in fact, was something more than simple, it was barely decent. Yet the company of men and women gathered there was one of great dignity,—there was the new President, the members of the Cabinet, the diplomatic bodies and representatives of the army and navy; there was Mr. Cleveland and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and many others whose names are connected with the country's prosperity during the past few years. At about 10:30 the sound of bugles in the distance announced the coming of the funeral procession. As before, the coffin was borne by soldiers and sailors and placed on the catafalque, while all those present stood with bowed heads. After the singing of a hymn the Rev. Dr. H. R. Naylor, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, led in prayer, and then Bishop Andrews, of Ohio, delivered the short address. Both the prayer and the address were appropriate and dignified, but, owing to the many echoes of the high vaulted chamber, were lost to most of the listeners. The reverberations of the speaker's voice recalled to mind the sound of antiphonal singing in some of the stone cathedrals of Europe. After the services the doors were thrown open to the multitude, and, as at Buffalo, a long line of waiting mourners filed in slow procession by the bier. Once only, when the doors were first opened, there was a disagreeable rush and confusion which, for a while, amounted almost to a panic. The reserves of police and soldiers were not large enough to stay the excitement until a number of persons were hurt in the crush. At 6:30 in the evening the doors were closed, causing some loudly expressed indignation in the disappointed crowds outside. Later the body was carried to the train which was to bear it to Canton. Thursday there was gathered in Canton such a multitude as had never before thronged its streets. Nothing marred the solemnity of this last day. At the First Methodist Church there were prayers and a brief address, together with singing. The President's own pew was draped in black and left vacant, a striking memento in the crowded room of the life that had passed away. From the church the long procession, including soldiers of the G. A. R. with whom McKinley had fought side by side and soldiers he had commanded as President of the nation, filed to the cemetery, where the body was laid to rest in the vault. Here Bishop Joyce, of Minneapolis, read the burial service of the Methodist Church, slowly but in a voice that could be distinctly heard. At the end Colonel Bingham made a sign

and instantly from eight bugles there rang out the soldier's last call—"taps." As the concluding notes of the buglers died away many were in tears, for the end had come at length. Captain Biddle, of Company C of the Fourteenth Infantry, who commands the watch, stepped to a line of five soldiers, who had stood throughout the ceremony at present arms with complete rigidity. Two of the soldiers passed quickly into the vault, one taking his place at the head of the coffin, the other at the foot; the remaining three took their station at the entrance. The lookers-on now moved away. The flowers that lay on the bier and strewed the ground were notably beautiful. Nearly every country and every potentate of the world was represented by some offering.

A Day of Mourning

It is impossible to read the story of universal mourning observed on last Thursday without a feeling of exaltation akin to the effect of a great tragic drama. Everywhere in this country business was suspended throughout the day. To one who walked through lower Broadway and Wall Street amid the silence of that day there was something inexpressibly solemn in the sight of the drooping flags and the black emblems of mourning on every building. Different in character but equally impressive was the spectacle in many of the residence streets of the East side, where, by way of striking contrast, that line of Shakespeare's ran continually through the mind: "And none so poor to do him reverence!" Many of the railroads had given orders that for ten minutes every wheel on their lines should stop; and in New York, at exactly 3:30 in the afternoon, all the cars on the elevated and surface roads stood still for a period. Conductors and motormen bared their heads and the passengers waited in silence. Here and there a band was heard playing one of the President's favorite hymns, and often the people would join in singing. Even the carts and drays for the most part halted while the cars stood motionless. For five minutes also the entire telegraphic system of the country was silenced. During that time not a sounder in the land could be heard ticking, and even the ocean cables rested. Everywhere there were memorial services, in cathedral and wooden chapel. In the foreign capitals similar services were held. Notable among these was the memorial service held in Westminster Abbey at the command of King Edward. Here the Lord Steward of the Household (the Earl of Pembroke) represented the King, and next to him sat Mr. Choate, the United States Ambassador, with other members of the Legation. Later in the day services were conducted in St. Paul's Cathedral, where, it is said, 6,000 people congregated. King Edward has ordered court-mourning for a week, a mark of respect hitherto reserved for the rulers of royal blood. In his telegram to Ambassador Choate he said:

"Please convey to Mrs. McKinley my best thanks for her kind message. The Queen and I feel most deeply for her in the hour of her great affliction, and pray that God may give her strength to bear her heavy cross. Our thoughts will to-day be especially with the American Nation when its distinguished President is laid to rest. "EDWARD, R."

Among the most thoughtful speeches made on the occasion was that of Mr. Cleveland to the students at Princeton. He said, in part:

"First in my thoughts are the lessons to be learned from the career of William McKinley by the young men who make up the student body of this university. These lessons are not obscure or difficult. They teach the value of study and mental training, but they teach more impressively that the road to usefulness and to the only success worth having will be missed or lost except it is sought and kept by the light of those qualities of the heart which it is sometimes supposed may be safely neglected and subordinated in university surroundings. This is a great mistake. Study, and study hard, but never let the thought enter your mind that study alone, or the greatest possible accumulation of learning alone, will lead you to the hights of usefulness and success.

"The man who is universally mourned today achieved the highest distinction which this great country can confer on any man, and he lived a useful life. He was not deficient in education, but with all you will hear of his grand career and his services to his country and his fellow citizens, you will not hear that the high plane he reached, or what he accomplished, was due entirely to his education. You will instead constantly hear as accounting for his great success that he was obedient and affectionate as a son, patriotic and faithful as a soldier, honest and upright as a citizen, tender and devoted as a husband, and truthful, generous, unselfish, moral and clean in every relation of life. He never thought of those things as too weak for his manliness.

"Make no mistake; here was a most distinguished man, a great man, a useful man, who became distinguished, great and useful because he had and retained unimpaired qualities of heart which I fear university students sometimes feel like keeping in the background or abandoning. There is a most serious lesson for all of us in the tragedy of the President's death. The shock of it is so great that it is hard at this time to read the lesson calmly."

President McKinley's Estate

The country has a proper concern in the provision made for the comfortable support of Mrs. McKinley during the remainder of her life. While she has no children to be provided for, she is a suffering invalid requiring somewhat costly attention, and the people would be glad to have her made their ward. The story that Mr. McKinley's life was insured for over $300,000 is an error. He was insured for a total of $67,000, of which $50,000 was in the New York Life Insurance Company, whose President, John A. McCall, was a special friend of Mr. McKinley. It will be remembered that during his incumbency as Governor of Ohio Mr. McKinley was financially embarrassed and lost nearly all his modest property. Congress, following precedent, will doubtless give Mrs. McKinley a pension of $5,000 a year, which with the income from the insurance money and from Mr. McKinley's estate, will, it is said, assure her an income of perhaps $13,000 a year. Her health is very precarious. She is liable to attacks in which she loses consciousness. It has been hastily imagined by some that she has been kept much under the influence of opiates, but Dr. Rixey, who will remain for some little time longer in care of her, declares that this is not the case. While she now bears up fairly well and is taken out to drive, her medical attendants feel that her condition is precarious and that she is still in danger of succumbing to the strain upon her.

Trial of Czolgosz

It did not take long for a special grand jury to find an indictment against Leon F. Czolgosz for the murder of President McKinley, altho the evidence was presented to them with all due formality by more than a dozen surgeons and witnesses. Meanwhile, as Czolgosz had taken no steps to secure counsel, the Bar Association of Erie County had taken measures to secure counsel, and had asked two ex-Justices of the Supreme Court of the State, Lorain L. Lewis and Robert C. Titus, to undertake the unwelcome task. They unwillingly and from a sense of professional duty consented. After the indictment had been found Czolgosz was brought before the court, presided over by Judge Emery, informed that he was indicted, and asked again and again if he desired a lawyer. He refused to answer and Judge Emery assigned to his defense the two lawyers selected by the Bar Association, and he was returned to the prison to be called on to plead after consultation with his lawyers. As Judge Titus was absent at first it was not till last Saturday that the two counsel were able to see Czolgosz; but while he was willing to talk freely with his guard, he refused to say a word to the counsel, or to the physician who accompanied them to report whether the defense of insanity would stand. The trial began on Monday morning before Justice Truman C. White. Admission to the court room was by ticket. There was no special delay in securing a jury. The prisoner pleaded guilty, but that makes no difference, as, under New York law, a plea of guilty is not accepted in capital cases, but the actual guilt must be proved. The trial was not sensational, the surgeons and soldiers and other witnesses made the case so clear that little cross-examination was had, and the defense suggested, of insanity, was so evidently perfunctory and not believed by the counsel that it was not necessary to have a long trial before securing the verdict of guilty. It was the special desire of all concerned, in so evident a case of murder, to avoid the scandal that might come if lawyers seeking notoriety should undertake the defense.

President Roosevelt

President Roosevelt began his administration by making it clear that it is to be a prolongation and development of the policy of his predecessor. He urged all the members of the Cabinet to retain their portfolios, and it is believed they will all do so, unless Secretary Long should de-

cide to retire in a few months. Just before leaving Buffalo he gathered the members of the Cabinet who were there and some other personal friends and outlined his views, favoring reciprocity and opposing commercial wars; favoring the abolition of tariffs where protection is no longer needed; the extension of direct commercial lines with American and Pacific ports; the building of the isthmian canal, and the completion of a cable to Hawaii and the Philippines; the use of arbitration in all disputes with foreign nations, and the maintenance of a pure civil service. On his return from Canton to Washington President Roosevelt occupied the White House for public business, but slept at his brother-in-law, Commander Cowles's house until Mrs. McKinley's private possessions should be removed. Mrs. Roosevelt and their six children are not expected till some time this week. This will make the largest family that has ever occupied the White House. President Roosevelt takes no pains to protect himself from assassination. He walks alone, undistinguishable from any other citizen, between the White House and his brother-in-law's, or to and from church, or rides away on horseback with General Wood for exercise. Thomas Jefferson could not be much more democratic, altho Mr. Roosevelt has not yet been seen hitching his riding horse to the Capitol fence. Every one predicts for him a popular and successful administration.

The Schley Court

Owing to the funeral of President McKinley the Schley court of inquiry sat only two days last week, Friday and Saturday. Nothing more than a preliminary skirmish has as yet resulted. So far Rear-Admiral Schley seems to have the advantage, for Judge Advocate Lemly has failed to bring to light any startling revelations reflecting on his conduct or competency. The court has practically disposed of one of the points in the precept under which the Admiral is tried. It is the eighth paragraph, in which the question of Schley's withdrawing the Flying Squadron from the entrance to Santiago harbor to a distance at sea and the blockade of that harbor when he first sighted the "Colon." This paragraph rested on the charge made by Rear-Admiral Sampson in the *Century Magazine* that Schley's blockade "can hardly be described as a close one of the sort desired and expected by both the Navy Department and myself." Rear-Admiral Higginson, Captain Harber and Commander Schroeder, tho for the most part disagreeing in their testimony, seem to have disproved this assertion, and it would appear that the blockade was sufficiently close in shore to prevent the Spanish ships from getting out of the harbor unnoticed. The court has not taken up the specific points in order, but in a more or less haphazard manner. Thus the movements of the Flying Squadron off Cienfuegos have not yet been very fully gone into, but Schley's alleged slow progress toward Santiago has been discussed at considerable length. It has been established that Schley could have gone faster, but that he moderated the speed of the whole fleet to the slowest vessels. The question remains, therefore, whether Schley could not have abandoned these vessels and gone on faster. Little has been said about the "Brooklyn's" loop and the other points, nor has the Hodgson controversy been touched upon at all. Admiral Sampson left the Charleston Navy Yard last week to visit his daughter in Fort Hamilton, N. Y. Whether he will go on to Washington is not known yet. The new member of the court, Rear-Admiral Ramsey, has proved acceptable to Rear-Admiral Schley.

The Steel Strike

The steel strike declared by the Amalgamated Association has utterly collapsed, and yet Mr. Shaffer has presented to the public no statement of the terms of the surrender. It is understood, however, that hereafter wage scales will not expire annually, and come up for annual renewal, but may be abrogated by either party in ninety days' notice. President Shaffer was obliged to meet the representatives of the various unions separately and had a boisterous greeting. The losses of the Amalgamated Association are very great. It carried 9,000 of its 14,000 members into the strike, and has lost recognition on 2,500 of them. Mr. Shaffer's demand, on mak-

ing the strike, was that all the mills should be made union. Not one has been made union, while of those formerly union but now made non-union there are six in the American Tin Plate Company, five in the American Sheet Steel Company, one in the National Steel Company, besides fifteen mills formerly and still non-union but organized, in which the organizations have been abandoned. The strike was begun with no idea of the resources of the men. They did not have enough money in their treasury to pay their 8,000 strikers as much as four dollars a week for a fortnight. The loss to the public by the strike it is impossible to compute, but it has been reckoned as amounting to $25,000,000. About 70,000 men have been idle for two months and a half, which amounts to about $10,000,000. The companies of the Steel Corporation have lost gross earnings of $15,000,000 (not net after wages, etc., are paid), but much of this will be made up, as many orders will hold good. Losses have to be counted over and over again, to the companies' receipts, to the workmen's wages, to the merchants' trade, and to the transportation and other companies. The chief suffering has fallen, not on the men who went on strike and were receiving high wages, but on the 60,000 other workmen who were thereby thrown out of employment and who have been compelled to go heavily into debt. A chief loss of the Amalgamated Association has been in prestige and in the discredit it has suffered with the public on account of its bungling management of its strike. It will have much less power to dictate terms, as it has lost so many of the mills where it was organized. At the same time the Steel Corporation did not attempt to crush the Association, but allowed it to continue in all the mills which it had been able to control. Public sympathy was sacrificed by exorbitant demands at first to control mills which were not theirs, and then by the breaking of contracts. The Amalgamated Association's organ, the *Journal*, says editorially that the result is a bitter disappointment and is due to the fact that the Association had to fight against overwhelming odds, public opinion, the daily press, the desertion of prominent labor leaders, and the withdrawal of credit by the merchants. It also complains of the treachery of ex-members who had become strike-breakers and tempted and seduced their former associates by promises of permanent employment, and who taught green hands. One of the points gained by the operators is the recognized right to have a certain number of apprentices. There had been late cases in which a strike was threatened if a manager put his own son into a mill to learn the work. The *Journal* declares that the Amalgamated Association will have to be reconstructed along many lines to meet the opposition of so mighty a power as the United States Steel Corporation.

Political Affairs

The nomination of President Seth Low, of Columbia University, for Mayor of Greater New York, was assured by the agreement last week of 68 of the 72 conferees of the various organizations opposed to Tammany. The desire had been expressed that a Democrat should be selected, but as one name after another was eliminated that of Seth Low remained the one which found the most supporters among the eighteen organizations in conference. Mr. Low was twice Mayor of Brooklyn, and was defeated for Mayor of New York when the Republican machine put up Mr. Tracy as the regular candidate, and thus elected the present Tammany Mayor Van Wyck. Whom the Democrats will now nominate against Mr. Low is not yet made clear, possibly Mr. Coler, who was willing to take the anti-Tammany nomination. The remaining candidates to oppose Tammany are not selected, but it looks as if Justice Jerome, who has been so active in breaking up unlawful resorts, might be made District-Attorney and Oscar Straus President of the Aldermen.—The sudden death of E. A. Webster, Collector of Internal Revenue for South Carolina, who has long been the Republican leader in the State, will put a possibly undesired necessity on President Roosevelt to intervene in the politics of South Carolina. Senator McLaurin's influence will be expected in building up a white administration support, while the wing that has not been ashamed of its negro supporters will demand to be recognized in the ap-

pointment of Mr. Webster's successor.—A convention of the fragments of parties outside the ranks of the two great parties has been held the past week in Kansas City, Mo., and 450 members attended, mainly from Missouri, but with scattered members from all over the country, representing Middle of the Roaders, Fusion Populists and other similar organizations. The name selected for the new departure was Allied Party. They favor public ownership of franchises, free silver, election of all officers by popular vote, a representative of labor in the Cabinet, postal savings banks, single tax, abolition of trusts, the initiative and referendum.

English Reverses

Lord Kitchener's manifesto declared that the war was to be considered at an end on September 15th, but three days after that date he was compelled to announce that the Boers on September 17th had ambushed three companies of mounted infantry with three guns, commanded by Major Gough, in the vicinity of Scheeper's Nek. The fighting, according to Lord Kitchener's report, was severe, but the British were overpowered and lost their guns. Two officers and 14 men were killed, 5 officers and 25 men wounded, and 5 officers and 150 men were made prisoners. Major Gough himself escaped during the night and reported that the enemy numbered 1,000 men under the command of General Botha. Again on September 20th Lord Kitchener reported another reverse. The Boers this time captured a company of mounted infantry with two guns at Vlakfontein. Only one officer was killed. This time again the Boers in superior force ambushed and surrounded the British. Lord Kitchener is making an investigation and has sent columns of troops in pursuit of the Boers. The English in London are asking why the British forces are constantly suffering ambush, whereas the Boers rarely do. On September 3d the War Office in London received the following dispatch from Kitchener:

"Kritzinger, while endeavoring to force a passage of the Orange River near Herschell at 1 o'clock Friday morning, rushed the camp of a party of Lovat's scouts. He failed to cross the river, but the scouts lost heavily.

"Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Andrew Murray and Capt. Murray, his adjutant, were killed. Deeply regret the loss of Col. Murray, who throughout the war had led Lovat's Scouts with great gallantry.

"Under cover of darkness the Boers managed to carry off a gun. They were promptly followed up, and the gun was recovered in a smart engagement, in which Kritzinger lost two killed and twenty taken prisoners."

To add to the gloom occasioned by these new reverses the English are deploring the loss of a new torpedo boat, the "Cobra," which went down with 67 lives. Since the loss of the "Viper" the "Cobra" was the fastest vessel in the world and the only ship of the turbine class in the British navy. She ran ashore on the rocks off Lincolnshire just before she was put in commission. The losses of the Boers as reported in a telegram from Lord Kitchener, dated Pretoria, September 17th, are not so encouraging under the circumstances as they might be. Since September 9th he reports that 47 Boers have been killed, 7 wounded and 371 taken prisoners.

Alfred Millenary Celebration

On September 18th Winchester was the scene of festivities celebrating the one thousandth anniversary of the death of King Alfred the Great. The city, which boasts of being the ancient capital of the realm, was decked out in holiday garb and all business was stopped. On this day a lecture on the life of the King was delivered by Frederic Harrison, and Sir Henry Irving read from Tennyson's "Becket." During his address the Mayor of Winchester alluded to the death of President McKinley, and Sir Henry Irving said of him that he was "at once the avatar and emblem of noble purpose, high thought and patriotism," and declared that "his memory shall remain green forever in the hearts of the loyal and expansive race of all English-speaking people." The principal ceremony, however, was two days later, when the colossal statue of Alfred by Hamo Thornycroft was unveiled. Lord Rosebery was the orator of the occasion. He spoke of Alfred as the pioneer of English greatness and as a type of the best qualities of the Anglo-Saxon character. In conclusion Lord Rosebery alluded with enthusiasm to all that the immortal King had done for the

English people and for the sister nation over the seas,—two separate peoples who were in the moments of great sorrow made one by centuries of association. While the spectators were singing "God Save the King" the lofty statue was unveiled, representing the old Saxon King with shield in one hand and with the other hand raised aloft and holding a reversed sword as an emblem of the Christian faith. The Mayor of Winchester then entertained a number of the distinguished guests at a luncheon in the Guildhall, and in the afternoon there was a special service in the cathedral, in which the choirs of Chichester, Salisbury and Winchester took part. The day was ended with illuminations and other gayeties.

Church and School Movements in Russia

In his recent annual report, the Superior Procurator of the Holy Synod, Pobiedonostseff, the influential protagonist of a radical nativism in Church and State, expresses his regret that the orthodox Church, "the only real protectress and teacher of saving Christian faith," has failed to achieve the success that he had hoped, especially in Finland and among the sects. His report is at least a partial confession of the failure of his propaganda, and this fact has induced other prominent men in Russia to advocate a different policy in the handling of religious problems. Probably the most noteworthy exponent of a new policy is Count Katusow, not a Liberal, but himself a Conservative, and a Pan-Slavist, who in a series of articles in the St. Petersburg *Wedomosti,* claims that it is imperatively necessary now to effect a reunion of the old Rasol and the evangelical sects of Russia with the State Church, because only by the united efforts of these elements will it be possible to counteract the growing influence of modern materialism and succeed in the religious and moral regeneration of the Russian people. The Count is remarkably candid in confessing that the clergy of the Russian orthodox Church has not yet been able to accomplish these ends. Count Katusow does not in so many words acknowledge that these very sects are in possession of those moral and religious forces which the orthodox clergy does not have, but the proposal to effect a *modus vivendi* between the hosts whose antagonism is two centuries old is a virtual confession of this fact. It is interesting in this connection to note that the radical policy of the Superior Procurator is losing adherents in the aristocratic circles of Russia, and that the "Directing Senate" in St. Petersburg has recently enacted measures that indicate a more liberal policy in the treatment of the non-orthodox element. An even more radical change has been practically decided upon for the higher educational institutions of Russia, those immediately affected being the secondary schools, both the classical and the scientific. A special commission appointed by the Government has proposed a thorough revision of the courses in these institutions, suggesting the removal of both the classical tongues as a *sine qua non* in the courses leading up to the universities. All these schools are to have a seven-year course, in which Latin is retained in the upper four classes, while Greek is entirely eliminated.

The Czar in France

On September 18th President Loubet, with M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the Premier, and M. Delcassé, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, put out to sea from Dunkirk in the yacht "Cassini" to meet the Czar's "Standart." When the two yachts had come together they proceeded to review France's naval fleet, and on reaching the French lines the Russian vessels dressed ship and President Loubet boarded the "Standart." It is rumored by the malicious that owing to the heavy sea both the President and Czar were uncomfortable throughout the review from seasickness. On landing they went to the Chamber of Commerce, where luncheon was served. In reply to President Loubet's toast the Czar said, standing:

"The Empress and I experience especial pleasure in returning to France, where we are in the midst of a friendly allied nation, and we are deeply touched by the very spontaneous welcome extended to us. It is with great satisfaction that I have just had the opportunity of admiring your splendid northern squadron, and I thank you most sincerely, Mr. President, for having afforded me a striking spectacle on my arrival in French waters. I drink prosperity to the French fleet, which fraternized with mine in the waters of the Far East, to yours

Mr. President, and to that of the whole of France."

The phrase "allied nation" was noted as of some political significance. It is remarked that five years ago, when the Czar visited France, it was "friends," whereas now it is "allies." Again at Compiègne the Czar acted in the friendliest manner. In the afternoon of the day, while at Compiègne, he and the Czarina drove out into the park in a victoria with no escort save a few detectives on bicycles, who kept at a discreet distance. Provision had, however, been made that no one should approach the royal party. The outer circuit of the park was patrolled by cuirassiers, while soldiers were stationed within the palisade. Detectives, moreover, were concealed in the woods. In order to test these safeguards five detectives were ordered on the preceding evening to attempt to enter the park by stealth. In every case they were captured at once. The royal party visited the castle at Pierrefonds, and in the evening showed themselves at the theater, where they were heartily applauded. On September 21st the Czar, Czarina and President Loubet reviewed 140,000 troops on the Plain of Betheny. The march lasted from 10:45 a.m. to 1:10 p.m., and the whole spectacle was imposing in the extreme. The infantry passed by, 150 files deep, with fixed bayonets. But the most remarkable sight was the final charge of 20,000 cavalry. They were at first lined up, twenty deep, on the further side of the field opposite the imperial dais. At a signal they thundered across the plain at full gallop, with banners flying and swords waving, until within fifty yards of the dais. Then at the trumpet call to halt the lines were suddenly reined in. The Czar stood up to watch the charge and was evidently much impressed by the sight. The military display has indeed been the chief feature of the Czar's welcome, and is evidently intended to show the strength of France to all the world. After the review the party drove to Betheny, where they sat together at luncheon. In response to a toast the Czar again spoke of the ties binding France and Russia together. Before leaving he requested M. Waldeck-Rousseau to contribute on his behalf 100,000 francs to the charities of Paris, and made other smaller donations of a like sort. His last words to President Loubet were: "We hope we shall come to France again soon;" and as the train moved out both the Czar and Czarina stood at the window of their private car bowing and saluting. From Pagay-sur-Moselle the Czar sent the following message to President Loubet:

"Accept our sincere gratitude, and be good enough to interpret it to all those who with touching cordiality have taken part in the festivities of which we have been the object. It is to the French nation, so much loved and appreciated by Russia, that we address our sincere thanks, accompanied by our warmest wishes. "NICHOLAS."

Dutch Parliament Opened

September 17th Queen Wilhelmina, accompanied by the Prince Consort, performed in person the ceremony of opening the States-General. The speech from the throne made the usual allusions to the state of peace with foreign nations and then turned to domestic affairs. Her Majesty said that in general the conditions of the country were satisfactory, but admitted that there was a manifest deterioration in certain moral and material conditions such as to demand legislative attention. For one thing a law was needed enforcing a more strict observance of the Sabbath. Public gambling and drinking required measures which would restrict their growth without in any way infringing individual liberty. The speech further stated that a bill would be introduced to provide for direct representation of agriculture in the Government. Unfair competition and adulteration of food must be combated, and the Consular system must be regulated more to the advantage of agricultural interests. In order to carry out these measures of reform the resources of the Government must be enlarged, and to this end there should be a revision of the Tariff. In touching on army matters the Queen said the introduction of quick-firing artillery was now urgent and thought that some sacrifices to this end were desirable. In conclusion she dwelt on the moral mission of Holland toward the native races in the colonies and on the necessity of safeguarding the native Christians and of protecting the laborers.

William McKinley

By the Hon. Jonathan P. Dolliver

United States Senator from Iowa

THE public sorrow for the death of President McKinley is too fresh for any critical estimate of his life-work. It is specially hard for those who have been associated with him, in however humble a way, in the great affairs which gave him reputation and honor, to speak of him without the bias that can never be absent when that engaging personality rises before the mind. He fell at the post of duty, in the maturity of his fame, after he had become the central influence in the progress of the world. He died at the age of fifty-eight, and twenty-five years measures the full period of his conspicuous connection with the Government of the United States. These are the years with which the historian has to do, for to them belongs the eminence, the applause, and the coronation of his career.

But that twenty-five years cannot be understood, cannot be fitly interpreted, unless we look into the humble surroundings of his birth; into the unselfish ambition of his father and mother for the education of their children; the dedication of his boyhood to the law of Christ, followed by a life-long loyalty to the faith of the gospel; the love of country which took him from his books to the field of battle, and made him a veteran in the Union army before the age of twenty; the decade of obscure conflict which prepared him for admission to the bar, and the hand to hand struggle of the young lawyer for a foothold in his profession and for the recognition of his fellowmen. These beyond question are the years which made William McKinley great. His election to the House of Representatives in 1876 only multiplied his opportunities and enlarged the arena of his activities, for it puts men to a test so severe that only the fittest can survive. For fourteen years William McKinley, entering that body at the age of thirty-three, kept rising from one degree of distinction to another, until he became the leader of the Fifty-first Congress and gave his name to an act of legislation of such far-reaching beneficence that the repeal of it four years later made his election as President of the United States certain.

His success in the House, apart from his unique personal endowments, is due to the fact that he selected the subjects to which his interest was to be devoted and gave an almost undivided attention to them. He has often been heard to say in later years that he took this course upon the advice of the late John Sherman. Mr. Sherman counseled him that, since no member of the House could hope to be active in all the details of its business, he should put aside the questions which are temporary and casual and take up the study of those problems of practical economy which relate to the monetary and industrial system of the country. There was an immense wisdom in all this, and his appointment to succeed Garfield on the Ways and Means Committee gave him the exact position from which he afterward governed, by the force of his superior knowledge, the proceedings of Congress in these matters. It is one of the traditions of the House that he seldom spoke, and that when he took the floor upon his chosen theme, even in the earlier years of his service, he was without a rival in accuracy of information, diligence of preparation and skill in argument. The House of Representatives is at once the best and the worst audience in the world—the best for the man who has something to say and knows how to say it, and the worst for the man who is simply making a speech. That McKinley never failed to command its attention, even when he dealt with the most bewildering mass of statistics, is a sufficient eulogy of his powers as an orator to those who know what the House of Representatives is.

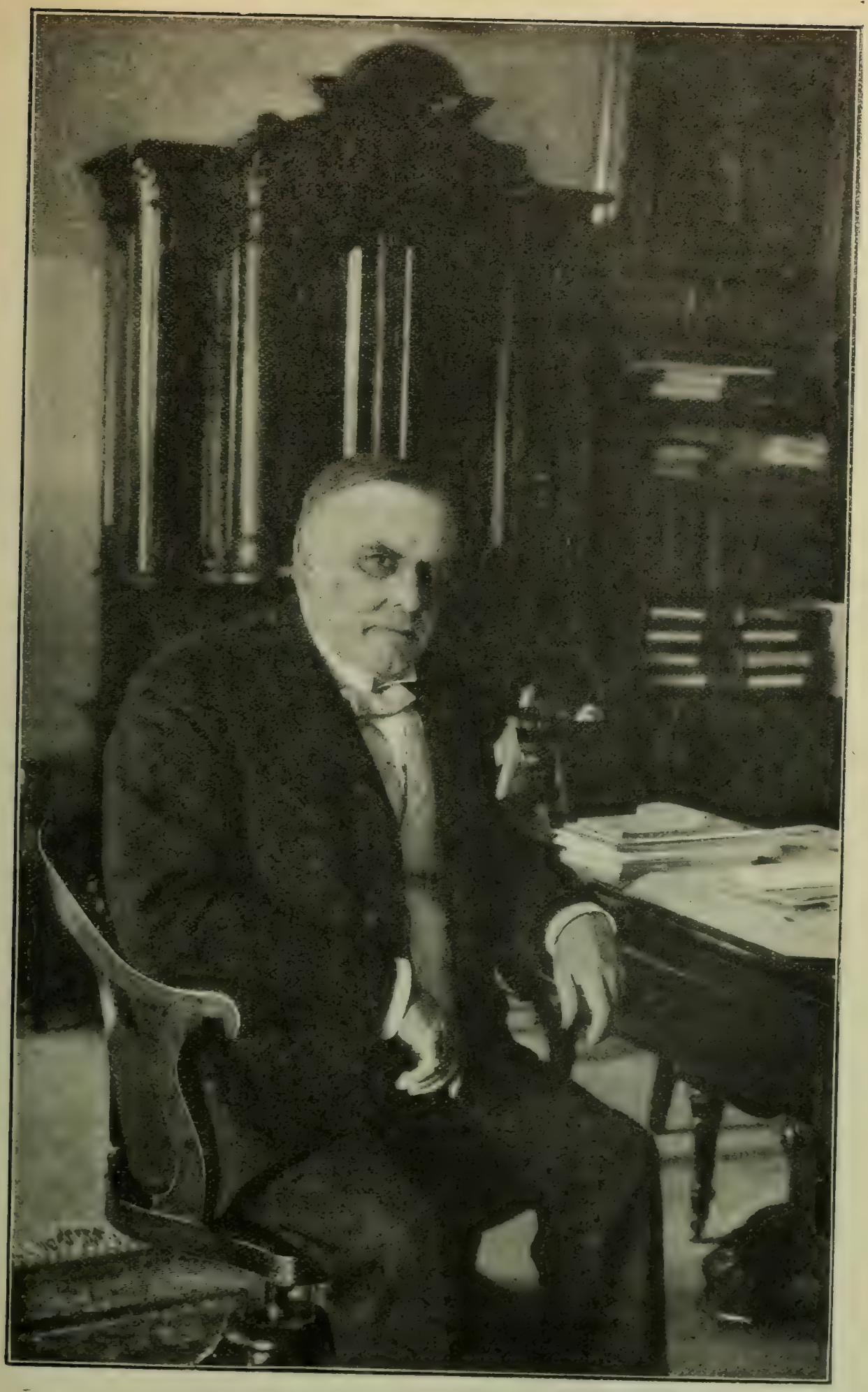
In the Fifty-first Congress he aspired to become the Speaker of the House. The territory which would have been naturally friendly to him was so divided among other candidates having a support more or less local that Mr. Reed

easily defeated them all, entering upon that historic Speakership which reformed the rules of the House and made it responsive to the will of the majority of its members. To show how blindly even far-sighted men grope through the maze of things it is only necessary to reflect that if the defeat which greatly disappointed McKinley at the time had been turned into victory other hands would have written the legislation of 1890 and quite another story in the politics of our times might have been told. Mr. Reed, finding the venerable William D. Kelly grown infirm with years, displaced him from the Chairmanship of the Committee on Ways and Means, appointed McKinley as his successor, and made him the floor leader of the House. Many shook their heads and said that the new leader would fail in that versatility of re-resources essential to such a position. They said that he had made great speeches on the tariff, but was lacking in the talents of a debater. This was an altogether unnecessary anxiety, for the new leader at once proved himself to be as gifted in debate as he was patient in temper, considerate in judgment and amiable in manners. He not only gave the House the best there was in him, but he had the art of getting out of others the best there was in them. When an important debate came on his policy was to put forward the expert controversialists of his party, often giving new and untried men a chance to win their spurs, and many times reserving only a few minutes for himself to close. Into those few minutes he contrived to put the strong points of the party position, as well as the fire and energy of his own convictions; and tho he had to take the floor oftener than any other member of the House he never failed to unite, inspire and give a perfect guidance to that tumultuous popular assembly. The range of topics which he discussed covered the whole field of legislation, and the utterances which he left in the *Record* would fill a volume with interesting and instructive discourse. The House of Representatives, not always patient even under wise leadership, had found a master who not only shared with the great Speaker its profound respect, but had captured its heart and gained a permanent place in its affections.

From the day President Harrison signed the McKinley law the Chairman of the committee which framed it had only to abide his time till the highest honor which his country could give should come to him. He had connected himself with a victorious idea; he had so effectively entered into partnership with the national prosperity that afterward, in the midst of their shriveled and scattered fortunes, the American people, pushing aside the ambitions of famous and honored statesmen, snuffing out the influence of managing politicians usually counted invincible, made their way to the standard of McKinley and gave him a commission as the representative and champion of all.

His administration of the office of Governor of Ohio, tho not without high distinction, added little to his prestige and still less to his equipment for the office of President. Like Blaine and Garfield, he owed his preparation for leadership to that great tribunal of the people in which public policies must always take shape, and where the deeper aspirations of the national life find their first and their best expression.

The time has not come to measure the size of President McKinley in the midst of the strange events of the past four years. Enough is already known, however, at least by those who had access to his counsel chamber, to warrant his countrymen in looking upon him as the one dominant force in directing the mysterious tides that have carried the Republic into a new epoch and made the American flag in a higher sense than ever before the servant of civilization. He alone among the public men of the country comprehended all that was involved in the war with Spain. He listened unmoved to the impatience of party leaders and to the tumult of the people. The only argument against the war heard in either House of Congress was that it would disturb business. The Speaker of the House, to whose inflexible strength in that crisis of our affairs the President acknowledged no small indebtedness, put into the language of quaint New England wisdom the thought that was uppermost in conservative minds: "Our people," he said, "ought to be given at least a chance, after four years of poverty, to earn a



WILLIAM M'KINLEY.
From One of His Latest and Best Photographs

dollar and a half." The President was not without sympathy with that view, for he had expected to make the restoration of prosperous industrial conditions the chief feature of his administration, that the shadows of want and misery might be lifted from the homes of the American people.

But the President looked into the future with a foresight so deep that to those who remember the words which he sometimes spoke as he paced the floor, often far into the night, bearing the burden of his responsibility alone, it seems in the light of events almost like an inspired vision. He was not troubled about the effect of the war on business; he did not worry about our ability to defeat Spain on land and on sea; he was concerned with ominous conditions lying beyond the smoke of battle and the noise of victory; he perceived that if we dislodged Spain from the colonial possessions which she had governed for centuries, we were bound before God and mankind that no harm should come to civilization from any act of ours. He measured the difficulty of the problems. He knew the limitations and constraints which arise from our institutions and the traditions of our history. He heard in advance the chorus of fanaticism, cant and hypocrisy which would pursue any coherent and practicable steps toward the administration of the affairs of distant and backward populations, long accustomed both to anarchy and despotism. He even anticipated the zeal of that boisterous party leadership which, having nullified the guarantees of equal right at home, has come forward to be the guardian of civil liberty on the other side of the world. All these things were in his mind and upon his heart for months before the outbreak of the war, while he labored, hoping against hope, that the influence of his great office, put into the scale for the world's peace, might save his countrymen from the sacrifices and national perils through which they had been called to pass.

When the hour of trial came the President seemed almost like a new man. He became in a real sense the Commander-in-Chief. He personally ordered the movements of our forces on land and sea. He determined to make quick work of the bloody business, and when the protocol for peace was signed by the French Ambassador, acting in the place of Spain, the President, better than anybody else, understood that the most momentous work of the Government, instead of being done, had not even yet begun. He turned to his fellow citizens and asked the privilege, once enjoyed by Abraham Lincoln, of standing by their side, overhearing what they had to say, gaining strength from their faith and their courage. He knew the American people through and through. With him it was a maxim that what they think at their own firesides and about their family altars is at least as likely to be right as the eloquence of the orators or the learning of the schools. He knew how to deal with the people, and long before he died the lowly and the eminent alike had grown accustomed to the gracious dignity and courtesy which will long be associated with the right hand of the fellowship which he enjoyed with the American people. He knew how to persuade men. He sympathized with their burdens, felt the pressure that was upon them, saw always their best side, and among all the millions who stand this day by his grave, there is not one who does not feel the sorrow of a personal loss.

His place in history is secure. It did not need the awful tragedy at Buffalo to give him rank among the great ones of the earth; yet there can be no doubt that the circumstances under which he fell have already drawn the people close together in a recognition of the fact that in executing a policy far above the level of partisan strife an American President ought to have the counsel and cooperation of all parties. Not only is the life-work of President McKinley brought thus more perfectly within the views of men, but in the simple, rugged story of his life and in the serene beauty of his last hours on earth millions of men and women in all generations will learn the working philosophy of useful living and will gain at least a glimpse into the things which are not seen.

We live in a world compassed about by inscrutable mysteries. To multitudes it has become a chaos, without order or coherence, without government or moral significance. Out of such a chaos the miserable hand which killed the Presi-

dent was stretched forth. New strength has already entered into human society, into all its institutions and all its hopes for the future, while through our tears we have seen this chosen and accepted leader of the people calmly enter the Valley of the Shadow, holding by the hand the woman he had cherished with such knightly gallantry, devoutly speaking the language of the Master, unconsciously paraphrased to express the perfect unity of his home life, "His way, not ours, be done." Such a scene as that enriches the history of the world. For a long time there has gone out toward President McKinley, from the hearts of the American people, a feeling differing from the common sentiments that surround such a station—not gratitude exactly, but as some one has expressed it, a sort of thankfulness. From this time on there is about his name the suggestion of a crown. The lad who, to earn money to finish his education, climbed the fences and walked across the fields to build the fire in the country schoolhouse, where he was keeping a district school, has become an everlasting example for the instruction of American youth. The soldier of the Union army who won promotion for gallantry upon the field has become a permanent ideal of American patriotism. The Chief Magistrate who in his last public utterance ended by reverently invoking "the blessing of God upon all the powers and peoples of the earth," has passed through martyrdom into the upper air, where fame has faded into immortal glory.

FORT DODGE, IOWA.

President McKinley

By His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons

ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE

IN the annals of crime it is difficult to find an instance of murder so atrocious, so wanton and meaningless as the assassination of Mr. McKinley. Some reason or pretext has been usually assigned for the sudden taking away of earthly rulers. Baltassar, the impious King of Chaldea, spent his last night in reveling and drunkenness and profanity. He was suddenly struck dead by the hand of the Lord.

How different was the life of our Chief Magistrate. No court in Europe or in the civilized world was more conspicuous for moral rectitude and purity, or more free from the breath of scandal than the official home of President McKinley. He would have adorned any court in Christendom by his civic virtues.

Brutus plunged his dagger into the heart of Cæsar because of his overweening ambition. Whatever may have been the errors of judgment on the part of our late President (and who is free from them), no man can honestly charge him with tyranny or official corruption.

The Redeemer of mankind was betrayed by the universal symbol of love. If I may reverently make the comparison, the President was betrayed by the universal emblem of friendship. Christ said to Judas, "Friend, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?" The President could have said to his slayer, "Betrayest thou the head of the nation with a grasp of the hand?" He was struck down surrounded by a host of his fellow citizens, every one of whom would have gladly risked his life in defense of his beloved chieftain.

Few Presidents were better equipped than Mr. McKinley for the exalted position which he filled. When a mere youth he entered the Union army as a private soldier during the Civil War, and was promoted for gallant service on the field of battle to the rank of Major. He served his country for about fourteen years in the halls of Congress, and toward the close of his term he became one of the most conspicuous figures in that body. He afterward served his State as Governor.

As President he was thoroughly conversant with the duties of his office, and could enter into its most minute details. His characteristic virtues were courtesy and politeness, patience and forbearance, and masterful self-control under very trying circumstances. When unable to

grant a favor he had the rare and happy talent to disappoint the applicant without offending him.

The domestic virtues of Mr. McKinley were worthy of all praise. He was a model husband. Amid the pressing and engrossing duties of his official life he would from time to time snatch a few moments to devote to the invalid and loving partner of his joys and sorrows. Oh! what a change has come over this afflicted woman! Yesterday she was the first lady of the land. To-day she is a disconsolate widow. Let us beseech Him who comforted the widow of Nain that He console this lady in her hour of desolation.

It is a sad reflection that some fanatic or miscreant has it in his power to take the life of the head of the nation, and to throw the whole country into mourning. It was no doubt this thought that inspired some writers within the last few days to advise that the President should henceforth abstain from public receptions and handshaking, and that greater protection should be given to his person.

You might have him surrounded with cohorts, defended with bayonets, and have him followed by argus-eyed detectives, and yet he will not be secure from the stroke of the assassin. Are not the crowned heads of Europe usually attended by military forces, and yet how many of them have perished at the hand of some criminal. No, let the President continue to move among his people and take them by the hand. The strongest shield of our Chief Magistrate is the love and devotion of his fellow citizens. The most effective way to stop such crimes is to inspire the rising generation with greater reverence for the constituted authorities, and a greater horror for any insult or injury to their persons. All seditious language should be suppressed. Incendiary speech is too often an incentive to criminal acts on the part of many to whom the transition from words to deeds is easy. Above all, let it be understood once for all that the Government of the United States is determined at all hazards to crush the serpent of anarchy whenever it lifts its venomous head.

We have prayed for the President's life. But it did not please God to grant our petition. Let no one infer from this that our prayers were in vain. No fervent prayer ascending to the throne of heaven remains unanswered. Let no one say what a lady remarked to me on the occasion of President Garfield's death. "I have prayed," she said, "for the President's life. My family have prayed for him, our congregation prayed for him, the city prayed for him, the State prayed for him, the Nation prayed for him, and yet he died. What, then, is the use of prayer?" God answers our petitions either directly or indirectly. If he does not grant us what we ask, he gives us something equivalent or better. If he has not saved the life of the President, he preserves the life of the nation, which is of more importance than the life of an individual. He has infused into the hearts of the American people a greater reverence for the head of the nation, and a greater abhorrence of assassination. He has intensified and energized our love of country and our devotion to our political institutions. What a beautiful spectacle to behold prayers ascending from tens of thousands of temples throughout the land to the Throne of Mercy! Is not this universal uplifting of minds and hearts to God a sublime profession of our faith and trust in him? Is not this national appeal to heaven a most eloquent recognition of God's superintending Providence over us? And such earnest and united prayers will not fail to draw down upon us the blessings of the Almighty.

The President is dead. Long live the President! What a striking proof of the stability of our Government. One which is proof against revolution. One person succeeds another and this succession might go on indefinitely. How different in other countries—assassination leads to revolution and revolution to the death of the Government. William McKinley has passed away, honored and mourned by the nation. Theodore Roosevelt succeeds to the title, the honors and the responsibilities of the Presidential office. Let his fellow citizens rally around him. Let them uphold and sustain him in bearing the formidable burden suddenly thrust upon him. May he be equal to the emergency and fulfil his duties with credit to himself, and may his administration redound to the peace and prosperity of the American people.

BALTIMORE, MD.

William McKinley

By George Alexander Kohut

WHERE Garfield slumbers and where Lincoln sleeps,
Renowned in patriot story,
Another chieftain dreams his peaceful dream,
His dream of deathless glory.

There, shrined among the universal brave,
Whose sacred dust we treasure,
The Lord of Hosts crowns him with martyr palm,
And fame in fadeless measure.

His has become a rare, illustrious name,
To shine, till time is hoary,
With Garfield's and with Lincoln's unforgot,
For this Republic's glory.

NEW YORK CITY.

Theodore Roosevelt

By Avery D. Andrews

[Avery D Andrews has been a close personal friend of President Roosevelt ever since they were both police commissioners of New York City together. When President Roosevelt was Governor of New York he appointed Mr. Andrews his chief of staff with rank of Brigadier-General. General Andrews is now vice-president and general counsel of the National Asphalt Company. —EDITOR.]

THEODORE ROOSEVELT assumes the duties of President with a completeness of preparation equaled by few and surpassed by none of his distinguished predecessors. The variety and importance of his public services during the last twenty years are generally known, but many do not know or appreciate the full effect and importance of his exhaustive study of our political history, of which he is a complete master. Graduating from Harvard University in 1880, he was almost immediately elected to the Assembly, representing one of the New York City districts. He served three terms in the Legislature, at one time leading the minority, and, when his party was in the majority, serving as Chairman of the Committee upon Cities. In 1884 he was chairman of the New York State delegation to the Republican National Convention in Chicago, which nominated Blaine and Logan. In 1886 he was a candidate for Mayor of the City of New York, his opponents being ex-Mayor Hewitt, who was elected, and Henry George. In 1889 he was appointed by President Harrison a member of the Board of United States Civil Service Commissioners in Washington, a position which he filled with marked industry and ability until the spring of 1895.

His next service was as President of the Board of Police Commissioners of New York City under Mayor Strong, from 1895 to 1897; then for nearly one year, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, during the time when preparations were most active for the war with Spain. His brilliant services as Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel of the First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry, commonly known as the "Rough Riders," are known to every child in the land. Returning as one of the few popular heroes of the war, he was nominated and elected Governor of the State of New York. He earnestly desired and was fully entitled to a renomination, but yielded finally to the demands of his party and accepted the nomination of Vice-Presi-

dent of the United States on the ticket headed by William McKinley. He was most active during the campaign, and while Mr. McKinley made but few public utterances other than his letter of acceptance, Colonel Roosevelt was recognized as the official mouthpiece of the Republican party during the campaign, and as such contributed vastly to the successful result. After a service of but a few months as Vice-President the deed of an assassin has called him to the highest position within the gift of the people.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

This brief review of his political career gives, however, but an inadequate impression of his complete preparation for the duties to which he has now been called. During his active life since graduation he has been a constant and devoted student of our political history and economy, and possesses a mastery of these subjects equaled by few men of his or any other time. The progress of his studies has been indicated from time to time by occasional publications, such as "The American Ideals," "The Strenuous Life," and other works. His intimate knowledge of the development of our country to the westward and his unbounding faith in the sturdiness of character and strength of purpose of the early pioneers who crossed the Alleghanies is shown in a series entitled "The Winning of the West," which, altho incomplete, now comprises four large volumes. It is easy to understand, after reading "The Winning of the West," why Theodore Roosevelt has such a strong grasp upon the affections and loyalty of the people of the West. Among other works having less bearing upon his political career, and yet indicating an intense interest in public affairs, are the "Naval War of 1812," "Historic New York," "Life of Benton," and "Oliver Cromwell."

In a large and true sense Theodore Roosevelt is typical of the country over which he presides. Young, strong progressive and ambitious, yet

steadied by a wide experience in public life and a conservatism which has grown as responsibilities have increased, he looks forward with confidence to the future, fully believing in all that is best in the American character to aid and support him in his work. He knows the weak as well as the strong epochs in our national career, and will profit to the utmost thereby. He represents no faction, and is bound by no ties or promises, except only his oath of office and his pledge to the whole people "to continue, absolutely without variation, the policy of President McKinley for the peace, prosperity and honor of our beloved country."

A promise from Theodore Roosevelt means more than a promise from many. It means all that it says or implies, and a little more. His constant endeavor is to live up to the standards which he has set, and then do a little better. But he does not place his ideals beyond the limits of human endeavor, as indicated by scrupulous honesty of thought and action and an abhorrence of all sham and pretense.

My first acquaintance with Colonel Roosevelt was in May, 1895, when he became president of the Board of Police Commissioners of New York City. I had been appointed a member of the Board in February of that year, and as soon as I heard that the position of Police Commissioner had been tendered to him, wrote immediately urging his acceptance. He was then a member of the Board of United States Civil Service Commissioners in Washington. His reply was prompt and characteristic:

"I need not say how heartily I agree in your view that the members of the Board should be united, and that the affairs of the Department should be administered *solely* with a view to the interests of the public. I am, as I always have been and expect to remain, a stanch Republican, but that has not interfered with me, as Civil Service Commissioner, working in absolute harmony with such Democratic colleagues as ex-Governor Thompson of South Carolina, and the present President of the Commission, Mr. Proctor, an ex-Confederate soldier from Kentucky. We never had a difference on any question of principle or policy, and I am very sure, my dear sir, that you and I will be able to make the same record."

We soon found that we were in hearty accord in all important matters before us, and for two years worked in complete harmony as between ourselves, but not always in harmony with others who had different ends in view. The Police Board consisted of four members, all of whom were required by law to concur upon certain important matters, while on all other matters three out of four must concur. As an executive instrument a board thus organized was most cumbersome and unsatisfactory. Deadlocks frequently prevented any action, either good or bad, while delays and postponements inevitably and constantly occurred when prompt action was necessary. Such conditions were most exasperating to a man like Colonel Roosevelt, whose sole purpose was to improve the efficiency of the police, and who often saw his earnest efforts in that direction delayed and even frustrated through sinister influences which were as unexpected and unwarranted as they were entirely beyond our control. It was soon found that one of the Commissioners appointed by Mayor Strong was entirely out of sympathy with the administration, and after repeated requests to resign declined to do so and devoted the remainder of his term of office to deliberate efforts to harass, annoy and defeat the administration of which he remained a part.

Such duplicity and treachery stirred Colonel Roosevelt to the utmost. The sensational press, and that part of the public which always needs and desires a corrupt police, endeavored to make capital out of the differences in the Board of Police and pictured Colonel Roosevelt as domineering and arrogant in manner, with whom conferences and harmonious action were impossible.

It was as President of the Police Board that Colonel Roosevelt was first widely known throughout the whole country, and some impressions which were created at that time, growing out of the peculiar and exasperating conditions which existed in the Board, may still linger in the minds of those who have not followed with care his previous and subsequent career. I have, therefore, referred to the matter somewhat at length in order to set forth accurately his real character and temperament during that rather trying period. As a man of strong convictions and high purposes he held tenaciously to certain cardinal principles which he insisted should be applied at all times in the management of the police, such as

that appointments and promotions should be on merit and record alone; that elections should be honest and conducted in perfect order; that all members of the force should be held to a strict performance of duty, and to scrupulous honesty and truthfulness; of severe punishment for lapses from duty and quick and generous rewards for service of unusual merit; of a firm and unyielding hand upon the criminal and disorderly classes; of a complete separation of the police administration from partisanship based upon race, religion or politics; and in general, an honest and thorough performance of the work intrusted by law to the police force of the city, accompanied at all times by a hearty sympathy with those who were striving to assist us in the work.

A departure, by subterfuge or otherwise, from the general policy as here laid down met with the most stubborn resistance; but along these lines he was always ready to listen to the views of others, and more than willing to accept their plans and methods for carrying on the work. No man could have been more generous of the opinions of others, nor more ready to accept their suggestions and assistance. To any one honestly striving to accomplish the end which he sought, in any private or public work, no one could have been a more agreeable or valuable associate; but to one striving to thwart such a work no one could have been a more vigorous or resourceful foe. He reluctantly left the Police Board to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy before the complete fulfilment of his plans; but the work which he started was carried on by others to an ultimate and complete success, in spite of all opposition and delay.

Theodore Roosevelt has always possessed a keen insight into human character, and an accurate judgment in the selection of his advisers and associates. He possesses to a marked degree,

> "Strength of limb and policy of mind,
> Ability in means and choice of friends."

He knows the kind of a man he wants for each position at his disposal, and gets him if he possibly can. His record as Governor of the State of New York shows that, whatever his relations to a political party may be, he will never appoint a man whom he believes or suspects to be unfit for office. He fully appreciates that the Chief Executive of a great business or Government cannot do all the work, or even direct in person all of the work, for which he is ultimately responsible, and he therefore depends largely and properly upon his chosen advisers and assistants. He confides fully in those in whom he confides at all, and holds his appointees to a strict accountability for the tasks to which they have been assigned. His forced revision of the State Civil Service laws, and his admirable selection of such State officers as the Superintendent of Public Works and Superintendent of Insurance, against the desire of many of his party leaders and advisers, indicates clearly the kind of appointments that we may with confidence expect from him at Washington.

It was my good fortune to know the great labor and care bestowed by him personally in making selections for the quota of officers of the United States volunteer regiments assigned to the State of New York. The commanding officer of each organization in the State which had served during the war with Spain was called upon for written recommendations, naming three or four of the very best officers in the regiment. The records, character and standing of these officers were then most carefully examined and tabulated. From this list selections were made and recommended to the War Department in strict order of merit. This principle of selection and promotion upon merit and record alone constitutes one of the strongest characteristics of the new President, and his influence in this direction will undoubtedly be felt in due time in all branches of the public servce. The value of nearly four years of such influence in the Army, the Navy, the Consular Service, the Judiciary, and elsewhere can hardly be overestimated.

I think Colonel Roosevelt took a more keen interest in his duties as Governor of the State of New York than in any other civil office which he ever held. His first year was devoted very largely to familiarizing himself with the conditions before him, and in the selection of suitable officials to carry on the work along his chosen lines. Before the second year was fairly started the Presidential campaign was under way, with its many demands upon him.

His work as Governor seemed only fairly started, and he was most ambitious for a second term to round out and complete his work. After contending most vigorously for a renomination as Governor, to which he believed he was entitled, he reluctantly and at the last moment yielded to the demands of his party, and accepted the unanimous nomination of the Philadelphia Convention for the Vice-Presidency.

He now succeeds to the office of President of the United States under circumstances wholly different from those attending the succession of any other Vice-President in our history. His nomination as Vice-President was not a concession to any faction or to any State. The West, and indeed, a large element throughout the whole country, desired his selection for the first place on the Presidential ticket. When this, for many reasons, was found impracticable, the whole country demanded his nomination as Vice-President. That his nomination greatly strengthened the national ticket cannot be doubted; and his vigorous personal campaign from East to West and from North to South added many votes to the Republican ticket. While his accession to the Presidency was totally unexpected, accompanied by circumstances of a most distressing nature, he nevertheless assumes the great responsibilities of that office as the enthusiastic choice and representative of the people, and with the entire nation cordially and heartily enlisted in his support. Altho the youngest in years of any President, he is mature both in experience and knowledge and possesses to a marked degree the confidence and the affection of his countrymen. Let no one imagine that he does not fully appreciate the solemnity and the magnitude of his responsibilities, nor question the sincerity of any of his public utterances. He will be President of the whole country and of the whole people. In the language of Henry Clay, he will say by deed, if not in words, "I know no South, no North, no East, no West, to which I owe any allegiance."

Theodore Roosevelt as a Volunteer Soldier

By H. E. Armstrong

[Mr. Armstrong was a war correspondent of the New York *Sun* during the Cuban Campaign.—Editor.]

THE writer saw Theodore Roosevelt for the first time in the old Harvard gymnasium, when General Lister, a veteran of the Civil War, was superintendent. The General taught boxing and fencing, and Roosevelt was in his class. With the gloves the future Rough Rider was an apt and willing pupil, and a glutton for punishment. On the occasion referred to he was boxing with a man bigger and cleverer than himself, and was getting the worst of it. The big man had drawn blood, and, dropping his hands said good naturedly:

"Hadn't we better stop?"

Roosevelt showed his teeth in a strenuous smile and shook his head with the motion of a terrier worrying a rat, and rushed at the big man as soon as he put up his hands. The result was never in doubt, but it made no difference to Roosevelt. I did not see him again until he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, when I went to him to get a letter of introduction to General Miles, just before war was declared with Spain. He rattled off the letter to a young woman at a typewriter, and when I suggested a change in a sentence he said, biting off his words in a nervous way characteristic of him:

"Oh, that's near enough. We haven't time for details now."

His face had a strained look, as if the confining duties of the office were not altogether to his liking.

At Tampa he realized his lack of military training, and gave his undivided attention to drill and guard duty. Rarely was he seen at the gorgeous hotel which served as headquarters. In Colonel Leonard Wood he had a capable and friendly instructor. It was not long before Roosevelt knew almost every man in the command by name. A regiment in which sentinels forgot to salute or wanted to swap jokes with the officers repaid study and required unconventional treatment. Fortunately Wood and Roosevelt had knocked about on the plains and knew when to be severe and when to be blind.

It was not by chance that the camp was some distance from Tampa, or that the outposts had strict orders to know who went in and went out.

The Rough Riders had hardly landed in Cuba before they received their baptism of fire at Guasimas. An officer who was a tyrant and well hated by the men lost his head on that day and turned up at Siboney with a calamitous story that the Rough Riders had been whipped and that Colonel Wood had been killed. It was true that a rumor of the Colonel's death ran through the jungle where the Rough Riders were advancing by short rushes under a wicked fire from an invisible foe. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt was with Troop E when he heard the report, and for a brief moment it disconcerted him. But it did not affect his appetite for fighting. A trooper who was near him told me that he said he would assume command at once and order the whole regiment to advance if he could get any confirmation of the loss of Colonel Wood. Turning to Waller, of Yale, who was a corporal in Troop E, he said:

"See if you can find the Colonel, and report to me at once."

Roosevelt walked impatiently up and down during Waller's absence. When the Yale man returned he said that he had not seen Wood, and had been told that he was shot. While Waller was making his report the square form of Wood, cool and imperturbable, came riding through the jungle. Roosevelt's relief shone in his face. He ran over to Wood and cried impetuously:

"Colonel, we heard you had been killed. You have not been hit, I hope? Everything is all right?"

Wood, a man of few words, merely said: "No, no, not a scratch." And with a wave of his arm he added:

"Take your men over to the left and continue the advance."

The Lieutenant-Colonel needed no urging, and led his men to the charge in gallant style, driving the Spaniards from an old distillery where they made a last stand. After the battle the writer had a talk with him to clear up some misconceptions that were current. The regulars had heard, perhaps not with surprise, that the Rough Riders had fallen into an ambush, and that in the confusion one troop had fired on another. I saw Roosevelt just after he had eaten a scanty breakfast of hardtack and coffee, and at the time he was surrounded by the officers of his mess. He was eager to tell the true story of Guasimas, and talked with voluble earnestness. His pride in the regiment and jealousy of its reputation were manifest. He explained that the battle did not begin until word had been sent back from "point" that the Spaniards were in force. He drew a diagram of the troops of the regiment deploying on both sides of the trail. He often referred me to some officer for confirmation of a statement he had made. As to the rumor that one troop in the rear had fired on another, he said that there had been danger of such a thing on account of the dense undergrowth, but that an investigation had shown that G troop, which was suspected, could never have been in a position to fire on a troop which had pushed ahead of the line. More than one man, it is true, was wounded in the back, but the circumstance may be accounted for by the awkwardness of recruits under fire for the first time. It has also been suggested that the Spaniards had sharpshooters in the trees at Guasimas. At the end of the interview Colonel Wood came up and said that when General Young ordered him to move out from Siboney at first light he was warned that there might be a skirmish, for the intention was to define the enemy's position. When any talking was to be done Colonel Wood usually remained in the background, for he was not as ready as Roosevelt and was not used to being interviewed. The relation between the two men was more that of friendship than of rank.

I have heard army officers say that Colonel Roosevelt, who commanded the Rough Riders at San Juan, claimed too much credit for himself on July 1, and did no more than his duty. He would be the last person to take issue with them on this latter point, for his conception of the performance of duty is that a man must always do his best. There is no doubt that he led in the charge of the cavalry on Kettle Hill, and but for his resolution to move forward when other officers had halted their men and were waiting for orders the hill might have remained in the possession of the Span-

COLONEL ROOSEVELT IN CUBA

iards for some time after Ford's infantry had taken Fort San Juan hill, the key to the enemy's position. A trooper of the Rough Riders who was at Roosevelt's heels in the rush up Kettle Hill told me that just before the charge was made he saw the Colonel arguing in his animated way with General Sumner. The Rough Riders had passed several regiments that had been halted. The fire of the enemy was unintermittent and was doing terrible execution. Whether Colonel Roosevelt got General Sumner's consent to assault Kettle Hill has never been stated. At any rate my Rough Rider informant heard Colonel Roosevelt say to an officer in command of a battalion at the front:

"If you have no orders to advance, let me and my men through. I will take the responsibility."

In his book, Colonel Roosevelt generously says that no doubt other officers acted on the same impulse, for the movement soon became general. Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, of the Ninth Cavalry, was shot dead on the hill. At the time he was behind Colonel Roosevelt, but gallantly leading and cheering on his men. Any one who studies the operations on the right at San Juan cannot fail to get the impression that Theodore Roosevelt was always prominent, and that if any private "headed" him on Kettle Hill, or afterward on the San Juan ridge, it was because he was swifter of foot. The charge up the ridge at a block house northwest of Fort San Juan was not as hot a bit of work as the assault on Kettle Hill, for the Spaniards having been driven from the fort, which was really a farm building, by the infantry, did not make a very stubborn resistance. The accounts of Colonel Roosevelt and a well-known picture of him charging up San Juan Hill on a horse and waving a sword, are inventions. A barb wire fence obliged him to dismount before the assault was made on Kettle Hill, and he finished the day on foot. Sword he had none, for that merely ornamental weapon was left behind at Tampa.

Colonel Roosevelt and the Officers of the Rough Riders Regiment

After the battle he talked freely about it, and of his own experiences. General Sumner had witnessed his headlong bravery—there is no other expression for his behavior on that day—and it was said

that he would be recommended for the medal of honor. Many a veteran of the Civil War received that reward for less conspicuous gallantry than Roosevelt displayed at San Juan. To the writer he said on the hill without affectation:

"I would sooner have that medal to transmit to my children than any promotion in rank."

Early on the morning of July 2 Colonel Roosevelt had a very narrow escape. He was in a little group in which were Knapp, Hollister and Robinson when a shell burst overhead. Hollister and Robinson were wounded. He at once ordered everybody under cover, but took no precautions himself. On the night of the same day, a full moon sailing high in the heavens, the Spaniards made a determined attack on the American line. The crack of the Mauser and the boom of guns made a fearful din. It was necessary to look out for an advance by the enemy, and for half an hour Colonel Roosevelt stood on the ridge by Parker's Gatling battery, indifferent to a murderous fire which was concentrated on it. The marvel is that he lived through the ordeal.

A few days later, during one of the truces, the writer was a guest of Colonel Roosevelt at his mess. It was believed that the truce would end and a general engagement begin at one o'clock. The prospect seemed to have the effect of champagne on the spirits of the Colonel of the Rough Riders. The stark truth is that he wanted to get into the fight again. He kept up a running fire of raillery at his officers. Goodrich, of Harvard, and Greenway, of Yale, of both of whom he was very fond, were the principal targets of his wit. During the meal he called up Willie Tiffany and other non-commissioned officers for promotion. The Colonel at once became serious. He complimented Tiffany, who stood erect and respectful, on his soldierly behavior, and said to him: "Now, Tiffany, I want you to see that the men are not too familiar. We are a happy family, but there must be discipline. There are too many nicknames and too much bantering at times in this regiment."

After the capitulation Colonel Roosevelt was liberal in giving leave to deserving men. To one trooper who asked for permission to accompany him to Santiago one day he said: "Well, if you can get a mount, I'll take you."

The trooper "borrowed" a white mule that was lame in one foot from another regiment, and as they rode into Santiago the Colonel joked with the private about the gait of his mule. In the evening this trooper asked if he could stay over night in order to guide a new recruit to the camp in the morning. Colonel Roosevelt looked at him fixedly for a full minute, and then said:

"Oh, of course you can. Good game, isn't it?"

The following day Colonel Roosevelt called the trooper up and said sternly:

"Where is that white mule?"

"Tied up near your tent, Colonel."

"Well, you stole that mule from General Wheeler's camp. He is threatening to clean us out if we don't give up his property. Now, you know what to do."

To this same Rough Rider, who was a noted football player, the Colonel was uniformly kind. One day he said to him abruptly: "When did you have a change of underclothing last?"

"Not since Guasimas, Colonel."

"Well, you come to my tent, and I'll fit you out."

At Montauk Roosevelt was banker to the regiment, and he has still many "dead assets." His farewell speech to his men is famous. The point of it was:

"New York will give you the freedom of the town for ten days. After that, forget you have been in Cuba."

At the frequent Rough Rider dinners in New York the Colonel was always "one of the boys." He was the life of every occasion. He used to insist on singing, and he did not sing well. His favorite was Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," into which he threw a passionate energy.

New York City.

The Defects of the United States Criminal Law

By George C. Holt

THE assassination of President McKinley has called attention anew to the necessity of a more complete code of the criminal laws of the United States. The legislation of Congress providing for the punishment of criminals has never constituted a complete and symmetrical system. The first Crimes Act of 1790 was very imperfect. The Crimes Act of 1825 supplied many omissions, but was itself incomplete. The original draft of the act, which was prepared by Mr. Justice Story, consisted of seventy sections, and furnished a tolerably complete and systematic code of criminal law. This bill was passed twice through the Senate, but never passed the House. The disfavor with which all legislation conferring adequate powers upon the Federal courts has frequently been regarded in the Southern and Southwestern parts of the country prevented its enactment. In 1825, however, the more important provisions of the original act of Mr. Justice Story were incorporated in a new bill of twenty-six sections. This bill was carried through the House, under the skillful management of Mr. Webster, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, with very considerable amendments, many of which were drafted and the form of all of which were subjected to the revision of Mr. Webster. The Crimes Act of 1825 therefore only embraced a comparatively small portion of the criminal legislation which Judge Story originally deemed essential; but altho the act as actually passed omitted various subjects which ought to have been included in it, it has nevertheless continued since to be substantially the criminal code of the United States. The chapter of the United States Revised Statutes relating to crimes is substantially a re-enactment of the act of 1825, with some provisions of the original act of 1790; so that the criminal laws of the United States have received very little amendment for more than seventy-five years. This Criminal Code, whatever its other defects, has the great merit of clearness and lucidity. There has been very little litigation as to its meaning. Both Judge Story and Mr. Webster were masters of clear and precise statement, and the United States criminal statutes afford a good illustration of the value of employing men of the highest ability to draft public laws.

It is a notable fact that the Federal statutes have made very slight provision for the punishment of assaults upon United States officers. There are some special provisions punishing resistance to revenue and customs officers, but as a general rule any violence shown to an officer of the United States is left to be punished by the State laws, and no distinction is taken between an ordinary assault between private citizens and those made upon officers of the United States by reason of their official position or official action. In the case of the assault by Terry upon Mr. Justice Field, which resulted in the killing of Terry by Naegel, the evidence showed that Terry and his wife, both of whom were desperate characters, had repeatedly and publicly threatened to kill Judge Field and Judge Sawyer because of their judicial action in litigations to which the Terrys were parties; but not only was there under the United States laws no legal remedy to prevent such apprehended assault, but the question was quite doubtful whether the United States Government could afford protection to Naegel for his action in protecting Judge Field. Two judges of the Supreme Court dissented from the opinion of the majority, upholding the discharge upon *habeas corpus* of Naegel from the process of the State court, and the opinion of the majority of the judges shows that the court had to resort to sustain its judgment to a strained and implied authority, under the general inherent powers of the Government, rather than to any clear and satisfactory statutory provisions applicable to the case.

The definite establishment of the prin-

ciple that the United States courts have no common law jurisdiction over crimes, and that nothing can be punished as a crime unless prohibited by statute, makes it especially important that the United States criminal code should be complete. It was the opinion of Judge Story and of many other eminent jurists, early in the history of the Government, that the common law, which admittedly continued in full force in this country so far as the State Governments were concerned, continued also in full force so far as the United States Government was concerned, and that the Federal judiciary, like the State judiciary, could supplement any defects in the statutory provisions in regard to crimes by enforcing the common law. There was always doubt, however, whether the United States courts had any jurisdiction except what was conferred upon them by statute; and Mr. Justice Story at an early date, in order to remove any uncertainty on the subject, advised the passage of an act authorizing the United States courts to enforce the common law whenever the Federal statutes were defective. But this provision never was adopted by Congress, and the courts ultimately and definitely established the rule that the United States courts cannot exercise any criminal jurisdiction not expressly conferred by statute.

This conclusion made it necessary for the United States to provide a complete criminal code for all places within their exclusive jurisdiction. The Crimes Act provided substantially such a code for crimes committed at sea, but in respect to crimes committed on the land, in places ceded to the United States by the States for national purposes, the Crimes Act only provided specifically for a few very important crimes, and as to all other offenses in any such place provided that they should be punished in the same manner as is provided by the laws of the State in which the place is situated. Mr. Webster, in his argument in support of this provision, said:

"The people would not view it with any hardship. The great class if minor offenses should continue to be punished in the same manner as they have been before the cession. The committee did not believe it incumbent upon them to enter into the details of a complete code of penal laws for a few hundreds of the people in the United States dock yards and arsenals."

The system therefore actually adopted was, in substance, to apply the laws of the States for all minor offenses occurring in public buildings, dock yards, arsenals, etc., but the decisions of the court have made the efficiency of this provision somewhat doubtful. It was first decided that the laws of the State meant only the laws in force in 1825, at the time of the passage of the act; then that the section only applied to places that had been ceded to the United States prior to the act of 1825, and did not apply to places ceded afterward, or to such places as military reservations, for example, which had not been ceded by the State, but had been retained by the Government when the State was created. Congress subsequently amended the act by providing that it should apply not only to places which had been, but which might be thereafter, ceded to the United States. The rule still continues, however, that it is the laws of the States in force at the time of the passage of the act of 1825, or perhaps of the Revised Statutes, and not the laws of the States as they are changed or repealed from time to time, which apply, it being considered at least doubtful whether Congress has the power to provide that State criminal laws which might thereafter be passed should have the effect of United States laws.

The result is that all minor criminal offenses perpetrated on land, within the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, are only punishable by the State law. Of such offenses are assaults of all kinds, even those with a deadly weapon made with intent to kill. So that if the assault on President McKinley had taken place in a place within the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, and had not resulted fatally, the only law which could have been applied to the case would have been the law of the State of New York in respect to similar assaults. And the same rule would have, of course, applied under the actual circumstances of the assault if he had lived.

The essential defect, however, in the criminal laws of the United States is that it makes no adequate distinction between ordinary crimes and those perpetrated against magistrates and officers of the

law as such. The doctrines of constructive treason and of *lese majeste,* as carried out in despotic countries, have been usually so harassing and unjust as to properly create a deep prejudice against them in this country; and the result has been that all crimes of violence against public officers have been left to be treated as on a par with other crimes of violence against ordinary persons. It is obvious, however, that any person who is guilty of threats, intimidation or violence toward an officer of the law by reason of his official conduct, or to prevent the discharge of his official duty, commits not only an offense against the person of the officer, but an offense against the majesty of the law and the Government itself. Public officers should be especially protected in the discharge of their duty, and it should be made a far more serious matter for any person holding an official position to be threatened or obstructed or assaulted by reason of his official action than for any private individual to be subjected to the same treatment.

But a still weightier obligation rests upon the Government to protect its magistrates and officers against attacks made upon them, not because of their action in the discharge of any particular public duty, but because they represent the authority of the Government. Such attacks as these are a strange development of human perversity, but they have become in recent years common. The modern sect of anarchists is a very small body, made up of a few theorists whose philosophical ideas are almost as incomprehensible as they preposterous, and a few of the most degraded types of men, half degenerate, wholly malignant, bursting with self-conceit and thirsting for public notoriety. So long as they confine themselves to philosophical discussion and do not incite to any specific act of violence the old American system of allowing everybody, however foolish or wicked, to talk, is probably the best course for the Government to take. But the terrible and repeated assassinations which these miscreants have perpetrated in recent years, assassinations in almost every case without any personal hostility against their victims and carried out simply for the purpose of demonstrating their hatred of all law, order and government, demonstrate the imperative necessity of stringent and effective legislation to prevent their crimes when possible and to punish them when they occur. The intention of these wretches is always murderous. They never aim at anything less than assassination. Their sole object is to defy law and destroy order. The character therefore of these criminals and the nature of these crimes are such that the severest punishment may properly be imposed upon them. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether too great a distinction is not usually made in the punishments inflicted upon a man guilty of wilfully murderous acts by reason of the result. The guilt of the man who intentionally fires a pistol at another, meaning to kill him, is essentially the same, whether he kills him or wounds him, or misses him; and altho some distinction may perhaps wisely be made between the punishments to be inflicted in such cases, it is very doubtful whether so great a variation in the punishment should be allowed as is usually provided by the criminal law. But in the case of a person who attacks a public officer with a deadly weapon with the intention of killing him simply because he is a public officer and represents the Government and the law, there is no legitimate reason why the same punishment should not be imposed upon the criminal whether he accomplishes his object or not. Such an attack should be punished by death whether his victim lives or dies.

Such a law, too, should not be confined simply to the case of the President. All important public officers should be equally protected. It is indeed a somewhat singular fact that in this country, in which lawlessness and violence so often occur, while three Presidents have been assassinated, no instance has occurred of the assassination of any member of Congress or of any United States judge by reason of his public position or conduct. The attack upon Mr. Seward was a part of the plot against Mr. Lincoln, and with that exception no attempt has been made to assassinate any Cabinet officer. But all these officers are peculiarly liable to such attacks. The Vice-President, the members of the Cabinet, and the members of Congress, particularly of the Senate, are always liable to the hostility of office seekers who have failed

to receive appointments, and the judges are always liable to the hostility of disappointed litigants. Great crimes are contagious, and any particularly notorious one causes others until the law stamps them out. It has become absolutely essential for the maintenance of the dignity of the Government and the character of the nation that stringent laws should be immediately adopted and rigidly enforced, punishing all persons who offer any indignity or violence to our public officers and magistrates with greater severity than is provided by law for similar offenses committed against private individuals.

The Commission which was appointed several years ago to revise and codify the criminal laws of the United States has very recently completed its draft of a United States Penal Code. The proposed code, and the accompanying report of the Commission to the Attorney-General, have been printed and publicly distributed only within a few days past, and it is too early since its distribution to express a definite opinion on the merits of the proposed code in detail. A cursory examination, however, shows that it has certainly corrected some of the most obvious defects in the existing law, and may probably prove, upon a thorough examination, to be generally a satisfactory work of codification. It contains, however, no special provisions for the protection of public officers. If such a code is adopted, such legislation should be contained in it; and the experienced members of this Commission might well draft and include in the proposed code, before its final submission to Congress, an additional section, containing appropriate provisions for the protection of public officers in the discharge of their official duties.

New York City.

The Kindergarten

By Elbert Hubbard

Author of "Little Journeys," Etc.

WITHIN twenty years a silent evolution has been going on in the method and manner of teaching children. The changes have been so great that they have really amounted to a revolution.

This change in method has sprung principally from the influence of one man.

That man is Frederick Froebel.

Froebel was the inventor and the originator of the kindergarten.

The kindergarten is the greatest, most important, most useful innovation of the nineteenth century, save none.

No rapid transit scheme of moving men from this point to that with lightning-like rapidity (with nothing special to do when they get there); no invention of calling up folks five hundred miles away and talking to them (with nothing really worth while to communicate), can compare for an instant in value with that which gives love for brutality, trust for fear, hope for despair—the natural for the artificial.

The kindergarten! The Child-Garden—a place in which little souls fresh from God bloom and blossom.

You cannot make the plant blossom. You can, however, place it in the sunshine and supply it aliment and dew; but Nature does the rest.

And so it is with teaching—all we can do is to comply with the conditions of growth in the child, and God does the rest.

We are strong only as we ally ourselves with Nature; we progress only by laying hold on the forces of the universe.

Man is a part of Nature—just as much as are the tree and bird. In the main, every animal and every organism does the thing that is best for it to do. Froebel thought that human nature in its elements is as free from falsity and error as Nature is under any other aspect. The idea that man is constantly prone to do that which is hurtful to himself was revolting to this wise and gentle man.

The kindergarten system is simply the utilization of play as the prime factor in

education. Froebel discovered that play was God's plan of educating the young, and he adopted it.

Before Froebel's time everybody seemed to think that play was a waste of time in children, and a sin in grown-ups. That which was pleasant was bad.

Some people still hold to this idea, but such folks, I am glad to know, are growing a trifle lonesome.

In 1850, the year before Froebel died, he said, "It will take the world four hundred years to recognize the truth of my theories." Only fifty years have passed (three hundred and fifty years are yet to our credit), and already we find the kindergarten idea coloring the entire scheme of pedagogics. Like a single drop of aniline in a barrel of water, its influence is shown in every part.

The character of Napoleon stands out sharp and clear, etched against the sky. He killed a million men, made homeless and houseless five million women and children, and behind him left a trail of desolation and death.

We may admire the power of the man, but his life does not influence us; we do not imitate him, and between him and us there is nothing in common. He stands away out there with folded arms, upon a barren rock, at St. Helena, looking out upon the sad and solemn sea; and we are here.

Two men of modern times have influenced the inner life of the race profoundly. And yet they are not widely known, nor are their names household words. They have mingled their lives with ours, and the river of their existence is lost in the ocean of our being.

Not a home (among the better class of homes) in Europe or America but shows the influence of William Morris. The genuineness, simplicity, truthfulness, and quiet good taste of Morris have influenced the entire housekeeping world.

Not a schoolroom in the civilized world that does not show the influence of Frederick Froebel. The kindergarten idea has also crept into the homes and is influencing and educating the parents.

The use of pictures as a means of exciting self-activity is seen everywhere; children are being taught to observe nature, and they are encouraged to bring to the school the curious things they find in woods or fields—birds' nests, fungi, flowers—and these things are discussed with animation in open court.

There are fewer books and greater interchange of thought and feeling—more expression and less introspection.

Disgrace through the dunce-cap; "standing on the floor;" humiliation through corporal punishment, when the entire school quit study to look on; use of the ruler on the open hand on account of lessons not memorized—all these things are becoming beautifully less. Naggings, chidings, threats and stern prohibitions now have no legitimate place in any schoolroom.

But the things I have just mentioned, and which every man of, say, forty years, so well remembers, are as nothing compared to the inquisitorial horrors that childhood of a hundred years, or even fifty years ago, had to endure. Thomas Carlyle once wrote:

> "Most people seem to think that when Jesus said 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not,' he held a rod behind him and was only trying to coax the youngsters within easy reach."

It is not my purpose here to catalog the villainies of the past done in the name of education, but the matter was summed up by a friend of mine, an Englishman, a few weeks ago, when he said:

> "I most surely believe in hell, for I have been there. When I was seven years old my parents placed me in a boarding school for boys, and I remained there five years. The fagging and beastly brutality of the big boys toward the little ones was only a reflex of the mental attitude held toward us all by the head master and his wife, who were neither better nor worse than the average teacher of the time. They were 'educated' folks, and piled up forty lines of Virgil on you for trivial acts or omissions; and when you were hopelessly bankrupt they canceled the score with a cat o' nine tails and the dark room with bread and water. My life there seared my very soul, and filled my heart with so much hate that I am at times a victim to it yet. The only compensation for that nightmare of my childhood lies in the fact that I saw the wickedness and atrocious error of a system that sought to repress and break the spirit, instead of giving it wings."

And this is the kind of education the Froebel system has supplanted. We have kindness now, and faith and love; and he who has the most sympathy, the greatest patience, shall be teacher, and crowned with honor, and above all, he shall feel the approval of his Other Self.

East Aurora, N. Y.

Different Points of View

By L. Clarke Davis

Managing Editor of the Public Ledger

THERE are few questions more commonly discussed by either the religious or the secular press than that of the ever increasing or decreasing popular concern for or interest in religion. The newspapers fill the land with the clamor of their contention regarding it. The discussion is not, however, a new one; it has been proceeding time out of mind, and will continue to proceed, no doubt, until time shall be no more. But unless all signs, physical and spiritual, are misleading, there appears little to sustain the assumption that popular religious zeal is decreasing. That the American people have grown less interested in creed, dogma and perfunctory observance of formula, rites and ceremonies is unquestionably true, but there are also proofs enough on every hand to irrefutably establish the fact that never since time began was religion so potent a factor in the economy of mankind as it is to-day.

We are told, however, that the Church has grown cold; that its pews are unfilled as of yore; that it has ceased to safeguard the old bulwarks of the faith, and no longer stands for the ancient landmarks set up by the Fathers; that it is failing to inspire as it once did noble ideals of holy living, or to bring sinners to repentance.

Many recognized authorities, some of the highest, tell us all this, and believe it, too. But testimony which cannot be refuted proves these pessimists as wrong as wrong can be. In all the sphere of human thought and achievement there appears to be nothing more sentient, more active for good than the Church. Its heart throbs with fiery zeal and endeavor. Admittedly it has cooled its one-time fervor and reverence for the Thirty-nine Articles, the Westminster Confession of Faith, and the Longer and Shorter Catechisms, but it proclaims from Dan to Beersheba the Sermon on the Mount, and not only proclaims it from pulpit and altar but makes it a practical, forceful reality. The Church is not only alert, up-and-doing, preaching and practicing; it is aggressive in its vitality and energy. The pews may not be so well filled as formerly, but consider how their number has grown, how much greater is the number of God's temples. It is a small community, indeed, in which nearly every religious denomination does not have its place of worship and its devout worshipers.

It is not improbable that in earlier times the preacher preached and prayed oftener and longer than he does now, and that in his impassioned discourses he made the fires of Hell to burn more fiercely, but there was never a time when he was so busy as now in his high office, nor when he taught the matchless creed of Faith, Hope and Charity so well and convincingly, and never before did he use so many and such effective weapons as he now does with which to fight sin and Satan. Moreover, the work of the Church is no longer done by the preacher alone; he has clerical and lay coadjutors who go out into the highways and byways to call Dives and Lazarus—the lame, the halt, the blind, the saint and the sinner to come to the wedding feast of the Lord.

Consider also the work which religion is doing to-day outside of the stately or the lowly temples of the Church. The whole land is filled with religious guilds, clubs, societies, associations of all and every sort, all which are doing God's own work with the vigor of zealots. The hospitals, homes, asylums, refuges, guild houses, even the colleges and schools, are everywhere offering up their testimony to the universal prevalence of the most sentient spirit of religion. These beneficent institutions stand for the certain and ripest fruits of the country's profound, sincere religious sentiment, the greater part of which is Charity. The Church is urging its people to try to do that which Christ taught them to do; to love their neighbors as themselves, to

care for the sick, to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the prisoner in prison, to do unto others as they would have others to do unto them. That practical form of expression of faith in and love for Christ is the very essence of true religion, and it is almost as common as the broad and general air.

Outside that which we conventionally call the Church there are vast armies of good, noble, self-sacrificing men and women engaged heart and soul in God's work—in the work of fighting sin and the devil. Often they are waging the battle with no onlookers, with no one to applaud, none to commend. Hosts of them have gone into those miasmatic swamps of sloth, vice, squalor, immorality and crime—the slums of the great cities, where they are spending their lives, freely offering them up as sacrifices to religion. Let me freely confess that of what was doing in one of those submerged deeps of debased humanity I was until latterly as ignorant as many others are. But a year or so ago the fancy took hold of me to go wandering about among the most repellant parts of the slums of my own particular town. I cannot describe their physical or moral state except to say that it seemed to me, from every point of view, they denied God and shamed humanity. Not only blocks, but miles of pestilential dens challenged law and order on every side. The whole broad, long district reeked with vice, crime and immorality under the very eyes, with the tolerance, if not the connivance, of the constituted authorities. Before one den which I passed a young girl of respectable parents had been done to death; it was an opium joint into which she had been lured a little while before. The place had not been closed since by the police, and the door stood wide open, and the keeper still pursued her infamous trade in opium and death. Before another house of ill repute I stopped to look into a room into which a priest of the Roman Catholic Church had been lured and murdered last spring. There were nine persons who participated in the crime, six men and three women, and all young; they gave their prey "knockout drops," and in a half hour he was dead. They took his money, his watch and jewelry; stripped the clothes even from his corpse, and then flung it into the adjoining hallway. They had no difficulty in getting poison at the nearest drug shop; no trouble in pawning at the nearest pawnshop the things of which they had robbed him. They were arrested, tried and convicted. The *morale* of not only the murderers, but of multitudes of the denizens of this particular "red light" center was aptly but unconsciously defined by one of the prisoners who, testifying in his own behalf, said: "I don't believe in giving 'knockout drops.' I never use 'em in getting a man's money. I never use a gun or a knife, I want his money, not his life. I use a sandbag. That puts him to sleep. It don't kill him."

This thug, and his fellow thugs, and the den in which they murdered the poor priest, were as well known to the police for years before as was the corner saloon. They knew the place was a haunt of thieves, but they did not interfere with it or its criminal inmates until the murder, which would not down, compelled them to do it.

When for the first time I crossed the borders of this infected neighborhood, and saw how unclean it was, how vile its *habitués*, my thought of it and them, had it been expressed, would have had some such form as this: "If the good God knew that this foul blot upon his world existed he would knock away its underpinnings, and let it and all of its sin-sodden and irredeemably wicked and depraved folk drop into Hell, there to be purified with fire."

That was my original view of the situation taken from a too early and a too contracted range of vision. When, later, I penetrated deeper into this pestilential slough of vice and crime, I found that there were others who were better authorities than I and who knew much more about it than I did, who looked at it from a wholly different point of view. Here I found the preachers and teachers of the Church, or of the divinest religion, spending their lives among these submerged ten thousands, working with fervid, feverish zeal among them in not only the belief that they had souls to be saved but souls worth the saving. In my wanderings about in the slums of the great city I came upon the barracks of the Salvation Army wherein and about which were men and women fighting

shoulder to shoulder against the terrible conditions of their environment. A little further on, at the next street intersection, there were more soldiers of the Army, contending valiantly with sin and the devil and doing it against apparently unconquerable odds. But undismayed they fought on for Christ and religion. Within the short space of two blocks I stopped to listen to more captains, lieutenants and high privates of the Salvation Army preaching in the open to the sinners of the blighted district. Going still further I entered a mission, sustained by Sunday schools and evidently conducted solely by women about whose heads a halo should have shone, so nobly did they contend for the saving of the wrecked souls about them. To me it seemed as if of their kind the saints are made. Again, further on, I was attracted by the voice of a woman raised in marvelous speech. I looked up at the window before entering and saw that the house was "the Headquarters of the Atlantic Coast Regiment of the American Volunteers," in which a motley crowd was gathered.

The room in which the services are nightly held is entered from a store front, and is not quite regular in shape, a small offset in which are from fifteen to twenty chairs being near the street. The platform, upon which are organ and pulpit, with chairs, is at the far end of the room. Persons who attend the services sit with their backs to the doorway, and may readily examine the biblical cheap colored prints on the walls. Streamers of red, of white and blue stretch across the hall, and just above the platform is the word, "Welcome." "Jesus Only" is the next legend displayed, and after that is the text, "The Lord is my strength and song;" "Whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected;" "The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich and he addeth no sorrow with it."

The hall was half filled with men and women. A few of them were from other neighborhoods, but with rare exceptions they represented the Red Light folk. Outcasts, thieves and harlots flocked there, the hideous trade marks of their callings stamped forever on their faces by a hand that makes no mistakes. The woman of the street came in to rest her tired feet before again beginning her weary round; she came to rest, and, may be, stayed to pray.

If she did not it was strange, for there on the platform by the rude pulpit stood three of her pure, good sisters. They stood there to cast no stone at, to bring no vailing accusations against, to speak no word of reproach to sot, thief or harlot. They were there because Christ, religion, called them there. They spoke of Jesus, and him crucified. Of his abounding, boundless patience with and mercy for the sinner. The mantle of their charity was broad enough to cover the sins of the whole world and all the sinners in it. They were as simple and single minded teachers as I ever saw. They knew only Christ and the work he had set their hands to do. To that work they had given, were giving, by day and by night, all that to the common mind makes life a pleasure—all that is fair and winsome in life they had put aside to labor for Christ. And in what deadly earnest they were in doing their work of saving souls to God! Why, if all preachers were as concerned as these to drag or coax sinners to repentance, one half the sin of the world would soon be swept away. If it had been their own souls, not that of the vile thieves and the harlots there that they were pleading for, they could not have pled more forcefully or fervidly. They seemed to me to be the epitome of religious sincerity, of the truest spirit of human sacrifice for Christ; they are giving up their young lives to poverty, to all forms of physical hardship, to highly mental distress and emotional suffering in order to bring those poor outcasts to God, and are confronted daily and nightly by sinners who would, and will, die in their sin and let no man nor woman save them.

I should like to make plain to you, if I could, something of the strange eloquence of one of these teachers, who was called "the Captain," I think. She told again that wonderful story of old, the life of Christ from the rising of the Star over Bethlehem to the Death upon the Cross. A mother's lullaby to her child could not have been more simply sung than this was told. The voice of the speaker was low and sweet, and full of a singularly touching pathos. When she approached the end of the story, repeat-

ing, "Father, forgive them," her voice fell so low it seemed as if there were nothing twixt it and silence. "Jesus is dead, dead, dead," she said. "Dying that you and I might live. Oh! wonderful Savior. Oh, wonderful Jesus." Then there was a pause as the speaker silently contemplated the rude colored print of the Crucifixion on the wall. "Yes—he died, but"—and her tones rose in triumphant resonance on the words—"he rose again; he rose from the dead. He is alive to-day. He is here, here in this room with us. He is here to ask you, to plead with you, to come home. You have wandered away into rough roads and waste places, into sin, suffering, misery. You are lost, lost, lost. Come home, oh! come home. It is Jesus who calls to you—come home." The voice was choking with half articulated sobs, from her eyes flowed pitying tears; her hands fell by her side in despairing hopelessness. Then the speaker paused, looked up as if standing face to face with him: "Oh, God!" she said. "Help me, I have done all I could. I have said all I could to bring them home to you, and none comes nor stirs. Oh, Lord, help me, help me."

In attempting to reproduce it from memory I have done this fervid appeal grave injustice, but I hope I have suggested, at least, the impressive earnestness of the teacher and the convincing sincerity of those faithful folk who are working in this obscure temple of God for his wayward people. When I see such noble examples of religious zeal as this, and when I see everywhere I go such heroic self-abnegation, such devotion to the highest and purest ideals laid on the altar of religion, such fervent, strenuous endeavor to bring the wanderers to the infinite grace, love and mercy of Jesus, I know that God lives, that religion lives, that the heart of the Church is not growing cold, that its heart is on fire, giving forth with ever increasing force that divine flame which was lighted by Christ on Calvary, and which is to be forever inextinguishable in the lives, the sayings and the doings of men.

PHILADELPHIA, PA

The Great Yacht Race

By an Officer of the New York Yacht Club

THE theater and settings are so broad and so beautiful, the contestants are so thoroughly representative of the world's greatest nations, highest civilization and finest achievement in one of the most ancient domains of human effort that the international yacht race for the America's cup fully deserves the world-wide interest and attention which it receives.

The cup, its antecedents, how it came here, the various phases of the struggle for its retention—these matters are all household words to the yachtsmen. But at the present time, when we are on the verge of another international battle, when one of the most dangerous antagonist that ever crossed the ocean is here challenging us, the entire American people is interested in the prospective race and all that pertains to it.

I hope that I may be pardoned, therefore, by yachtsmen if I address myself to the non-yachting public, to whom most of the talk of the newspapers about "Shamrock II" and "Columbia" is all Greek.

This America's cup is a solid silver trophy standing about two and a half feet high. It is on exhibition at Tiffany's jewelry store, on Broadway. Its cost was about $350. It is called the America's cup after the yacht "America," which won it in August, 1851, by defeating, in hollow style, fifteen of the best English yachts assembled at Cowes.

American yachting is comparatively of recent date, as the first match in the States took place in 1846 between J. C. Stevens's new center-board sloop "Maria," of 170 tons, and the "Coquette," schooner of 74 tons, belonging to J. H. Perkins. The latter won, but Mr. Stevens was now thoroughly aroused on the subject of yachting and

determined to aim at the highest prize. Accordingly he commissioned George Steers, of New York, builder of the crack pilot boats, to construct a schooner fit to contend for ocean supremacy with the best that England could show. The result was the "America," of 170 tons.

All the world was assembled in England in 1851, as it was the year of the great exhibition, and the appearance of the "America" at Cowes caused much excitement and curiosity, tho it was not imagined that she was really dangerous. The great trophy for competition was the Queen's cup, and it was to fight for this that the "America" crossed the ocean; but, after all, she failed to compete for it. Mr. Stevens did not like the English system of time allowance and refused to concede the amount set against his boat on account of her size. The good fellows of the Royal Yacht Squadron, sooner than see the "America" return without a race, resolved to waive time allowance in their match, which was to be sailed around the Isle of Wight, for a cup given by the squadron.

The "America" entered and came home so far ahead of the fifteen other yachts that Queen Victoria, viewing the race, inquired "Where is the second?" to which a sorrowful subject made answer, "Your Majesty, there is no second."

Setting time allowance aside, the "America" beat all her English rivals fairly and decisively, and the cup that she brought home to this country was well earned.

The "Columbia"

When the cup was won by the "America" it became the property of the owners of that yacht, who presented it to the New York Yacht Club in 1857, subject to these conditions:

"Any organized yacht club of any foreign country shall always be entitled, through any one or more of its members, to claim the right of sailing a match for this cup with any yacht or other vessel of not less than thirty or more than three hundred tons, measured by the

custom house rule of the country to which the vessel belongs.

"The parties desiring to sail for the cup may make any match with the yacht club in possession of the same that may be determined upon by mutual consent; but in case of disagreement as to terms the match shall be sailed over the same course for the annual regatta of the yacht club in possession of the cup and subject to its rules and sailing regulations; the challenging party being bound to give six months' notice in writing, fixing the day they wish to start—this notice to embrace the length, custom house measurement, rig and name of the vessel.

"It is to be distinctly understood that the cup is to be the property of the club and not of the members thereof or owners of the vessel winning it in a match; and that the condition of keeping it open to be sailed for by yacht clubs of all foreign countries upon the terms laid down shall forever attach to it, thus making it perpetually a challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries."

The "Shamrock"

After four attempts to recover the cup had been defeated, the club gave it back to the only surviving owner of the original owner—Mr. George L. Schuyler.

He immediately returned it to the club with a new deed of gift. This was an amplification of the first, the same in sense with the important addition:

"Vessels intending to compete for this cup must proceed under sail on their own bottoms to the port where the contest is to take place."

After the defeat of the "Genesta" a number of points were raised against the conditions of the deed, and the discussion resulted in the return of the cup to Mr. Schuyler, who immediately gave it back again with the "new deed of gift" which is still in force. This new deed is dated October 24, 1887. By it Mr. Schuyler gave the cup in trust to the New York Yacht Club "as a perpetual challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries."

New clauses provided that the competing yachts, if of one mast, should not be less than sixty-five or more than ninety feet on the load water line; if of more than one mast, they should not be less than eighty feet or more than one hundred and fifteen feet on the load water line. Ten months' notice of challenge to be given. No race to be sailed between November 1 and May 1. Center-board or sliding keel vessels are allowed to compete. Challenger and defender to agree among themselves as to conditions of match, including dates, courses, number of trials, rules and sailing regulations. In case they cannot agree, then three races shall be sailed, the winner to be entitled to the cup. All such races shall be on ocean courses, free from headlands.

The cup remained in our undisputed possession till 1870, when the British schooner "Cambria" made a try for it. The entire fleet of the New York Yacht Club, with the exception of the hopeless lags, sailed against her. She had twenty-three antagonists when the start took place, on August 8th, from a point off Staten Island, and the "Magic" and half the other yachts beat the "Cambria," some of them by more than thirty minutes. The "Magic" won the race.

Mr. James Ashbury, who owned the "Cambria," came back with a new yacht in 1872. She was the "Livonia." The "Columbia" beat her twice. On their next race the "Columbia" sailed without any captain and manned by a crew that had been celebrating the victories. An astonishing series of accidents happened to her, and the "Livonia" won the race by more than an hour. The "Sappho" then continued the series of seven races for the New York Yacht Club and easily defeated the "Livonia."

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club next essayed to lift the gift. They sent the "Countess of Dufferin." The schooner yacht "Madeleine" beat her more than twenty-seven minutes.

In 1881 a Canadian sloop named the "Atalanta" came after the cup, and the sloop "Mischief" beat her by thirty-nine minutes, corrected time.

In 1885 the "Genesta," an 80-ton cutter built at the Clyde and thought by the British to be a miracle of speed, came over here cup-seeking. The "Puritan," built at Boston for General Paine, but sailed under New York Yacht Club colors, met and conquered her. The "Galatea" followed in 1886 and shared the same fate, the "Mayflower" disposing of her with little exertion.

In 1887 came the "Thistle," built at the Clyde somewhat on American lines, and bearing the high hopes of her owners. She also was heralded as a wonder, but the "Volunteer" disposed of her quite decisively.

In 1893 came Lord Dunraven with "Valkyrie II." She was hard to beat. In one race over a thirty mile course her antagonist, the "Vigilant," only led her by forty seconds.

In 1895 "Valkyrie III," also owned by Lord Dunraven, came here to try for the cup. In her first race she was beaten by the "Defender" by eight minutes and 49 seconds. In the second race "Valkyrie" finished first, but was disqualified for fouling. In the third race "Valkyrie" withdrew at the start.

The racing between the "Columbia" and "Shamrock" in 1899 culminated in a glorious contest on October 20th. There was a strong breeze from the northeast, and the yachts traveled nearly twelve knots an hour. "Columbia" beat "Shamrock" by six minutes and thirty-four seconds, corrected time. In a previous race, with a light wind, "Columbia" won by ten minutes and eight seconds, corrected time. In the other race between them "Shamrock" carried away her topmast and "Columbia," by

previous agreement, was obliged to go over the course alone.

Sir Thomas Lipton said that he was satisfied that the "Columbia" was the better boat, but he would return with another and try again.

So he has come to us again with "Shamrock II."

It will be noted from the foregoing history of the cup races that modifications in race conditions have taken place since the "America" beat a crowd of British yachts around the Isle of Wight.

There have been a number of complaints from challengers which have induced concessions from the New York Yacht Club.

Mr. James Asbury, who owned the "Cambria" and "Livonia," promptly discovered that the single contestant sailing against a fleet, as the "America" had to do, is at a disadvantage. Accordingly the New York Yacht Club conceded him a single antagonist.

He claimed to represent twelve British yacht clubs and wanted to sail twelve races, one for each of the clubs, he to be given the cup if he won a single race. That was ingenious, but could hardly be allowed, and he was given a series of seven races and beaten decisively.

Another matter that displeased Mr. Asbury was the course from Stapleton, Staten Island, down to a point off Sandy Hook. This was the New York Yacht Club's regular racing ground, but there were valid objections to it and recent races have all taken place out upon the ocean. Even there the track is not satisfactory to all contestants, Lord Dunraven especially complaining of interference by excursion steamers, tho these got in the way of the American quite as much as in that of the British boat.

During the race between "Columbia" and "Shamrock" our Government took a hand in the matter, and torpedo boats and revenue cutters, with Rear-Admiral Evans in command, kept the enthusiastic sightseers off the course.

This long series of contests has had most important results so far as the production of racing machines goes.

The problem has been to build the boat that would cleave water with least resistance and carry most sail. So much progress has been made that the yachts of today are fully one-third faster than those of fifteen years ago.

There have been improvements of model, of rigging, of material employed in building, of sails, of adjustments and apparatus.

How much effect this will have in the world of commerce I confess I am unable to say, but I judge that it must necessarily be large.

The contest for the America's cup has settled down to a possible series of five races, the boat winning three out of the five to be the victor. It has never been necessary, however, to sail out the entire series, as no visitor has secured more than one race out of the series.

The course will be laid out on the ocean near Scotland Lightship, off Sandy Hook. In some of the races it will be fifteen miles to windward and return before the wind. In other races it will be over a triangle measuring ten miles on each side. The actual distance covered by the yachts is often over forty miles, as they have to tack or zigzag when they wish to go in the direction from which the wind is blowing.

If neither yacht is able to go over the course within five and a half hours it is no race.

In the past contests the wind has often failed day after day to the great disappointment of all yachtsmen and spectators.

Races will be started at 11 o'clock in the day or as soon thereafter as possible. No race will be started as late as 1 o'clock. Extraordinary precautions will be taken to keep the great crowd of excursion steamers away from the course, as even when they are at a considerable distance they send out waves that most materially disturb the delicately adjusted yachts.

The "Columbia," which was launched in 1899, is commanded by Captain Barr and has a racing crew of thirty-eight picked men, mostly Deer Islanders—Barr himself was born in Scotland, but has long been an American by adoption. Her dimensions are: Length, 102 feet 2 inches; on waterline, 89 feet 7 inches; beam, 24 feet; draught, 19 feet; hight of mast, 134 feet 9 inches; sail area, 13,125½ square feet. Her hull is of bronze, 3-16 of an inch in thickness; her mast is of Oregon pine, and her spars of wood.

She was designed by Capt. Nat Herreshoff.

"Shamrock II" was designed by G. L. Watson, and is commanded by Captain Sycamore, who is famous for getting the utmost out of a boat. He has a crew of fifty picked men under him who work like a piece of machinery. The length of the yacht is 137 feet; waterline, 89 feet; beam, 23 feet 6 inches; draught, 19 feet 6 inches; hight of mast, 148 feet; hull of bronze 3-16 of an inch in thickness; mast and spars of steel.

The challenger's people claim that she is fifteen minutes faster than "Shamrock I" over a fifteen mile course. That may be, but it is noticeable that they require odds in the betting. We have grown accustomed to hearing each challenger heralded as a wonder.

There has been some question, on the part of people who do not understand yachting, as to why boats not belonging to the New York Yacht Club cannot have the honor of defending the cup. That whole matter has been threshed out again and again in several prolonged controversies, and it has ben pretty well settled among yachtsmen that some responsible club must have the custody of the cup and the management of its defense. The New York won the cup and has ever since held it. This does not exclude other yachts than those of the New York Yacht Club from the position of defender, but possession of them must be surrendered for the purposes of the race to the N. Y. Y. C., which is responsible for the management of the race.

New York City.

The Silver Dollar

By Edward Boltwood

"OH, it's bound to turn out all right," said Ormiston to himself, for perhaps the twentieth time that evening. "I'll strike the story to-night, and write it to-morrow, and get the check for it Wednesday morning. A dollar is enough to keep me until then."

He wound his fingers around the silver piece in his pocket and turned into the glare of Broadway. It was midsummer; the lazy, unhampered look of the street proclaimed that fact without the aid of an almanac or thermometer. An informal air of fellowship pervaded the sidewalk; the loungers seemed to say to one another: "Here we are in New York on an August night, and let's make the best of it." Young Ormiston sauntered along with a vague enjoyment of this elusive friendliness.

He enjoyed it the more because he was actually friendless. From the office of a country newspaper in the South Ormiston had come to New York to make his fortune by writing stories. He had written many stories, and his fortune consisted of one round dollar. But that morning some one had told Ormiston of a promising market for a two thousand word story if the manuscript was in hand Wednesday.

"They are not likely to use this dialect Southern stuff of yours," said the overwise informant. "Try a yarn of real New York life. Something that might happen."

Ormiston had nodded and walked out. It was a chance—and yet a story of New York was as impossible to him as a biblical epic. To him the city was a lifeless thing of stone and iron. All day long he had racked his brain for an idea, the cool of the twilight had called him out of doors; and here he was, still haunting the streets and saying softly to himself, "The story—the story—the story!" Where was it? Perhaps behind the closed doors of the bank at the corner, perhaps in the cab which rattled over the crossing, perhaps locked in the lives of the two people who passed him as he waited on the curb. The greatest story in the world might be right under his eyes and he unconscious.

In this mood he found himself staring down a side street which flanked one of the theatres left open at that season. A dozen or so boys had ranged themselves in a row close to the playhouse in the empty street down which Ormiston was gazing. The little gamins stood there expectantly, like soldiers waiting the word

of command. Suddenly the orchestra inside burst into the blare of a glorious quickstep, the crash of brass and drum broke through the wall, and the music rang in the street with lively distinctness. The boys began to march and countermarch over the asphalt, following the swing of the tune and cheering now and again in an excess of ardor.

"That's queer," thought Ormiston. "I suppose they line up here every night and wait for this. I wonder——"

Could this be the story? The young man laughed rather desperately and turned away; he felt that his mind was too hopelessly wearied to take up an impression; he would have his bread and milk and try to sleep.

The march which he had heard was evidently the finale of an act of the comic opera, for through the broad open door he saw in the lobby knots of sweltering gentlemen in search of the open air. High over his head was the iron grating of a fire escape, and from it laughter and voices floated down to him. When he had crossed the street he looked up. A man and a woman were standing on the gallery; he was fanning her, and the two were leaning over the balustrade and looking at the newsboys who were still loitering on the pavement below.

The man took a coin from his pocket, tossed it over, and Ormiston heard it jangle in the street. The boys howled simultaneously and plunged into wild riot for the money, rolling about in a tangled ferment. A policeman near by grinned sympathetically at the bustle for wealth, various loungers drew closer to contemplate the spectacle, and a tall girl, hurrying along the street, walked before she knew it into the very storm center of the scramble and retreated a step backward to the sidewalk.

The woman on the balcony laughed heartily, and her escort, apparently stimulated by her merriment, flung down a second coin. This one fairly resounded on the asphalt.

"A dollar, a dollar," screamed the urchins in unison. They redoubled their exertions, scurrying about like terriers.

"You got it, ain't you, Barney?"

"Naw—McPhee's got it."

"He ain't neither—it rolled away off."

The youngsters dispersed along the stretch of the block, and this fact, added to the tuning of fiddlers within the theater, put an end to the interest of most of the spectators. Lord and Lady Bountiful withdrew from the gallery, the loungers lounged away, and the policeman resumed his post inside the lobby. Only Ormiston and the tall girl remained.

He had been watching her with a good deal of curiosity. She was dressed in brown linen and her coppery hair was twined severely below the brim of her straw sailor hat. In the shadow her face seemed white; the lines of her mouth and chin were proud and fine; she had clasped her hands behind her back and this threw her head and shoulders into an alert poise of half-defiance. In short, the effect of her was not at all that of a girl whom one might expect to find alone on Broadway, of an evening. She remained stock still as Ormiston drew nearer to her, and she seemed to be watching the huddle of boys on the distant corner.

Ormiston maneuvred so that he could look straight into her eyes. He was smiling eagerly, but not at the girl; he was smiling because he was conscious of that delicious mental thrill which is known only to story-tellers and poets, artists and musicians—the thrill which comes from the discovery of a pregnant idea in a tired brain.

"I beg your pardon," said Ormiston. "Can I be of any help to you?"

"No, thank you," she replied in an admirable and dignified surprise. "I am in no trouble, I'm merely waiting for a carriage."

She turned on her heel, vouchsafing to the young man a view of the back of her head. Ormiston laughed delightedly.

"I thought you might allow me to pick up that coin for you," he pursued. "You cannot keep on standing over it in that way. The newsboys will suspect you, and claim it. The dollar really belongs to them, you know—not to you."

She slowly unclasped her hands and Ormiston could see her shoulders stiffen; then she wheeled again and faced him.

"You are a blackguardly insulter of women," she said.

"Oh, no, I'm not," returned the young Southerner. "That is, I don't think I am. What other reason is there to keep you here like a statue? If I'm wrong, I'll make every amend which you and I can suggest that I ought to make. Believe

me, I can explain how I happened to speak to you. I've been trying to think of a story, you see, and—look here," he broke off abruptly, "you *are* standing on that money, aren't you? If you'll take one step and show me that I'm in error, I'll lie down and let you walk on me."

"I won't humiliate myself," she exclaimed hotly. "What business is it of yours? If you don't leave me, I'll call the police."

"You can do so, of course," said Ormiston, "but that would be a pretty poor ending for the story. You're from Georgia, aren't you?"

The girl nodded before she could catch herself.

"I'm from Richmond County," he went on. "Mighty strange the way the old Georgian tongue sticks to us, isn't it? It comes out strongest in folks when they're homesick, I reckon. And I knew quick off where you were raised, miss. My name is Ormiston."

"I'm a Colquitt."

"Kin to the Colquitts of Lexington?"

"They're my cousins."

"Do you like visiting North, Miss Colquitt?"

Gradually the girl had averted her countenance, so that now Ormiston could see nothing of it.

"I'm at work here," she answered, studying the tips of her fingers, "trying to support myself by drawing for the picture papers. I'm not doing very well."

Miss Colquitt made a brave attempt at a laugh. Then she showed her face to Ormiston, and he started with concern, for her mouth was twitching and her cheeks were flaming red.

"Oh, you caught me at a right despicable thing," she broke out. "I'm nearly starving, Mr. Ormiston. I did see the coin rolling. I did stamp on it with my foot and push it into this crack in the paving."

"And in God's name, why not?" cried the young gentleman. "Finding's keeping. Better that you should have it than that those dirty brats yonder should. Stand by, and let me rescue the filthy lucre."

She protested with a gesture, struggling pitifully with her shame, but Ormiston knelt down on the pavement, and she stepped back and covered her eyes with trembling fingers.

No coin was visible anywhere. The wide crack in the flagging over which the girl had been standing was quite as bare as the stones about it. The man scowled gravely, glanced at the girl, and took his own dollar from his pocket.

"Here it is, Miss Colquitt," he said.

"No, no, no," she replied, recovering somewhat her self-possession. "What must you think of me, sir? The money is not mine."

"Why not, if you need it?" insisted Ormiston boldly. "Certainly it is not mine—and I doubt if one could discover the dispenser of charity in the theater. Take it, Miss Colquitt."

"Very well, I will take it," she agreed. "I'm grateful, Mr. Ormiston."

Thankfully he laid the coin in her palm. She looked at it for a moment and then, with a swing of her arm, she pitched the silver dollar far across the street and among the newsboys. Her aim was luckily accurate; the urchins raised a yell of exultation; and Miss Colquitt took a deep breath as one might who had shaken off a burden.

"There, that's all right," said she with a smile.

"But your purse——"

"It's my pride that has kept it empty, Mr. Ormiston, and now, thanks to you, my pride has been taught a lesson. Perhaps I shall see you again. Good night."

She held out her hand shyly. Ormiston grasped it, mumbling commonplaces, but before he could quite collect his wits she had run away and left him wool-gathering. He shrugged his shoulders in grim amusement and walked supperless to his lodgings, soliloquizing.

"That was a mean trick of mine," he mused, as the Broadway cars clanged by him. "Can I follow—no, I'll write to Brink Colquitt to-morrow for her address. A mean trick! I should never have caught her at it if I hadn't been story hunting."

He stopped short, staring blankly at his own image in a shop window.

"The story!" he gasped. "I wonder if that's enough—but it doesn't end. What should become of the heroine?"

Then Ormiston thought of the sweet kindliness in Miss Colquitt's eyes and, instead of finding a plot, he found in his heart a wonder which was dangerously unprofessional.

NEW YORK CITY.

LITERATURE

Ideals in Ireland *

From time to time there drifts through the wider literary world an echo of the noise made by a band of enthusiasts who are attempting to restore the language of Ireland to its old position of honor. The movement is called the Gaelic Renaissance and is cherished by a few men, at least, who stand very high among the select masters of the art of writing in English. Of the political aspect of the crusade—and everything Irish is political—we do not speak. The reports of parliamentary debates in regard to teaching Erse in the Irish public schools may be read in the London *Times*. They are likely to be entertaining, if not always edifying. For the literary ideals of the little group of men who are themselves adding some of the sweetest of modern poems to English literature and whose purpose is enunciated in the present volume, we have much respect and sympathy,—respect because the idealists are earnest and intelligent; sympathy because they are foredoomed to failure. And let us add that their failure is our profit, for we should suffer loss from any success which should permit them to write in any language but our own. Lyric poetry is not so common in English that we can afford to see the verses of Mr. Yeats printed in a foreign tongue.

Were it not, however, for the essential improbability in the scheme, one might prophesy success from the present state of affairs. Irish is now taught in 180 national schools as against only 100 last year; newspapers and books are printed, and presumably read, in its curious old alphabet; Celtic plays are produced in Dublin theaters, and it is announced that a troupe of Celtic players are to act in all the towns of Ireland; even across the Atlantic the movement is felt, and recently the Gaelic League of America, at its convention in Chicago, filled the air with a hullabaloo of good hopes. It is characteristic of the people, this ebullition of hope in impossible things; it is, alas, quite as characteristic that their ideals should end in disappointment and failure. They hug a pleasant illusion, hoping for the regeneration of their ancient honored language; for what is practically dead does not come to life again at the breath of a few dreamers. "The popular poetry of England celebrates her victories," writes one of the Gaelic leaders, "but the popular poetry of Ireland remembers only defeats and defeated persons." That is an ominous saying: it tells too clearly the inspiration of the present singers.

Nevertheless there is in these essays on *Ideals in Ireland* a genuine interest besides the sad entertainment of brave defeat. To understand the aims of these literary innovators we naturally turn to the words of the two chief writers represented,—Mr. George Moore and Mr. W. B. Yeats. To the former the question of language itself seems to be predominant. "Our desire," he says, "is to make Ireland a bi-lingual country—to use English as a universal language, and to save our own as a medium for some future literature." English, by its very universality and by its dominant use in commerce, has, he thinks, lost the peculiar flexibility and delicacy which are the necessary properties of a genuine literary medium:

> "As it was with Latin in the fourth, so it is with English in the nineteenth century. From universal use and journalism, the English language in fifty years will be as corrupt as the Latin of the eighth century, as unfit for literary usage, and will become, in my opinion, a sort of volapuk, strictly limited to commercial letters and journalism."

Mr. Moore expresses without reserve a fear that must have haunted many minds apart from any Irish sympathies. For literary purposes a language must have two qualities, and these two qualities must not be severed; it must possess authoritative precision and it must possess life. Now as a language spreads from its original home and becomes universal (as may be seen in later Latin and in Hellenistic Greek) these two qualities

* Ideals in Ireland. *Edited by Lady Gregory.* Written by "A. E.," D. P. Moran, George Moore, Douglas Hyde, Standish O'Grady and W. B. Yeats. Imported by M. F. Mansfield, New York.

persist indeed, but they are severed and become even self-excluding. When a small circle in London were looked upon as the legitimate keepers of the language, when English was the King's English, a certain style in writing was authoritative; it was understood by all and, so far as possible, employed by all on grave occasions. It was also vital, for it was based on spoken uses and grew with social changes; the slang of the court soon became the literary language of the country. But now it is different. No one circle of speakers stand as an authority. To write with precision and in a manner that all may understand, our language must be based not on present usage, but on a literary tradition. Unfortunately, such usage immediately cuts us off from the vital realities, the natural changes, the association of word and custom, characteristic of spoken language. The slang and neologisms of New York differ from those of London and Melbourne, and if they are taken up into written language, they fail of universal acceptance and remain slang; they are provincial. In this way there grows up slowly a severance between authority and life. Walter Pater wrote English deliberately as a learned language, and to a lesser extent this is true of every author who is conscious of literary values. The easiest escape is through the medium of dialect, where the style is frankly local and does not offend against literary authority because it is avowedly unliterary. It is a significant fact that almost all conversation in books to-day that shows abundant vitality is more or less dialectical.

Mr. Yeats, on the other hand, is more concerned with those imaginative traits which have from the beginning been attributed to the Celtic race and which through the Arthurian legends and other medieval sources have modified, it is said, the whole literature of Europe,—imaginative traits seen pre-eminently in the mystic idealization of woman and in an elusive sympathy with the energies of nature. Mr. Yeats longs for a tongue in which the subtle dreams of fancy will not be jostled and crushed by the idioms of harsh reality. The language of Ireland is a refuge from a commercial and imperialistic civilization, he holds, because the people of Ireland still live in a land of dreams.

"But the Irish peasant believes that the utmost he can dream was once or still is a reality by his own door. He will point to some mountain and tell you that some famous hero or beauty lived and sorrowed there, or he will tell you that Tir-nan-og, the country of the young, the old Celtic paradise,—the Land of the Living Heart, as it used to be called,—is all about him. An old woman close by Ballylee Castle said to a friend of mine the other day, when some one had finished a story of the poet Usheen's return from Tir-nan-og, where he had lived with his fairy mistress: "'Tir-nan-og?' That place is not far from us. One time I was in the chapel of Labane, and there was a tall thin man sitting next to me, and he dressed in gray; and after the mass I asked him where he came from. 'From Tir-nan-og,' he said. 'And where is that?' I asked him. 'It's not far from you,' he said. 'It's near the place where you live.' I remember well the look of him, and he telling me that. The priest was looking at us while we were talking together."

Dreams are a fair illusion, but of a necessity they must yield to the sterner world of reality. The Gaelic Renaissance will never produce a great literature, it will probably soon be forgotten except by those who are curious of literary eccentricities; but in the meanwhile the cherishers of the movement send into the world now and then a book of English verse or a volume of essays that turns us aside momentarily from some things we should like to forget.

"It charmed away the merchant from his guile.
And turned the farmer's memory from his cattle,
And hushed in sleep the roaring ranks of battle,
For all who heard it dreamed a little while."

The Problematic Frenchman *

A BOOK about Frenchmen by an Irishwoman—it seems not so bad a notion, this of setting a Celt to catch a Gaul. And, indeed, with the more superficial aspects of the subject the book deals very satisfactorily. It is vivacious, as might be expected, sometimes verging on cleverness, sometimes with an involution of phrase very like wit. But the deeper significance of the character it rather evades. In this respect it is by no means the equal of Hillebrand's little German book of much the same scope, written shortly after the war. We are not sure whether it has ever been Englished—a great pity, if it has not, for it catches the

* FRENCH LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. *By Hannah Lynch.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20.

Frenchman in a way to surprise himself.

To the lover of puzzles the French offer one of the most curious and interesting problems imaginable. The cleverest, the most brilliant people on earth, they seem made expressly to prove that intelligence alone is insufficient to the conduct of life. In art, prose literature, pure science, social intercourse—in everything where taste, logic, reason are indispensable, they are pre-eminent. But their private virtues soon get lost in a crowd, like individual traits in a composite photograph, and nothing remains but their vices. There is no other place where mind and the things of mind arouse the same general interest and attention. Balzac it was, we believe, who said that Paris is the only city in the world where an idea is always sure of a market. But their politics is a scandal to civilization. And in matters of government they are about as competent as a nursery of children, from which popular assembly they seem to have borrowed many of their methods. So for a century they have looked upon revolution in a way extremely bewildering to the Anglo-Saxon—as an institution, that is, for political ends fully as legitimate as the ballot.

To-day France is threatened by two terrible evils—militarism and priestcraft. We do not mean that France will ever again become a nation of believers. But it may again embrace Romanism, as it did a century ago under the leadership of Bonald, De Maistre and Lamennais, in a need for some principle of authority, as a panacea for present ills. The French, as a nation, have the hypochondria of half-genius, and are prone to experiments of all kinds with their dietary. At present there is a very strong reactionary spirit abroad, fanned by Brunetière among others; and the Roman Catholic Church, with its habitual scent for temporal opportunities, is making effective use of it in an insidiously conciliatory way to its own advantage. The singular part of the matter is this: The Frenchman has not a particle of genuine religious feeling left in him—but he is superstitious. And here we touch at his gravest failing—he is absolutely without faith, even in himself. His life is a logical deduction, never an inspiration; and when his logic leaves him in the lurch he is ridiculous.

The Dreyfus affair is an illustration at once of this truth and of the dangers of militarism. For thirty years France has been salving her wounds with the unction of an imaginary revenge for her defeat and spoliation in '70. In this hope she has crushed her people and her resources under an intolerable military service, she has allowed a clique of corrupt, arrogant and incompetent generals and officers to ride over her, while unceasingly flattering herself that the day of vengeance was hard at hand. But that sun has not risen. There is the army, as the budget attests; there are the generals, their mouths full of great oaths; there is the whole machinery and appliance of conquest—but Alsace is still in the clutch of Prussia. Consequently there must be treason, treachery, perfidy at work. And who so likely to perpetrate the nameless crime of which no patriot would be culpable as Dreyfus, the Jew. Obviously, from the Frenchman's point of view, he ought to have been guilty, even if he was not; and on that luminous inference he was condemned.

Now what is to become of a people like this, with a hot excitable brain and little or no character to ballast it? France is always tottering on the edge of a revolution. And since nothing is so conducive to madness as a fixed idea, Miss Lynch may be right in prognosticating that religion and militarism will be provocative between them of a bloody outbreak, in which "the red flag will be anti-Semitism."

The Broadway Tabernacle *

To write the recent history of so local an institution as a city church in such fashion that the story becomes of value not merely to the congregation whose memories are thereby refreshed, but to the Christian public, is a task of great difficulty. If the events are removed from the present by a century, distance lends picturesqueness to narration and makes possible the free criticism of persons and measures, while diversity of usage renders attractive the delineation of bygone customs. But where the story may be

* The History of the Broadway Tabernacle Church from Its Organization in 1840 to the Close of 1900, Including Factors Influencing Its Foundation. *By Susan Hayes Ward.* New York: Published by the Church.

paralleled throughout its course by the recollections of persons now living, and where its more recent participants are still active upon the stage of human affairs, it requires much more than usual skill to set forth the history of a church in any other form than that of a mere chronicle. This skill, Miss Susan Hayes Ward, a former member of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, has brought to the narration of its sixty years of life in the volume published by the church in connection with the anniversary celebration which the energy of its pastor, Rev. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, has successfully carried through. The story is most admirably and interestingly told.

Miss Ward has been fortunate in the forceful personalities with whom she has had to deal. Other churches of the Congregational order have had pastors and laymen of great gifts and influence during the last six decades. Some of these men have been more, perhaps, in the public eye than those connected with the Broadway Tabernacle. But no other Congregational church during that tract of time has been served by a succession of ministers of higher average of ability or has enjoyed the support of laymen of wider public spirit. They have been men of distinct and impressive traits. President Finney's revival preaching was the ultimate cause of the church. David Hale, nephew of the Connecticut Revolutionary patriot, and heir of New England love of freedom, was its real founder. Rev. Edward W. Andrews, of many gifts and versatile career, was its first pastor. Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, opponent of slavery and lover of Congregationalism, succeeded him, and was followed by the warm-hearted, eloquent and indefatigable Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, of Scotch birth, but widely beloved for his services to our American churches. Their successors are of us to-day. Each of these men of power, with many of their associates, stands clearly forth in Miss Ward's vivid and discriminating sketches. The reader feels what manner of spirit they were of, and why they moved men.

The volume is much more than a series of biographical portraits. It gives a fresh glimpse of that wonderful reformatory age, the spirit of which seems in many ways strange and ancient history to the present generation—an age marked by zeal for the abolition of slavery and for temperance, and by stirring revivals of religion. It makes evident the services of the Broadway Tabernacle to Congregationalism as a bond uniting the once mutually distrustful eastern and western wings of the denomination, and as a vigorous originator and supporter of instrumentalities for denominational advancement.

The value of the volume is increased for the constituency of the Broadway Tabernacle by full chronological lists of its officers and members and by descriptions of its present organizations for Christian activity. It is a model local church history.

Edward John Phelps *

THIS collection of *Orations and Essays* will surprise as well as delight most of their readers. The country had not yet fully learned, when he died last spring, how large and how rare a man Edward John Phelps was, and to many readers this volume will be the first adequate revelation of the man. It will show him to be a lawyer of that rare but useful kind who is at home in the essential spirit and principle of the law, and who is able to clear away the perplexities and confusions that surround the ordinary man. We never read Webster's great orations without feeling that there is a note of power and eloquence in them to which he was uplifted by some religious inspiration of the moment. These addresses of Mr. Phelps make the same ennobling impression. They bring into their discussion of present politics a dignity, a breadth and a moral tone which would have shed luster on the best period of American oratory.

He was born and bred in the very best traditions of New England, and grew up in its brightest and most strenuous life. His home was a center of the public life and patriotism of Vermont. One great lawyer who lived across the street sat with his father on the bench and worshiped with him in the same congregation. For more than two terms that father sustained his reputation in the

* ORATIONS AND ESSAYS OF EDWARD JOHN PHELPS. *Edited by J.G. McCullough.* With a Memoir by John W. Stewart. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.50.

United States Senate as a man of Websterian eloquence. The memoir which introduces the volume comes from a younger but life long friend, himself a Governor of Vermont, who recalls among the enthusiasms of his early life the brilliant auguries amid which this young lawyer took his place at the Bar, his immediate and phenomenal success and steady upward path without one break and without one faltering step to the day he died, known and honored as few public men have been in the very highest circles of France and Great Britain, as well as his own country.

The orations and essays reveal him to us in the character of a lawyer. It is one of their best points that they do. But it is a better point that they do not reveal him, to use Governor Stewart's phrase, as a "case lawyer," but as one who understood law in its spirit, principle and purpose, and had that highest endowment of the legal mind which comes into play on the Bench in great judicial decisions or in masterly expositions of constitutional law. The very principle and spirit of the law speaks in these essays and orations. The characteristic function and usefulness of Government come out. We have never read a better example of this than the address on "The Law of the Land," delivered in Edinburgh, November, 1886, at the opening of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution.

The selections published cover a wide range of subjects, professional, diplomatic, biographic and even literary. All these subjects are treated in his free, forceful and eloquent style with absolute honesty, the full courage of his convictions and sometimes with a contagious humor which could not be omitted from a volume which was intended to be characteristic of the man.

FRANCIS AND DOMINIC. *By Professor J. Herkless, D.D.* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.) Professor Herkless gives only 110 pages to the lives of the two leaders of the monastic revival in the medieval Church, the remaining 115 pages consisting of chapters entitled "Progress of the Orders," "Mendicants and the Inquisition," "Mendicants and Scholasticism," "Degradation of the Orders." But the entire volume might well have been devoted to the treatment of the purely biographical element. The stage upon which Dominic, especially, acted was too wide and the part he took in shaping history too notable to permit his life to be dealt with effectively in the few pages assigned to it. If his figure appears rather hazy and indistinct, then, this is entirely due to the enforced brevity of the treatment. Dr. Herkless writes of Dominic, as well as of Francis, with well balanced but very genuine sympathy. It will be a matter of surprise to many of his readers to discover that Dominic was not the founder of the Inquisition, and was therefore never appointed Inquisitor-General of Spain. "The Inquisition," says Dr. Herkless, "was certainly not organized till after the death of Dominic; and, during the period of his missionary labor in the South of France there is no indication that Churchmen possessed the legal power of ordaining the punishment of torture or death." The portrait of Francis is very vigorous and sympathetic, and the same may be said of the sketches of the familiar disciples of the man whose adorable simplicity and intense humanity have still a subtle fascination for even the most skeptical. The chapter on "Mendicants and Scholasticism" will be very helpful to those desirous of obtaining some general idea of medieval philosophy. It is a marvel of clearness as well as of condensation.

PETER ABELARD. *By Joseph McCabe.* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.) It is a pleasure now and then to read a biography that stands on its own feet, that is written because the author is steeped in the subject he treats, and not because his publishers have asked him to fill a gap in a series. The life of Abelard—scholar, philosopher, teacher, poet, lover—is interesting from every point of view, but to be properly written requires an extraordinary range of knowledge and unusual sympathies. Both the knowledge and the sympathy Mr. McCabe possesses, and as a consequence he has given us a book that is of value to the student and the general reader alike. If any criticism were made, it would be to regret that Mr. McCabe, fearing probably to frighten away the less learned reader, has treated the

great question of realism and nominalism somewhat too slightly; nor can we quite accept his statement that "the controversy about *genera* and *species* is by no means of vital importance to the scholastic philosophy." We do not hesitate to affirm that this question of *genera* and *species,* bristling as its treatment is with the rudest thorns of logic, really touches on matters vital to human thought and faith. Mr. McCabe, moreover, does not hit the truth precisely when he asserts that realism was the orthodox faith of the Church. It was only a modified form of realism that the Church could ever tolerate, and more than one realist, Erigena for instance, suffered the ban of heresy for following to its logical issue this horn of the scholastic dilemma. The Church strove ever to find a safe *via media.* But however the slurring over of this problem may detract from the philosophical thoroughness of Mr. McCabe's work, it certainly does not affect the vital interest of the book as a biography. McCabe for the first time in English gives us a satisfactory life of this forerunner of modern thought. It does not, of course, supplant the great "Life and Works of Abelard," in French, by Charles de Rémusat, or, for human interest, the long drama on Abelard by the same author.

QUALITY CORNER. *By C. L. Antrobus.* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.) The scenes in this story are laid somewhere under the rainbow arch of an English sky. "A Study in Romance," the author calls it; and he works out his notion with the steady purpose of an accomplished artist, and with that keen telepathy for the good and the evil in human nature which is one of the qualities of genius. But the story is not the most important part of the book. The author rides gentle hobbies that have the ambling gait of palfreys, and there is throughout a genial philosophy that squints drolly at the reader. Precisely why a writer, whose pen seems to stir the dust of the warm earth into fragrance with his description of a shower of rain, and who intimates in a sentence the shadowy swiftness of an overpassing summer cloud that leaves behind a necklace of rain drops shining upon the grass,—precisely why such a writer should fill his canvas with the gruesome figures of tragedy and crime does not appear, but the manner of his doing it is worth noting.

HISTORY FOR READY REFERENCE. *By J. N. Larned.* Vol. VI. Recent History, 1894-1901. (Springfield, Mass.: The C. A. Nichols Company.) Six years ago Mr. Larned, who is librarian of the public library in Buffalo, published his encyclopedic *History for Ready Reference* in five volumes. That work has been revised and enlarged; it has furthermore been made of vastly greater utility by the addition of this sixth volume, which contains, under alphabetic captions, a full record of the events of every sort that have occurred since the year 1894. How rich these recent years have been in historical occurrences may be gathered from glancing at some of the topics treated: The Spanish War, the Boer War, China, the Dreyfus Affair, etc. Some notion of the fulness with which these topics are treated may be gained from the fact that the story "China," since January, 1900, is extended over forty-one large, double-column pages. The history of the embroglio is carried down to April of the present year. Of still later date is the decision of the Supreme Court in the insular cases (May 27th). Maps and documents are abundant, and indeed the whole volume is an ideal book of reference. As the field of our interest grows constantly wider, it becomes more and more difficult to carry in memory the details of even the most recent occurrences. Mr. Larned's book is a convenient aid to the memory; but it is more than that, for it includes information that is likely to have escaped us altogether.

CINDERELLA. *By S. R. Crockett.* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.) There is a homely beauty, a narrow sincerity and a hard humor in the Scottish dialect, like the wrinkles and twisted smile on a good old man's face. It braces, makes respectable the most commonplace thoughts, by adding a suggestion of strength and endurance which they do not really cover. In this very ordinary story, with its little bedraggled

heroine and its mysterious bag of rubies, Mr. Crockett hides a multitude of sins under his Scotch dialect. He borrows these brave old border words, with all the fine traditions of claymores, peat fires and poverty behind them, to clothe his paltry tale; and the effect is deceiving to the casual reader.

WORDS AND THEIR WAYS IN ENGLISH SPEECH. *By James Bradstreet Greenough and George Lyman Kittredge.* (New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.10 net.) It is an old saying that our everyday speech is fossilized poetry. Language in the beginning is concrete, and as new intellectual and spiritual conceptions come to the mind our first expression of them must be a metaphorical transference of material terms to immaterial things. Thus the word *spirit* itself meant originally "breath" or "breeze," and from that by a natural process came to its present signification. In fact, there is no more fascinating study than the poetry and the vagaries of language, and almost every page of this volume by two eminent philologians is filled with curious surprises for the lay reader. We welcome heartily such a work as this, which is at once learned and popular, and which is likely to inspire the readers and writers of English with a feeling of wonder and reverence for their mother tongue. They will reverse the experience of Molière's gentleman and learn that they have been talking *poetry* all their lives without knowing it. We can do no more than mention one or two matters of particular interest. In a general way the most important discussion in the book is that which estimates the influence of the Norman Conquest and of Chaucer's poems on the language. The theory of the authors (probably in this case of Professor Kittredge) is not the popular one, but is admirably supported. As an instance of quaint observation joined with scholarship, we note the remarks on the New England pronounciation of *goat* (p. 165).

"Thus [in New England] we have *cŏat*, *tŏad*, *lŏad*, *bŏat*, and so on. We should at once infer that a New Englander would say *gŏat*, but in fact this word is never so pronounced, but is always *gōat*, without the shortening. The reason is clear enough in this case, for the phenomena are all recent, and the facts are known. The goat is not a familiar animal in this region, so that the name for it is rather a literary than a popular word; it is not properly *in* the dialect, and hence does not share in its peculiarities."

It is regrettable that a number of odd blunders have crept into the book. Page 30, *phonograph* is derived from Gr. φόνος "sound," a murderous mistake! Page 35, the word ποιότης was certainly not invented by Aristotle, as it was used before he taught. And again, page 37, οὐσία is said to be formed from ὤν, a loose way of speaking, which might be overlooked if a few pages further on the authors were not meticulously careful to explain that *pathetic* is not derived from πάθος but from παθητικός. Three such blunders in a single chapter are discreditable.

KATHERINE DAY. *By Anna Fuller.* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.) Miss Fuller grasps tenaciously and, in her heroine, illustrates convincingly the elements of strength in womanly character, courage, tenderness, faithfulness, helpfulness and unfaltering devotion under temptation to the laws of society and God. She does not prostitute art to the advocacy of Satanic sentiment, and succeeds in throwing a charm about homely virtue. The work is well articulated. Its incidents are normal and natural, bearing directly upon the progress of the story and the evolution of character. It should be added that her characters are growths. We do not know them wholly from the start.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN EAST ANGLIA. *By William A. Dutt.* With Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.) The descriptive record of a pleasant jaunt through parts of Norfolk, Suffolk and Cambridgeshire. That is a country rich in folk lore and in historic associations—the country of the marauding Danes, of the refugee Saxons in William the Norman's time, the country of Sir Thomas Erpingham, of Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard, of the poets Crabbe and Bloomfield. The author entertainingly interweaves local history and legends with charming descriptions of nature and of the works of man.

HEART AND SOUL. *By Henrietta Dana Skinner.* (New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.) While not unreadable, this story leaves an impression too vague and illusive to be satisfactory. The elements that go to make it up do not cohere as they should, the matter is not always vital, the characters impinge against one another in a bewildering manner, and the hero, tho he acts nobly, does not seem to be really noble. On the whole, the merits of the book do not justify its publication.

THE ROMANCE OF THE HEAVENS. *By Professor A. W. Bickerton.* (New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25). The people of New Zealand, not content with a new land to live in, have now with the aid of Professor Bickerton conceived a brand new cosmos. We cannot say that the rest of the world will accept it, but the New Zealanders are at liberty to do as they please. In brief, the author has discarded the nebular hypothesis of Kant and La Place and has substituted for the *prima vera causa* of creation the impact of stars and nebulæ. Such impacts may be divided into two classes—partial or grazing impact, and "whirling coalescence." From impacts of the latter sort is formed a single intensely heated sun which may be large enough to attract and attach to itself extraneous masses as planets, and so form a solar system of the nature of our own. The other class, grazing impacts, produce a binary or double-star system, together with a third body, the part knocked off the colliding bodies, so hot as to be reduced to luminous gas. So far the theory is useful since collisions of wandering stars may well play a part in modifying the conditions of the universe. Unfortunately, Professor Bickerton has given undue importance to the theory of impact, and in his eagerness to bring all known prenomena within its range he has fallen into serious errors. To account for the variable light of many of the double stars he supposes that one side of a colliding star remains dark and cold, while the other, which has been sheared, is intensely hot and molten. As the star rotates it alternately presents its dark and bright sides to us. It is hard to believe that a scientist could imagine a lop-sided star, like a gibbous moon, rotating without the enormous stresses quickly forcing the star into a spherical shape. Lord Kelvin long ago showed that unless the interior of the earth were more rigid than steel, the attraction of the sun and moon would cause the shell of the earth to crumble under the tidal action. Again, the escape of molecules from a stellar atmosphere, which is necessary to the theory, is far from an established fact. Of course, the acceptance of moot questions is to be expected for confirmation of such a theory, but no excuse can be made for the statement that it is impossible to imagine a temperature less than the "so-called" absolute zero or minus 273 degrees Centigrade. Such a statement is on a par with the vagaries of a certain writer in a popular magazine regarding the manufacture of liquid air. Other mistakes, almost as glaring, might be pointed out, but in spite of them, and in spite of the fact that the theory, as given, has little chance of approval, the book is interesting, and will repay reading, as the writer has brought together a mass of information not often presented in non-technical works.

ELDER BOISE. *By Everett Tomlinson.* (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.) A novel belonging to that class of prismatic literature, current in rural and Sunday school libraries, full of hard-faced deacons and prayer meetings. A large, wholesome book with enough characters and incidents in it to furnish a farmer's family with entertainment during an entire winter, and warranted to put no "new ideas" into the heads of the "Mary Hopes" and "Tom Lees" of his household.

Literary Notes

D. C. HEATH & Co. are just about to issue "Bardos Cubanos," a collection of the best poems of the foremost poets of Cuba.

....Mr. Eliot Gregory is preparing for *The Century* a group of papers on the different aspects of social life in New York. His remarks will be racy at least.

....Mr. James K. Hosmer, formerly professor of English in Washington University (St. Louis) and now in charge of the Minneapolis Library, has written a history of the Mississippi Valley which is of special interest in connection with the St. Louis Exposition to be held in 1903.

....Dr. Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne," not to mention his other work, is still by far the best

American historical novel, and the announcement of any new book from him raises hopes of a literary treat. October 5th the Century Company publish a novel by him which relates the story of "a well-dressed, consummate adventuress in the highly respectable setting of Philadelphia society."

....We are still looking for a good, mature novel treating American college life. The publishers (L. C. Page & Co.) tell us this anecdote of "Jarvis of Harvard," which they are bringing out for Reginald Wright Kauffman: "A rough draft of the tale was read both to Richard Hovey, the poet, and to Stephen Crane. The former's opinion was very high. 'I want to see you make a success of that, for it deserves it,' he is reported to have said. Crane was even more enthusiastic. 'It's a sure winner!' he cried. 'I'll be congratulating you on its success a week after publication.' And yet neither good wisher lived to see the consummation of his prophecy."

....Mr. Frederic W. Unger, in his "With 'Bobs' and Krüger," tells how as a young and inexperienced reporter in South Africa he received encouragement from Kipling: "'But, Mr. Kipling, I hope you don't think for a moment that I am so foolish as to think myself in the same class with you?' 'That's just where you make a mistake,' he snapped out energetically; 'you should think yourself every bit as good as I, and make it your object to beat me at my own game. You are a newspaper man, and out here to write what you see, and that is all I'm doing. Keep yourself thinking that you can do better than I can, and don't let yourself think anything else, and perhaps then you will be able to do so.' Then, after a pause for breath, he added, with a twinkle in his eye, 'But I've got a pretty good start on you, and don't intend to let you, or any one else, catch up with me if I can help it.'"

....Different opinions may be held in regard to the political nature of the South African War, but its effect on literature can only be called deplorable. Mr. Kipling's Imperialism was once grandiose and inspiring. His recent verse on the war contains only the dregs of his earlier inspiration, as witness the following from a poem in the October *McClure's:*

"I wish my mother could see me now, a-gatherin' news on my own,
When I ride like a general up to the scrub an' ride back like Tod Sloan—
Remarkably small on my 'orse's neck to let the shots go by.
We used to fancy it risky once
(Called it a reconnaissance once),
Under the charge of an orf'cer once,
But now we are M. I.!
That is what we are known as—that is the word you must say
When you want men to be Mausered for one and a penny a day.
We are no dollar Colonials—we are the 'ome-made supply;
Write to the London Ikonas! Ask for the —— M. I."

Pebbles

"SHE finds fault with her husband's salary, they say." "Yes; she says it isn't like her father used to make."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

If you would be perfect,
Dear sisters and brothers,
Just follow the counsel
You give unto others.
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Mallory: "After we are married, Marie, you must never hesitate to ask me when you want money." *Marie:* "No, indeed, Mallory; and I hope that you will never hesitate about giving it to me."—*Brooklyn Life.*

....We laid our little one away—
So young, so frail, so fair—
And with hands fondly clasped we stood
A while above her, there.

We laid our little one to rest,
And sighed and turned, and then,
Three minutes later she awoke
And howled away again.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

....They are building a trolley to Funkstown. No inviting subject for song, you may think. Dithyramb Dick takes it, and straightway the sound of wings is heard in Funkstown and words smoother than butter and softer than oil begin to drop: "The enterprise begun at Funkstown is nonetheless pioneering and its promoters are nonetheless true pioneers because that they do not with the musket and the axe blaze the way for the Star of Empire westward, but with tools of peace and industry strive eastward to make the two historic blades of grass grow where one grew before. Back on the old trail they are going in peace, reversing the hostile track of old-time Daniel Boone, who pierced through to the illimitable forests and westward-rolling wastes, and they are paving with resistless steel an enduring path on which those who come after and the millions to follow may fleet to their purposes, and realize in gratitude and gain the sheerest value of the toil of these pioneers who went before with pick and sledge and made the ways sweet and swift to the pilgrim, the traveler and trade, and perdurable under the stars." While Funkstown is being paved with resistless steel, let us go back to Pilduzer Park and say farewell to the poet, but not before he chants this hymn to the fall nights: "The coolness of autumnal evenings are here, and the sun, like a great myrrhine vase, red-veined and lustrous, goes beautifully into his vast cathedral of the west, ire-subdued and fleecily clothed in ethereal clouds. No more a perfect rose of flame with burgeoned petals he arches the brazen skies and no more from his first dawn breaks bloodily into the house of life, but with cicatrisizing and cooling face he glides chastened and with dewy eyes to his green and purple barriers in the west, leaving to the earth the shadows of complicated glooms and cool, impleached twilights." Like a great myrrhine vase, red-veined and lustrous! That is Dithyramb Dick in his highest dithyrambic ascension.—*New York Sun.*

EDITORIALS

The Anarchistic Spirit

One of the sanest of French publicists, a man who might be expected to be in warm sympathy with this country, has lately published a very severe arraignment of the United States for the madness with which its liberty and license have run into lawless anarchism. It is the prevalence of lynching that stirs his indignation; and he cannot be expected to draw the distinctions which we draw between the sections in which lynching prevails and those where it is abhorred.

Anarchism resents law. It denies the right of the community, in its organic form, to control the individual. To anarchism laws and courts of justice are an infringement of personal liberty to do what we may please. This is the lyncher's real if not acknowledged creed. He has no use for the law. He prefers to be his own individual law, or to execute justice or passion after his own sweet will. These lynchers and their sympathizers, often called "the best men in the community," which we venture to doubt, would be surprised to be called anarchists; but anarchists they are. They would indignantly deny that they are atheists, like the professed anarchists, and would say that they are good and decent citizens; but they are real anarchists, and out of such soil political anarchism may be expected to grow.

There are other anarchists. The men who maintain labor strikes by violence, and those who defend or apologize for such violence, are virtual anarchists. We are fully aware that the wise labor leaders are strongly opposed to violence. On this subject Mr Shaffer, President of the Amalgamated Association, and leader in the late steel strike, has spoken admirably. He promised to use all his influence and power to prevent violence, and it must be said to the credit of the strikers that they behaved with unexpected self-restraint. If some of the pickets did in a measure terrorize some of the workmen, yet the violence did not reach such proportions as to call for the intervention of the Governor and the State troops. Police and sheriffs' officers were able to preserve a sort of peace. There was no such condition as we have seen in certain railroad strikes. But that there is a very considerable element in the population of our cities that are glad to secure the success of strikes by violence reaching to murder we well know; and they are too often supported by reckless journals which abuse the sheriffs and the militia, and call it murder if they have to use force to keep the peace. With this element the confessed anarchists are in close touch. They tell us—Most, Goldman and Esteve—that the shooting of the President by an anarchist is no worse than the execution of the Chicago anarchists or the shooting of rioters by sheriffs and militia. Whoever is unwilling to have officers of law, or the militia organized for the purpose used to protect citizens against violence is an anarchist at heart, if not in profession; and all the anarchists are on his side. There are Mayors who are anarchists, unwilling to give the protection of law to workers; we have seen the Governor of a State take the anarchistic side and refuse to protect those who are desirous to work in a peaceful way.

We are just now having a shocking illustration of anarchism on the side of capital and business. The city of Tampa, Fla., depends on the cigar manufacture, and the workmen have been organized and have made demands that were resisted. Whether they were wise or not is now none of our concern. But instead of using the methods of law, a secret organization, having the tacit support of the employers and merchants, has seized a dozen or more of the leaders, put them on a vessel and marooned them on a desolate island on the Honduras Coast, threatening them with death if they return. Such action is simply horrible; as it was they were saved from starving to death only by the fortunate passing of a vessel. This is blank anarchism, in its spirit and performance. It is a disgrace to the nation, and it breeds anarchism and savagery. How can men of wealth and position who do such

things have the face to condemn other anarchists who assassinate Kings and Presidents?

The French publicist is right. There is a most dangerous spirit of anarchy abroad in the country which makes a hotbed for the propagation of the professed principles of anarchy. We need to condemn and denounce not only the acts of lawlessness, but also the apologizing for violence, the sympathy with it, wherever and under whatever form it appears.

The Significance of Gangrene

SINCE the autopsy on the body of the late President *gangrene* has become a familiar expression to all classes of people. While its general signification is well understood, its technical meaning for medical men and its limitations in the light of recent advances in surgery, and especially in bacteriology, are not popularly realized. *Gangrene,* in the older pathology, followed the etymological meaning of its Greek root *to eat,* or *gnaw,* and referred to any process that caused destruction of tissue. Of late the term *gangrene* has been limited to diseased conditions in which local death of tissue took place without the liquefying process that constitutes the formation of pus.

Medical observers have come to realize that pus formation is really a conservative operation on the part of nature. The material that is thus thrown off contains irritants, whose retention would surely prove dangerous. The reaction that produces pus is not merely local. It is not the tissues alone in the immediate vicinity of the irritated part that share in the conservative pus formation. Most of the cells in purulent material are white cells from the blood. These white cells are the body's great defenders against microbic invasion. Whenever microbes of any kind gain an entrance into the body these white cells are attracted from all parts of the circulatory system, and begin to accumulate near the irritated part. When the white cells arrive where the circulation, because of the irritants present, is somewhat slowed, they make their way through the blood vessel walls. Still retaining their vital activity they englobe microbes, or bits of broken down tissue, that may be present and proceed to digest them. If the irritant material be a virulent poison, as for instance a living germ, the white cells are killed by it and, martyrs to duty, are thrown off as the so-called pus cells, carrying the irritants with them, however, and thus sparing the system that much annoyance.

The story of these white cells reads like a fairy tale, but is literally true. Every part of the human system reacts to help dispose of the invading cells that threaten destruction of any portion. Therefore it is that even the healing of small localized wounds depends on the general condition of health of the individual. Therefore some person's tissues are, in the old suggestive phraseology, "more healing" than others. Therefore, too, a man run down by overwork and worry, or by some serious physical ailment, is much less able to resist the invasion of microbes. Many a physician has learnt the sad lesson by practical experience. Some slight wound becomes infected at a moment when he is overworn, and the result is that complete failure of systemic resistance we know as blood poisoning.

Reaction is a vital manifestation. Where it occurs there is pus, but no gangrene. Gangrene is death. If the blood supply of tissues is cut off they die, because deprived of nourishment. The blocking of an artery causes gangrene, and this will be intensified by the fact that, as no white blood cells are carried to the part, nature's protective mechanism is shut out and microbes will be unhampered in their invasion of the tissues. Gangrene may arise from the blocking of a vein, for blood must be in circulation to supply tissues with nutrition, and must be constantly renewed itself in the large organs. Disturbances of blood vessels are the most potent factors in the production of gangrene. Hence its most frequent occurrence in old people, whose blood vessels are thickened, thus lessening their caliber, and consequently the amount of blood carried. The internal coats of the blood vessels in old people are also roughened and so clotting and interruption of the blood stream easily takes place. "A man is as old as his arteries," means that even comparatively young men may have old arteries. Men of forty to fifty years of age often have

the arteries of seventy. Such serious conditions as diabetes and Bright's disease often cause the aging of arteries before their time, and so make, as every surgeon well knows, patients of middle age liable to a gangrene of tissues that is really senile in character.

Besides blood vessels, nerves have a power over the nutrition of tissues. Small nerves control the size of the blood vessels within certain limits and so regulate circulation. How powerful nervous influences over blood supply may be those who blush easily have good cause to know. There is at least one form of gangrene due entirely to nervous disturbance. This is the symmetrical gangrene that at times causes the loss of fingers or toes on both sides of the body. Nervous influences so shut up small blood vessels in this affection that death of the tissues results. Any interference with the nerves that are distributed to blood vessels is likely to cause serious interference with the circulation of a part.

The life of tissues then is dependent on the healthiness of the blood vessels leading to them and on the nervous mechanism that controls their blood supply. The problem of the cause of gangrene is never simple. Nearly always it is the invasion of micro-organisms that causes the final occlusion of blood vessels even in predisposed cases. The tissues of the old usually do not heal well because they fail to react well. Reaction means inflammation and is usually accompanied by pain. It is one of the compensations of years that they bring increasing insensibility to pain as well as to pleasure. Where inflammatory reaction fails injured tissues die. Death is painless. So it happened that without a sign all the directly injured tissues of the late President died. Why? Their blood supply was interrupted. How? Perhaps by some fulminant poison so strong as to kill at once all tissue that it touched. This seems improbable. Perhaps by nervous paralysis that affected all injured vessels, because the bullet passed close to, and the operative procedures were all necessarily carried on in the immediate vicinity of, that important nerve center, the solar plexus, or, as it has been well called, the abdominal brain. Perhaps, because of a precocious senility of tissue in an overworked individual, who had lived an extremely sedentary life, and whose kidneys had not been doing their work satisfactorily for some time. Unless the bacteriological examination should throw some light on the case, the cause of the gangrene must remain as obscure as is our present knowledge of the intricate physiological and pathological problems involved.

Strikes

The steel strike, apparently nearing its end, has produced, during these two months, the usual industrial disturbances. Strikes are always unfortunate, and when accompanied by violence they are a curse. It is to be noted, however, that none of the three parties to every strike—the employers, the employed and the public—advocate them. The laborers do not strike for the sake of striking; it costs too much and the chances of being beaten are too considerable. The employers are always sure to lose in the end, for even if they maintain every point under contention they are invariably out of pocket while work is stopped. And the public has to foot its share of the bill whether in the support of the militia or in loss of trade and general industrial depression.

Why is it, then, that strikes do not cease, since each party prefers a more peaceful way of settlement? For the same reason that war does not cease—because neither individuals nor nations have sufficiently developed their ethical and common sense. The laborers strike because they are determined to carry their point and can find no other compelling weapon if the employers will not yield; the employers will not admit of the right of the men to "dictate" in their business; and the long suffering public does not yet realize how truly it is a factor in every industrial dispute.

Is there anything practical, then, that can be done in the immediate future? It is certain that recourse to the militia is not going to solve the strike problem. History shows that the presence of troops always tends to infuriate the strikers; and even tho disorder is put down an unfortunate dissatisfaction with lawful authority is the outcome. Of course, life

and property are to be protected at any cost, but the militia must be the last appeal for such an end.

The remedy of conciliation and voluntary arbitration is good, but it is too "voluntary," and does not go far enough. The very time it is most needed is the time it is least likely to be employed. Furthermore, statistics show that it has done practically nothing to lessen strikes, and one of the Fabian Tracts says that "voluntary arbitration can be summed up as a universal failure."

What shall be said of compulsory arbitration, which has worked so well in New Zealand that that colony is known as "a country without strikes" and "a laborers' paradise?" For our part we can see no reason why compulsory arbitration is not an ideal method of settling strikes. We do not need here to give a *résumé* of the New Zealand law, but, contrary to the prevalent opinion, compulsory arbitration does not compel employers and employed, when at odds, to resort to the arbitration court, if they both prefer to settle the strike voluntarily. It says only that, after conciliation has failed, if either one of the parties chooses to have the justice of its contention determined by a legally constituted tribunal with power to enforce its decisions, it can bring the other party before such a court. The decision of the court, however, does not compel the manufacturer to carry on his business or the laborer to work; it merely says that if the business is to be carried on at all it must be carried on in the way decided by the court during the life of the award. But what is the use of discussing the New Zealand law? There is no demand for compulsory arbitration in this country; and until public sentiment, led by labor, is united for its enactment we can never expect to have it on our statutes. The reason, we suppose, that labor is afraid of compulsory arbitration is because the industrial movement in this country is still in its immature militant stage, and labor, justly or unjustly, fears the American courts, which are supposed to be sympathetic with the capitalists. Organized labor has not yet more than half its battle won. And as arbitration generally results in compromise instead of abstract justice, organized labor fears to trust its principles and prejudices to the decision of a third party.

What, then, will suit the workers? The current issue of *The Union Boot and Shoe Worker* suggests that the only practical remedy applicable in the immediate future is a sort of compulsory voluntary arbitration, "an arbitration compelled by previous voluntary contract to arbitrate whenever a dispute arises." This is not too voluntary and not too compulsory, but is a good half-way measure, and as such will do for the time being. We believe, however, that compulsory arbitration will have to come sooner or later, and in the meantime the community must be educated to recognize the profound social significance of the labor movement and the profound economic significance of the trust movement, and then to realize that the happy relationship of both capital and labor is so important that all disputes in the future must be settled without any danger to life or property.

Antagonism Between Mothers and Daughters

All young people are revolutionary. They are born with the determination to turn over a new leaf in this old world. They reset all the type, capitalize new situations, discover the alien side of old problems, make new creeds, and only quote the sages for the sake of argument. No man is exactly the father of his own son. He only begets him, handicapped with some ancestral frailties and endowed with a few nominal blessings. But the child is father to the man. He sets out from his mother's womb to find his own way to the stars with renewed originality through each succeeding generation.

As it is with men, so runs the tale with women as well. Every mother faces a new kind of Eve in her daughter—a creature so foreign and illusive to the older woman, who has become somewhat involved in the circumstances of this world, that it is difficult to define her, beyond the fact that she cherishes new and strange ideals along with the ancient vanities of her sex. Precisely where young girls get their wings (which appear to last only for a limited time like those of some insects), or for what purpose they are given, is one of the mysteries of Providence. But nothing short

of inspiration is required to keep wing and wing with them during their maiden flight upward into the realm of dreams and fancies.

Few women are actually stupid; but many of them are mentally near-sighted. And it is in this matter of vision that the average mother so often falls short of her vocation. She cannot see the distant sky line of the coming generation. Having folded her own wings with matronly dignity and become a "home body," she is inclined to go on "playing dolls," with her daughter to take the place of the little bisque image fondled in childhood. She would train and dispose of her in the social drama of life according to the godmother theories of her own youth. But frequently the modern young woman resents the restrictions imposed by these maternal doll rag notions. She makes a wry face at godmother proprieties, and demands of Providence a new hemisphere of ideals. And she gets what she seeks in spite of a mother's prayers to the contrary.

Even when the mother is not frivolous she often goes to the other extreme, and becomes that most depressing of all companions, a woman who shows a dull insistence for the common prose of this earth and a creed made up of her own disillusions. If she is not exactly out of sympathy with creation's renewal of hope in the heart of her child, she is determined upon the most exasperating qualifications. She would cultivate her lily by burying the head of it in the dust of her own poor garden. But the lily has other plans and gardens predestined for her. And she recognizes the spring and summer of life in spite of all the winter counsels quoted to her by older people.

The unnatural burden of filial obligations and scruples imposed by some mothers is the prime factor of the secret antagonism existing between them. If the mother could be made to comprehend that the young woman intrusted by birth to her care is not created merely that she may become a daughter, or even a wife, but that through these successive phases of development she is made a being responsible primarily to God for her actions, there would be fewer reproaches on the one side and less indifference on the other.

The forcing upon a young girl the obligation of "confessing" and revealing her inmost soul at the maternal knee is often a pious outrage which breaks in upon that fine reserve which nature makes the safeguard of women. As a matter of fact, there is less need of confidences between the two than is generally supposed,—and much more need of confidence. Whether young or old, it is against the nature of women to "confess." They all go down into their graves hiding secrets from the very angels of God. And the mother's calling does not consist so much in invading the sacred portals of her daughter's inner life as in guarding this shekinah of her soul from the invasion of those less worthy to enter there. For it is true that the young girl who is taught neither to give nor receive confidences is safer from the vandals of this world than one who confesses too readily to mother or friend.

With the sacred reserve of maidenhood made *secure* through the delicate courtesy and teaching of the mother, the daughter is safe to try her wings around the horizon of modern life. She carries within a charm against evil sorceries. And her intellectual vagaries will be of small import, depending as they do upon her nerves and temperament, so long as she holds in reserve the beautiful formula of her own inner life. And while the wise, old-fashioned mother, whose youthful standards did not include social and ethical revisions, may marvel at the masculine short cuts to logical conclusions in her daughter, she has the comforting assurance that in time the young creature will settle down in the orthodox way to the inevitable bread and herbs of feminine existence, weary and wise enough at last to compare notes and exchange confidences.

System in Reading

The London papers love to dally over a controversy. Dreams, visions, sentiments of any sort will serve; and just now the amount of reading done by "the man in the street"—that is the slang phrase—is up for discussion. It is a fact that the intelligent business man of to-day finds exceedingly little time for literature. He has his morning papers and

his evening papers and perhaps his magazines, but books he leaves for the most part to his wife and daughters. Possibly this always has been the case, but the causes at least to-day are so different as to warrant comment. Formerly the average man read little of anything; now his eyes probably travel over a vast extent of print every day. The difficulty is not that he reads too little, but that he fails to display in the matter of reading the same systematic intelligence as in other affairs of life.

Now to the busy man too much system would at once take from reading its enjoyment and even its value; all that refreshment and elasticity of spirit which are the best fruit of free reading would be lost. No man after a full day's work wishes to be met at his home-coming with a stint of reading to be accomplished as part of a scheme. The system required is a negative prescription; the probability is that our book-hater already reads too much. He gets his news from print and not from conversation—which is well enough. But why not apply to print the same rule he adopts with his friends? Does he like to hear the same old story from a dozen mouths, or even from two mouths? And yet he will patiently read the same news story, generally got together from the same sources, in two papers or three or—heaven knows—a dozen. The greatest stumbling block to his intelligence is the mass of evening papers. In the morning a man's mind is busy with the transient affairs of the day, and that is the hour to read the reports of the world's current doings. In the quiet and repose of the evening, for a little while at least, he may turn to interests that are beyond the clamor of the moment. We do not say that the evening papers may not be ably edited, but of necessity they merely give a man what he will read again in the morning at greater length and in better form. One good morning paper, to keep us in touch with the events of the day, is a necessity; two are á surfeit; evening papers steal away our time and mock us in the end. Read the evening papers for a month, and what remembrance of profit or enjoyment remains at the conclusion; give that same time after business hours to a well seasoned book, and at least there is some little residuum of pleasure to be added to the store of profitable experience carried in the memory.

As for the magazines, one good weekly is almost as indispensable as the morning daily. Here we see the events of the week thrown into proportion; and editorial comment, while not belated, is still mature. Here, too, the books of the week pass in review before us. With the monthly magazines it is different; from the nature of the case they cannot be editorial, but are mere collections of papers more or less interesting bound together. For this reason it hardly pays to read one monthly publication regularly, unless for some specific reason. First of all, avoid utterly those cheap publications that make the reading matter a mere appendix to a heterogeneous photographic display. As for the better monthlies, treat them as you do a long dinner *menu;* look through the advertised tables of contents and select whatever magazine contains an article that promises to interest you.

This is the negative prescription needed at the present hour. To prescribe what books should be read—that is another story.

Garden Schools

It is a fact that all the great educational reformers, from Pestalozzi to Froebel, included the idea of gardens in their model school. Pestalozzi was himself a farmer, and made his estate the central point in his scheme. He always spoke of agricultural labor and school work as if they were inseparable, or, rather, involved each other. This was rational, on the ground that all studies should be applied, and as far as possible applied in the process of acquiring them. Froebel's kindergarten was not, as we are sometimes led to suppose, a place for playing at play or playing at work, but a garden for real work, in such elementary forms as constituted play. The idea at bottom is that right education leads the child out of doors, gives it something to do in a childlike manner; and so "work is play, and play is work." Bear in mind that Froebel went further and insisted that this sort of education would give to work, all through life, a zest and an interest like that of play. Froebel would not know what some of our kindergartens are. He would be as

far from indorsing their performances in the name of education. As long ago as 1869 the Austrian imperial law prescribed that, where practicable, a garden and a place for agricultural experiments should be established in connection with every rural school. This was the first national movement of the kind, altho it is presumable that the botanical gardens of the sixteenth century, in the university cities, were intended to serve as places for study, also affording material for investigation. In 1592 Comenius urged that "a garden be connected with every school, where children can gaze on trees, flowers and herbs, and be taught to enjoy them." Francke, in 1695, established a garden in connection with his school for orphans. But it was Rousseau, in 1762, who fully developed the idea of garden work as a part of real education in his "Emile."

The school garden suggested by Austria caught rapidly throughout Europe. There are at present in Austro-Hungary 18,000 such gardens. The Federal Government of Switzerland appropriates money annually for their establishment. In France since 1887 no plan of a school building will be accepted without an adequate garden attachment. In Belgium each school must have a garden of at least 39½ square rods. Vegetable culture must be taught, and fitness for this specialty is made to determine the acceptance of teachers. In 1876 Sweden had 1,600 school gardens, and now she has over four thousand. In Southern Russia are found school gardens in which are cultivated, by the children, grapes, berries, vegetables, grain, together with silk worms and bees. There are twelve thousand fruit trees in such gardens, and to bring them to their proper condition is as much a part of the pupil's work as lessons in mathematics. Germany has in some respects gone even further; for not only with the real-schools and gymnasia are there gardens, but the normal schools are provided each with a few acres of land, where teachers get their training in the industries. This work throughout Europe has gone on in a quiet way, and it is working a real revolution in the lower classes by bringing industrialism to the front. The end of education is, or soon will be, fitness to win a living, and serve an industrial or commercial order of society. Less emphasis is placed on mere knowledge, more on the ability to add to the wealth of the State. Looking at Europe politically, degeneration seems to be the menace; but if we study the undercurrents of education, the state of affairs is full of hope for civilization.

In England the movement has been sporadic. A recent letter, in the London *Times,* recounts a private enterprise, where each boy has a plot of land, thirty feet by ten; for individual experiment—besides the work he must do in the larger garden connected with the school. Instruction is given in soils, in vegetable botany, in manures, in growing plants, flowers and vegetables. The pupils are required to take notes, and all their private investigations are under review by the teachers, and their inquiries are carefully answered. From their personal plots they may sell whatever fruits or vegetables or flowers they are able to raise. The results of this sort of education are not immediately apparent. But it is a universal comment that there is a very speedy consequence in the way of an impulse to improved home grounds. The school garden or gardens stand as object lessons to the whole country about. Not only the pupils themselves, but their parents, have their ambition awakened to have their homes surrounded with the beautiful as well as the useful. In some parts of England the county councils are doing the work—appointing instructors who are practical gardeners. It is reported that upward of 40,000 crops have been grown since 1892, and subjected to rigid examination and valuation. It is noted also that great gain has been made in the cash value of the work accomplished by the pupils.

In this country the school garden is not quite a new idea; yet we have been so busy with other problems that it has got little hold on the public school system. School buildings are still planted on the street, with no provision beyond the yard for play. W. T. Harris, our efficient United States Commissioner of Education, has taken hold of the subject with his usual zeal, and expresses the conviction that we must move in the direction of rural industrial schools. It is believed that such a development of

education will do one thing further; that is, it will hasten the movement from the city to the country. But whether it does or not the economic results will be of great value to society as well as to the pupil. He says:

"Primarily it is to introduce a better method—bringing schools and books into relation with things. In other words, the pupils get the idea fixed that education is to enable them to accomplish more in the way of industrial results."

We must not be led into the supposition that the garden school or school garden is, in any restricted or technical sense, an agricultural school. It is, if properly conducted, a method of promptly applying knowledge secured from books. As the pupil proceeds with this sort of education he will soon place nature or things ahead of books, and the book will be appealed to for assistance and counsel.

"The excuse for the introduction of the school garden into the United States lies in the right of country children to get the benefit of the educational advantages embodied in their environment."

But something more than this is sure to be accomplished. Every study is correlated to practice; thinking is associated with doing; the intellectual with the material. That use of education which must follow graduation in other cases is here put into immediate practice. President Hadley some time ago, in THE INDEPENDENT, called attention to the fact that technical schools are not shops merely, but places for the training of thinkers. A garden, from the Academia down, has been recognized as the best place for investigation and thought. Lord Roseberry recently called the English people to take warning that the present English educational system was "not preventing the development of a horde of young savages, or hooligans," schooled by compulsion just far enough to sharpen their wits to mischief and crime. Sprenger says:

"The hour is come when the eyes now blind will see that the institution of school gardens is the greatest of blessings for the common people. The reaction on home life and character is not the least important result."

Professor Sailer says that "school gardens must also be estimated as promoting the health of the pupils," which is no insignificant item at the present day, and with our present recognition of the close relation between physical health and intellectual power.

The West After the Drouth

NOTHING has been more eloquent of the changed conditions in the States of the Middle West than the reports that have come from that vast agricultural section both during the prolonged and costly drouth of the past summer and since the extent of its destructiveness has been in a measure understood. Most of us remember the wails of the West when grasshoppers destroyed a portion of the crops in parts of two or three States. The appeals for help, the carloads of clothing and household supplies, the sympathy and compassion, made Kansas and Nebraska synonyms for need and helplessness in the minds of thousands for two decades.

Even so recently as the early '90s the partial failure of crops through a succession of seasons was the occasion of bitter complaints, some efforts at aid in the manner of the earlier days, and, most noticeable of all, a bitterness of recrimination against their own States by the dwellers on the prairie farms. It was seen not only in political radicalism, but in addresses and papers of men elected to high positions, declaring that agriculture on the prairies was a failure, and that, because of some loss of crops and the existence of individual and municipal debt, the people were practically bankrupt. A United States Congressman declared publicly that if Kansas were put up under the hammer it would not sell for enough to pay its creditors. It was not strange that some people of the East should take the Western States at their own estimate.

Far different is the attitude with which the loss of the present season has been met. Over a large area, taking in what is known as the Middle Western States, the rainfall from June 20th to mid-August was nearly suspended. Temperature approximating 100 degrees reigned for most of the month of July. Even the August showers were local and failed to revive the drooping corn. In consequence there is probably, over the corn States, the smallest corn crop that has

been known in at least two decades. The late estimates of the mercantile agencies placing the yield for the year at 1,400 million bushels shows a shortage of about 600 million bushels compared with the demand of the country. While localities are favored, the distinctively prairie States are deprived not alone of a very large income directly from the sale of grain, but from the larger return that follows the feeding of cattle during the winter, the whole approximating one-third of the farm proceeds for the season. Nine States west of the Mississippi River, each growing more than a million bushels, produced 1,066 million bushels of corn in 1900. Of this only 385 millions were left March 1st, 1901, and this the spring feeding, the provision for teams during the harvest and the demand for milling purposes has greatly reduced, probably two-thirds. Very little corn is in the cribs, and the anomaly is seen of trainloads being shipped from Chicago to Kansas City and other points in the distinctively corn belt. Corn is higher in Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas than in Chicago.

Because of the lack of maize hundreds of Western farmers have been compelled to sacrifice their immature stock, rather than attempt to carry them into winter. The market, broken by this movement, has given them a smaller price than cattle have brought on the plains in several years. It is not uncommon for animals to bring less per head than they sold for a year ago, the care of them in the meanwhile being a total loss. The proceeding is of necessity a blow to the cattle industry that will be felt even more when the farmers, with the coming of good crops of feed again, restock their farms.

In the face of all this there is no note of distress from the West. No complaints of probable suffering or petitions for assistance as of old burden the newspapers. Instead, the Western writers and speakers maintain a buoyant cheerfulness that is tinged with philosophy. It is not forgotten that the wheat is, by reason of the lack of corn, worth more than it would otherwise have been; that the corn crop raised is proportionately valuable; that while one crop, and an important one, too, is a failure there are other resources that may do much to palliate the conditions. The wheat straw that has formerly been used to illuminate the night skies, is to be saved and fed to the stock. The alfalfa and kaffir corn, the sugar cane and the millet, are all garnered with utmost care—in short, the Western farmer, who has in the past been guilty of the sin of wastefulness, has suddenly learned the lesson of economy, and he has also taken the opportunity to substitute a fuller use of such resources as he has for complaints about his lot.

Ten years ago a corn failure would have given the West an excuse for hysterics; fifteen years ago there would have been complaints of destitution. In this season there come from the unfortunate section only good cheer and a laughing determination to make up for the deficiency in some other manner. It is a good sign and a healthy one. It shows that the West is no more a pensioner; it has put away childish things, and, basing its prosperity on substantial foundations, it realizes its limitations and possibilities to such a degree that it is prepared for almost any financial blow. It has saved money. The banks have the largest deposits in their history. It has paid some of its debts, and the remainder are not worrying it. The West is becoming independent and self-satisfied.

When an individual or a community passes the point where the evil days are provocative of complaining and reaches that happy condition in which adversity only brings to light those things worthy of thankfulness, there is reason for gratulation. The West appears to have won its battle.

The Defense of Czolgosz

The action of the Bar Association of Erie County in the matter of the defense of the President's assassin deserves all praise. It is not simply that they desired there to be no unseemly wrangle by volunteer attorneys seeking notoriety, but they also made it plain that they wished no possible injustice done to a man who was conceivably insane. They wanted the law vindicated, but not at the expense of the full rights of the man who had confessedly killed his victim. Accordingly they asked two of their most honored members, both retired Justices of the Supreme Court of the State, men who would not willingly undertake the defense, to accept the un-

welcome task which some one must accept in justice to the accused. The letters of Adelbert Moot, Esq., president of the Association, to Judge Emery, nominating these two ex-Justices as counsel, and to Ex-Justice Titus, who happened to be in Milwaukee, urging him to accept the duty, are in the best spirit and traditions of the bar. To Judge Emery, of the County Court before whom Czolgosz was first brought, the president of the Bar Association says:

"We deem it of the utmost importance that the counsel assigned shall be men of such experience and of such a high sense of their professional obligations that the highest traditions of the profession shall be upheld, and that the trial shall be dignified, just and impartial."

To Judge Titus he telegraphed explaining why the two were selected:

"This was done that an insane man should not be convicted, if he be insane, and that his trial should not be degraded into a mere attempt to cheat justice, if he be sane. . . . Anarchy is to be denounced and the law upheld. But if the man is insane, in the words of McKinley, 'Let no man hurt him.' . . . There has never been a better opportunity to render the law a real service than in seeing that there is a fair trial in this man's case. And if it is to be held, the people of the world will see what it means to have experienced lawyers to defend with ability, dignity and justice. The Bar urges you to discharge this disagreeable duty."

Of course both accepted the duty, and not only was a righteous verdict assured, but also a suitable exhibition that the law, if stern, is not vindictive.

Rhetoric of Christian Science

It was proper that the founder of Christian Science, Mary Baker Glover Eddy, should issue a proclamation to her followers and to the world on the occasion of the death of President McKinley. She is reported to be a native of New Hampshire, of pure New England descent, but her memorial proclamation suggests a Hibernian strain in her ancestry not hitherto acknowledged. She says:

"Presiding over the destinies of a nation meant more to him than a mere rehearsal of aphorisms, a uniting of breaches soon to widen, a quiet assent or dissent. It began with heavy strokes, measured movements reaching from the infinitesimal to the infinite. It began warming the marble of politics into zeal according to wisdom, quenching its volcanoes, uniting the interests of all peoples, and it ended in a universal good overcoming evil."

Just how his "presiding over the destines of a nation" could "quench the volcanoes" of "the marble of politics" is not exactly clear, tho it has a sonorous tone; and that same sonority appears in the "measured movements reaching from the infinitesimal to the infinite," tho what it means we have not the slightest idea. Mrs. Eddy then proceeds to a prayer:

"May his history waken a tone of truth that shall reverberate, renew euphony, emphasize humane power and bear its banner into the vast forever."

It is not wholly easy to analyze such a sentence as that, but we trust the Lord understands it. But no human mind is equal to getting clear sense out of the following:

"Through divine love the right Government is assimilated, the way pointed out, the process shortened and the joy of acquiescence consummated."

Insolence of Fortune

In an address before the Chamber of Commerce, since much quoted, Mr. Abram S. Hewitt said:

"So long as prominent men in public life, or in the walks of business, or in the spheres of society, are willing to recognize by social receptions, by subscriptions to the papers which we all recognize as at the foundation of this sad development in public opinion, by their advertisements which support these papers, so long as gentlemen in your position shall give your countenance, either by social intercourse or otherwise, to these enemies of mankind, to these traitors to humanity, it is idle to deplore events like this."

"Social receptions"—that is much in the line of what President Hadley said, or was laughed at for saying, about the advisability of refusing social recognition to a class of rich men. Don't invite the Trust men to dinner, was the substance of his advice. Professor Huxley enforces the same method of influence in a vigorous paragraph, in which he shows that men are controlled more by the approval or condemnation of social life than by any laws of the State. "The greatest restrainer of the anti-social tendencies of men," says he, "is fear, not of the law, but of the opinion of their fellows." But we can go back to earlier proposals of this same remedy.

Cicero says of those who value the profitable more than the honest:

"From hence came the intolerable insolencies of men of overgrown fortunes. . . . Wherefore this sort of men should be excluded human conversation, as most execrable and impious."

And another old writer, of gentle nature, who has many teachings of love, in a letter to a lady of distinction describes a class of men among whom Professor Hadley's excommunicates would be numbered, and adds:

"If any one cometh unto you, and bringeth not his teaching, receive him not into your house and give him no greeting."

All these authorities agree as to the power of social ostracism.

Peter's Baptismal Font

A very interesting discovery is noted in the *Bulletin of Christian Archeology,* published in Rome. Signor Marucchi, in exploring the cemetery of St. Priscilla, on the Via Salaria, came upon a staircase leading by 25 steps to a churchly chamber, at the end of which was an arched passage into a large tank, still containing water. This tank is about 26 feet long by 10½ wide and between four and five feet deep. Over it was once an aperture for giving light, but long ago blocked up. Around the arch inside the tank are the remains of a Latin inscription reading: "If any one thirst, let him come." Pope Damasus composed a verse for a baptismal font beginning in the same way. This was beyond doubt an ancient baptismal font and large enough for immersions. Now in the "*Gesta*" of Pope Liberius it is stated that when banished from Rome by Constantius, he took up his residence three miles out, and consulted with his vicar, Damasus, where he could perform his Easter baptisms. Damasus held that he could perform them anywhere, and the "*Gesta*" goes on to say:

"Now there was, not far from the cemetery of Novellae, the cemetery of Ostriano, where Peter the Apostle baptized– 'cymeterius Ostrianus, ubi Petrus baptizavit.' At the same Easter time he baptized persons of both sexes to the number of 4,012, who all, both Romans and people living near Rome, desired to be baptized by him."

The baptismal font just discovered would seem to be the place alluded to. If so, it is likely to be the very "*Fons Petri*" mentioned in the itineraries as the place where the founder of the Church in Rome was believed to have fixed his residence and to have baptized. The date of the banishment of Liberius was 355 A. D.

There was certainly one serious flaw in the funeral services at Canton, and that was the selection sung by the Euterpean Ladies' Quartet, the words of which, whatever may have been the music, are unspeakably inane and babyish:

"Somewhere the sun is shining;
Somewhere the song birds dwell;
Hush, then, thy sad repining,
God lives, and all is well.
Somewhere, somewhere,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere,
Land of the true, where we live anew,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

"Somewhere the load is lifted,
Close by an open gate,
Somewhere the clouds are rifted,
Somewhere the angels wait.
Somewhere, somewhere,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere,
Land of the true, where we live anew,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

They are a disgrace to the Sunday school hymnal from which they were presumably taken. Such stuff can be reeled off by the yard.

The Boers are having a hilarious week over their fresh little victories just as the date has come when General Kitchener's proclamation ordered them to lay down their arms. Five guns captured and five hundred British killed, wounded and captured is not really alarming, but it is as depressing to the British as it is exhilarating to the Boers. It does not affect the result, but it increases the difficulty and expense of the task. No one blames General Kitchener for his slow progress, but many curses are roosting about the War Office in London for its blunders.

Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, who has just died, was not a great ecclesiastic nor a really great missionary, but he was a most picturesque and delightful man, who had done good work for the Indians of his diocese when they needed a friend, and who in his old age was full of pleasant stories of frontier and Indian life. No bishop was more popular.

INSURANCE

James G. Batterson

James G. Batterson, president of the Travelers' Insurance Company, died last week Wednesday, at his home in Hartford, Conn., in his seventy-ninth year. Mr. Batterson, who since the death of Henry B. Hyde was undoubtedly the greatest living officer of an insurance company, was born in Bloomfield, Conn., in 1823. His boyhood was spent in Litchfield, where he attended the schools of the town. Like Benjamin Franklin, he served in his youth as an apprentice in a printing house in Ithaca, N. Y., but returned home at the age of nineteen to work in his father's stone yards. At that time he invented a lathe for turning out polished columns, and the columns of the State Capitol at Albany were a prodduct of his skill. He furnished the granite and marble materials for many great buildings throughout the country, notable among them being the Masonic Temple in New York, the Library of Congress in Washington, and the Connecticult State Capitol at Hartford.

Mr. Batterson studied law in his twenties and later devoted considerable time to geology and languages. Indeed, during his life time he attained considerable eminence as a scholar. As an Egyptologist he was well known throughout the world, and many short essays on the subjects of labor, capital, taxation, monetary problems, and scientific subjects, as well as poetry, show his wide versatility. He was given the degree of A.M. both by Yale and Williams universities. In politics Mr. Batterson was a Republican. He was founder and president of the Travelers' Insurance Company and was called "the Father of Accident Insurance." At the time of his death, besides being president of the aforesaid insurance company, he was president of the New England Granite Works, a director of the Hartford National Bank, vice-president of the Wadsworth Athenæum, trustee of Brown University, member of the Sons of the American Revolution, American Statistical Association, Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, Hartford Scientific Society, Connecticut Horticultural Society, American Association for the Advancement of Science, Yale Alumni Association, Hartford Board of Trade, and a fellow of the American Society of Civil Engineers. The *Sun* of this city in a long editorial speaks of him as "the most accomplished man in Connecticut." This is perhaps true, Mr. Batterson not only knew things; he accomplished things.

Mr. Townsley's Scheme

The Life Association of America, a Western corporation which disappeared some years ago, is recalled to mind by the scheming Henry P. Townsley, whose name is not entirely unfamiliar. Mr. Townsley had an agency contract of some nature with the Bankers' Life, of this city, under which, as a cover, he formed a plan to capture the company, but his operations were discovered and he was dismissed. He then began a damage suit under his contract, and obtained a judgment for $50,000, but the court very properly refused to allow this judgment to go on record, as the company is amply responsible and had entered an appeal; the Appellate Court reversed the judgment, and also sharply scored Mr. Townsley for betrayal of trust in that he obtained proxies, for his own purposes, from policyholders who had been led by him to suppose the instruments were to be used by the company's officers. His present prospectus sets forth that the capital stock "will be" $500,000, and that the stock corporation is to succeed to the mutual one of the same name which was incorporated in March last. The latter one, it is further explained, was devised in order to obtain a large block of insurance risks without the usual initial expenses and also to distribute the stock widely. The stock will be 25,000 $20 shares, and will be for policy holders only. The first $100,000 will be allotted at one share for each $1,000 of insurance carried; "by this method the company will be enabled to dispose of its stock without expense, to dis-

tribute it among several thousand policy holders, and to secure $25,000,000 of insurance at a premium income of about $75,000 per year, with a capital of $500,000 unimpaired." Stockholders and policy holders are to share the profits, in the ratios of three-tenths and seven-tenths respectively; on this basis the stock will pay at least ten per cent. and will increase in proportion to business done.

Here is liberal use of the future tense, which may also be considered in connection with the further statement that the premium rates for the first $3,000,000 are about forty per cent. less than the ordinary rates of other companies. This is a very considerable reduction, and how ample dividends are to join with low rates is not explained. Mr. Townsley's record is itself not one to command large confidence, and we do not expect to see his Life Association become the successful new company which the right men may yet found, but no others can.

Insurance Absorptions

An insurance journal whose editor is reputed to be qualified by some personal experience in the matter of conducting reinsurance operations explains with some detail how getting control of fire companies for the purpose of selling them out may be very profitable to the persons who do this. The explanation is interesting, and might also be very useful as a caution to stockholders if anybody were simple enough to suppose that this particular development of brokerage is conducted out of good will to stockholders; it might also have another influence as a "pointer" to active men in quest of profits, but that this line of business seems to have been fully worked. While we have seen no just reason for applying hard names to brokers who are seeking a profitable turn in the market, there is equally no reason for leaving stockholders uninformed of the facts, so far as it may be in our power to aid them. The broker who seeks to intervene is necessarily a bear in the insurance market when he approaches the stockholder. He has, most unfortunately, an assistance at the start in the actual underwriting experience of recent years and in the present outlook; and yet it is easy to take too gloomy a view. It is also plain enough that there must be an expected margin between the price the promoter (or, if we may coin a term, we might say the dispromoter) expects to pay for the stock and the price at which he expects to dispose of it to somebody else who ought not to be assumed to be ignorant of values. The usual mode of procedure—that of obtaining options on stock at a certain figure—is, however, a very safe one for one side and a very foolish one for any who may be persuaded by it. It is practically equivalent to a wager in which only one party puts up a stake. Options, like other things of potential value, are worth paying for if worth having, and to give one gratuitously is exactly a giving of something which the broker may perhaps use to advantage, which otherwise he need not use at all, and for which he risks only his labor.

A sporting man, one Bill Lewis, has committed suicide, leaving as a final word the information that he was too poor to live and too proud to beg; so, it appears, he did a little service by offering himself as a moral to an illspent life. At one time he was said to have been worth—*i. e.*, to have been possessed of—some $200,000, which he blew in. These terms are slang, politely termed colloquialisms. Their use in a reputable journal seems to require some apology, which commonly takes the form of quotation marks; those are omitted now, and the apology is mentioned without being remade, because no other terms than slangy ones so well describe the case of a sport who had the dough, but blew it in. The line of plungers is a long one. And while nobody can approve the very short-term endowment life policy in general as a financial proposition, it is clearly well applicable to the cases of spendthrift and plunger. Tardily learned wisdom is better than none. If the reckless youth can only gather an operative grain of sense for himself (or if some one else can apply it for him) and can preface his plunging career by providing, through life insurance, a safe cushion to fall upon, he will thus have one more opportunity granted him financially. Suppose the unfaithful steward of the parable had done this?

FINANCIAL

Our Exports

THE article which we printed last week by the famous European economist, M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, has attracted a great deal of attention. It is becoming more and more evident, as he said, that "American industry certainly enjoys, at the present time, numerous advantages which will soon give it the supremacy in many branches of production, particularly those relating to machinery." *The Journal of Commerce* last week compiled the exports statistics for the United States for the year ending August 31st, 1901. It seems that the value of these exports was $1,500,613,236. This is the first time in the history of the United States export trade that the figures for a twelve months' period have been over one and a half billion dollars. The Washington Bureau of Statistics, in its export statements, issued each month, gives a total for the latest twelve months, and compares it with the corresponding twelve months in preceding years. Such a table shows the imports and exports in each twelve months ending with August 31st, from 1896 to 1901, as follows:

Year ending August 31st.	Imports.	Exports.
1896	$737,163,827	$906,403,525
1897	756,673,034	1,066,603,779
1898	623,192,020	1,236,643,922
1899	723,232,313	1,269,504,882
1900	848,675,810	1,399,000,520
1901	843,681,360	1,500,613,236

From the table we see that during the five-year period from August 31st, 1896, to August 31st, 1901, our exports have increased more than 50 per cent., while our imports have increased less than 15 per cent. Of course, as M. Leroy-Beaulieu says, this cannot continue indefinitely, for "no well founded commerce can exist unless it is based upon equivalent exchanges." But, fortunately, the policy of President Roosevelt is announced as favoring reciprocity with foreign nations.

In classifying our exports, agricultural products form 63.7 per cent. of the total, and they have remained at about that per cent. for the last ten years. Manufactures now form 29 per cent. of the total exports, while in 1896 they formed 28.3. During the last year, however, the exports of manufactures have not kept pace with those of the other industries. This reduction is about equally divided between copper, iron and steel. The reduction in copper exports is chiefly due to the increased demand for copper in other parts of the world for use in electrical and other industries. That in iron and steel is apparently due somewhat to the partial suspension of manufacturing activities in certain lines in the past few weeks, partially to the reduced demand abroad. The growth of exports is further illustrated by the fact that the monthly statements have not for more than two years fallen below the hundred-million-dollar line. The table which follows compares the monthly exports in each of the twelve months ending with August, 1896, and August, 1901, and illustrates the growth which has occurred in the intervening period:

	1895.	1900.
September	$58,540,063	$115,901,722
October	87,090,972	163,388,511
November	87,312,581	136,702,324
December	92,529,117	145,889,865
	1896.	1901.
January	86,970,028	136,325,601
February	77,701,904	112,957,014
March	75,574,184	124,473,643
April	71,091,747	120,754,190
May	66,568,263	124,567,911
June	66,705,871	102,774,263
July	67,717,789	109,451,775
August	68,601,006	107,426,417
Total twelve months ending August	$906,403,525	$1,500,613,236

THE Brazilian *Review* says: "We venture to predict there will be no alteration of the tariff in favor of United States flour this year."

....It is rumored that important plans for the practical consolidation of the entire Vanderbilt system of railroads is in course of operation.

....Dividends and coupons announced:

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railway, coupon No. 12, payable Oct. 1st.

American Telephone & Telegraph Co., $1 50 per share, payable Oct. 15th.

Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., preferred, (quarterly), 1¾ per cent., payable Oct 1st.

N. Y. Central & Hudson River Railroad, 1¼ per cent., payable Oct. 15th.

National Shoe & Leather Bank (quarterly), 1 per cent., payable Oct. 1st.

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Survey of the World

The Schley Inquiry

The inquiry concerning the conduct of Rear-Admiral Schley was interrupted on the morning of Tuesday, the 24th, by the sudden death, at his rooms in the city, of Judge Jeremiah M. Wilson, senior counsel for Schley. His associates had been in consultation with him for two hours that morning, and up to the hour for beginning the session. He died a few minutes after they had left his rooms, of heart failure, induced by an attack of indigestion. The subjects of inquiry during the week were the Rear-Admiral's conduct at Cienfuegos, and also at Santiago during the days immediately following his arrival there. As to the code of signals for communication with the insurgents at Cienfuegos, said to have been withheld from Schley, Captain McCalla testified that he had arranged such a code before his departure from Cienfuegos for Key West. He met Schley on this return trip and would have given him the code if he had thought Schley was going to Cienfuegos. At Key West he gave it to Captain Chadwick, Sampson's chief of staff. Returning to Cienfuegos, he used it on May 24th and ascertained that Cervera was not at that port. This information he gave at once to Schley, who was perplexed, owing to an apparent conflict in his instructions, which he asked McCalla to read, saying that if he should go to Santiago he could not coal at sea off that port, and that if he should return to Key West he would be court martialed. McCalla advised him to go to Santiago even if he should not stay there. It appears that McCalla had told the "Eagle's" Commander, Southerland, to inform Schley as to the location of the insurgents at Cienfuegos and concerning landing places there. Southerland did not report to Schley, but says he told the Commander of the "Scorpion" to do so. The "Scorpion's" records do not show that such information was received. Captain Harber's testimony that Schley had no boats on picket duty at Cienfuegos is contradicted by the Commander of the "Dupont," who testifies that his boat was one of the pickets. Concerning the situation at Santiago there was much testimony as to the delivery there to Schley of dispatches from Sampson and the Navy Department. Rear-Admiral Cotton, who then commanded the scout "Harvard," says that on May 27 he delivered dispatches to Schley, and he is confident that one of them informed him that Cervera was in Santiago harbor. A dispatch from Sampson, dated May 22d and addressed to the Commander of the "Harvard," was read. This stated positively that Cervera was at Santiago, and Cotton says he gave it to Schley. This was before Schley gave orders for a return to Key West for coal. Cotton says it was safe then to coal at sea. Captain Wise, of the scout "Yale," testified that he received from the Navy Department on May 20th a dispatch saying Cervera was at Santiago, but he did not communicate it to Schley. He reached the squadron on May 27th, but the return movement had been begun. Altho he was only a mile and a half from Schley, he gave the news only to Captain Sigsbee, thinking that Sigsbee would give it to Schley; but he did not direct Sigsbee to do this. Captain McCalla contradicted the statement that Schley's blockade at Santiago was further from the harbor by night

than by day; the ships were nearer the harbor by night, he said, and were never withdrawn in the night. There was much investigation as to changes in the wording of Schley's dispatch regretting the necessity of disobeying orders, but the results were not important. Rear-Admiral Sampson by letter asked the court to permit him to be represented by counsel. The court denied the application, saying that it did not regard him as a party to the case. His lawyers will continue to attend the sessions as spectators.

The Assassin Sentenced

Czolgosz was sentenced on the 26th ult. to suffer the death penalty in Auburn prison at some time during the week beginning on October 28th. His life will be taken away by the electric current, according to the New York law which provides that capital punishment shall be inflicted in this manner. His trial, covering two days, had consumed only eight and one-half hours. The jury were ready to pronounce their verdict without leaving their seats, but in the interest of orderly procedure they decided to retire for consultation. They were out thirty-five minutes, and in that time they observed the formality of balloting upon the questions of the prisoner's sanity and guilt. During the trial it was shown that the bullet in Mr. McKinley's body had not been found because the family was unwilling that the search for it should be prolonged. Chemical and bacteriological investigation proved that Czolgosz's bullets had not been poisoned. No testimony for the defense was given at the trial. It is understood that the alienists who examined the prisoner agreed that he was sane. When brought to court for sentence the assassin at first seemed unwilling to say anything in response to the customary question from the judge. His counsel asked that he be permitted to exculpate the members of his family. Whereupon Czolgosz said in a low and feeble voice:

"There was no one else but me. No one else told me to do it, and no one paid me to do it. I was not told anything about that crime, and I never thought anything about murder until a couple of days before I committed the crime."

He was taken to the penitentiary at Auburn on the 27th by the sheriff of Erie County. While on the train he maintained his composure. He expressed sorrow for the suffering of Mrs. McKinley. "Tell my father," he said, "I am sorry I leave such a bad name for him." Again he declared that he had had no accomplice, saying that no one had tied the handkerchief. It was not tied, but was loosely wrapped around his hand. After leaving the train, however, and while on the way to the prison, he was so frightened that he became unable to walk. Shivering, moaning and sometimes screaming, he was borne along by the officers to his cell. The nine anarchists arrested in Chicago immediately after the attack upon the President have been released, there being no available evidence against them.

Philadelphia Politics

The local situation in Philadelphia has assumed a most interesting phase and has attracted national attention. For years past the actions of the Democratic organization have been open to the gravest suspicion. Those in control of it have quite generally been regarded as being in sympathy with the Quay machine, and accordingly have used their influence to aid the machine nominations and legislation. The Democratic situation, however, has been clarified by the action of the City Conventions nominating straightout Democratic tickets, in defiance of the desires of the majority of the decent Democrats of the city, of the State Committee, of Colonel James M. Guffey, the leader of the Democratic forces of the State. Former Governor Pattison, as chairman of the City Committee, has been stumping the city in behalf of an honest Democracy, and favoring the fusion of all forces opposed to the machine. No sooner had the conventions taken the action they did than Governor Pattison resigned the chairmanship, in which action he was indorsed by Colonel Guffey and the State Committee on Reorganization, and the greater part of the leading Democrats, members of the city and State. The action of the conventions is unquestionably the result of a corrupt deal between the Republican bosses and the local Democratic leaders. Governor Pattison's action has been followed by the formation of a new Democratic Commit-

tee, with him as chairman, the movement having been launched at a large mass meeting held at the Academy of Music last week. Colonel Guffey has repudiated the actions of the conventions, and effective steps toward reorganization have been taken. The intolerable condition of affairs in Philadelphia has in a large measure been due to the need of a strong minority party. For several years past the Municipal League has been in many precincts and wards the actual minority party, and in several elections has elected its candidates as minority members. In other words, instead of the League and the Democratic parties being allies, they have been contestants. The prompt and courageous action of Guffey and Pattison bids fair to change this situation and to bring the Democratic party back into line as a faithful and effective opponent of machine methods. The new Democratic Committee has indorsed the ticket nominated by the Municipal League and the Union Party and has promised effective co-operation with them in the present campaign. The tactics of the old organization are the same as those followed by the Republican organization in New York in 1897 with such disastrous results. Fortunately the State leaders of the Democracy in Pennsylvania are broad-minded enough to see the need of joining hands with the forces of good government, rather than opposing it.

Sports on Sea and Land

The first of the international yacht races for the "America's" cup was sailed on Saturday last and won by the "Columbia." There had been an attempt to make a race on the preceding Thursday, but for lack of wind then the yachts were called off when four and a half miles from the finish. The "Columbia" had gained upon "Shamrock II" from the beginning, and was a mile in advance. One of the finest light-weather contests ever seen was the race on Saturday, the yachts being very evenly matched and the sailing masters showing skill of the highest order. Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht gained 39 seconds on the beat of fifteen miles to windward from Sandy Hook lightship, but on the home stretch the "Columbia" made up this loss and forged ahead. At the finish the two yachts were about 150 yards apart. The American boat won by only 37 seconds, actual time, after a contest of four hours and a half, and by one minute and twenty seconds, corrected time, owing to the time allowance of 43 seconds in her favor. The course was carefully patrolled, and there were no accidents except a slight collision between the revenue cutter "Gresham" and Sir Thomas's steam yacht "Erin," and another between Mr. Astor's "Nourmahal" and a large steamship during the return trip to the city.—The track and field athletic meeting between Harvard and Yale men, for the United States, and Oxford and Cambridge men, for England, on the Berkeley Oval, resulted in a decided victory for America, the visitors winning only three of the nine events, these being the long runs—half mile, one mile, and two miles. The six victories for America were evenly divided between Yale and Harvard. No records were broken, but the work was well done. Owing to a curious error the distance covered in the hundred yard dash was 105 yards, and the excellent time of Hargrave (Yale), 10 2-5 seconds, was for this distance. Two of the victories won by the visitors—the half mile and two mile runs—are credited to the Rev. Mr. Workman, of Cambridge, who could have made better time if he had been driven to it. On the American side, Spraker, of Yale, won both the high jump and the broad jump, evidently without reaching the extreme limit of his power. Among the 7,000 spectators were many prominent persons.

Palma to be Cuba's President

The election of Señor T. Estrada Palma to the Presidency with scarcely any opposition appears to have been assured by the recent action of the political leaders at their meeting in Havana. Some weeks ago they addressed to him a letter of inquiry as to his views concerning the Platt amendment, reciprocity, and other questions. In reply he says that in making a treaty with the United States the Cuban Government should strive to obtain such an interpretation of the Platt amendment as will be most favorable to the interests of Cuba and to the sovereignty and independence of the Cuban people. There

should be required a clear definition of the circumstances in which the United States would intervene to preserve order. Cuba, he adds, expects this country to respect her independence, "which is recognized by one of the clauses of the Platt amendment in the most solemn manner." The new Government should carefully adjust its expenditures to the island's income and resources. For the payment of the soldiers of the revolution the lists should be carefully examined, and the rates allowed by the revolutionary government should be reduced. Good judgment will be required for deciding as to the tariff concessions Cuba may safely offer for a commercial treaty with the United States, because the island for some years will be dependent upon customs revenue. This reply was accepted by a vote of 23 to 2, and the leaders will issue a manifesto in support of Señor Palma as a candidate. The Havana press is unanimous for him, and nearly all the newspapers published elsewhere call for his nomination and election. Important changes in the tariff have been announced by the military government. The duties on machinery for agricultural purposes are reduced one-half; material for railroads is to be admitted at a rate of only 5 per cent., and the special rebate on coffee from Porto Rico is abolished, because advantage of it has been taken by the shipment of Brazilian coffee to the island by way of Porto Rico.

The Philippine Islands

A serious loss is reported from the island of Samar, where Company C, of the Ninth Infantry, was surprised while at breakfast last Saturday morning by a considerable force of insurgents. Only twenty-four escaped (eleven of them wounded), and it is believed that forty-eight were killed. This company had a fine record of service in Cuba and China, as well as in the Philippines. Samar has never come under civil rule, but has recently been a refuge for the main body of active insurgents, who have been commanded by General Lucban. Some think that this attack upon our troops was due to the assassination of President McKinley, because the insurgents believed that Czolgosz represented a popular uprising against the Government, or that his crime would cause revolution. The laying of telegraph cables to connect the islands of the archipelago has been completed, and there is now uninterrupted service from Bongao in the Tawi-Tawi group, in the extreme south, to Apara, in northern Luzon. This work has been done, of course, by the Government. Attention has been drawn to the project of laying a Pacific cable from San Francisco by the incorporation at Albany, last week, of the Commercial Pacific Cable Company by Mr. Mackay and others interested in the Commercial (Atlantic) Cable Company and the Postal Telegraph Company. It is the purpose of the incorporators to lay a cable from California to the Philippines by way of Honolulu. The line from California to Hawaii, a distance of about 2,200 miles, can be laid, Mr. Mackay says, in nine months, and the extension to the Philippines can be completed in two years. The entire distance is 8,500 miles. Application has been made at Washington for landing privileges in Hawaii and the Philippines. The company asks no subsidy, but will agree to give Government messages the right of way and to permit the Government in time of war to take possession of the line. Its purpose is to connect in the Philippines with existing cable lines to China and Japan, and it promises to reduce by about one-half the present rates for messages to those countries and the islands. Additional surrenders are reported at Manila. Aguinaldo's body guard, consisting of Major Alhambra, several other officers, and 29 men, gave up just in time to avoid capture. In Leyte, Pacheco, the insurgent leader, has surrendered with his entire force. General Malvar is still out, and has been demanding from the people of Laguna province one-tenth of their rice crop. At a recent banquet Senator Bacon, of Georgia, now making a tour of the islands, said that as soon as the war was finished the United States would extend to the Filipinos freedom as it is known in America.

Russian Trade

Contrary to reports sometimes seen in the papers, the Russian foreign trade has shown a very marked increase in prosperity during the last few years. According to the London

Standard, Russia, from January 1st to June 1st, exported merchandise to the value of 252,779,000 roubles, as compared with 219,500,000 roubles during the same period of 1900, and 205,461,000 roubles in 1899. The value of the imports was in the present year 215,692,000 roubles, as against 222,240,000 roubles in 1900 and 232,049,000 roubles in 1899. In other words, there has been a fairly large increase in the value of exports, whereas imports have decreased, showing a balance in Russia's favor of something like 40,000,000 roubles. The above figures do not include Russia's trade with Finland nor the trade in precious stones. Neither do these figures include exports to Pacific ports, which mount up to high figures. Russia, in fact, is doing all in her power to increase her foreign trade. On January 1st, 1901, the *Porto-Franco* of the Russian East Siberian ports came to an end and the new customs laws were brought into force. These laws are of the strictest sort and will do much to hamper trade between Russia's eastern ports and foreign lands, except Russia. Efforts are being made also to establish trade between Russia and Persia. On the 11th of the past month the Russian Steam Navigation Company sent its steamer from Odessa on its second voyage to Persian ports. This undertaking of the Navigation Company is under support and supervision of the Government and is for the purpose of establishing regular communication between Persia and Russia. So far, however, the scheme has not succeeded as well as might be. The vessel on its first trip came back with a scant load. On the vessel which left Odessa recently were a commission of Russian merchants and exporters, together with the manager of a syndicate of manufactures. Their purpose is to draw up an exhaustive report on the state of the Persian markets and advise the Government in the matter of future regulations. Among the subjects they are especially to investigate and report on are the possibility of importing woods from Russia on Russian ships into Persia, in place of the woods now brought into the market on British and Swedish ships; and further, to investigate the financial standing of Persian merchants.

Russia and her Dependencies

The Finnish Senate has been rebuffed by the Czar. On August 1st the Senate passed the new Military Service Law, altho the contents of the law were admittedly illegal. At the same time the Senate addressed a memorandum to the Czar begging that he would give them assurance of the maintenance of Finland's political institutions. The Czar's reply has now been sent and is anything but reassuring. It is contained in a letter from the Secretary of State for Finland and declares that

> "his Majesty does not find the present occasion suitable to address, as the Senate desires, to the Finnish people a new assurance as to the maintenance for the future of their local institutions. As to his Majesty's good intentions in this respect, his faithful subjects cannot be in doubt. The disquieting apprehensions which are now by evilminded people being disseminated among the population point to the necessity of securing public order by means of administrative measures."

In Finland these "administrative measures" are understood to mean the exiling to remote districts of inconvenient persons without legal trial and sentence. The Senate, it may be added, was not unanimous in voting for the Military Service Law. Four senators stood against its promulgation and they have now been summarily dismissed because they "failed to comply with his Majesty's orders and demands." It is the custom in Finland that any law to be valid must be published in the *Official Gazette* and must also be read out from the pulpits in the Lutheran churches. So far about one hundred clergymen have refused to read out the new edict. In a number of parishes where the clergy did read out the law the congregation protested and left the church in a body. Another instance of Russia's attitude toward her provinces and dependencies is seen in the case of Major-General Gribsky, Military Governor of the Amur region, who was responsible for the massacre of several thousand Chinese last year at Blagovestchensk. General Gribsky has been transferred from the Amur region and appointed Governor of the province of Archangel. This removal, however, is not understood to be in the nature of a punishment. General Gribsky acknowledged his responsibility for the massacre, but declared that the

blame lay upon others, as he merely carried out orders. The Czar stopped investigation as soon as General Gribsky sent in this acknowledgment, and the whole affair is to be covered up in silence so far at least as Russia is concerned.

The South African War

The following note, which was taken from a Boer officer captured in the neighborhood of Roodeval, contains the official report sent by the Boer commandant at the engagement of Vlakfontein. It has a certain interest as coming from the side not often heard from:

Report from General Kemp, May 30th.

On May 29th force of enemy was moving out from Vlakfontein, when we charged them in the open; captured two 15-pounder Armstrong guns with ammunition. Used all the ammunition on the enemy. A number of our own people, mistaking us for enemy fired on us, forcing us to retire and abandon guns. Later on they were destroyed by us. The burghers charged with great courage to within 20 yards of enemy. Loss of enemy very considerable. About the same as their loss at Nooitgedacht; and as we were only 200 yards from them there were more killed than wounded. Our loss was nine killed, four severely and seven slightly wounded.

A correspondent of the London *Times* has tabulated the British losses during the war and compared them with the losses in the Franco-Prussian war and the American Civil War. He finds the rate of mortality during the second year of a different nature from that during the first, and this he attributes to the fact that it took the English some time to accustom themselves to modern warfare. During the earlier months the British officers were slaughtered in a manner which would have denuded the army of officers altogether in a short time. The following table gives the rates of mortality per 1,000 among the officers per annum from battle and disease during the first and second years of the South African war and during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-1871:

OFFICERS (RATES PER 1,000 PER ANNUM).

	South Africa, 1899-1900.	South Africa, 1900-1901.	Franco-Prussian War, 1870-1871.
Killed or died of wounds	71.48	21.94	65.5
Deaths from disease	29.09	15.03	8.9
Total	100 57	36.97	74.4

Among non-commissioned officers and men the reduction in the rate is large but nothing like that among commissioned officers.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN (RATES PER 1,000 PER ANNUM)

	South Africa, 1899-1900.	South Africa, 1900-1901.	Franco-Prussian war, 1870-1871.
Killed or died of wounds	19.62	10.87	30.9
Deaths from disease	31.07	20.56	14.2
Total	50.69	31.43	45.1

It will be noticed that, as compared with the officers, the men have only run half the risk of death in battle, a difference which is roughly normal. In the Franco-Prussian war the officers were also exposed to twice the risks of their men. He further makes the following comparison between the British losses and the American losses in the Civil War, both officers and men in this case being grouped together:

OFFICERS AND MEN (RATES PER 1,000 PER ANNUM).

	South Africa. 1899-1900.	America, 1861-2.	America, 1862-3.	America. 1863-4.
Killed or died of wounds	21.03	16.84	15.18	15.16
Deaths from disease	31.03	49.46	63.4	48.44
Total	52 06	66.3	78.58	63.6

	South Africa, 1900-1901.	America, 1864-5.	America, 1865-6.
Killed or died of wounds	11.25	17 24	3.77
Deaths from disease	20 37	56.76	42.72
Total	31.62	74	46.49

Egypt

The plague has existed in Egypt now in a scattered way for some three years, but bids fair at last to come to an end. No case of the disease had occurred in Egypt for many years until 1897. The last epidemic, in fact, was in 1845. As usual, the plague in the present case was spread by religious pilgrimages, in their passage this time through the Suez Canal. In May, 1898, a steamship arrived at Suez from Ras el Aswad and disembarked her passengers, who scattered to their various homes without restriction. Afterward a fireman on the ship was found to be affected with the plague, and a hunt for the passengers was made. In the end all were found and placed in quarantine, and no ill effects followed. On May 3d, 1899, however, a

case occurred at Alexandria, and during that year 93 persons were attacked, of whom 45 died. Again, in 1900, cases were found in different parts of Egypt, and the casualties were more numerous. The first case of the present year occurred at Alexandria in April, and since that time 127 cases have been reported, with 56 deaths. Of these cases 80 are reported from Zagazig, 18 from Alexandria, 19 from Port Said and others from various places. The rate of mortality is estimated at 48 per cent. in 1899, 45 per cent. in 1900, and 44 per cent. in 1901. It is said that the natives look on the presence of the pest so far with perfect equanimity and even contempt, and the sanitary officials take credit to themselves that the number of cases has been so restricted and that there has been nothing like the panic which occurred in 1845. There are two distinct organizations in Egypt for fighting the plague. First, there is a Quarantine Board, which consists of representatives of the various European Powers; and, secondly, there is the Sanitary Department, controlled by the director-general, Dr. Pinching Bey, which has the task of controlling the disease when once it has entered the country. A grant of £20,000 has been made by the Government, and already every infected town has a sufficient staff of medical men and employees on plague duty. The towns are fumigated and whitewashed, the rubbish is burnt and rats killed, and Egypt is said to be receiving such a cleaning as it never had before in its long history. A speedy end of the pest is looked for. From an Austro-Hungarian official report another and pleasanter aspect of Egyptian affairs may be seen. The report declares that the English administration of Egypt is a brilliant success in almost every department. The financial position, which was in the worst possible state, has, thanks to the present administration, now been raised to prosperity and the prospects for the future are of the fairest. The wealth of the country, according to this report, lies not in its manufacturing possibilities, but in the fertility of its soil alone, and the cultivation of the land is being extended every year by means of irrigation works, which are changing large areas of desert into fertile fields. The result is that the cultivated ground, which in 1880 amounted to only 4,175,000 *feddans* (the *feddan* is about an acre) had reached about 6,000,000 *feddans* in 1900. The rate of the land tax has been persistently lowered, and yet the proceeds remain at about the same figure as in 1880. In other words, production has increased some 50 per cent. in consequence of the new methods of irrigation. A number of railways have been built, post and telegraph offices have been erected and even the telephone has been introduced. The chief obstacle in the way of prosperity is the administration of the Sudan, which imposes a heavy financial burden on the Government. Whole districts in the Sudan have been depopulated through the maladministration of the dervishes, and the soil for a large part is without cultivators. The Government is doing all in its power to improve the condition of the inhabitants and better things are expected in the future. Already there is peace throughout the country and the price of provisions has gone down.

Korea and Japan

Despite the rumors which have reached the west of the attempts made by the Russians and French to get control of affairs in Korea, Japan still remains dominant in that territory. The Minister of Japan in Korea is a man of unusual ability and keeps a keen eye on Japanese interests. The number of Japanese in the country is constantly increasing, and they go all over the country, gaining by their keen wits many advantages over the good-natured but improvident natives. It seems that the Koreans never resist the offer of a money loan, however severe the terms may be, and no matter whether they need money or not. The Japanese take advantage of this weakness and have made themselves masters of large tracts of territory. Especially have they got control of the *ginseng* fields near Songdo. Russia recognizes the dominance of Japan in the country and does everything possible to conciliate her, ostentatiously sending information to the Japanese Legation of the movements of Russian troops in Manchuria whenever they approach the Korean frontier. Mr. McLeavy Brown, who by agreement has control of the customs until October 31st.

1905, and who, as it will be recalled, was recently subjected by the Korean Government to considerable annoyance, has been restored to favor and influence. Just now the principal difficulty in Korean affairs is a trouble that has arisen between Japan and that country in regard to the exportation of grain. By the treaty between these two countries Korea was permitted, in case of failure of crops, to prohibit the export of grain from all her ports. Toward the close of July of this year an edict was issued vetoing the export of all cereals, and this veto is causing hardship and anxiety in Japan. Last year, for instance, Japan imported from Korea beans, rice and other cereals to the amount of seven and a half million *yen;* consequently any obstruction to these exports is the cause of real difficulties in Japan. The Japanese, moreover, allege that the veto act is premature and unnecessary, as the crops have not yet really failed. They claim that the act was the work of Korean officers looking to their own profit, the case being this: When a veto is placed on the export of cereals it also applies to transactions between the provinces of the country itself, so that if one province has a full crop it is not permitted to sell to a neighboring province where there may be a dearth. The provincial officers here step in and by the prohibiting of open commerce and by their own underhand buying and selling of grain make large fortunes. It is thought that Japan will endeavor to have this hampering clause of the treaty expunged. Certainly the ordinary Japanese, in this as in all cases of the kind, believes that somehow Russia and France are behind the present action of Korea, and resent the matter accordingly.

China "After me the deluge." After the devastations of Boxers and foreigners China has now to suffer from a flood of appalling severity. The Yangtse River has overflowed its banks and laid waste the valley. Ten million persons are reported to be without homes and without provision for the coming winter. Civil disorder is feared, and the floods have not yet subsided. From the *North-China Herald* we learn some of the details of the labor of rescue. Immediately on hearing of the deluge two Chinese banks advanced a sum of 20,000 taels and a special delegate was sent up the river to distribute relief. Other large sums came from Chinese sympathizers, and foreign houses of commerce also contributed. A foreign committee was formed to work in conjunction with the native committee, and it was hoped that a sum might be collected sufficiently large to enable some permanent work to be done, besides the actual relief of immediate distribution. The floods, however, have proved destructive beyond all expectation. From the same issue of the *North-China Herald* we get a description of a new city which Russia is building in the Liaotung to fortify her position in Manchuria and China generally. This is the town of Dalny (the *Distant City*), whose harbor was formally opened July 28 by the Russian commander-in-chief, Admiral Alexeieff, in the presence of a most distinguished gathering. The first steamer was moored at the new pier, and was announced to take up a regular run between Dalny, Port Arthur and Chefoo three times a week each way. A new and large graving dock has been constructed, so that hereafter it will not be necessary to dock Russian vessels at Shanghai. The harbor and pier at Dalny are excellent, the city will be connected with the Russian railway system, and altogether the new port is expected to play an important part in the commerce of the East. The city is entirely of artificial growth, having been laid out much as an exposition, and has all the "modern conveniences," such as electric lights, telephones, street cars, etc. It is delightfully situated, and in general appearance as one approaches from the sea is said to resemble Kobe, with the long shore, the well-built Bund and the mountains behind. The streets cross at right angles, they are wide and well shaded with trees. A plentiful supply of good water is always available from a reservoir on the hills behind the town, and the overflow is used to flush and keep clean the main sewer. A handsome Russian church has already been erected, and building sites at the most moderate rentals will be granted to other denominations as soon as a congregation in any faith can be gathered.

American Rule in the Sulus*

By Lieutenant-Colonel Owen J. Sweet, U. S. A.

Military Governor of the Sulu Archipelago

SINCE February of 1900 the political situation has remained practically unchanged. Everything is smooth and complaisant on the surface, but there is no desire or intention on the part of the authorities to work in harmony with the United States in improving the condition

LIEUT.-COLONEL OWEN J. SWEET

of the people, or to stop robberies and piracies, unless there is some pecuniary benefit to be derived. The more I see the workings of the agreement made by General Bates with the Sultan, the more I am convinced of the impossibility of any improvement in our relations with the Moros, or a change in their condition, for the agreement simply perpetuates conditions as we found them. In Article I of this agreement the sovereignty of the United States over the archipelago is acknowledged. This evidently applies to land as well as people, and is a definite concession on the part of the Moros. In Article III, "the rights and dignities of His Highness the Sultan of Jolo and his Dattos shall be fully respected." What are his rights and dignities? Here a definite guaranty of unlimited rights and dignities is made by the United States. The Sultan was supreme in the islands, and he remains so. To make this renunciation more complete, Article IX guarantees the Sultan and his petty chiefs in their arbitrary fines, punishments and tyrannies over people whom Article I says are subjects of the United States, and the United States can say nothing. In other words, the article of agreement guarantees the continuation in undefined and supreme power of a body of barbarians over a territory and a people over whom the United States have sovereignty. The United States have not even reserved the right to investigate or correct abuses, or to stop crime against their own subjects. Article XV gives certain men salaries unconditionally. Is it because they are powerful, and we are afraid of them, or for services we expect them to render? The Moros can look at it both ways.

Dattos Joakanain and Calbi are the only two on the salary list of Jolo who seem to realize that the receiving of this salary requires a certain service in the interest of the United States on their part. Datto Puyo, and especially Datto Amil Hussin, of the Siassi group, meet every demand made of them willingly. They are separated from the Sultan and look to the commanding officer of Siassi as their real head. In the agreement made with Dattos Tantong and Sakilan at Bongao it is stipulated that their salaries last only during good conduct. The commanding officer at Bongao can stop it. These two men have rendered good and valuable service whenever called on. They know exactly where they stand, and would raise troops to fight the Sultan if called on to do so.

The Sultan has just made a trip to Singapore, and while at Sandaken it is rumored he married the widow of the in-

* From an interview for The Independent.

surgent Mohammedan Chief Mat Salle, recently killed while in rebellion against the Borneo Government. While in Singapore he married and purchased a house for $27,000. This gives him four wives and twenty concubines at least. It looks as if he was investing his money in Singapore in case of future troubles, as he took all his money with him, as well as raised all he could by arbitrary and wholesale fines just before he left. The country was on the verge of civil war when he left, Moro people saying his departure was due to his fears of the result. He is not bright, but very avaricious, and will do anything for money. He has no children and is exceedingly unpopular on account of his unjust and arbitrary fines.

On his return here he said he had kept his eyes open and had learned much. He saw that his islands were the richest on earth, and his people the poorest and most uncivilized. He was full of reforms, but so far the only evidence is in his trying to get his people to brand their cattle and horses, so they can be traced. He said he was going to stop fining his people money, but to impose a fine in arms instead. This would gradually disarm them. I have encouraged him in this in every way, but nothing has come of it so far; the money fines go on as before. The trouble is that the Sultan has not the ability, strength or desire to carry out any reform; his only desire seems to be to get money and to keep up his harem. The welfare of his people is only talk as far as he is concerned. This island is divided up into practically independent states under different chiefs, who go to war with one another and force their followers to do the same; they obey the Sultan only in so far as it suits them.

The brother of the Sultan, Datto Rajah Muda, is a plausible talker, is tricky and very much afraid of the Sultan. He has one daughter. The Sultan's second brother, Datto Attick, is said to be the best of the family, but is an opium eater and has no children. In case of failure in this family the Sultanate goes to Datto Pangeran of Bun Bun, but at present living at Laminusa, in the Siassi group. Pangeran is an ordinary Moro of not much intelligence. Little could be expected of him in the way of improvements unless he was pushed.

The Moro is a great talker, always returning to the same point. Practically nothing of consequence can be obtained from him in conference, and the less of him the better. In his religion he

Lieut.-Col. Sweet, his Adjutant-General and Secretary of Moro affairs, Capt. Sage, with escort and Moros in background, h lding a conference with Datto (Prince) Mohommed Asakil, in the jungle near Boal, Jolo Island

Partial view of the residence of the Military Governor, at Jolo, Jolo Island

is naturally a fanatic. He is a wiry, sinewy, athletic fellow, very different from the Visayan or Tagalo, and quite different from the Filipino generally. In physical appearance he is a distinct type in the Orient. He has a bold and haughty bearing and freedom of manners extending to an almost defiant carriage. He dresses in fantastic garbs of bright and brilliant colors and is as gay in manner as gaudy in garb. A variegated, uniquely folded turban; a highly colored silk sash to hold his deadly, handsomely carved and adorned borong or krise; a short jacket ornamented with bright metal clasps or filigree work or buttons; very bright striped silk trousers that are tight in fit—make him the most picturesque of barbarian people. He lives in simplicity. He is brave to fearlessness, a born pirate and essentially a fighting man, ever at war with each other in some part of the Sultanate. Never happy unless on a marauding expedition and stealing from his neighbors, friends and foes alike. The chief who is the most successful thief is the most respected and most powerful among chiefs. He is constitutionally indisposed to work, and will only do what is necessary to sustain life and support his family from dire want.

Two years of patient and trying American work among these Moros is working wonders, and now hundreds are engaged in various kinds of labor and each month adds to the number in the most encouraging way. Fish, native fruits and vegetables and rice mainly constitute his diet. He eats with his fingers, squatted *à la* Turk on the floor, his bed or the ground. He is allowed four wives by the Koran. He has as many as he can support, be they four or fourteen. He has to quarter

Moro warrior mounted on a native pony

them in different shacks or houses or huts, as a rule, to avoid family quarrels. Concubines are in number according to his tastes and means, as are large numbers of peons in a mild form of feudal slavery. He trades with his neighbors on market days in the various coins of the realm and foreign moneys. At other times he is a free ocean rover, extending his trading voyages as far north as the islands of Negros and Panay; south to the Celebes and Borneo, and westwardly to the Palawan. He is the most successful of smugglers, and a little act of piracy when chance offers goes without mention. He is the most perfect of aquatic beings and skillful small boat sailor or large prau navigator extant. He can no more drown than can a fish. There is no record of a Moro drowning. He can dive to the bottom of the sea at depths from 75 to 100 feet for the valuable mother of pearl shell, and his life is largely at sea from infancy. Many of their villages are built over the water on the coast. His means of transportation for inland visits is by the native pony, in size resembling the Shetland pony, tho varying in size and shape. There is not a road in the Sulu Archipelago. One is under construction twelve miles in length from Jolo to Maibun, the capital of His Highness the Sultan. He rides on a crudely made saddle that has a padded cover to the seat. For stirrups he uses a braided or knitted hempen band, through the ends of which he places his big toes in a loop made for the purpose.

His favorite weapon is the terrible borong or krise. Of the former family of knives there are nine distinct classes, while of the latter there are eight grades of the straight krises and seven of the wavy kinds. Besides, there are six kinds of short swords, all formidable and all dangerous weapons. He ever wears his knife, keeps it polished as bright as steel and whetted to a razor's edge. He wears it from custom and for dignity, not for ornament but for frequent use, as the many scars he wears bear testimony. He is a formidable enemy and a suspicious, superstitious and uncomfortable sort of a fanatical friend. In dealing with him it would be best to make up your mind what you want, tell him, and after ex-

Lieut.-Col. Sweet and his honorary son, the young Prince (Mahommedan) Datto Mohommet Amural Umrah, second heir to the Sultanate of Jolo. Natives in the group are a part of the young Prince's body guard

Characteristic Moro group. Central figure is Hadji Alu Baker, High Priest of Moba, Jolo Island. He is surrounded by some of his Moro friends, both sexes

Moro Group, Seminoos Island. Central figure, with black trousers and white shoes, is Datto (Prince) Fantong, a very jolly and cruel chief. He is surrounded by his wives, relatives and friends

plaining why it should be done, close the discussion. This would show power, which is the only thing recognized by the Moros.

All the trouble on the islands is due to the collection of fines, or to stealing, which is going on continually, and which will continue, as the Sultan is either too weak or has not sufficient interest in his people to stop it. A large majority of the people are poor; it is safer for them to be so. A Moro on being asked why he did not plant hemp, cocoanut trees, cocoa, and make a house for himself and his children, replied it was not safe to be prosperous, for as soon as a man became well to do the Sultan or some of the Dattos would trump up some charges against him, and he would be fined more than he had; then if his friends would not help him pay his fine he and his family would be sold as slaves.

The revenue of the Sultan is derived from arbitrary fines; he has no system of taxes or rents.

No trouble has arisen on account of slavery, but is liable to occur if there is any unauthorized meddling. Slavery is recognized by the Koran, so the worst people to deal with it would be the religious sects. Properly dealt with, I don't think it will be hard to stop slavery, as the owners get very little pecuniary benefit from it. Compensated emancipation would eventually end it. It is more a question of the dignity and prestige it gives to own some one over whom they have absolute control even of life and death. The death penalty is seldom exercised; it would be like throwing money away, as the slaves can always be sold for something. Before any move toward freeing slaves is made the right of enslaving people, which is claimed by the Sultan and others in power, should be curtailed. They claim and exercise the right of selling free Mohammedan subjects as slaves if they cannot pay their fines or debts, and as they can always be fined slavery is unlimited.

The natives of the islands are natural pirates, the multitude of small islands and reefs favoring the profession. These piracies are committed against each other, or against Chinamen. When boats and their crews disappear the natives take it as a matter of course—it is only another case of piracy. No reports of piracy against whites have been received, but from evidence found by Captain Cloman in the Selungun affair it would appear that piracies against Sandakan traders

Moro water village, Tullei, Jolo Island

Entrance gate of Jolo City, from the pier, foot of Marine Street

have been committed recently. I have made repeated efforts since to get some clue to the whereabouts of the pirates, and Secret Service men are out now trying to locate them.

It was feared on account of the cattle disease that there would be a famine in the islands. Notwithstanding the almost total loss of cattle, there has been a marked increase of cultivated land over last year. The natives have commenced using ponies for plowing. The following articles are raised or gathered on the islands and exported: Hemp, copra, shells, beach demer (sea worm), hides, fruit to Sandaken, sharks' fins, dried fish and some cocoa and tortoise shells. For home consumption the products are tapioca, sweet potatoes, corn, rice, syreh (a leaf used to chew with the betel-nut), betel-nut, limes, some tobacco, fruits and some small vegetables.

School has been held in a building inside the wall, with an average attendance of thirty-six, nearly the capacity of the building. The first week in July the building outside the wall will be opened. The building inside will be used for girls. Attendance will be compulsory between certain ages, unless especially excused by the officer in charge of schools. One boy has been sent here to school from Siassi, and some are promised from Maibung.

Complaints are being received from Moros as to unjust treatment from the Sultan, Dattos and others in authority, and when they complain to the Sultan they are fined or can get no redress. I have investigated some of these complaints for my own information and find that justice as we understand it is unknown. The desire to get money overrides all other considerations. As an example of justice, a Moro lost a carabao by theft; he located the thief and complained to the Sultan, who fined the thief $105.00 and confiscated the carabao.

At the present instant the lower classes have more confidence in us, but the Sultan and chiefs are obstructive factors in all our efforts for the betterment of the condition of the Moro people. They have no honest desire for American methods of honest administration, when the whole people will be benefited, unless there is some consideration in it for them. They are as overbearing toward their people as ever, and do not seem inclined to change their arbitrary methods or aid the people to better themselves. They act as if they thought the people were created to be their slaves or for their own

Moro woman carrying a bamboo water log and wearing a sarong from right shoulder dropping down left side, and trousers

aggrandizement. The lower class seem to be as peaceable and as law-abiding as they can be under the circumstances. Nothing in the way of progress can be carried out until the Government takes real possession of these islands and says what shall and what shall not be done, dividing the land up among the people and taking away from the chiefs their absurd and arbitrary powers.

The Sultan expressed a desire to visit the United States on his return from Singapore, but stated he was too poor to do this at his own expense. I think it would be an excellent and paying investment for the Government to take him, with a party of his principal followers, through the United States, so they can see and realize what our country is.

Our relations with the poor, who are the great mass of the people, are cordial. Nine out of ten of the population of the islands would gladly renounce all allegiance to the Sultan and Dattos and swear allegiance to the United States. There can be no progress until the United States takes complete control of the islands. Neither the Sultan nor any Datto who is in the line of succession to the Sultanate can make anything out of the country; they are bound up in traditions and ancestor worship, and to do anything their grandfathers did not do would be wrong. In many things they are inferior to the American Indians, and I know of no trait in which they are superior. I have tried to bring the Sultan and Dattos together, but so far without success. The Sultan stands on his dignity and quotes erroneously from the Koran as to the duties of a Sultan toward his people. So far I can find no case in which he lives up to his model.

The poor people are very anxious that the rival powers should come together, as in case of war they are the ones to suffer.

SULU, SULU ARCHIPELAGO

In Extremis

By the Late Thomas Driffill

WHEN the face of the dying turns gray,
And the time has come
When the soul must wend its way
To its last long home,
Who is it bends over the dying
Of all that are human—
Last seen by the sufferer helpless lying?
'Tis the form of a woman.

Mother, or sister, or wife,
Or some sweet daughter,
Nurses the ebbing life,
Wets the parched lips with water,
Plies every loving art
To comfort the one that is going,
From her own half-broken, aching heart
A last sad smile bestowing.

O women of all the lands,
In the future as in the past,
To your pitying hearts and tender hands
We all must come at last;
We may trifle, neglect, disdain,
But to you and to none other
We turn in our sore distress and pain—
Wife, sister, daughter, mother.

Literary Aspirants and Magazine Editors

By a Magazine Editor

[The author of the following article is a member of the staff of one of the greatest of the American popular monthly magazines.—EDITOR.]

THE INDEPENDENT has performed important service by publishing, in recent numbers, several contributions to a discussion concerning the Literary Aspirant. For, irrespective of comic papers and thoughtless persons, the ambitious young novelist, poet, essayist, is to be taken seriously. Where would our books come from twenty years hence, pray, if it were not for the thousands of young men and young women all over the country who are to-day striving to achieve literary success—in other words, to learn their trade, to become master craftsmen? It is to such ambitious men and women—ay, and youths and maidens—that these words are addressed, by one who has seen something of books and people, and who is familiar with editorial work. May he speak a few words to those Literary Aspirants who are discouraged over seeming rebuffs? It is hardly necessary to ask the question. Surely the reply will be a kindly "Yes." So let us proceed directly to the heart of the matter, and try to ascertain wherein lies the trouble of which so many complain. And like an honest medical man let us diagnose the case unsparingly, but with all possible sympathy, and try to suggest a remedy.

The most curious hallucination existing in the minds of some who have written to THE INDEPENDENT concerning the Literary Aspirant is that the great magazines are prejudiced against unknown writers, and virtually give a hearing only to famous authors. There never was a more mistaken idea since the time when university professors believed the earth to be flat. To those who know something of the workings of editorial offices of the great magazines it is well nigh incomprehensible that such belief can exist—but it does, and some of the communications to THE INDEPENDENT prove it. The absolute, definite, undeniable fact is, however, that every great magazine in the English language—and particularly in America—is spending thousands of dollars each year for the simple purpose of finding new writers. Furthermore, when a young writer of real ability is discovered there is more editorial rejoicing than he or she is likely to imagine.

The publishing of magazines and books is a business, a commercial undertaking, the purpose of which is to make money. To be sure, the publishing business differs from many others in that it is, and ought to be, and ever will be allied with literary art. Nevertheless, it is a business, and this fact is one of the most important which must be borne in mind by the Literary Aspirant. Consequently it is a waste of time for him to send MSS. to any particular magazine without ascertaining what kind of material it needs. For example, there would be no use in submitting love stories to a philosophical journal, or to a review in which fiction has no place. Likewise is it useless for the young writer to offer a magazine publishing only the highest and best of literature such articles, stories, and verse as are acceptable to the lower grade periodicals. The dealer in rare paintings would promptly refuse to expose for sale cheap chromos, or daubs in water color. He has no place for them. His customers would refuse to purchase the amateurish pictures if he displayed them, and before long they would leave him and give their patronage to others who maintained reputation for dealing only in the best works of art procurable. Of course, there are hundreds and thousands of shops which deal in chromos and daubs, but they are very different from the other kind; and while their customers are vastly greater in number, yet they are of a different class. Imagine, if possible, an unskilled butcher's boy confidently sending to a Fifth Avenue gallery a crude sketch, and then getting indignant when it is returned to him, possibly with charges prepaid, certainly accompanied by a note written most kindly and sincerely. Now stretch the imagination further if you can, and

try to conceive of the butcher's boy brooding over the affair and waxing wroth until, after a dozen such experiences, he bursts into print with a protest that reputable art dealers are surrounded by a ring of favorites, that they will not give a hearing to painters of real talent who are unknown, that there is no use in trying to achieve success in art, and so on, and so on!

My dear Literary Aspirant, isn't such a state of affairs well nigh unimaginable? Yet how does it differ from that which obtains among certain disappointed writers who are unwise enough to complain in public prints about a stituation of which they know next to nothing?

Let us consider the matter from another point of view. The editors of the several great magazines are men who have devoted their lives to the work of "conducting the orchestra of quills" which each month fills their pages and appeals in different ways to the varying tastes of a multitude of readers scattered all over the world. These men, the editors, know just what they want, and just what they do not want. Some stories, articles, poems, which would be acceptable to *Scribner's* or the *Atlantic,* could not be used in *Harper's* or the *Century;* and *vice versa.* It is impossible for each Literary Aspirant to call upon the magazine editors and ask what they need in the way of MSS.; but it is feasible for the young writer to examine the various magazines, month after month, and thus learn in a general way what kind of articles and stories are published. By doing this he will understand something of the peculiar field each periodical occupies, and be in position to take the next step. When he has a story written he should think it over in a cold-blooded manner, as if not he but a stranger were the author, and ask himself, "Is this especially suited to *Harper's,* or the *Century,* or *Scribner's,* or *McClure's,* or the *Ledger,* or the *Atlantic?*" And upon reaching a decision he could send it on its journey. If the Aspirant has in contemplation an essay, criticism, descriptive article, travel paper or any other MS. except fiction or verse, he should select the magazine which prints matter of the kind, and write a brief, comprehensive note to the editor, inquiring whether he would care especially to see an article on such and such a topic, and if so, about how long it should be to best suit his purposes. He also should mention photographic or other illustrative material that he may have. It is hardly necessary to add that the Aspirant would do well to await an encouraging reply before he commences to write the article. By doing so he will save a great deal of time and labor and many postage stamps, and incidentally lighten the burden in the editorial office. If this simple, common sense rule were followed, there would be fewer MSS. declined, and fewer disappointed young authors; and this notwithstanding the fact that at least eighty per cent. of the unsolicited MSS. which come to a great magazine consists of fiction and verse. At present there is a demand for good special articles, especially on American topics, which it is exceedingly hard to supply. Articles concerning places, people, and events in Europe, Asia, Africa and the South Seas are easy to secure; but when it comes to articles distinctively American—that is where the magazine editor feels most keenly the lack of good material.

Let us visit the editorial office of some of the great illustrated magazines and see what the chances are so far as the Literary Aspirant is concerned. Routine work and details vary, of course, but a general view of the field may readily be taken. First of all, we need to glance at the magazines themselves, and for sake of example we may select the largest, the ones which have the most space for articles and stories. We will find that this type of periodical usually has 160 pages, of which from 8 to 17 at the end are given over to regular departments. Then it devotes, on an average, say 40 pages to serials, and about 30 to illustrations, making a total of not far from 82 pages; which would leave some 78 open for all other contributions of whatever nature; and considerable of this space may be assigned to articles, stories, essays, poems, etc., written by men and women distinguished for their work in various fields of authorship and scientific research. Right here the Literary Aspirant feels like balking.

"I told you so!" he cries. "Even you admit that famous writers have first claim on magazine space!" But the Aspirant is mistaken. Not great writers,

but *great writing,* has the claim, which is a very different thing. "The Man Without a Country" commanded world-wide attention not because its author was distinguished, but because it was a great story. When Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was a girl in her teens, living in a sleepy little New England village, she produced "The Gates Ajar." Is even a complaining Literary Aspirant so utterly foolish as to think that book swept the country like wildfire because its author was a famous personage? But after it was published and Miss Phelps was a distinguished writer she continued to command place in magazines by the excellence of her work. Let us allot, then, some of the remaining eighty pages to contributions so important in themselves that the editor had to arrange for them months, perhaps years, in advance, and we have space remaining for some ten unsolicited MSS., or about one-half the contents of each number of the magazine. Of course, it is impossible to say that each number of the great magazines has its space so divided; but something at least approaching an average may be reached this way. Now, let us take another step, and say that of twenty-five titles in each number a dozen are unsolicited, so that in the course of the year the periodical is able to publish about 150 contributions from new writers. Most of the great magazines purchase much more MS. than they possibly find room for later on, because they are always on the lookout for good material by unknown authors, and always hope to use it. Granting, then, that some 150 unsolicited MSS. may be accepted and used each year, we come to the next point. How many are submitted to the type of magazine under consideration? To say that the editor receives 15,000 per annum would be to understate rather than exaggerate the number. About one-half is verse, forty per cent. stories, and ten per cent. essays, descriptive articles, historical sketches, and travel papers. And where do they come from? Everywhere in the world.

To sum the matter in a nutshell, there are some scores of thousands of people—perhaps a hundred thousand—scattered all over the country who occasionally submit MSS. to the various periodicals. An experienced literary man recently estimated the number of amateur verse-makers in the United States at two hundred thousand, but this is not a conservative estimate. The army of contributors includes a few who will some day step from the untrained mass of volunteers and enter the ranks of professional literary workers. But most of them will remain lawyers, merchants, butchers, grocers, dressmakers, teachers, and persons employed in other capacities. They, like the Government clerks at Washington, "write" because of more or less leisure time. When unsolicited MSS. from Manila dropped into the magazine officers like flakes in a flurry of snow, some months ago, the editors had abundant proof that military activity in the Philippines was growing less. Why? Because the privates and troopers had time to sit down and concoct wild, impossible yarns, and doggerel about the insurrection. These were written, usually in pencil, upon both sides of sheets of paper; and the authors showed haughty disdain for rules of grammar and orthography. Yet the infantrymen and troopers and artillerymen sent their stories and verses to the greatest magazines in the world, with a confidence simply sublime. Possibly they are among the disappointed Literary Aspirants who indorse recent complaining articles in THE INDEPENDENT. It would be interesting to know what one of those soldiers would think were an editor, absolutely inexperienced in the profession of arms, to send the Secretary of War a plan of campaign, expecting him to accept it, pay for it, and put it in operation. The soldier would doubtless deem the editor crazy, especially if, after the Secretary of War had returned his plan with a polite note, he should write indignant protests to the papers because it failed of acceptance.

There are not many singers in country church choirs so foolish as to offer their services to the director of the Metropolitan Opera Company until they have spent years and years in hard study and training under competent masters. Yet there are ten thousand who unhesitatingly submit MSS. to the great magazines and are disappointed at having them returned. In short, the principal trouble with the Literary Aspirant is that he does not take his work seriously. He makes of writing

a secondary issue. Day after day he is a bookkeeper, a salesman, a teacher, a young lawyer, or a physician, giving his best time and thought and energies to such regular employment. When he can spend a few hours at more or less regular intervals he turns author for the moment; and then wonders at his lack of success. There would be far fewer disappointed young men and young women if those ambitious for a literary career could once comprehend that there is no work in the world demanding more thorough preparation and constant practice; wider reading of books and observation of people; closer study of currents political, sociological, commercial, physiological, psychological and other, which are blended in what we term life—the association of men and ideas and action. Instead of considering the question for a term of years, the Aspirant too often decides upon a "literary career" because his family think him a genius, or because he has written and had accepted one or two little stories or poems, or for some equally silly reason. That is why the great magazines receive fourteen to twenty thousand unsolicited MSS. every year, and have to decline almost all of them. And yet editors spend thousands of dollars per annum in having this mass of copy read by trained eyes, in the hope that once in a hundred times a new writer will be found, or at least a writer with something new to say. Not infrequently a MS. is received which contains information interesting in itself, but so constructed as to be impossible of publication. The editor, desiring for his readers all the riches he can lay his hands on, is likely in such a case to pay the contributor for his idea or information, with the understanding that the magazine, at its own expense, may have the article rewritten and put in presentable shape.

It is a strange fact that many contributors, especially new ones and others who have achieved but a first success, are indignant when they find that the editor has fulfilled his duties by editing their MSS., by cutting out of a short story all superfluous matter which would impede the action, by changes here and there which highten the dramatic intensity of situations, and by other improvement. These young people should remember that even distinguished authors of long experience may undergo the same treatment; and usually the more experienced the author the more apt is he to acquiesce in such intelligent editing. Furthermore, the young writers should remember that the actual editor of each magazine must be the sole judge of that which shall appear in his pages.

If any one imagines that it is light, easy work to conduct a great magazine, he should consider the fact that every thirty days it goes regularly into two or three hundred thousand homes, where it is read by a million or more people, old and young, holding all sorts of opinions as to life, politics, marriage, love affairs, religion, politics, science, and what not. Think of a situation where a man should visit these homes once a month, year in and year out, and deliver illustrated lectures on every conceivable subject to parents and children and grand parents —and you may grasp something of the tremendous weight of responsibility which is borne by those who select and plan and lay before you the leading popular periodicals. Is it any wonder that the editors scrutinize each MS. before accepting it, and examine it from every possible viewpoint? And considering the efforts put forth by each magazine to increase its circulation in its chosen field, and consequent financial profit, is it any wonder that the editors strain every nerve in the effort to secure the very best of literature by unknown as well as by distinguished authors? And here, again, comes in the question of the unknown writer. You may accept it as a fact upon the word of one who knows what he is saying that if to-day you send a great poem or a brilliant story to any one of the leading magazines it will have twenty times as cordial a welcome as if it were secured from the most famous author in the language. Why? *Simply because a great poem or a brilliant story by a wholly unknown writer reveals a new star to the world.* It commands instant attention and adds immeasurably to the magazine's prestige. And let another fact sink deep into your mind. If you have a great poem or a brilliant story published in even a comparatively unimportant periodical, you need not fear that it will go unnoticed. On the contrary, it will be brought to the consideration of all the magazine editors in the country by

members of the staffs who are paid salaries simply for the work of discovering new authors in other publications. And you will be surprised to see how soon you receive invitations to contribute elsewhere.

The disputed question as to whether unsolicited MSS. are examined by the great magazines is almost too absurd to merit consideration. But for the sake of doubting Literary Aspirants let it be said emphatically that no well conducted periodical ever returns a MS. without sufficient examination to prove its unavailability. The very drudgery of wading through miles and miles of utterly useless MSS. is what has caused more than one, yes, more than a score, of lighly distinguished literary men to resign editorial positions. And the editor who failed to have unsolicited MSS. examined would very quickly be asked for his resignation. As to rivalry among distinguished authors, as to the nonsensical idea of a "ring" whose purpose is to discourage new talent, perhaps a single incident may enlighten the suspicious. While this rambling paper was in course of preparation—yesterday morning, to be exact—the writer was walking through the Grand Central Railroad Station in New York chatting with the editor of a literary magazine, when one of the oldest and most widely recognized American poets came hurrying up, and asked the editor if he had read a story by a new man in a recent number of a ten-cent periodical.

"Yes," said the editor, "and I intend to find out who he is."

"Come along, then," said the poet, starting toward Fourth Avenue, "and I'll walk down to your office with you. As soon as I had read that story I made inquiries, and I find it is practically a first attempt. The young man has done a fine thing, and I'm delighted to be able to tell you about him!"

And off they went, the editor listening attentively, and the dear, generous-hearted poet full of enthusiasm at helping a worthy new author on his way to success. They made a pretty picture—and one which was significant.

The Housing of the Poor

By the Rev. G. L. McNutt

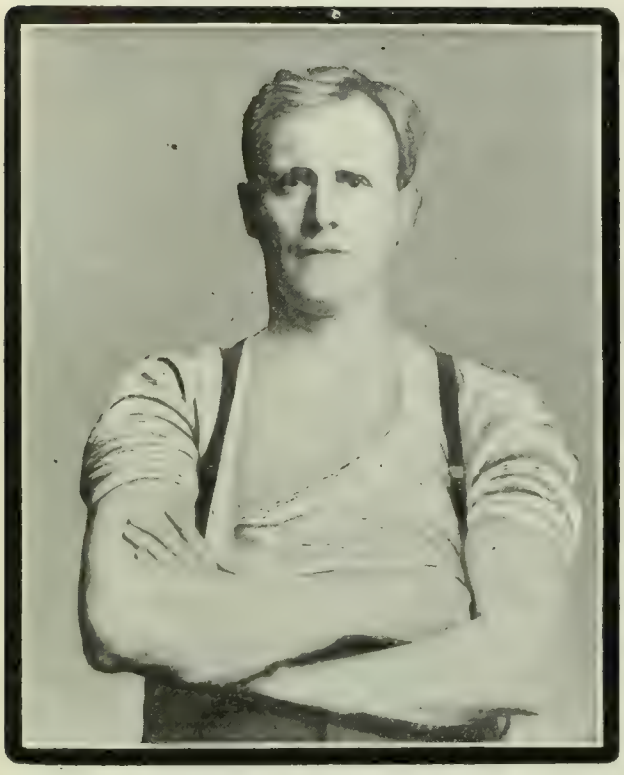
[Mr. McNutt, who resigned charge of his church in Indianapolis two years ago to investigate the conditions of the lower classes and who has in the meantime worked as a laborer in different cities in the country, has recently lived three months in a New York tenement house.—Editor.]

It is scarcely necessary to refer to the fact that the home life, if it can be called such, of the tenement classes in our great cities is largely responsible for the development of crime in various forms and for the low moral standard which prevails. Philanthropists generally admit this to be so, yet it seems to me that we have scarcely made a beginning in plans for the betterment of this branch of our population. The Mills Hotel in New York is a step in the right direction, but we must go further. As I look at it, our great cities, so to speak, are in pawn, and we must reclaim them by throwing entirely new surroundings about these people, placing them in homes that are homes and creating a physical condition which will enable them to withstand the craving for drink and the temptation to evil in other forms.

We must consider that with the laboring man and laboring woman in such cities as New York time is very precious. If we are to provide sources of pleasure and amusement they must be where the people can reach them immediately. It is idle to expect they will attend religious services if conducted on the system which is prevalent. The squalor of their surroundings breeds a hopelessness which renders most of the efforts of workers for their elevation futile.

It is useless to attempt to separate the families by locating them in settlements in the suburbs. Whatever steps are taken must be in the nature of improvements in the localities where they are now living. As a result of my experience I have formulated a theory which I believe might be a step forward in solving this problem. Briefly outlined it is

this: Build a tenement or apartment house—call it whatever you please—twelve, fifteen or even eighteen stories high, for it can be constructed practically fireproof. It is unnecessary to say that such a building can accommodate a thousand people or more without being overcrowded in the suites of rooms which can be arranged. Of course, water and gas can be carried to each floor, and, if necessary, it can be heated by steam during the proper season. Elevators can be provided, thus making the upper floors as accessible as those nearer the street



GEORGE L. McNUTT

and really more desirable, as the occupants get the benefit of more air and light. Too much of these elements cannot be provided, for they are essentials to health, whether in city or country. While each family can have facilities for doing its own cooking, a part of the building can be devoted to a general laundry, with the necessary tubs, hot and cold water, etc., at a far lower cost than if each family does its own washing. If necessary a restaurant could be provided where plain and healthful food can be secured at a minimum cost.

In connection with the building I would devote possibly one of the upper floors to a hall to be used for religious services on Sundays, where every occupant of the building and any one else who desires to attend could feel they were free to enjoy this privilege, the idea being to make the meetings undenominational and of a broad character, with good music. The hall could also be used for lectures, concerts and other amusements for the benefit of the tenants. The top of the building could easily be converted into a sort of roof-garden for grown people and play ground for the children. Instead of dragging the little ones a mile to some park or other pleasure ground, here they could have it at home, sheltered from the sun by awnings, yet getting the benefit of the air, which at this altitude would be fresh and pure. Another feature would be a kindergarten.

I believe that such a building could be constructed and rented at a price low enough to allow families residing in even poorer grade of tenements in New York City to secure a suite of rooms. It is unnecessary to speak of the economizing of heat, light and labor which would be the outcome of such a system. An opportunity would also be given some of our wealthy philanthropists to construct the building and endow it, so to speak, by providing a fund, the interest of which could be used to pay for amusements, cost of keeping the hall, laundry and other public apartments in proper condition. Again, an endowment fund could be provided, the interest of which could be used in paying all expenses above the rental receipts. By this method rents could be reduced to such a figure that tenants could avail themselves of the privileges of the building, paying what they were able and yet not feeling that they were paupers.

There is no reason why tenements cannot be constructed as high as many of the modern office buildings and the occupants get the benefit of the light and air. The elevator system would obviate the necessity for climbing a single flight of stairs, where thousands of families are now obliged to go up and down five or six flights possibly four times daily, if not more. With a superintendent in charge who understands his business, the sanitary conditions could be made equal to if not better than those in any modern home. The children would have an opportunity to develop physically as well

as mentally and not degenerate into the human wrecks which so frequently are the result of life in the city slums. The improved surroundings to my mind would form a continual up-lifting influence, encouraging rather than discouraging. If a man is satisfied with his home life he is far more susceptible to religious instruction than when every influence tends to drag him down and brutalize him.

The benefit of such a system to the city and State is obvious, for its tendency would be to broaden out even the most ordinary human being. One of the great sources of labor troubles in this country is discontent with home life. With associations that make life worth living for not only the workman but his wife and children, one of the causes of anarchy would be removed and much injury to our industries be avoided.

The Russian Police and Political Assassination

By J. A. Hourwich

[Mr. Hourwich is a Russian by birth, but has lived in this country for several years. He has had a legal training and is now employed in the Treasury Department at Washington. He corresponds with several foreign papers and keeps in the closest touch with Russian affairs.—Editor.]

Of all modern nations Russia has waged the most relentless war upon plots at political assassination and upon all forms of revolutionary propaganda as well. The efforts of the police have been much facilitated by the general condition of the country. There are few large cities in Russia, about six-sevenths of the population living in small rural settlements, where every stranger immediately attracts public notice. The great majority of the people are illiterate even up to this day, and therefore immune against the influence of revolutionary literature. The industrial development of Russia is hardly a quarter of a century old, and was at its beginning during the acute period of revolutionary terrorism which culminated in the assassination of Emperor Alexander II. There is little advertising done, so little printing is required; few traveling salesmen or agents are employed; canvassing is little known. Railway trains run at an average speed of twenty miles per hour. Most of the streets in large cities look deserted and sleepy. Even St. Petersburg is no exception; the capital of the country, with a population of more than 1,200,000, has as yet no electric cars and very few horse cars.

Under such conditions police supervision over suspicious characters is comparatively easy; yet, in order that none might escape, a general system of supervision is carried out with unwavering consistency, covering the doings of every citizen and denizen of the empire.

No meetings of private citizens for any purpose are permitted; the privilege of holding meetings is granted only to chartered corporations or associations. All crowds, except in places of amusement or worship, are dispersed by the police. No premises can be hired for the purpose of holding a meeting without a permit from the police. In St. Petersburg and some of the larger cities, one desiring to entertain a company of friends at his house must first procure a permit from the police; a most searching examination is made in every case, and permission is refused to persons of a suspicious character.

Of course, no public ball, entertainment, theatrical performance, etc., is allowed without a permit, and the police have at all times free access to the hall. In all theatres free seats are provided for police officers.

No society, club or association for any purpose may be organized without a charter; the most rigid scrutiny is exercised before one is granted; as a result, very few clubs or associations of any kind have been authorized. Trades unions are prohibited. It goes without saying that the police have free access to all meetings of organized bodies.

No church or other place of worship

may be founded without permission from the police; church meetings are subject to the same supervision as all other meetings.

No one is permitted to open a school for children or adults without permission from the Minister of Public Instruction; the applicant must present a certificate of good moral character from the local police, and even then permission is often refused.

Thus all meetings for any purpose are under the strict control of the police. As there is naturally, under the circumstances, scant demand for meeting places, there are very few halls even in large cities, and none at all in cities of the second class, which makes the enforcement of the law very easy.

Next comes the printing press. All periodical publications are subject to press censorship. No publication may be started without a license from the General Board of Press Censorship; such is granted only after careful inquiry by the police into the antecedents of the applicant; a license may be refused in the discretion of the board. There is a Government inspector in every printing shop where a periodical publication is printed; as soon as any issue is ready, it is locked up by the inspector in a separate room and is only released upon presentation of a special permit from the censor for that particular issue. With all that, the censor is fallible and may in haste overlook some obnoxious passage. For such cases penalties are provided against the publication—viz., prohibition of the sale of single copies, prohibition of insertion of advertising matter, and suspension of the publication, temporary or final. All these penalties are imposed in the discretion of the board or by Cabinet order. Against such orders there is no appeal.

As no censors are stationed in smaller cities and towns, publications are very sparingly licensed in such places; where a newspaper is censored at a distance of a few hundred miles from its place of publication, none but a weekly paper is possible, of course, and those are little patronized, since they cannot compete with the daily papers published in the larger centers. As a result, there is practically no local press in the country districts.

Similar regulations are provided for the printing of books and pamphlets. Even circulars, programs, advertisements and posters of any nature must be censored, the duties of censorship in such cases devolving upon the chief of police.

To insure compliance with the law, no one is allowed to open a printing shop without a license, which is issued only to persons whose character is approved by the police. No licenses, however, are granted in smaller cities or towns where the police force is inadequate for effective supervision; there are many cities with 10,000 population and over without a single printing office. Rigid supervision is exercised over all persons employed in the printing trade; no person notoriously of a suspicious character is permitted to work in a printing office.

To prevent the establishment of secret printing shops, all type foundries, printing press factories, etc., are likewise subject to a system of supervision. No type can be sold to any person without a special permit. At every foundry and in every printing shop special books are kept wherein must be entered the name and address of the purchaser or vender (as the case may be), the quantity and description of the type, etc.; the foundries and shops are from time to time inspected, and the entries must agree and tally with the actual contents.

Mimeographs, hectographs, even typewriting machines, are subject to the same rigid supervision. It goes without saying that all publications, as well as all type and machinery of the printing trade, are covered by similar regulations.

As there might be leakage somewhere, even with all these precautions, a further check to the spread of revolutionary publications is found in the fact that they are practically denied the use of the mails. Secrecy of private correspondence is not recognized by the postal authorities in Russia; letters of unusual weight may be opened, and should they contain prohibited publications the person to whom they are addressed is liable to arrest and imprisonment.

All these regulations are directed against mere revolutionary propaganda. Equally stringent measures are adopted, of course, to prevent acts of terrorism. The sale of explosives is subject to strict supervision. It was even attempted to

regulate the sale of firearms, but was not found feasible, and the effort was abandoned.

All these regulations imply an effective method of identification of all citizens. This is provided by the passport system. Every one must have a passport. Landlords and hotel keepers are made to enforce this regulation, under severe penalties for sheltering any person without a passport. Any person suspected of being a dangerous character may be arrested and deported to Siberia for a term of years without the formality of a trial.

In 1879, after the first attempt against the life of Czar Alexander II, a duty was imposed upon the owners of every tenement or apartment house to station a watchman for police duty, day and night, at every entrance to the house. The regulation was continued in force for a number of years.

Surely, more could not be done to prevent the perpetration of attempts upon the lives of the Czar and high Government officials and to check the spread of revolutionary doctrines.

And what are the results? Between February 5, 1878, when a young woman shot and wounded the chief of police of St. Petersburg, and March 13, 1881, when Czar Alexander II was killed in open daylight on the street, surrounded by his guards, three of his Government officials were assassinated, including the chief of the secret service of the empire, besides a few detectives, without mentioning a number of attempts that failed.

No quarter was given to the terrorists when caught. More than fifty men and one woman were executed within a few years, a large number were sentenced to life terms at hard labor in Siberia. Yet this had no deterrent effect upon their fellow-conspirators, and two more of the highest officials of the Government were assassinated before the organization of the terrorists was ultimately broken up in 1884. But even after the destruction of the organization plots against the life of the Czar by small terroristic groups were discovered from time to time, and in 1887 an imperial train was blown up, notwithstanding the tracks were lined with soldiers on either side. The Czar and the Imperial family miraculously escaped with slight injuries.

The effort to stamp out revolutionary propaganda has utterly failed. The police censuses have, within a generation, included, at the most conservative estimate, ten thousand suspects. All such persons were made harmless by deportation to the remotest corners of the empire. Yet, after a police experience of a century, there is to-day hardly a city of importance without a secret press, from which thousands of copies of clandestine newspapers, pamphlets and leaflets are issued for circulation among trusted people. What deserves particular notice is, moreover, the fact that all the leading terrorists had long before their capture been marked as suspects. Still they successfully eluded for years the vigilance of the police; one even managed, under an assumed name and with a forged passport, to secure a carpenter's job in the imperial palace. He improved the opportunity to lay a mine under the imperial dining-room and left unnoticed just before it exploded.

The fear of punishment has kept from contact with the enemies of the Government the timid, consequently the harmless. It required, however, but a handful of men and women defying imprisonment and death to keep all powers of government in anxiety for a decade by plots of assassination.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Anarchy in Its Birthplace

By Salvatore Cortesi

THE infamous and shameful outrage which, on September 6th, threw all America into grief and consternation, was perhaps heard by no other European country with such sincere sorrow as by Italy, who only thirteen months before had lost her beloved King in a similar manner.

Italy is the land most productive of anarchists. The peninsula has had during the last twenty-five years the unenviable distinction of providing most of the instruments for so-called political crimes. Up to the last quarter of a century anarchy did not exist in Italy—there was merely a strong and well organized body of desperate and bloody revolutionists known as the "Internationalists," founded and led by the Russian Bakounine. From the remnants of the disbanded internationalists rose the anarchists, at first composed principally of men who, from a series of circumstances, which we will examine later, were ferocious against all organized society, which they believed to be the cause of all their misfortunes. There is always a considerable number of this class in every nation, and they always attract to themselves those youths who are naturally carried off their feet by what promises to be a life of adventure and risk. These throw themselves into the arms of the extremest party, without even asking or understanding its theories, or without any notion of its ultimate object. What they want is to be with the most advanced of the advanced, always hoping that the time will come in which they will at last be able to satisfy their thirst for the destruction of the existing state of things. Before the unity of Italy they were conspirators belonging to the most audacious secret societies, and when the whole country accepted the Savoy monarchy they became Republicans, as a republic represented, in their eyes, the most advanced expression of revolution. Later they turned internationalists, and now they have become anarchists, tho ready to join to-morrow any other party which will furnish a more violent creed.

It has never been possible to ascertain whether Giovanni Passanante, who tried to murder King Humbert a few months after his ascension to the throne, belonged to the internationalists, but it may be considered sure that the international propaganda influenced his criminal purpose. During the demonstrations of rejoicing over the escape of the King, who was only slightly wounded, the internationalists provoked disorders, and at Florence threw bombs amid the crowd, killing and wounding several people. To have an idea of the progress that this dangerous association made, it will be enough to remember that Signor Zanardelli (now Premier), then Minister of Home Affairs, declared in the Chamber that there were 237 internationalist clubs, a statement which created such an impression that the Cabinet was overthrown.

The serious "work" of Italian anarchy, began with the murder of President Sadi Carnot by Sante Caserio, in 1894. The success of this first "operation" evidently encouraged other anarchists, for their crimes followed each other closely. Lega fired at Crispi, Acciarito tried to stab King Humbert, Angiolillo shot dead the Spanish Premier, Canovas del Castillo, Lucheni assassinated the Empress of Austria, and Bresci killed King Humbert. A most remarkable feature of this long and atrocious list is that not one of the murderers committed their crimes before having been and lived abroad, where the germs of what is called "individualistic" anarchy are imbibed. This might, perhaps, be sufficient to prove that the Italians, impulsive by nature, and sanguinary by heredity when left to themselves, are not capable of cold-blooded crimes, which must be instigated by abler "companions" abroad. The consequence is, at any rate, that Italy, notwithstanding the kind-heartedness and gentleness of her inhabitants, to whom any premeditated violence is repugnant, furnishes the arms which execute the criminal plans conceived by others. The apparent contra-

diction between the gentleness of the Italian people and the high rate of bloody crimes in the peninsula is explained by the fact that human life is held much more cheaply there than in other civilized countries. To Italians of a certain class it is not a heinous crime to commit murder for righteous revenge, or for the liberation of the oppressed, or of any other cause which appears noble and generous.

Murders, most of which in the minds of those who commit them have this character, are perpetrated to the amazing number of 4,000 a year, an average of over 10 a day. This rate is four times as great as it is in Prussia, five times as great as in France and Switzerland, and sixteen times as great as in England—and this, without taking into consideration the wounded, which average from 80,000 to 90,000 or more a year, as there is among a large part of the people the rooted custom of concealing from the law injuries received, and the name of the offender, in order that they may take private revenge. There was a time in which Italian and dagger were synonymous terms, and even to-day the knife is the inseparable companion of the lower classes. Murder with this weapon had lately so increased that a league against the carrying of the knife has been started, tho up to the present time with no practical result.

Another reason which makes the Italian a recruit of anarchy is his hereditary leaning toward secret societies, of which there are still two shameful, but so far irradicable examples, the *Camorra* in Southern Italy, and the *Mafia* in Sicily. When to such elements are added the exciting influence of the writings of Réclus, Krapotkin, Stepniak, Proudhon, Jules Guesde, Jean Grave, Emma Goldman, etc., it is like dropping oil on the fire. Any one can have an idea of the effect which these writings have on already degenerated minds by reading, for example, one of the most mild paragraphs of Adolfe Ratte, the anarchist poet, which runs as follows:

> *"La volonté! c'est la que réside le secret de cette liberté intérieure qu'il doit acquérir: la volonté, la plus haute des fonctions humaines, car elle est la résultante de tous les besoins et de toutes les fonctions, l'integrale volonté, domaine de l'évolution future telle que nous, libertaires d'aujourd'hui, nous pouvons la pressentir, la volonté grace à qui l'homme sera enfin un dieu. . . ."*

This, of course, is the poetical form of propaganda, but the prosaic and more widely understood and diffused form in Italy speaks of

> "Laws which must disappear, and society, resting on principles of oppression which must expect acts of violence and revolution . . . and when the situation is too strained and the state of mind is in advance of the existing social order, there must be an immediate solution."

"Immediate solution," of course, means bombs, revolvers, daggers, just as "displacement of property" means stealing.

Of course these are the doctrines of the "individualist" anarchists, whose program is entirely centered in action—that is, violence—with which they want to frighten and terrorize the ruling classes so as to oblige them to cede from fear what they never will from love. All absorbed in the desire of upsetting the existing order of things, they practically renounce all forms of well determined propaganda, and will hear nothing of party organization, of newspapers, of meetings, of strikes, etc. They limit themselves to the intermittent publication of some journals, the titles of which —*Cyclone, Poignard, Dynamite, The Bomb*—are enough to characterize the methods of their promoters. This is the school of Herny, Ravachol and Vaillant, which has in Italy its greatest champion in Pini. Pini was the fellow who, in 1886, to insure the success of a socialist candidate at the polls, voted twice, but was discovered and condemned to three months' imprisonment, which he avoided by going to France. There, having read some of the works of the literary forces of the movement, he became a revolutionist, anarchist, thief, brigand and, in fact, the head of a band of criminals who ravaged the environs of Paris. He defended himself by sayng, "I do not steal; I return to the poor what the rich bourgeois have taken from them." Finally he was arrested, given a life sentence and deported to Cayenne, whence he has several times attempted to escape.

All things considered, it is really wonderful that the ranks of anarchy do not gain more recruits than they do among the Italian people, who in some provinces are in such a state of poverty that

they have to support life on acorns and even polenta (maize). To this poverty must be added ignorance, as Italy, notwithstanding her law of compulsory education, has still an average of 40 per cent. illiterates, and in some places the instruction has been so elementary as merely to give the youth of the country over to the subversive influence of bad literature. The situation is aggravated by the conflict between Church and State. The Government, which is fighting the Papacy for political reasons, has seemed to favor irreligion; so that the people in some cases are without any curb, either religious or moral. The Church, on the other hand, having brought up her children to obey without question or understanding, now sees the people showing blind obedience to their new priests—the anarchist leaders.

The only well known Italian anarchist leader is Enrico Malatesta. After escaping from prison in the most hazardous way, and after having visited the Peninsula several times without being taken by the police, he has now established himself in London. Malatesta thinks that "crime is a purely social conception formed according to incorrect ideas by the classes in power. The objects of the anarchists," he declares, "are love, justice, liberty, brotherhood and equality, which can be obtained only through revolution," and, above all, "anti-parliamentarism, by which abolition of government is to be accomplished and then the abolition of private property."

ROME, ITALY.

The Coming Yale Bicentennial

By Lewis S. Welsh

EDITOR OF THE YALE ALUMNI WEEKLY

IF the Director-General of a World's Fair had delegated to a special committee of experienced entertainers the task of providing a program for the particular entertainment of men and women who are educated, and young men and maidens who are about to be, presumably, it is hard to see how they could have devised a scheme so original, so varied, on so broad and consistent and well rounded a plan, with such attractive and even inspiring central ideas, toward which all tend, as the scheme of the Yale Bicentennial Committee, which is now definitely completed and whose successful execution is a certainty.

For some months people have been told more or less of how Yale intended to celebrate her 200th birthday. Those who have taken interest in the matter have assumed that for Yale it will be, of course, a large event. They have thought of it as peculiarly restricted to the Yale family. Probably few people have thought of it as something worth going to see for any one but a Yale man or woman.

The latter conclusion is doubtless a practical one, if one thinks of what he shall eat or drink or whereupon he shall rest the weary body; for when the Yale graduates and the Yale fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers have fully taken up their present option on the unoccupied space and the visible food supply for the fourth week in October, it will not be the simplest thing in the world to be a transient in New Haven.

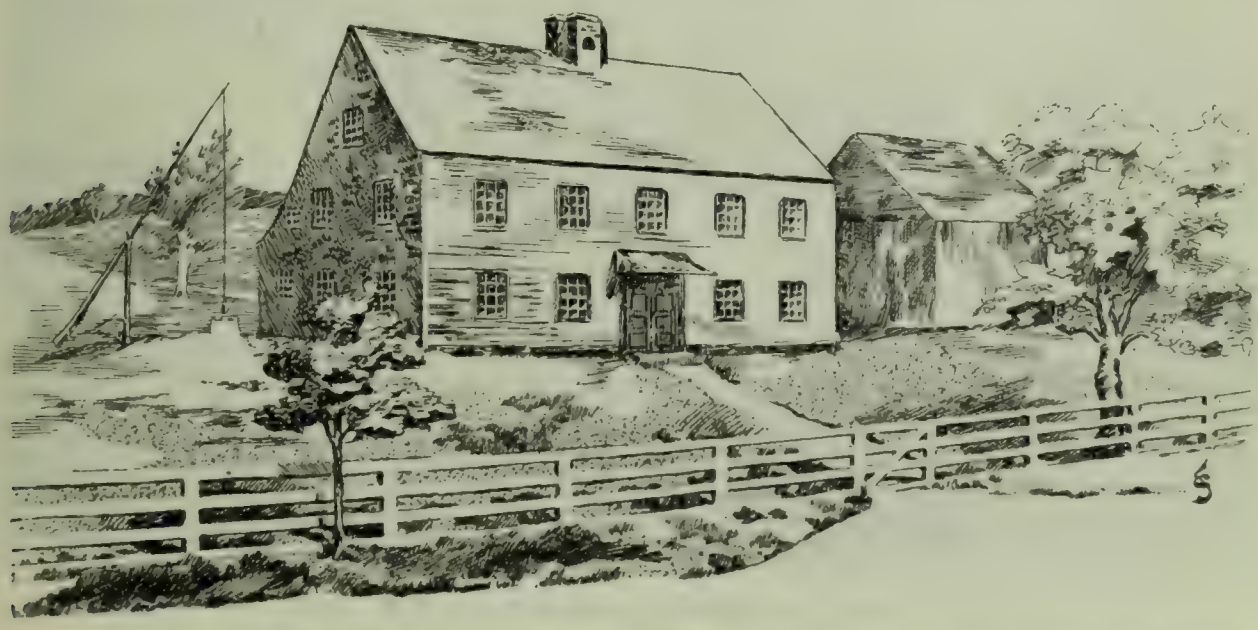
But when President Hadley has said good-by on Wednesday afternoon, October 23d, in the great new Commons room on Bicentennial Square, an event will have gone into American history of no little significance to the people of the United States and their life together as a nation.

The plan of the celebration has just been called elaborately comprehensive. Yet the gentlemen who were commissioned in 1898 to work up a plan for this anniversary took a very simple platform. Yale's Bicentennial, they said, should be a showing of what Yale is, what she has been doing, and what she hopes to do. The temptation on such an occasion for publicity, for straight advertising by extraneous means, is a very seductive one. The temptation has been consistently resisted. Well-known names will be on programs, but it will be because they

belong there by their relation to Yale or to the cause of American education. There will be spectacular exhibitions on a very large scale. This will be simply the massing and marching of thousands of the sons of Yale, or the dignified procession in academic costume of her faculties, her officers and her friends and guests from sister institutions of the Old World and the New, or the taking on of an artistic festival dress by a great group of university buildings stretching over the best of five city squares. There will be the theatrical side in an amphitheater, where perhaps 6,000 may watch the stage. But on that stage will be the ways of Yale for the last 200 years. The great choruses of that night will sing the songs of the new and old Yale. And in the most important matter of all the Bicentennial will contain an American educational exhibit which will be largely the story of Yale education for two centuries.

This is as it should be, if it does not descend into provincialism, with a narrow view of the whole great field of American education as something to be seen only from the viewpoint of one of the many great institutions. And surely there is no danger of this, under an administration already marked for its ready sympathy with all other American educational interests, and its affiliation with them in all good works.

Indeed, the main features of the Bicentennial program dwell on the relation of all this work of Yale to all the other good work like it in all this good land. This begins on Sunday, October 20. In the morning comes a sermon in Battell Chapel by the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, whose face and form are, perhaps, more familiar than those of any other Yale preacher in the college pulpit, and who is ever most welcome there. And then in the afternoon Dr. George P. Fisher, whose long service for Yale in so many and such large capacities, even outside of his Deanship of the Seminary, terminates with this feast, will present the theme of "The Relation of Yale to Christian Theology and Christian Missions." And on the following morning there will be presented the relation of Yale to the two great professions of law and medicine, respectively by Mr. Thomas Thacher, of the New York bar, a graduate of Yale in 1871, and Professor William H. Welch, of the Johns Hopkins Faculty, himself a graduate of Yale in 1870. And on the next day, Tuesday, the third of the celebration, the two speakers in the exercises, which will again be held in Battell Chapel, will be President Cyrus Northrop, of the University of Minnesota, and ex-President Daniel C. Gilman, Yale, 1852, of Johns Hopkins University. The former will tell, from close observation and from experience in it, how Yale has affected the development of this country, particularly the development of the West, in its educational and intellectual life, while



The Old House of Rev. Samuel Russell at Branford, Conn., Where the Ministers Met and Founded Yale College in 1701, by the Giving of Books for Such a Purpose

PRESIDENT ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY

President Gilman will show Yale's part in these last two centuries in the domain of science and letters.

The only other formal addresses of the Bicentennial will be the presentation on the fourth and last day of the commemorative ode, written by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, of New York, of the deservedly famous Yale class of 1853, and the central commemorative address, by Mr. Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, a graduate of Yale in the class of 1856.

ANSON PHELPS STOKES, JR.,
Secretary to the University

MORRIS F. TYLER,
Treasurer of the University

To bring out further the story of Yale education, an historical exhibition will be held in the Library. This will bring together the representative text books used in Yale since 1701, including the famous text-book of the 18th century, Ames's "Medulla Theologiæ," as well as the Latin text books in metaphysics, mathematics and natural sciences, imported from England and Holland for the use of the students during that century. And with them will be the leading scientific and theological text books used during the last century, including the famous series by President Day, Professor Loomis, President Woolsey, Professor Olmsted and Professor Dana.

And as further visible and accumulative evidence of what is a-doing at this educational plant there is issued in connection with this anniversary a series of twenty-five monographs, by members of the various faculties, including "Education," by President Hadley; papers in history, law and social science, by Professors Sumner, Schwab, Perrin and Bourne, and so on through the natural and physical sciences, and the languages and literature. At this anniversary also there will be put within the reach of the general student of American history the famous diary of President Ezra Stiles, which will be published under the editorship of Professor Dexter, of the Library.

Hardly less interesting than any record of Yale's life will be the history published at this time of Christian life and work at Yale, under the editorship of men who have been particularly identified with it, in the last twenty years,

PROF. J. C. SCHWAB,

Secretary of the Bicentennial Committee, to whom has fallen the active work of preparation of the celebration

when its organized forms have had such a remarkable growth. It hardly needs this book to emphasize as foremost in Yale's character as an educational institution the sturdy religion, which is a part of the life of the students as well as the formal exercises of the college. As the community of such a place as Yale is a world by itself, with its own life and laws, so quite peculiar has been the religion of this community, and the forms it has taken and the influence it has exerted and the development it has shown.

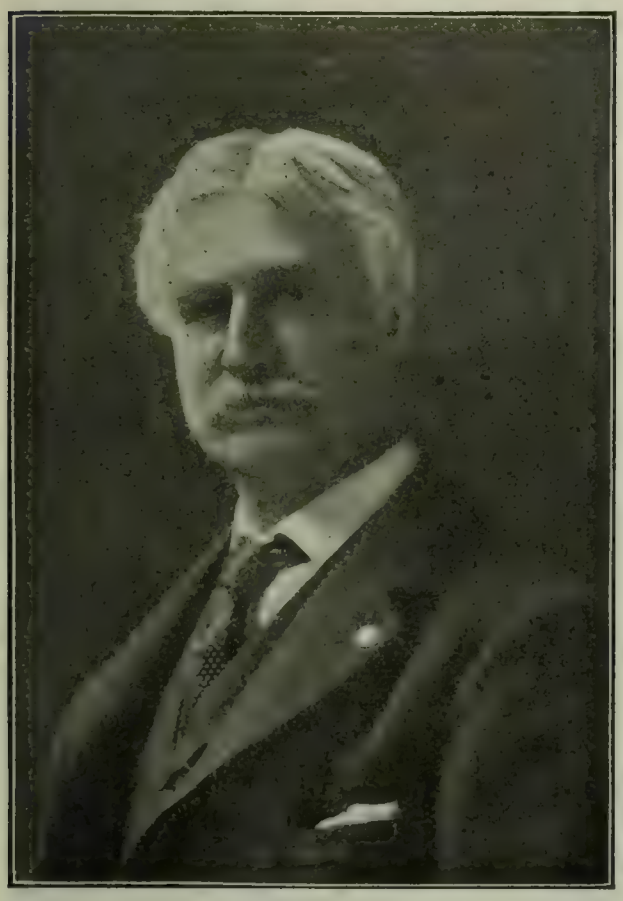
And now just a look at that which appeals more to the eye. The new Yale, of buildings and campus and squares and drives, is just beginning to emerge. Yale is drawing toward the close of the great chapter of material development, which President Dwight's adminstration began to write and carried so far. The old campus is a cleared quadrangle, except for South Middle, which now needs complete restoration to its old form of mansard roof, and a constant and jealous watching by its friends. The simple but effective Fayerweather dormitory pushes the Yale occupation of the second square well toward its complete fulfilment, while the third, or Bicentennial Square, now contains the completed adminstration building, the chaste Woodbridge Hall, and the university dining hall, the first of the three great Bicentennial buildings and already in use. No Bicentennial visitor will leave New Haven without at least a look at the interior of this hall. Its decoration is not yet completed, but the effect already is splendid and most impressive. And so on through other minor but most important additions to Yale's equipment. The administration of President Arthur T. Hadley, Treasurer Morris F. Tyler and Secretary Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., will be able to show some great work well done in two years. And next in things that strike the eye will be the holiday dress which the old university will wear at that time. This and the bright illumination of trees and buildings at night, with the great beacons and the ten thou-

PROF. HORATIO W. PARKER.

Composer of "Hora Novissima," to be rendered at the Bicentennial celebration

sand lanterns, and the uniform of the torchlight paraders, have all been worked out consistently in one scheme of color decoration. Mr. Louis C. Tiffany has given generously his time and service to the university in the development of this part of the celebration. His plan has been constructed to meet the needs of the Yale campus and the Yale buildings, and avoids in almost every respect the conventional plan of decoration and illumination. In drapery the colors are blue and green, and the lights are orange and yellow. The great beacons will burn by night and be full of flowers by day.

The still more strictly artistic side of



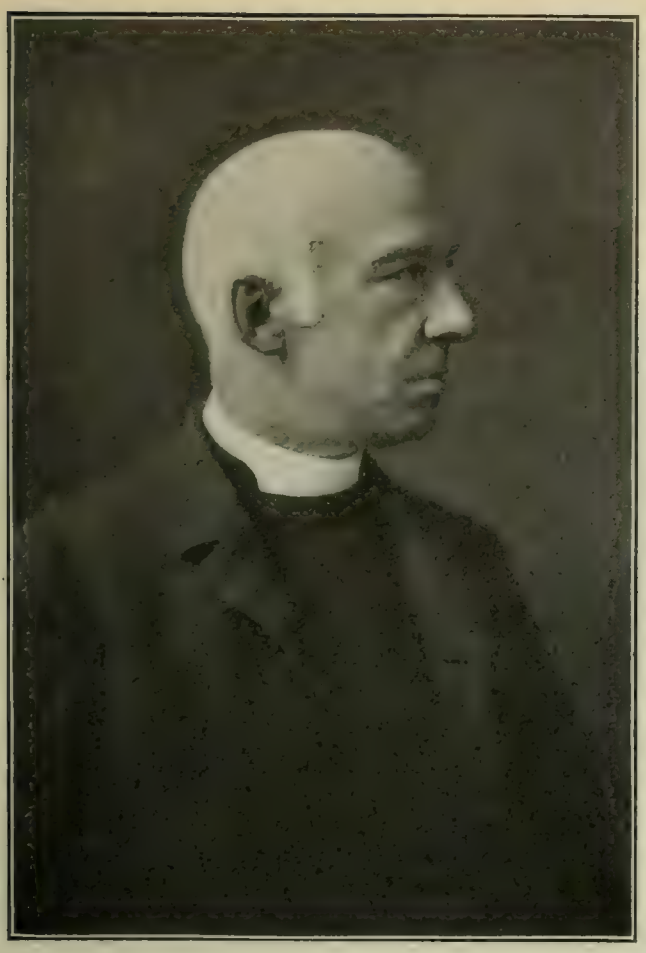
THE REV. JOSEPH H. TWICHELL

the celebration will be the exhibition of the Trumbull paintings, of which Yale owns so many, and with their exhibition will be published a monograph describing all the extant works of this artist. The preparation of the souvenir of the celebration, the commemorative medal, has been under the direction of Professor Weir, of the Yale Art School, and the design is by a graduate of the Yale Art School, Mr. Bela Pratt, of Boston.

The rapid development of Yale music will be brought home to every guest at the Bicentennial by the comprehensive musical features of the program. First in this will be the presentation by the Gounod chorus of New Haven, of Professor Parker's greatest work, "Hora Novissima," under the leadership of the composer, who holds the chair of Theory of Music at Yale. Besides this a most original feature of the exercises of Wednesday morning will be the singing of the Greek Festival Hymn, written by Professor Goodell, Yale, '77, of the Yale Faculty, and set to music by Professor Parker. And this musical scheme is just as perfect in its conception and completeness as the artistic side of the celebration. When it comes to the popular music, the old hymns, the old songs and the new songs, the student choruses are being carefully trained by Professor Sanford, of the chair of Applied Music. Another member of the musical faculty, Professor Jepson, will give the organ recital in Battell Chapel Sunday evening, while the whole celebration will be enriched by the concert on Tuesday afternoon, in the Hyperion Theater, by the

MR. JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER,
Who will deliver the Bicentennial oration

The Old Campus as It Now Looks. Looking South From Vanderbilt Hall



REV. DR. BATTERSHALL,
Of Albany, who will deliver one of the principal addresses

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, conductor. This is the most graceful gift of Mr. Higginson, of Boston, a graduate of Harvard.

But what of Yale as we most commonly hear of her,—the close-knit family, the well ordered and loyal community, in which the best known words are unity, discipline, team-play, co-operation? All these forces will be given full swing, and the effect, even in the face of all the other dignified events of the great reunion, will be most impressive, and perhaps, after all, as helpful as any. For this is, after all, one of the very greatest parts of Yale education, the teaching of men to live together and to work together and to value each other aright. Graduates are coming back to this festival in greater numbers in many cases even than to class reunions. The estimate of those who will probably return runs from 40 to 60 per cent. of the 11,000 who are now living. Gathering this number for two or three days from a body scattered all over the world and made up for the largest part of middle aged men deeply engrossed in their work is a remarkable result.

The strength of this graduate fraternity will appear most conspicuously in the great torchlight procession of Monday night, October 21st. This will be led by the undergraduates, 2,000 strong or more, who will be especially costumed. The Academic Seniors will appear as Indians, to recall the founding of the college in the early days of the State; the Scientific Seniors as colonial settlers, in cloaks and tall hats; others as Continental troops, such as Washington reviewed in 1775 on the New Haven Green on his way to take command of the American forces at Cambridge, when he was escorted to the limits of the town by a body of soldier students, led by a drum and fife corps, in which Noah Webster, Yale, 1778, figured. Then will come a body of men representing the students of 1812, in long coats and tall beaver hats, and the later periods of the college's history will be illustrated by a regiment of the Rough Riders and by a crew of the cruiser "Yale." Not the least interesting will be the senior class of 1901, the youngest living graduates, who will be dressed to represent a delegation from the Filipino body guard of Governor-General William H. Taft, Yale 1878. And after the professional and graduate schools will come the great body of graduates in the order of graduation, all costumed in blue caps and gowns and carrying torches. The procession will move around the old Green, which itself will be decorated by the city, and, of course, through the principal streets of New Haven, stopping only for cheers for the President, the ex-President, and the distinguished guests who will be passed on the route. It will be particularly appropriate that among the spectators of this procession, which will illustrate the active work of Yale men in affairs of State and nation, in peace and war, will be, as is now expected, the President of the United States, several members of his Cabinet, a goodly company of Senators and Representatives, Supreme Court Judges, the Governor of the State of Connecticut and his staff, the Mayor of the city of New Haven, and many other public officers.

Again, the next afternoon, all Yale, young and old, will travel to the Field to see Yale football; first, a conventional game between the university team and Bates College, and then a decidedly unconventional game, between the regular university eleven and a collection of the veteran stars of the Yale football forces. Whether Mr. Walter Camp himself, the great master of football of the country, will appear on the team, is a matter of considerable doubt; but that he will gather a remarkable collection of the older athletes is certain. There will be fun enough and all kinds of enthusiasm over this strange contest and, it is hoped, no serious results. That night (Tuesday) will be peculiarly a night for the members of Yale. The campus will be closed to all outsiders, and the great amphitheater filled with students and graduates. Even the wives and other members of the graduates' families will not be admitted, for there will be no room. The main attraction, the presentation in pantomime of the interesting events of Yale history, both sublime and ridiculous, will be filled out with the singing of the good old songs and the good new songs. College boys, when they get together just to sing and have a good time, call it a "game." This will be the greatest Yale "game" that was ever participated in.

Before the closing reception, Wednesday afternoon, and the good-bys there will be a hundred or more special dinners and lunches of the different classes. It will be a combination of a class reunion and a great feast, whose attraction Yale men are finding it harder and harder to resist. It will be to the graduate like a bit of his college over again more even than his regular reunion; for back with him will be those of his time at college, those who were seniors while he worshiped them as a freshman; juniors, who befriended him; sophomores, whom he hated; and, again, those who came after him and over whom he exercised his lordship. If the Yale bond needs strengthening here will be the strengthening of it, and when the graduate goes back to his home it will be not only with

Dining Hall Just Being Completed

The Buildings of Yale College
Drawn and Engraved by Amos Doolittle, New Haven, 1807

a new sense of the power and dignity and the high usefulness, in the service of God and man, of the old college of which he is a part, but with a renewed sense that, linked with it in devotion to that college and in the bonds of the friendships of youth, as sweet and true as ever and even stronger with years, are a company of strong men who are, like himself, trying to apply the old lessons learned there and to work and live for the things that Yale teaches to be most worth while.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

The Confederate Veteran

By Mrs L. H. Harris

EVERY man born in the South is an incipient hero. He has within him the bellows of inspiration and the disposition to dare. All he needs is time and the occasion to prove himself. And if he fails of success in life he does so only on account of a lack of battlefield opportunities. The Southern temperament is military, but not secular, and it does not include either enterprise or energy. The most we inherit from our ancestors is courage and fine traditions. For the rest, heretofore, we have depended upon the climate and the mercies of God.

Thus it happened that when the Southern soldier grappled with the realities of life after the war he was embarrassed and mortified to a degree never experienced before the guns of the Union army. There was nothing in the records of his fathers to prepare him for the change from the epic of battlefields to the prose of poverty and economy. But he held his peace with admirable fortitude, set himself to the hard task of reconstructing his ideals, and more particularly to arranging properly for the political significance of his former slaves. For thirty years he toiled and blasphemed in grim silence, casting now and then a look of humorous contempt across the line as he defeated some Northern plan for black citizenship in the South.

But since his sons have assumed the burdens of life and proved themselves so capable, with their "grandfather clauses," of holding the reins of government securely, the old veteran feels that he can trust their prudence and take a holiday. He is beginning to live with reference to "reunions." The red scars of his wounds have grown white with the passing years, and the garrulity of a pleasant old age is upon him. Occasionally now he meets

with the gray remnants of his regiment in some Southern city to "celebrate" and explain again each to each those defeats of the Confederate forces (which somehow redound every year more and more to the honor and glory of the Confederacy), and above all, to overshadow with shrewd criticism the few Federal victories, till in the course of time these brave old "Hotspurs" will be at a loss to account for their own overwhelming military misfortunes.

The Confederate veteran has a power of presence, a little grotesque at times, but always unmistakably self-assertive. One evening, immediately after the reunion in Memphis this summer, an old soldier hobbled from the train to the door of the waiting-room under the car shed at Atlanta. One leg was "bowed" and the other was "made out" from the knee with a phenomenally straight "peg." He wore a number of badges and streamers denoting various degrees of fictitious importance. There was a hilariously red flush on each grizzled cheek, and a general suggestion of enthusiasm about him which might have terminated in the "rebel yell" then and there had he not sighted a Yankee drummer, who appeared to be outrageously oblivious of his presence. He stumped fiercely across the intervening space, and, being seated, stretched out the hickory "peg" and his old warped winter leg side by side, he thus addressed the unconscious object of his wrath:

"I walked all the way from Richmond in the spring of '65 a-looking this way!"

Immediately aroused to the delicacy of the situation, the traveling man bent a gaze of admiration upon the legs of the veteran and murmured a comment in which diplomacy and compassion blended. There was a moment of forgiving silence; then the old soldier lifted a pair of warm leering eyes to the stranger's face and asked graciously:

"Whose division was your pa in, mister?" and upon hearing the reply exclaimed: "We fit them fellows in the Wilderness, and there's where I left that other leg of mine!"

The drummer removed his hat, clasped the veteran's hand; there was an exchange of winks, and the two went out arm in arm to "celebrate" another "reunion." This is the Confederate veteran after nearly forty years. He is open to admiration, and has reached that stage of milk and kindness where he can forgive even his enemies.

He has always had the oratorical mind, and a liberty of expression which far exceeds the average man's knowledge of facts. Politically, he still retains his monarchical instincts, and is determined to govern according to the power he has, rather than with the didactic precision of a theory. He comes of a race whose passion was to rule; and it is still a passion so strong in him as to outweigh any sentimental notions held by other people concerning justice and liberty. The fact is that embarrassing circumstances connected with the reconstruction period in the South just after the war gave a studious slant to his ideas of equity and justice.

He is a free agent of his own salvation in spite of all defeats, somewhat limited and predestined morally, but holding to worthy convictions, honest prejudices and noble sentiments, for which he is qualified by nature to fight or die. He believes emphatically in his own ultimate good intentions, and has fewer scruples than most men. Occasionally through the rainbow hues of his gallant nature the gorgon head of some naked old virtue stares grim and terrible. But for the most part he holds these essentials of character politely concealed. And whenever circumstances have compelled him to retreat upon them, the enemy who follows him first counts his hosts; for when a Southern man, old or young, takes refuge in his virtues, he is a general in his last ditch, and is well nigh invincible. He takes the Old Testament view of life then and reckons upon the angels of God to fight with him.

He has martial notions of heaven, and, spiritually speaking, he is strategic to an extraordinary degree. In spite of much inward frailty and outward temptations he is continually maneuvering toward heaven, dodging his own sins and covering his retreats with eloquent prayers; for he has the "gift of prayer," and a faith that tilts up to God as naturally and unquestioningly as any child's. And while his ethical quality rarely improves, his eternal hopes multiply day by day, so that in the end no man dies more triumphantly sure of the grace of God.

College Park, Ga.

LITERATURE

Lord Byron *

WHAT strikes one first on looking through this fourth volume of Byron's verse is the extraordinary versatility of the poet. Not to mention lesser poems, we have in these six hundred pages "The Prisoner of Chillon," with its picture of dramatic misery and its lyric praise of liberty; the two poems to his sister, "Stanzas to Augusta" and "Epistle to Augusta," the manliest and truest of all his personal outpourings, wherein we see him brought by the sudden catastrophe of his fortunes to face the realities of life with a sincerity he sometimes eluded; "Manfred," his greatest romantic drama; "Beppo," his first essay in the Italian stanza, with its grotesque rimes and its note of jocular satire which culminated in "Don Juan;" the rattling tale of "Mazeppa;" "The Morgante Maggiore," an almost unparalleled *tour de force* in translation; "Marino Faliero," a drama of singular power and persistence of effect; "The Vision of Judgment," which for vicious and clinging personal satire surpasses anything in English outside of Dryden and Pope. When to these poems are added the third and fourth cantos of "Childe Harold," the first five cantos of "Don Juan," and four long dramas, which were all written within the seven years covered by the present volume, but for obvious reasons are not contained in its covers, we receive an impression of poetical fertility almost bewildering in its extent and variety.

But the heart of the volume is undoubtedly "Manfred," to which we turn again with curiosity to see how the effect of its eloquence and somber misanthropy compares with the impression left from a first reading many years ago. The effect on the mature mind is indeed quite different from the irresistible sway it held over youth. What carried away the young enthusiast with passionate sympathy now leaves the reader cold or even provokes a smile. Such platitudes as this:

> "They who know the most
> Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
> The tree of Knowledge is not that of Life;"

Such profundities as "the gulf of my unfathomed thought" do not now seem quite the utterances of experienced wisdom. A more critical taste, too, while feeling the superb rush and abandon of the lyrical stanzas, cannot pass lightly over a tame conclusion like—"now wither!" But, however cold "Manfred's" rhetoric may leave us, we are compelled to admit another and perhaps more enduring value in the poem; its psychological interest is not easily exaggerated and becomes clear only as we pass out of immediate sympathy with the writer.

Much has been said concerning the relation between "Manfred" and "Faust," and Byron has more than once been accused of plagiarizing the idea of his poem from the great German. As a matter of fact certain ideas of a philosophical cast were probably inspired directly by a recollection of "Faust;" this talk of the "tree of Knowledge and the tree of Life," this pretension to profundities of ineffable science, have about them all the insincerity of borrowed inspiration. Byron was least of all a philosopher; he was, indeed, a child in this sense when he began to reflect. But the true theme of "Manfred" is not a philosophical question; the real poem, as Byron himself asserted, came not from reading, but was a direct outcome of his own life, and Byron's life was the very impersonation of the revolutionary idea, the idea of reckless individual revolt which we have hardly yet outgrown. It is because "Manfred" more than almost any other English poem expresses the longings and ambitions, the revolt and the tragic failure of this idea, that its psychological interest is still so great and must always remain great in any historical survey of literature. Where better can we read the desire of detachment, the longing of the individual to throw off the bonds of social life and

* THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON POETRY, VOL IV *Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge.* London: John Murray. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.00.

make for himself a life apart from the world's life than in Manfred's boastful words:

"My pang shall find a voice. From my youth upwards
My Spirit walked not with the souls of men?"

Equally strong is the expression of self-centered pride. When Manfred rebukes the Spirit, who claims dominion over his soul, he cries out scornfully:

"Back to thy hell!
Thou hast no power upon me, *that* I feel;
Thou never shalt possess me, *that* I know;
What I have done is done."

It is in such words as these that we recognize the vast difference between "Manfred" and "Faust," not to mention Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus." Of similar nature and growing directly from the revolutionary ideal of personal unrestraint is the longing for union with one kindred soul,—a longing which seems at once impossible and impious, yet inevitable. It is Manfred's love for Astarte, the love of a soul that has violated common human attachments in its loneliness and throws itself with guilty passionateness into one impossible desire of union. And the same loneliness, self-created and still intolerable, speaks in the romantic longing to find a mystic union with nature:

"I said with men, and with the thoughts of men,
I held but slight communion; but instead,
My joy was in the wilderness,—to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top, etc."

And in the end comes the inevitable despair, the necessary failure, expressed in "Manfred" by the vain prayer of oblivion from self. Man is by nature a sociable creature, said Aristotle; and in the end this solitary pride and isolation, this morbid exaltation of our personal existence, becomes a Frankenstein, from whose oppression we long for deliverance. To the Spirits who offer him dominion and all the joys of the senses the smitten and defiant soul can only cry out for forgetfulness:

"Oblivion—self-oblivion!
Can ye not wring from out the hidden realms
Ye offer so profusely—what I ask?"

It is the perfect and complete tragedy of the spirit of revolution, of individual isolation, of unrestraint which found in Byron its most authentic utterance.

We have more than once expressed the hope that this new and elaborate edition of Byron may awaken interest in one whom we are bound to regard as among the few great poets of the language. We wish it were possible to commend the publisher's work without reservation. The volumes are handsomely printed and of convenient form, tho somewhat too thick. But we cannot but regard the *variæ lectiones* and many of the critical notes at the bottom of the page as superfluous and even annoying. Byron was not a careful craftsman, and to preserve his tentative versions is of little value to the student and is almost an affront to the general reader. The mind is distracted by them and the illusion of art is rudely broken. The old edition of 1832, now long out of print, is still the best for ordinary perusal. We may smile at some of the rhetorical notes in those delightfully printed volumes, but the pages as a whole have a certain literary atmosphere about them, they leave a certain unity of impression, which we sometimes sadly miss in the present scholarly edition. We would not close, however, without a repeated word of gratitude to publisher and editor for their careful and laborious undertaking.

The Improvement of Cities *

THIS is the story of the City Beautiful. The ancient city, or original tunship, had no intent to be beautiful. It was for protection in times of universal strife, and later it became a nucleus for commercial power. The modern city is the creature of steam. It is the suburb of commercial storehouses and manufacturing establishments. To perfect the modern city has been a very recent ambition. Jefferson was the first of Americans to dream such an ideal, while Napoleon undertook it as regards Paris. As late as 1855 the pavement of New York City was, for the most part, cobble stone; and for the upper part of the city there was no pavement at all. Mr. Robinson tells us that paving with cobble stones is now prohibited in Baltimore, while in other cities it is retired to the most obscure alleys. The first asphalt was used in Washington in 1878, one year later New York laid a whole block as an ex-

* THE IMPROVEMENT OF TOWNS AND CITIES. *By Charles Mulford Robinson.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

periment, but not till ten years later was the venture largely extended.

First of all there should be a beautiful site for the city, if possible. Yet art can often supply what nature and necessity deny. Vienna lies in a vast plain, yet it surpasses other European cities in stately magnificence; and Brussels, noted for its beauty, has no advantage of position. Washington was laid out with the expectation that it would grow toward and look out upon the Potomac; but it has moved in the opposite direction. New York, with notable charms of position, has neglected its natural advantages, so far as the lower city is concerned; and into the discussion of New York the author throws a vast amount of enthusiasm. His discussion is one that should be placed in the hands of officials and of leading citizens. He tells us that West street, on the map, is two hundred and fifty feet wide, and from the bulkhead line piers stretch out five hundred to nine hundred feet further; but the realization is a marginal street worthy of a frontier town, and so cumbered with store houses, ferry houses, sheds and piles of merchandise as to be in places less than seventy feet wide—and unsightly beyond description. He urges restoring to the marginal street its theoretical width, by the removal of all obstructions; and then the erection of continuous and harmonious buildings, for the needs of commerce, "with a possible use of the second story by freight tracks, and an esplanade atop of all, whence to view the ever animated scene and get the summer breezes. This plan can be made to look as interestingly feasible, financially, as from an engineering point of view, and obviously the esthetic advance would be very great." Philadelphia has already faced an ideal treatment of the Delaware River front. "If commerce must rule on the city water front, it were better that the shore line be made richly urban, than allowed to become degraded."

Municipal functions have greatly enlarged within a half century. In 1853, when modern Paris was beginning to appear out of the maze of street reforms, it was required by law that there be a thorough cleansing of the public roads every day in the year. The city only undertook to care for the middle strip of the broad avenues, and for the public squares. Citizens gradually began to hire the Government to do their sweeping for them. Then followed, rather slowly, the successive steps of municipal progress, in the way of cleansing cities and rendering them sanitary. The suppression of nuisances constitutes a separate chapter—including the removal of wires from the streets, the purification of the air from smoke, and the reduction of noise to a minimum. Our cities are still in some of these respects medieval. An Indian hut, filled with smoke, is a fair type of a city sooted with a continuous rain of carbon.

A recent phase of the municipal problem discusses what hight shall be tolerated in buildings. Sky scrapers stand for the petty ambition of their owners; they are to be placed in the same class as advertisements on rocks and in meadows. In Rome building regulations forbid hight exceeding one and a half times the width of the street. A Chicago ordinance puts the limit at 130 feet, while Boston makes its limit 125 feet. Boston has suppressed, at least in one case, the erection of a building which should overtop Trinity Church and the Public Library.

A Political Novel *

A STORY of political life in a great American city, where the masses swing 'round and 'round till the right man rises upon the whirlwind of affairs and becomes the centripetal force, the political "boss" of his ward or district. And the book is remarkable chiefly for the frank and unpious manner with which the hero meets the exigencies of a political occasion. There is no fumigation of secular morals, no excuses are offered, no defense is made for them. Indeed, Mr. Williams conveys the impression that a "boss" is a man whose political ethics makes him responsible to God only through his constituents. He is economical in his principles, and never advertises his convictions. His energies are secular, and his sincerity reaches only to his friends—after them he matches his wits against the wits of his enemies—a brave little bowlegged Czar of cosmopolitan humanity, whose crimes are so grievous from the reformer's standpoint that he passes beyond the range of false

* J. DEVLIN—BOSS. *By Francis Churchill Williams.* Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.

accusers, yet withal being so much of a philosopher that he endures hammering and persecution with the fortitude of a good conscience.

When the principal character in a novel has the heroic temperament and all the cardinal virtues to begin with, the writer has only to provide the necessary incidents and correctly mass the lights and shadows of the scenes in order to show off his hero. And the advantage which the author of "The Honorable Peter Stirling" holds over Mr. Williams lies in this matter of selecting a hero. Instead of being a young lawyer with a sort of raw-boned moral nature, "Jimmie Devlin" was a grim young Adam of the streets, as shrewd as a beggar, brave as a savage, and with a sense of humor so keen and vital that it stretched his understanding from the lowest to the highest ranks of life. His integrity was of slow growth and came to him along the lines of painful experience rather than as a result of teaching or reflection.

There are ways of doing right even when one is in the wrong, and "J. Devlin" as a political "boss" was past master in this kind of moral strategy. His civic virtue was of the chimney sweep variety, very dingy, but genuine enough beneath the grime of political circumstances. And as a private individual few could boast more amiable weaknesses or accomplish nobler sacrifices. Such a man might indeed hope to win a dispensation from the God of his fathers. And we can but regret that so brave a career should have failed of a triumphant end.

In fact, the latter half of the book is disappointing. Besides the distracting effect of a little pink lemonade romance concerning two very young people which is sandwiched between a presidential campaign and a financial panic, the interest in "Jimmie's" fortunes is not cumulative, and the conclusion lacks the emphasis of failure or success. Now a political "boss" is a man who dies hard; there is more tragedy than honor in his disappearing. And while we do not begrudge Jimmie his curious integrity, we could wish that it had brought him better fortunes.

But on the whole Mr. Williams has given us a picture and study of life deserving attention. He shows so much wholesome good humor in dealing with vice, avoiding all the melodramatic effects of overwrought piety, that we see the thing as it is, neither better nor worse. And there are chapters in the book worth more to his readers than all of Sheldon's false heroics.

Savonarola*

SAVONAROLA'S right to figure among "The World's Epoch-Makers" can hardly be disputed. He failed, but his failure was temporary. The results of his career were far-reaching, and if he did not succeed in saving the Renaissance from its pagan and sensuous tendencies, his fiery protests against the splendid corruptions of the age gave a loftier and purer direction to the ideals of many of the great artists who lived after him. His sermons were constantly in the hands of Michael Angelo, Botticelli, Luca della Robbia and Perugino; and the reverential regard felt by them for their guide and teacher must have touched and stimulated their noblest aspirations. When Florence, a generation after his cruel death, was fated to suffer the terrible calamities foretold by him, the derided Piagnoni, who regulated their lives by his precepts, threw a luster over her downfall by their heroism.

Dr. McHardy has presented in a very lucid and interesting form the main facts in the life of the great Florentine reformer. He sheds no fresh light on his work, but he seems to have summed up all the information at present available. His account of the struggle between Savonarola and the scandalous Pontiff, who was crippling the spiritual power of the Church and covering religion with contempt, is especially fair and judicious, as well as vigorous and spirited, and will help the reader to form a just and impartial judgment on that momentous controversy. Dr. McHardy's version of the last interview between Savonarola and the dying Lorenzo differs entirely from that of most biographers and is undoubtedly the correct one. It has become almost an historical commonplace that the monk refused to absolve the Florentine ruler, except the latter consented to restore Florence her liberties. How was any one to discover what happened be-

* SAVONAROLA. *By G. McHardy, D.D.* New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

tween Lorenzo and Savonarola on such a solemn occasion? "It is hardly to be supposed," says Dr. McHardy, "that one in the position and with the character of Savonarola would violate the oath of secrecy with regard to a deathbed confession." The description of the occurrence which Dr. McHardy bases on a letter of Poliziano, written shortly after Lorenzo's death, is far more probable and natural.

While Dr. McHardy fully admits the many weaknesses and self-deceptions in the character of his hero, he touches very lightly, or not at all, on a few incidents which were the result of something more sinister than weakness or self-deception. He passes over the fact that Savonarola urged the Florentines to destroy the liberties of the people of Pisa, and nothing can be feebler than his plea in extenuation of the monk's refusal to ask mercy for Bernardo del Nero and his fellow-conspirators. It is paltering with the question to say that "he was not then the supreme director of the city's political business." He was still the city's popular idol, and a word from him would have saved his political opponents from a shameful death.

TALES OF THE CLOISTER. *By Elizabeth G. Jordan.* (New York: Harper & Bros. $1.15.) The sketches which make up this fourth volume of the "Portrait Collection of Short Stories" can hardly be called stories in the ordinary sense of the word. They are merely variations of the shadowy life which goes on within gray convent walls. The nuns who glide like black pencils of sorrow through the blossoming garden and before the bright faces of the convent girls all give the impression of silence and impenetrable reserve. To relate their real stories would be a desecration. But, while the author has filled her canvas with the candle light of the holy vesper hour, she manages to edge in here and there between the black veils the roguish face of a mischievous girl, or the blue eyes and rosy brow of a baby, and even the grim visage of a man.

A WOMAN ALONE. *By Mrs. W. K. Clifford.* (New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.) There are literary shortcomings for which the sex of the author is sometimes responsible. As a rule the average woman writer shows an astonishing cleverness for pinching her heroine into making an emotional demonstration. She carries her through a sort of female inquisition, and spies out for the reader all the internal evidences of narrowness and weakness. But few of them have the magnificent power with which to touch off the tragic fires of her spirit. They lack that generous impulse of the masculine imagination which ignites the whole woman and sends her flaming like a torch through the pages of his story. In this volume we have the worldly woman's view of a worldly woman. The development is made with fascinating feminine accuracy, and shows how incapable of enduring the ordinary miseries of life they are, while having at the same time a refined capacity for suffering.

THE SUPREME SURRENDER. *By A. Maurice Low.* (New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.) The eighth of the twelve American novels now being issued by these publishers—not a "nice" story, but a remarkably able exposition of the flaws and snares supposed to be secreted in the social life at Washington. The author has a simple, middle-class way of projecting his characters into the gamble of high life, and afterward squinting an eye of fatherly pride at the show they make. Otherwise, he never comments, but puts all his epigrams between the rosy lips of his heroines, or into the "international dialogues" of his heroes. His moral perspective is too broad to be termed "moral," and extends rather hurriedly down hill into the dark depth of despair and death. His knowledge of his own sex in their psychological relations to women is unusually astute. But the use he makes of it in conducting an intrigue between a married Senator and the beautiful young daughter of a Cabinet Minister is iniquitous. The book will attract attention principally on account of the extraordinary plea made in it for a limit to the marriage contract. But, in spite of his numerous arguments for it, the plan is so absurdly impracticable that the reader is incredulous of the author's own faith in it.

Literary Notes

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. have added to their excellent Cambridge series an edition of Shelley by George E. Woodberry.

....It is said that Kipling began "Kim" eight years ago, and that some sections were rewritten a dozen times and then changed or cut out.

....Charles Scribner's Sons announce a "complete, authoritative and elaborate work, entitled 'Colonial Furniture in America,'" by Luke Vincent Lockwood, of New York.

....The October *McClure's* contains an interesting paper on J. Pierpont Morgan, which has the double virtue of being true and of affecting the imagination like a tale from "The Arabian Nights."

....We have to record the death of John George Nicolay, who was secretary to President Lincoln, and co-operated with Mr. Hay in writing the great life of the President. Mr. Nicolay died at Washington, September 26th.

....This is one of the anecdotes in Booker Washington's "Up From Slavery:" "When I first went to Hampton I do not recall that I had ever slept in a bed that had two sheets. The sheets quite puzzled me. The first night I slept under both of them, and the second night I slept on top of both; but by watching the other boys I learned differently."

....A Boston firm is publishing a volume called "The House Party," consisting of twelve anonymous tales by as many popular authors. They offer a prize of one thousand dollars to any or sundry who guess correctly the authorship of the stories. We have always known that anonymity was valuable chiefly for the curiosity it aroused, but this is a new scheme of making such curiosity mercantile.

....Dr. Zell has written a book of 184 pages in which he connects the myths of Homer with the Darwinian theory. Proteus is a symbol of the effects of meteorological changes on animals. The story of Polyphemus is no longer a solar myth or a storm myth—thank heaven for that—but a "reminiscence of an encounter of early civilized man with a prehuman ancestor." Polyphemus, in short, was a "gorilla-mensch." It is needless to add that Dr. Zell writes in German.

....The New York *Times* prints a conversation with Maurice Maeterlinck, in which the Belgian poet has this to say of Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca:" "Oh, yes, I have read it; it's taken from my drama, 'Péléas and Melisande.' A number of critics have already pointed out the resemblances. I hardly ever go to the theater, there's so little worth seeing that is ever given." Rostand gets no better treatment: "Oh, Rostand's reputation is quite manufactured. His father, you know, is a rich banker; it cost him nearly a million francs in one way and another before he succeeded. By this time, however, he has doubtless got it all back again. Did you read his ode of welcome to Kruger? I only read a few of the verses, but they were pretty poor, I assure you."

Pebbles

HAVE you heard the story of two holes in the ground? Well, well!—*Christian Register.*

....Few things make a poorer appearance than the kin at an average wedding.—*Atchison Globe.*

....As an evidence of the conclusion of Aguinaldo's career it may be noted that he is writing for the magazines.—*The Baltimore American.*

....*Visitor:* "What a fine protuberant forehead your baby has! Did he get it from his father?" *Fond Mother:* "No; he got it from a fall downstairs."—*Chicago News.*

...."How," she asked, "did you ever think of all the silly things you make those foolish society women say in your new play." "I got a chance to go out in society one afternoon," he answered, "and took a pencil and paper with me. You know I learned to write shorthand years ago."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

...."All I asked of the executors of my grandfather's will," said young Ardup, "was the stone deer that stood in the front yard." "Did you get it?" asked one of the bystanders. "Substantially," he answered. "I got the marble hart." "But that's old," they told him. "Well, I didn't say it was gnu," he said, with a ferocious grin.—*Chicago Tribune.*

...."What is your name?" asked the magistrate. "Michael O'Halloran," answered the prisoner. "What is your occupation? What work do you do?" "Oi'm a sailor." The magistrate looked incredulous. "I don't believe you ever saw a ship," he said. "Didn't Oi, then?" said the prisoner. "An' phwat do yez t'ink Oi come over in,—a hack?" The Philadelphia *Record* says that it went hard with Michael O'Halloran after that.

...."I am a stranger here, sir; can you direct me to a first-rate church?" "Oh, yes, right around the corner." "What sort of a preacher have they?" "A very good man." "Interesting?" "Intensely so." "Eloquent?" "Very." "The best preaching in town, I suppose?" "Unquestionably." "What's the preacher's name?" "Ah, my friend, that is a question which modesty forbids me to answer."—*Ram's Horn.*

...."Gaunt and ribbed, it spirals aloft into the paths of the stars and scours the sky and then headlong descends in broad curving sweeps to rain the green and saffron-tinted vales and slopes, passing and repassing, the imperative breath of coming winter; it huddles the leaden clouds into rough heaped banks east and west and between rushing in wide rebound from side to side billows all the cooling void with long skirling moans and thin, high-circled wailings; then, as the dying day shudders to its close, it leans toward the West and the pallid hills, pressing, deep panting and insatiate, out to where the Sun, like a blood-red rose, hangs on the furtherest rim of earth wistfully low and passionately still."—*Dithyramb Dick, in the New York Sun.*

EDITORIALS

The Episcopal Convention

THE Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States meets this week in San Francisco, and will continue in session for several weeks.

The doings of this Convention will be of interest to the country quite out of proportion to the numerical strength of the Episcopal Church. It is, in numbers, one of the second class of our American denominations, much smaller than the Baptists and Methodists, considerably smaller than the Lutherans, Disciples and Presbyterians, just a little larger than the Congregationalists, whom it has lately passed in the race, and a good deal larger than such denominations as the Free Baptists, Universalists and Unitarians. But its strength and influence are much greater than its numbers would indicate; for its churches are mainly in the cities, where it is second to none in wealth and social power. With wealth and social power go culture and education; and of late years the Episcopal Church has taken a great stride in this matter. Its pulpit is abreast of the best. It has the finest edifices, the best equipped missions, the fullest supply of clergy, the richest gifts of money for local use, the most millionaires. The lay delegate, J. Pierpont Morgan, is now speeding on to San Francisco in his private car, taking as his guests the clerical delegates from this diocese. The worship in the Episcopal Church is generally regarded as the most dignified and ornate and beautiful to be found in all our Protestant Churches, the music the choicest, the service the safest; and to be married or buried by the Episcopal ritual is regarded as the hight of propriety. Then the claims of the Episcopal Church put it before all others, unless it be the Roman Communion. It asserts for itself a superior rank, a more regular clergy, properly ordained and suitably vested, bishops of superior rank and name, that it only is a Church properly organized. The superiority and rank it claims and displays our cities, at least, seem ready to yield.

This Church has been content, all these years since it was organized after the Revolution out of the ruins of the Colonial Anglican churches, to be called the Protestant Episcopal Church, but with some protest. Now a serious attempt will be made to change its name. The name that seems to be most approved is The American Church. We do not wonder that the old name is unsatisfactory. Why "Protestant?" What is the use of putting a protest into a name? The name is the place for an affirmation, not a denial. By all means let the "*Protestant*" go.

And "Episcopal?" To be sure it is Episcopal, and that differentiates it from many other Churches, altho not from the Roman Catholic. But the name *Episcopal* seems to imply that there are other Churches that are not Episcopal, and this the Episcopal Church practically denies. Its clergy are forbidden to hold official fellowship with clergymen not episcopally ordained. If all true Churches must be episcopal Churches, then why call this the Episcopal Church?

Then let the "Episcopal" go, which leaves us simply "The Church." That name would suit many Episcopalians as being the proper title, not too indefinite or inclusive. But it is more likely that a national limitation will be added, making it The American Church, to distinguish it from the Anglican, and possibly prophetic of the time when all North America will be one country. That name will be a suitable one, if there is no other American Church. To be sure there are ten or twenty times as many Catholics as there are Episcopalians in the United States of America, but they are content to be Roman Catholics, and, in the condemnation of Americanism, they would hardly claim to be called an American Church. The Methodists and Baptists and Presbyterians, *et id omne genus*, will call themselves Churches, and will loudly assert their legitimacy; but this claim the Episcopal Church, still Protestant, as stoutly denies. Why, then, as having sole right to it, it should not take the name of The American Church we do not see. It is in the line of asserted

superiority and will have its effect in drawing adherents from other so-called Churches; for what is claimed, if claimed enough, many will grant. We cannot see that it would be a tactical mistake to change the name, however arrogant the claim implied might seem to other denominations that dare to think that they, too, are Churches. But the proposed name would be no more arrogant than a plenty of names now taken by other denominations. A denomination nearly twice as large numerically calls itself "The Disciples of Christ," as if there were no other disciples, and two others actually call themselves "The Christian Church" and "The Church of God."

The subject of provinces is likely to be broached. Bishop Potter has, in his late pastoral, spoken strongly against the plan of uniting contiguous dioceses into provinces, perhaps eight or ten of them. He says it will tend to increase the sectional spirit in the churches, and prevent them from feeling an interest in the whole Church. "The provincial system," he says, "will only develop increasingly the provincial mind, which is partial, fragmentary, local judgment." We do not see it so. If the dioceses of New England, New York and New Jersey were united in one province, with its annual meetings, it appears to us that there would be so much less New York provincialism and so much widening of sympathy and interest and help, while the gossamer threads that now tie all the dioceses into one Church would not be severed or weakened, but rather strengthened. A vision that begins to look away from home is likely to end by looking all over the country and the world.

And there would be a real advantage in having provinces. The Catholics do it, and to be Catholic is a growing aim. These provinces would, in the end, require archbishops. That appears to us to be a desirable thing for a Church organized like the Episcopal Church. At present, in any great public function, Bishop Potter would fall behind Archbishop Corrigan, as, in diplomacy, a Minister must yield precedence to an Ambassador. A superior title carries superior dignity. Then there should be at Washington a Primate, or Patriarch, superior to Archbishops, wearing a different kind of miter or something else distinctive, who will correspond to the Catholic Apostolic Delegate, or, indeed, be superior to him because his name will imply no delegated authority. The real dignity of the Church, in the presence of the Roman Catholic Church, seems to require a developed provincial system. The present inferiority of the Episcopal Church in organization and designation is somewhat humiliating and can be corrected. The proposition will receive serious consideration at this Convention.

The appeal for Church unity, made to other denominations by the Episcopal Convention when it met in Chicago, and afterward repeated at the Pan-Anglican Council at Lambeth, has been a failure. It was based on the acceptance of the "Historic"—that is, Anglican "Episcopate." Other denominations did not want it; they were satisfied with their own. The Presbyterians nibbled at the hook for a little while, and then turned away. The Episcopalians acknowledge now that there is no hope in that direction, and they are inclined, with good show of success, to take the other tack of large claims of exclusive right to the rank of Church, with the usufruct of all the dignities involved. They have spent three Conventions in "enriching" their Prayer Book; now let them enrich their Church. Let them give it a comprehensive name and a stately organization. Perhaps then they will more readily attract the members of other folds, and will with less difficulty maintain their equality with the Roman Church, and their voice against divorce will be heard with more effect in the high places of society.

Freedom of Speech

There is no more delicate question to be settled in government than the proper range to be allowed for freedom of speech. We all admit, unless we are anarchists, that some restraint of license must be imposed; but how much is the problem. The only general answer is that as little should be imposed as is consistent with the rights of individuals and the safety of society, but the difficulty and doubt come in the applying of this rule.

Every law of libel or slander is a restraint of freedom of speech; and such

laws are just, because the offense is an injury to individual rights. The taking of one's good name is as real an injury as the taking of one's purse, and is as properly punished. There is no great difficulty in such a concrete case. The difficulty is much greater when it is the body politic, or a public official, that is slandered or attacked. For example, the United States, through its Congress, its President and its army, has been engaged in the righteous and benevolent duty of suppressing disorder in the Philippines; at least so they have supposed and meant it. But a body of very reputable men, including an entire political party with its recognized leaders, have continuously slandered the President and the acts of the country, have charged them with murder, with suppression of liberty, with the selfish exploit of greed in this matter. It has not been wholly vicious; much of its baseless abuse has been conscientious enough, only blind and stupid. Our Government has hastened to send school teachers by the thousand to the Philippines, and to establish the institutions of self-government such as the people had never enjoyed, but it has not yet granted a single concession that means money. Now the freedom of speech which has thus falsely libeled our President and nation we could not restrain, and we would not if we could. In the long run such political liberty to speak falsely, but presumably with good intention, does only temporary harm which can be overlooked.

There is a common saying with a class of ignorant, often malicious, political economists that personal property is robbery. Now such a doctrine is the condemnation of the entire social institution as we know it. Carried out, it would punish any man who tries to secure wealth. If a person were to try to carry out this doctrine by resisting these robbers, by knocking them down or shooting them, as we do other robbers, he would be amenable to law; we should put him in prison. Weak-minded men will be excited by such doctrine to carry it to its logical result, and to take away or destroy the property thus sequestrated by individual owners, or to injure the owners themselves. Shall we therefore forbid the preaching of such a doctrine, and punish such freedom of speech? Logically yes, and yet practically no. The amount of actual injury done must be considered, and also what is the best way to correct theoretical error. So long as it is preached as an academic doctrine that "property is robbery," it can best be let alone, anarchistic, violent, insurrectionary and murderous as it must be in application, and left to the treatment of common sense. But the moment it puts itself into action, then must come severe restraint.

There is the doctrine of anarchism. It teaches the injustice of law and government. It would do away with all law, and leave everything to individual license. Carried to its logical result it would put down law, by putting out of the way the tyrannous officers of law. The killing of a king or a President is only doing what is involved in the theory of anarchism. Shall we then suppress all such teaching by book, pamphlet or paper? Shall we shut up in prison all people who teach what Tolstoy teaches, and Kropotkin, Reclus and Most, that government is tyranny? We think not. If we did think so we should not have published, for information and not fearing any injury, some of the anarchistic teachings of Tolstoy. We do not cut off a man's arm the moment it has suffered an injury for fear of gangrene, but we trust to the beneficent action of the multitude of white phagocyte cells to remove the noxious bacteria. But if the injury goes too far and threatens to corrupt the system, then we apply the knife. But we watch it; and we should watch these preachers of anarchy. They should be under close police supervision. If they preach not merely generalities, but begin to apply them to concrete action; if they plot murders of kings, or declare that kings ought to be murdered, and preach a gospel of violence against governments, then is the time to suppress and punish them, just as we would have punished Mr. Atkinson or Mr. Schurz if they had entered into correspondence with Aguinaldo to give him aid against our Government.

We must keep the distinction in mind between doctrine and action. It is of no use to try to suppress thinking by violence. Thinking must be conquered by thinking; liberty must make liberty safe. There are foolish people about who

would change the very definition of treason. The Constitution defines it as "making war" against the United States. Talk is not war. Killing a President is not war; it is murder, common murder. Talk may lead to murder, and when it turns that way it should be suppressed. But we do not need to make new definitions to suppress noxious liberty. Other liberty will attend to that. There are other greater evils than even the occasional murder of a President.

The Chart of the Santiago Battle

Not long ago The Independent printed a paper by Mr. Park Benjamin, entitled "The Measurements of a Sea Fight," accompanied by a *fac-simile* reduced copy of the chart prepared by the navigating officers of our fleet, showing the positions of the ships during the battle of Santiago. From the measurements of this chart, which the readers of The Independent could make for themselves with sufficient accuracy, the distances from the "Brooklyn" to the Spanish ships were readily determined. We deem it now no more than fair to call attention to the astonishing repudiation of that chart, not only by one of its makers, but by the Judge Advocate-General of the Navy, which has just been made in the Schley Court of Inquiry. The circumstances are as follows:

Lieutenant-Commander Heilner, navigating officer of the "Texas," testified that "there was a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards when the 'Brooklyn' crossed the course of the 'Texas' at the nearest point between them." The chart was then laid before the witness and he was invited to measure the above distance thereon, which he did, and thereupon said:

"But we are going over this whole business on a chart that is absolutely worthless."

The New York Herald's report of the proceedings then goes on:

"Question by Mr. Rayner. Any measurement you can make on that chart does not put you at the nearest point you ever got to the 'Texas'—within 2,400 feet of her—am I not right?

"Answer. That is right.

"Question. Now measure the chart according to the most liberal measurements you can, and tell me whether, according to your own chart signed by yourself, you can bring the 'Texas' within 2,400 feet of the 'Brooklyn.' I am emphatic about this, and I want to be polite. I know you want to give the truth.

"Answer. I never signed this chart as being correct.

"'Mr. President,' Mr. Hanna (assistant to the Judge Advocate-General) interrupted, 'may I say just one word? I merely wish to say that if the purpose of these inquiries is to show the incorrectness of that chart we will save time by conceding it at once.'

"'It is a great pity to have never conceded that before. That is the only chart we ever had,' Mr. Rayner replied.

"'We have never had the opportunity to concede it before. We never supposed it to be correct,' replied Mr. Hanna."

The chart in question is published in the appendix to the report of the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department for 1898 and is a part of the Report of the Secretary of the Navy for that year. It was prepared under an order of Rear-Admiral Sampson, which is as follows:

"U. S. Flagship 'New York,' First Rate.
"Navy Yard, New York, Sept. 2, 1898.

"Sirs: You are hereby appointed a board to plot the positions of the ships of Admiral Cervera's squadron and those of the United States fleet in the battle of July 3d, 1898, off Santiago de Cuba.

"You are empowered to call for such data from any ship concerned as may be necessary, forwarding a copy of this letter as authority.

"It will be your duty to reconcile, as far as possible, all discrepancies in the data so obtained.

"The board in submitting the chart with the plotted positions will report fully their reasons for locating the positions as they have.

"W. T. Sampson,
"Rear-Admiral, U. S. N.
"Commander-in-Chief United States Naval Force, North Atlantic Squadron.
"Lieutenant S. P. Comly, U. S. N.
"Lieutenant Lewis C. Heilner, U. S. N.
"Lieutenant Wm. H. Schuetze, U. S. N.
"Lieutenant Albon P. Hodgson, U. S. N.
"Lieutenant W. H. Allen, U. S. N.
"Lieutenant E. E. Capehart, U. S. N.
"Lieutenant Harry P. Huse, U. S. N."

This board thereupon convened and on October 8th, 1898 (three months after the battle), submitted its report, which, after describing the indicated positions of the ships at the times noted, concluded as follows:

"Before plotting these positions the board took each ship separately and discussed her data for the position under consideration, this data being obtained from the report of her commanding officers, notes taken during the action and the evidence of the members of the board.

"In reconciling differences of opinion in regard to distances, bearings, ranges, etc., full liberty was given to the representative of the ship under discussion to bring in any argument or data he considered necessary, and the board submits this report with a feeling that under the circumstances it is as nearly correct as is possible so long after the engagement."

The signatures of all the officers above named (saving that of Lieutenant Huse, absent), together with that of Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, are appended.

That Lieutenant-Commander Heilner is thus willing under oath to discredit his own solemn act and deed lies between himself and his conscience. But this exhibition on the part of the Navy Department is between it and the people. After such a showing it may well be asked what faith can be given to anything regarding the Santiago campaign which the Navy Department has officially put forth?

The Poster Nuisance

We have spent one hundred years in recklessly destroying the forests of the continent, and in placarding the glories of nature with the announcements of our enterprise. There is no longer any question about the push and go of the American people. The interests of the public have been sacrificed to the interests of individuals. The reaction is coming; but what Augean toil we have before us. A few individuals are doing much; corporations are also doing something; but the people have not gone beyond the establishment of national parks and reservations. Is it not time to insist with emphasis that will be understood, and law that can be enforced, that public property shall be left as beautiful as nature made it? Is utility the only possible aim of the united people? Our highways stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in continuous interlacings. They are public property; but everywhere at present they are the dumping grounds of private individuals—breeding places of noxious weeds. Fences are pasted and placarded by patent-medicine venders; and the bordering lands, as far as the eye can read, are suborned to a blaze of advertising. One may travel three thousand miles across the continent, and rarely be out of sight of a billboard, while many of the States still permit the defacement of rocks and trees. We have become so used to being ordered to smoke Roscoe Conkling cigars, or give Castoria to our children, that we forget the whole thing is an impertinence of the grossest sort. The poetry of life is turned into prosaic push, and God's landscapes compelled to repeat the slang of trade. The bargain store has gone far enough when it monopolizes a whole page of our daily paper; it is too much to demand of the public to tolerate its pretentious advertisements at every quarter mile.

The nuisance might be abated by a general agreement not to trade with those people whose wares are offensively advertised. When such announcements do not pay they will cease of their own accord. The probabilities are, however, that they really are doing the work for which they are intended—that the crowd can only be persuaded to listen to offers of goods at cut prices. State law should regulate and restrict advertising within reasonable limits. No man has a natural right to be offensive. He has a right to make known his skill as a manufacturer, and his enterprise as a trader. From this standpoint a good deal may be granted. There might be an advertising area, outside each city, so located as to annoy no one; which might serve as a source of information to buyers, as well as a possible source of amusement. It is an open question whether the present system has not been pushed to such an extent as to be of little value as an advertisement. The experiment has recently been tried of placing first class plays in theaters without a display of posters, and the result has been no loss, if not a gain in the way of audiences. Possibly the advertising mischief is beginning to remedy itself. The *Tribune*, of this city, suggests a tax on billboards and posters, sufficiently large to bring the nuisance within limits. In this way a considerable revenue could be secured for the town or State. It is suggested that in granting franchises to street cars they should also be specifically forbidden to use their cars for advertising wares and shows. To tax a bad thing, however, gives it a certain legal right to exist. If it is wrong it should be done away with; if it is right it should be endured. The Government entered into partnership with the liquor

business, and it has lost more than it has gained by giving the saloon a legal existence.

It is hardly worth our while to grumble at the amateur politics in Hawaii; the little island has brought into the United States some institutions, of the value of which we are convinced, but have not yet been able to secure for the Union at large. Democracy moves slower in reform than monarchy; but it moves exactly with public sentiment. Two Hawaiian achievements are postal savings banks and the preservation of beautiful highways. Every land owner must not only keep the highway in order, but he must see to it that on either side there is no defacement. He must even leave a border of 150 feet free of cultivated crops. That is, on either side of all roadways, there must be a garden of shrubs, trees and flowers. Not one advertisement defaces a Hawaiian roadside. Now that the islands have become a part of our Union will they be given over to advertisements? Really the worst part of this whole business is, that we are getting used to it—it no longer disturbs us to travel billboarded miles. When Thoreau was told that he would get used to affairs, as they existed in a certain town of smoke and grime and noise, he replied that he certainly would not remain—for to get used to such things would be to be deaf to music and blind to beauty.

Over one year ago THE INDEPENDENT called attention to the fact that in England agitation had secured from Parliament a practical act, conferring on Edinburgh the power to decide, locally, the places where advertisements could be permitted. This permission had, in 1896, been refused, as a "whim which could not pass into serious legislation." A second application declared "advertising rivalry to be a great evil, threatening to destroy the amenity of the city." Edinburgh insisted on its right to be a city "eminently beautiful" to visitors. In this country legislatures must be compelled, by insistent demands, to legislate for similar local self-protection. The spirit of the press is unanimous throughout the United States. The people are nearly as unanimous. Disgust is universal; but whether apathy is also universal is the question. We need a ringing cry of denunciation—a note that our lawmakers will understand and heed. Give us relief from the incessant roar of trade, and the impudent blazon of rival venders. The interests of valuable commercial transactions cannot be injured by protecting our landscapes from defacement and our public vehicles from "store talk."

The German Social Democracy

THE Social Democrats of Germany, in convention at Lübeck, have again formally disavowed the theories of Herr F. E. Bernstein. The resolution of disavowal, which follows, in some respects, the one passed at the Hannover congress of 1899, was not denunciatory in tone; it was even tempered, by its movers, with the concession that it did not necessarily imply censure of Herr Bernstein. The purpose in passing it was to keep the party creed and tactical policy pure and undefiled from the touch of modern heresies.

The Berlin controversy forms a very important episode in the recent history of the Social Democratic party. Exiled from his native land nearly a quarter of a century ago, the protagonist in this debate has resided for the greater part of this time in England. In that country he came under certain influences which have strongly affected his earlier economic beliefs. Tho remaining true to his Socialistic ideals, he has come to look upon many of the party dogmas as unscientific and upon much of the party policy as mistaken and harmful. His letters to the *Neue Zeit* newspaper (1897) created something of a commotion, and a storm of disapproval followed his book, *Die Voraussetzungen des Sozialismus und die Aufgaben der Sozial Demokratic* (1898). In these writings he took strong ground against the Marxian predictions of a progressive impoverishment of the masses and of a continued concentration of capital. He maintained that authentic statistics utterly refuse to confirm either prediction, but that, on the contrary, wages are rising and the number of small capitalists is increasing. There are evidences of a form of concentration in manufactures, it is true, but the concentration is not individual, being instead the massing of small capitals for a specific purpose. One

English corporation alone, that of Lipton's, has 74,262 shareholders. Finally, he declared:

"If modern society is to break to pieces by reason of the disappearance of the middle classes between the two extremes of the social pyramid . . . then this break-up is no nearer its realization to-day in England, Germany and France than it was in any earlier period of the nineteenth century."

The Social Democratic party must therefore, he maintained, mend its tactics. It could accomplish nothing by merely "educating" the workers in preparation for the alleged inevitable collapse of the capitalistic *régime;* it could fulfil its mission only by taking the leadership in the practical work of social reform.

Such is, in outline, the Bernsteinian heresy; and the wrath of the Auld Lichts in the party has been liberally poured out upon both the preacher and his preachings. And yet, despite it all, the party councils have shown, for more than ten years, a constant and almost uninterrupted drift toward the acceptance of Bernstein's ideas as to methods. During that period many of the old dogmas have been thrown overboard, others have been quietly ignored, and practically every year has been marked by a stronger insistence upon the importance of remedial legislation, with a declining accentuation of the ultimate Socialist ideal.

The rupture between the past and the present really took place at the Erfurt Congress of 1891, when the revolutionists were expelled and a long program of demands in the nature of "first steps" in reform legislation was added to the theoretical platform. The leaders, however, covered their retreat from their former attitude by declaring, in Bebel's words, that "they were under no illusions about the value of parliamentary results in relation to the fundamental demands of the Socialist party;" that the practical program would extend their movement among the working classes, and that, tho the then existing industrial system was sure to collapse from its own weight in a few years, there could be no harm in distributing to the masses a few creature comforts for the time being. There was a markedly disingenuous taint to this plea, and the Berlin Congress (1892) corrected matters by making this declaration:

"What can be got for workingmen by parliamentary work is a mere viaticum to sustain them on the march forward, a mere instalment which serves to furnish the proletariat with a little more of the means of battle which they require in order to fulfil their historic mission."

Even this explanation, however, proved unsatisfactory during the following years, and the Hannover Congress of 1899 developed a strong, if not a dominant, sentiment that social reforms were to be striven for out of regard for their real social utility; and, in the words of Dr. David,

"We must work now, not for a better future, but for a better present. The perception that wages have risen gives us the confidence that even now, and within the capitalistic system of production, we can influence the distribution of the wealth produced quite substantially in the interest of the laboring class."

Alongside of the formal repetition, year after year, of the ultimate aim of the party, are thus to be found the specific demands for the present; and the latter have every year an added importance. It is recognized that they are the cause of the party's tremendous growth in numbers. So long ago as 1891 Bebel himself confessed that the proportion of orthodox Socialists among the 1,427,000 Socialist voters was but small; and the estimate of 200,000 among the present poll of 2,120,000 voters is probably not wide of the mark.

The decline of dogmas has been quite as perceptible as the drift toward practical methods. This fact is admitted as readily by the Auld Lichts as by the new. Bebel has in fact declared (1899) that the party has no dogmas; that it is "a party of learners and a party of progress;" and that its members were continually undergoing intellectual moultings. They have discarded Lassalle's "iron law of wages" (which he borrowed from Ricardo), and his project of establishing productive societies on State credit; they are no longer united on the proposition that "labor is the source of all wealth;" they no longer look upon opposing parties as "only a reactionary mass;" they have sanctioned their followers voting for liberals in certain cases, and the Mayence Congress of 1900 actually made obligatory upon Socialists the duty of voting for middle-class candidates in the Prussian Landtag elections of that year. Their dogmatic and theoretical fear of the present capitalistic

state would also seem to have "suffered a sea-change," for in recent years they have favored the nationalization of peasant mortgages, the passage of factory legislation, the public construction of the Baltic and North Sea Canal and of State railways. Perhaps the strongest of these revolutions of thought has been that concerned with peasant holdings of land. From the former conviction that the securing of the peasant in his holdings would "contribute to resuscitate his fanaticism for property" and therefore delay the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth, there has come about a well-nigh overwhelming conviction that he should be not only let alone, but secured in his private possessions.

The German Social Democracy thus presents the spectacle of a body somewhat at war with itself. Out of regard for a false consistency it repudiates a Bernstein, and declares that nothing has occurred to warrant a change in its aims and tactics; and yet all the time it is changing, becoming more modern, more practical, less dogmatic, and its altered methods and pronouncements are confessedly the cause of its marvelous growth in numbers and power. Surely it is time for the party to confess candidly the change, and to stand for what it really is—a party of practical social reform, even though its ultimate ideal be still a co-operative commonwealth.

Compulsory Arbitration

There seems to be some misapprehension in the conservative press of this country as to the labor situation in New Zealand. It seems that recently the Premier, Mr. Seddon, had reason to admonish his followers against riding some of their extreme democratic hobbies to death. This naturally led to the outcry that "Seddonism" was producing financial disaster and the ruin of New Zealand. Then Mr. Seddon quietly delivered his financial statement, showing another two and a half million dollar surplus. This was a decided hit, but Mr. Seddon had good reason to reprehend his too eager radical followers, for hitherto his Cabinet has commanded the labor vote by its socialistic legislation and the country vote by its small landholding program. Now there has just been formed a strong combination of farmers in the colony, among whom is a considerable Conservative leaven, which will oppose ultra-radical legislation. The fear of an internal party strife between the country voters, who think the Government is devoting too much time to labor questions, and the town voters is probably the cause that impelled the Premier to advise his radical wing to "go slow." Furthermore, the report that compulsory arbitration in New Zealand is becoming unpopular is likewise without foundation, if we can trust several New Zealand papers on our exchange list. It is true that important defects have been found in the working of the conciliation boards, before whom all labor disputes must be taken for voluntary settlement prior to an appeal to the Compulsory Court. Too many cases are brought before the Conciliation Court without any intention of abiding by its decisions, and the result is that much time has there been wasted, while the Compulsory Court, on the other hand, has been overworked. This has been the only cause of complaint we are aware of against compulsory arbitration in New Zealand. The changes contemplated in the law are all in the nature of extending the scope of the court and the principle of compulsion. We therefore have no evidence, as a New York paper has, that

> "there can no longer be doubt that the whole body of legislation which has received so much praise from social reformers bids fair to be repealed before a great while by the very men who secured its adoption."

New Zealand has merely a few extra labor disputes congested in the overworked Compulsory Court, and the dominant party has a country vote to placate.

McKinley's Clerical Defamers

There are quite a number of preachers who have uttered most disgraceful sentiments on the murder of the President, and who have not escaped the just anger of their hearers. They have dared to say that the assassin's act was the judgment of God in punishment for the President's shortcomings. These preachers appear nearly all to be readers of a certain intemperate temperance press which has not wearied to put the blame of the vice of Manila on the President, nor even to

blackguard him with charges that he was personally responsible for a profit from a saloon, and as a drinker of wine and a supporter of drunkenness was a disgrace to the Christian Church and to the nation. The language of these sheets has been malicious and utterly disgraceful. Of course Czolgosz was no Prohibitionist, but the spirit of Czolgosz has found an echo in the uncharitable and demagogical utterances of such papers. Even after the event one of them says:

"Mr. McKinley's policy in general was economic rather than moral. Prosperity among the people he regarded as a more important object of political action than great moral ideals among the people."

An International Conference

Mr. John R. Dos Passos, an able New York lawyer, would have Congress call an international conference for the suppression of anarchism. But what new good will that do? Such a conference was held in Rome only three years ago, after the murder of the Empress Elizabeth. Since it met and discussed for a month, and called the chiefs of police of a dozen countries, and made provision for a bureau of information, and the mutual surrender of anarchists, a Spanish Prime Minister, an Italian King and an American President have been killed by anarchists. We do not know that another conference could do any more than did the last one. What is needed is not more palaver, but a careful surveillance of anarchistic clubs and individuals, so that any overt acts or any conspiracies may be discovered as soon as possible and punished before they result in murder. But no watchfulness can prevent the acts of single zealots like our last assassin; nor will the restriction of immigration succeed any better. Our three assassins of Presidents have all been natives of the country. We cannot reverse our time-honored and beneficial encouragement of immigration out of fear of anarchists. The air of freedom is its best panacea.

In an article in THE INDEPENDENT several months ago President Eliot made the statement that down to the time of the French Revolution it was the uniform teaching of both the Protestant and the Catholic Church that the divine sanction of civil government comes through the Church. We have been asked to call attention to the fact that in an article in *The Sacred Heart Review* Mr. C. C. Starbuck denies this, so far as the Catholic Church is concerned, and shows that Boniface VIII expressly declared, in the Bull *Unam Sanctam,* that the State has a distinct mandate from God. Possibly President Eliot would reply that it is on the authority of the Church that the State learns of this mandate. Mr. Starbuck declares that in the later teaching of the Catholic Church there is "not even a shadow of the theory which President Eliot attributes to the whole Catholic Church."

If we have failed to recognize Dr. Carl Peters's strong claim to have discovered Egyptian and Phenician monuments in the mines of South Zambesia, where he thinks he has found the biblical Ophir, it has not been mere neglect. We hesitated to accept his judgment until his objects and supposed inscriptions had been brought to England. Dr. Peters's philology and archeology seemed somewhat imaginative and needed critical examination. It is now certain that a little earthenware funereal "ushabti" figure brought by Dr. Peters from south of the Zambesi is really impressed with the cartouche of Thothmes III (about 1450 B. C.). But one such object might quite easily have been carried there as a curiosity by Phenician, Arab or other traders in the course of thirty-three and a half centuries, and thus far this statuet stands alone. Yet it encourages further search.

Let it not be thought that the United States is quite unique in its great gifts and bequests to the public. The magnificent endowment of research made by the Swedish manufacturer of smokeless powder, Nobili, is familiar to all; and now we have the report from Denmark of hereditary genius for beneficence in a family of brewers in Copenhagen. The late J. C. Jacobsen gave during his life $3,000,000 to one public fund and $5,360,000 more by his will for scientific and benevolent purposes, and now his son, Carl Ja-

cobsen, after having two years ago given to Copenhagen the largest private collection of sculpture in the world, worth $3,000,000, has now added a further gift valued at $2,500,000. There is no thought of atonement in these gifts, for the brewery business is regarded as most respectable, as is that of making war material.

A few weeks ago the Presbyterian Churches in Australia united to form a single body. The union was formally ratified, and the new Federal Assembly, representing Australian Presbyterianism as a whole, held a most enthusiastic meeting in Sydney. All the Methodist Churches throughout Australasia will become one on January 1 next. There is a likelihood of a further federation of all the Christian denominations there. The Anglican Synod has asked its bishops to put themselves into communication with the heads of other Churches for this purpose, and the Presbyterian Federal Assembly has passed resolutions favoring such a federation of all the Protestant Churches. We recall such resolutions passed in this country, but the federation has not come to pass. Now let some one push the matter; every one wants it.

If we have got to have all sorts of outlandish names added to our Latinized science, how can we remember them? Here is President Jordan, a chief authority on fishes, going to Japan and giving unpronounceable names to the fishes he finds there. A sturgeon becomes the *Acipenser kikuchi;* a spear-fish is *Tetrapturus mitsukurii;* a sort of bass is *Trachypterus ishikawa,* all these names, and a plenty more, being given in honor of living Japanese statesmen and scholars. Our Department of Agriculture has lately published a pamphlet entitled "Revision of Skunks," a class that needs revision, and our unaccustomed tongues would like a revision of Dr. Jordan's fishes.

The nomination of President Low as Mayor of New York involves a most serious loss to Columbia University. That the man who has proved his love for the university by the gift of we know not how much more than a million dollars should consent to accept the nomination to the Mayoralty, knowing that it involves his resignation of his life-long position in Columbia, shows how deeply he feels his duty to the city. Four years ago his resignation was not accepted; this time it will probably be accepted, and the university will lose the man who has built it up from an insignificant college to a great university.

Of course the more ignorant Catholic papers are quick to find fault with the Philippine Commission for making the public schools of the islands purely secular, and banishing crucifixes and sacred emblems. They are of the sort that rejoice in their freedom of worship here, but always fret if anything is done for disestablishment of their Church in South America or Europe. What else could the Philippine Commission do? The United States cannot teach any religion. Are there not priests and friars enough in the Philippines to do that? The Philippine people make no complaint, only some Catholic papers in America.

Indiana issued 27,671 marriage licenses in the year 1900 and granted 4,699 divorces during the year, which is more than one divorce to every six marriages. Marion County, which includes Indianapolis, issued 2,363 marriage licenses and granted 626 divorces, or one divorce to less than four marriages. For some reason Indiana, which many years ago greatly improved her divorce laws, has of late returned to her old ways. Her divorces have doubled in less than ten years. It would seem as if the good people of this State had an urgent duty in respect to this condition of things.

We cannot see how the United States Government or the American Board can consent to pay the enormous ransom demanded for the liberation of the missionary, Miss Stone, and her companion. If this were done it would encourage brigands everywhere in Turkey to capture the American missionaries. The better way is that now tried, to capture some of the Macedonian revolutionary gang that ordered her capture and hold them responsible for her safe return.

INSURANCE

Changing Beneficiary

Some discussion has arisen lately over the clause in life policies which permits a change in beneficiary. The fact that such a question has been raised is itself interesting as showing how the practice has gradually changed in this respect. The original idea was mainly that a policy should be a "life policy," and in furtherance of the intent of protection for the wife the law intervened and placed the policy out of reach of the husband's creditors. This was quite as it should be, but in practice life insurance became broadened in applications and competitive pressure introduced a pretty long list of options, so that the original idea has lost much of its prominence.

It is quite true that a wife's policy which reserves to the insured the right to change the beneficiary at will is in effect the same as one written for the insured's own benefit; it is equivalent to a promissory note to his order. Whether it is not then a part of his estate and therefore not exempt from approach by creditors is a legal question. If he has exercised the right of change and has substituted his own name as beneficiary there would seem to be no doubt that the policy is part of his estate and without shield; suppose he has not exercised this right and does not wish to do so, or (as might easily happen) that he has not even noticed the existence of the clause? Would any court then compel him to make this change in order to give creditors a way to the avails of the policy? This does not appear to have been decided, but unless the amount is large, we doubt whether a policy originally for a wife would be forcibly diverted.

The change clause is likely to remain, however, for it is supported by the desire for options. It is also supported by some good reasons. The wife may die without issue, or circumstances may otherwise change so as to make it undesirable that the policy should stand in her name or follow her line either by offspring or by kinship. The value and force of options, in this as in other matters, lie in the short reach of forecast. It is proper and useful that a man should have the right to decide on his action, some years hence, when the time comes and not before. The special point of the "term" plan of life insurance is that it expressly reserves such right to him, and this makes the term plan valuable. But if such an option is of value in other respects, in life insurance it is surely so as to the important matter of the beneficiary.

A Western Travelers' representative, we see, has issued a circular which undertakes to show that his company earns a higher interest rate and experiences a lower death rate than others, and this he challenges anybody to disprove. It is not worth our while to accept the challenge, for we have no motive to disprove his showing, and we have also a very limited regard for competitive comparative statements. Whether the man is on top of the lion or underneath him depends on which class of animal supplied the sculptor, and nothing is easier than to so handle impeccable statistics as to make them tell selected parts of the truth. The Travelers' is an excellent company, and its head is a figure unique and admirable in underwriting; we are willing to allow, for argument, that his company ranks all in high interest and low mortality. Granting it, what then? One journal rates the compiler an unconscious humorist for producing what is of no competitive use to him, since the Travelers is a stock company, selling insurance at a fixed net price, and its policyholders do not care what its experience is. It is true that their rate is fixed by contract, and independent of how the company fares, yet this does not quite cover the case. Such a statement implies good management and thus has some value in competition; besides, there is no escaping the fact that all insurance is in all circumstances mutual at foundation, even if on the stock plan. The capital stock of the Travelers, as in case of joint stock fire companies, is guarantor of its policies; but healthy insurance practice means that it shall not be necessary to fall back on the guaranty.

FINANCIAL

Mr. Schwab's Remarks About Steel

In an address before the Chamber of Commerce in Newport, England, last week, concerning the causes of American superiority in the steel trade, a very interesting statement was made by Joseph Lawrence, Member of Parliament, who was in this country a few weeks ago. The press report says:

"He told his audience that Charles M. Schwab [President of the United States Steel Corporation] assured him that the Steel Trust could deliver steel billets in England for $16.50 per ton, whereas the lowest price for which British manufacturers could make them was $19. Mr. Schwab also informed him, Mr. Lawrence said, that when the Trust had completed certain ocean transportation arrangements now pending the American price would be still lower. In addition to this statement, Mr. Schwab called the attention of Mr. Lawrence to the fact that his steel workers got double the wages paid to British workmen in the same line."

If Mr. Schwab is correctly reported by Mr. Lawrence, billets, or steel in crude forms, can be delivered in England (railroad charges from Pittsburg and ocean freight charges paid) for only $16.50, altho the price of the same at Pittsburg to American buyers is $26. Making due allowance for freight charges, we may say that, according to this statement, the price to English buyers would be about one-half of the price which American buyers are required to pay. Why should not the products of the great Steel Corporation be sold to Americans on terms as favorable as those given to buyers abroad? The American people will never accept complacently and commend a business policy involving so great a discrimination against them by one of their own industries.

The American price of billets is a little higher now than it has been, it is true, owing partly to the effect of the strike; but inspection of the official quotations will show that it was in the neighborhood of $24 for some months before the beginning of the strike. The trade journals have said that it was fixed and maintained by a combination agreement that did not affect the price for export sales.

The maintenance of high prices in the home market, sales at lower prices to foreign buyers, and such admissions as were made to Mr. Lawrence by President Schwab, give force to the movement for the repeal of tariff duties originally designed to protect such American products against foreign competition. It is plain enough that the duty on billets is no longer needed for protection; and this duty may assist the manufacturers in exacting very high prices from American consumers. "If, perchance," said President McKinley at Buffalo, "some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?" If they yield no revenue, are no longer needed for protection, and cannot be used advantageously in treaties of reciprocity, why should they not be abolished? It is reported that President Roosevelt thinks they ought to be removed. This appears to be the opinion of a considerable portion of the Republican party and of a large majority of the American people.

The National Exchange Bank of this city has increased its capital stock from $300,000 to $500,000 and its surplus from $50,000 to $250,000.

....By the recent purchase of the Laesquadra mines at Ocatlan, the Rothschilds have obtained control of all the principal copper mines in Mexico.

....The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad Company, giving up the idea of establishing an independent steamship line on the Pacific, or of making an arrangement with the Hamburg-American Company, will use the Pacific Mail Company's steamers, jointly with the Southern Pacific, for its trans-Pacific traffic.

....Dividends and coupons announced:

Riverside Bank (quarterly), 2 per cent., payable Oct. 1st.

Southern Pacific Co., various coupons, (see advt.), payable Oct 1st.

Minn. & St. Louis R. R. (Pacific Extension coupons), payable Oct. 1st.

Hall Signal Co. (quarterly), 1 per cent., payable Oct. 1st.

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Survey of the World

The Schley Inquiry During the Schley investigation, last week, much testimony concerning the feasibility of coaling Schley's squadron at sea was taken. The gist of it was that ships were coaled on several days, and could have been coaled on nearly all of the days in question, altho on one or two days the weather was unfavorable. It appeared that the scout ships gave Schley little or no information at Santiago. Two or three of them did receive the Navy Department's dispatch of May 20th, saying positively that Cervera arrived at Santiago on the 19th, but this was not delivered to Schley. Captain Sigsbee never received it, but gave Schley a dispatch saying that Cervera had been reported off Santiago. Sampson wrote that Sigsbee told him Schley was blockading Santiago by remaining twenty-five miles out at sea. Sigsbee now positively denies that he said this to Sampson. Testimony as to the distance of Schley's blockade is conflicting. Evans says seven miles by day and a greater distance at night. Others say much less by day and nearer by night. Evans testified that he overtook Schley at Cienfuegos on May 22d. Chadwick, at Key West, had given him the secret code for communication with the Cubans and had not told him to give it to Schley. He did not give it to him, supposing that he already had it. Evans's testimony was not in Schley's favor. He denied that he had said to Schley that Captain Philip started to run away at the beginning of the Santiago fight. A correspondent who was on the bridge with Philip had written in his notes that the passage of the "Brooklyn" while making the loop was a close shave for the "Texas." Philip said: "See that fellow going out to sea." This he had not reported, because Philip asked him to make it nice for everybody. There was much testimony about the "Brooklyn's" loop. Watch-Officer Doyle, of that ship, said that before the turn the Spaniards were only 1,400 yards away, coming straight for the ship, and that the "Brooklyn's" course if continued promised to cause a collision. It seemed to be his opinion that the loop was made in order that collision or ramming might be avoided. Schley, he said, was under fire during the engagement, and was always well possessed in his bearing. He testified that during the long chase Schley gave orders by signal to the "Oregon" that she should use her thirteen-inch guns. It has been said that no orders were received from Schley by any ship. All the correspondence between Schley and Commander Hodgson (navigator of the "Brooklyn" at Santiago) concerning the colloquy about the loop was introduced. Hodgson testified that at the crucial point in making the turn or loop he suggested to Schley that there was danger of a collision with the "Texas," and that Schley replied: "Damn the 'Texas.' I cannot help that. She must look out for herself. He will take care of that. I do not propose to go in any closer and subject myself to a torpedo attack." At the beginning, when he reported to Schley that the Spaniards, then coming out, were evidently making for the "Brooklyn," Schley had said: "Go for them!" He was not required to explain fully why the loop was made. The distance between the two ships, he said, when the "Brooklyn" crossed the bows

of the "Texas," was from 250 to 300 yards. Signal-Officer Dawson, of the "Indiana," testified that in his judgment the "Brooklyn" went southward 2,000 yards in making the loop. He supposed she was injured and had gone out of action. An official report was produced, showing that at least 34 per cent. of the shells that struck the Spanish ships came from the "Brooklyn." Owing to a controversy over a letter sent by Sampson to Schley when the latter was at Cienfuegos, Schley's counsel virtually gave notice that Sampson would be called as a witness. Counsel claims that in that letter the word "Santiago" was inadvertently written when "Cienfuegos" was intended. This the Navy Department does not concede.

Political Affairs

The Republicans of Massachusetts have renominated Governor Crane. At the conclusion of the formal business of their convention Senator Hoar delivered an eloquent address in honor of the memory of President McKinley. In the course of his remarks about additional legal safeguards recently suggested for the protection of Presidents and the restraint of anarchists, he said:

"But we cannot give up free speech or constitutional liberty because of the danger of a recurrence of such crimes. We cannot abandon free speech or constitutional liberty for fear of Guiteau or Czolgosz. The restraining of free speech and of the free press, disagreeable as are their excesses, must come in the main from the individual's sense of duty, and not by law."

The Democrats of the same State have nominated for Governor Josiah Quincy, formerly Mayor of Boston. Silver was not mentioned in their platform, and Mr. Olney and other Gold Democrats are again prominent in party councils. In New Jersey the Democrats have nominated James M. Seymour, the present Mayor of Newark. To the great surprise of a host of people, the Tammany Democrats of New York have chosen Edward M. Shepard, of Brooklyn, as their candidate for Mayor. The Brooklyn Democrats, under the direction of their old leader, "Boss" McLaughlin, desired the nomination of the present Comptroller, young Mr. Coler, who has thwarted so many of Tammany's schemes. They knew that the strength of the reform candidate, Seth Low, was great and growing in Brooklyn Borough. "Boss" Croker would not accept Coler, but at last he consented to nominate Shepard. Various theories as to Croker's course are held by those who think that Shepard in office would not be his tool. One is that the Boss foresaw defeat and desired to accomplish the political ruin of Shepard, who has denounced Tammany in the past. This is the opinion of ex-Mayor Hewitt. Mr. Shepard is a successful lawyer and forcible public speaker, who has been active in politics on the reform side in Brooklyn. Four years ago he supported Seth Low, who is now his opponent. In that campaign he declared that "the career of Tammany Hall" was "the most burning and disgraceful blot upon the municipal history of this country." Tammany, he asserted, represented "a grinding tyranny of blackmail." In short, he attacked Croker and his organization with all the force at his command, and was not less vigorous in his support of Low. His acceptance of the nomination now recalls some of his recent political wanderings. Having been a prominent Gold Democrat, he went over to Bryan in 1899 and presided over a Bryan mass meeting in 1900. He declares now that he is "absolutely free from obligations" to Croker or any other politician, and that he stands on his character and record.

The Episcopal Convention

It is too early in its sessions for any conclusive action to have been taken on any subject by the Episcopal Convention, now meeting in San Francisco. The time has been taken up with organization and preliminary services. The burning topic of ritualism was thrown into the arena at the very beginning in the sermon by Bishop Morris, of Oregon. He has been in Oregon for thirty-five years, and he feels that the great East has only little knowledge of or interest in the greater West. He spoke of the inadequacy of the force of laborers for the mighty field, and then burst out with the exclamation:

"What folly it is for us to be wasting time over frivolous controversies, over copes and mitres, candlestick and incense, postures and

attitudes and other unmeaning puerilities. What veritable tithing is this of mint, anise and cummin, while we are omitting the weightier matters of judgment, mercy and faith for these countless number of our brethren to whom we were commissioned to carry the Gospel of Christ in its simplicity and power, and which is to them as yet an unheard of story."

There were ritualists among the bishops who listened to this sermon attired in purple miter and stole, and, indeed, the 75 bishops who walked in the procession were in their regular ecclesiastical vestments, many with their academic hoods. Rev. John S. Lindsay, D.D., LL.D., of St. Paul's Church, Boston, was elected presiding officer of the House of Deputies, over Dr. William R. Huntington, D.D., of Grace Church, New York, by a vote of 234 to 116. Up to the time of writing the House of Deputies has been considering the successive sections of the new Constitution. The House of Bishops has given consent to the use of marginal readings of Scripture at the discretion of clergymen, by a vote of 47 to 21.

We Keep the "America's" Cup

Sir Thomas Lipton has failed again to win the "America's" cup, but he will take back with him across the Atlantic the respect and even the affection of all Americans who are interested in manly and honorable sport. The "Columbia" won three races in succession, but the boats were so evenly matched that her actual time for the three races of ninety miles in all was better than "Shamrock II's" by only three minutes and twenty-seven seconds. The first attempt came to nothing, for lack of wind. "Columbia" won the first race, on September 28th, over a triangular course, in light weather, by 37 seconds actual time, and 1 minute and 20 seconds corrected time. On the 2d inst. the boats were again called off the course, for lack of a breeze. The American yacht's second victory was won on the 3d, over a triangular course, the last leg being a beat to the windward. This appeared to be a decisive contest, for the challenger was outsailed at every point, although, as Sir Thomas said, the weather was just what she wanted. The wind was 10 knots at the beginning, and it freshened to 15, and at times was blowing even 18 knots. Both boats were handled with rare skill, and they covered the 30 miles in only 3¼ hours. In the first ten miles "Columbia" gained 22 seconds; in the second she added 30: and on the final beat to windward her gain was just two minutes. This gave her the race by 2:52, actual time, and by 3:35 when her allowance of 43 seconds was added. "She is the better boat," said Sir Thomas; "the fault of my boat is in her model. The course was a perfect one, and it was perfectly guarded." On the 4th inst. the final race was sailed. This was 15 miles to leeward and return, the wind blowing 10 knots at first and then falling away. A closer contest of the kind was never seen. On the way out "Shamrock II" gained 49 seconds, but on the return trip "Columbia" almost made up this loss, and crossed the line only 2 seconds behind the challenger. She won, not by her actual time, but by her time allowance of 43 seconds, which placed her 41 seconds ahead. But for two or three errors of judgment in tacking, on the part of his sailing master, this race would have been taken by Sir Thomas. His sore disappointment did not prevent him from cheering the victors or from commending heartily his own sailors. The races had been won, he said, in the most honorable way, and the victory had gone to most worthy men. It is pleasant to remember that the contest was marred by no mishaps or disagreeable incidents. "Shamrock II" is clearly the most dangerous challenger ever brought across the Atlantic to try for the old cup. The cost of the yacht is said to have been $300,000, and Sir Thomas's expenditures in chasing the cup this year and two years ago, including the price paid for his steam yacht "Erin," are estimated to have been $1,250,000.

Cuba's Plea for Tariff Concessions

Throughout the island of Cuba there was a remarkable exhibition of popular interest in commercial reciprocity on the 3d inst., when merchants, bankers, planters and revolutionists united in a demonstration of their desire for a new trade agreement with this country. It was a general holiday. In Havana a procession of 15,000 people escorted a committee of business

men to the residence of General Wood, to whom was addressed a petition for a reduction of the duties of the United States upon Cuban sugar and tobacco. In Santiago 8,000 people responded to the call of the Chamber of Commerce for a meeting in support of a similar petition or memorial. Meetings for the same purpose were held in all the towns, and telegrams asking for the desired reduction of duties were forwarded to Washington from every municipality. The demonstration in Havana included formal commendation of the military government and an expression of gratitude to General Wood and the nation which he represents. This expression was noticeably emphatic in a letter from the bankers, who explained that they had joined the planters, merchants and manufacturers' associations in asking for a reciprocal trade agreement because the outlook was dark and they desired to avert an impending industrial crisis. Even an organization led by Gualberto Gomez was found among those that united in making the appeal to General Wood. In his response the latter expressed a desire to assist the petitioners, saying that the American people did not realize the economic condition of Cuba, as shown in part by the sale of Cuban sugar below the cost of production. Dispatches from Havana say that the people are beginning to understand how the welfare of the island depends upon its commercial relations with the United States, and that this demonstration will probably cause the formation of a strong annexation party. Annexation sentiment, it is said, is more apparent than ever before. The appearance of it is due, probably, to the growing importance of industrial and trade questions, and to the rising influence of merchants, bankers, planters and manufacturers, substantially all of whom are annexationists. The Constitutional Convention has been formally dissolved by order of General Wood, its work having been finished. Such changes in the electoral law as were recommended by him were accepted, and a committee to act for the Convention with respect to the elections was appointed. The number of deaths in Havana in August was 480, against an average of 902 since 1889. The death-rate was only 22.24; there has been no smallpox in the city for a year, and in the five months ending with August there were only three deaths from yellow fever, although the average for the corresponding period since 1889 had been 226. Heretofore the epidemic of this disease has generally been at its hight at the end of August.

The Philippine Islands The official report shows that the massacre of American soldiers at Balangiga, on the Island of Samar, was the most appalling event of its kind in the history of the insurrection. Altho only twenty-four men were known to have escaped, out of a total of seventy-five, and eleven of these were wounded, there was at first some hope that all the missing had not been killed, and it was supposed that the officers were among those who got away. But it now appears that forty-nine men (all of Company C, Ninth Infantry) were killed, that their bodies were mutilated and burned, and among them were the three officers, Captain Thomas W. Connell (West Point, '94), First Lieutenant Edward A. Bumpus and Surgeon-Major R. S. Griswold. The company was attacked while at breakfast, at 6.45 A. M., by 400 bolomen, 200 coming up in front and as many in the rear. The assailants, many of whom had taken the oath of allegiance, were led by the Presidente, or Mayor, of Balangiga, who had pretended to be a friend of the Americans; and the signal for the movement was the ringing of the convent bells. Our soldiers were caught without their arms, but there was a desperate struggle to regain the rifles. Many of the Americans were killed in a hand-to-hand fight in the mess hall. The attacking forces were assisted by 95 Filipino prisoners, who appear to have been released when the signal for the assault was given. The Americans seem to have sold their lives dearly, for 140 Filipinos are said to have been killed in the fight. An avenging force found the town deserted and burned it. The Ninth Infantry, a very old regiment, has a fine record. It fought at San Juan hill, and lost its Colonel (Liscum) with several other officers at Tientsin. Letters written by officers of the regiment in August indicate that there was no lack

of caution. Constant vigilance was necessary, because the hostile natives were active and full of cunning. One officer wrote that it was a blunder to reduce the armed force in the islands. Filipinos pretending to be peaceful, he said, were waiting for an opportunity to strike. "The blow may first be felt," he added, "in some out of the way place like this Island of Samar." Stern measures will be taken now to subdue the insurgents in that island.—A new branch of the secret society called Katipunan has been discovered at Tarlac, the purpose of the members being to slaughter the Americans. Its chief officer is the Mayor of Banoang, and among those who have joined it are members of the new Insular Constabulary, to whom arms were recently given by the Government. Plans had been made for an uprising at an early date. The worst form of guerrilla warfare prevails in Tayabos and Batangas. —With respect to the application of the Commercial Cable Company for cable landing privileges on the islands, Attorney-General Knox will prepare an opinion as to the effect of the Paris Treaty. The company controlling the cables in Asiatic waters obtained from Spain exclusive rights for the Philippines, and claims that under the treaty we are bound to uphold Spain's agreement or concession.—There is a controversy at Manila between the military government and the Supreme Court over a military prisoner whom General Chaffee refused to give up on a writ of habeas corpus. The General says that it would be disastrous to the influence of the army if the Court's position should be sustained. A majority of the members of the Commission are said to be in agreement with the Court on this question.

British Trade The British trade returns for August of this year in comparison with last year show a falling off which must add to the general uneasiness in England over her commercial condition. Only one branch of industry shows a good increase, and this is due to peculiar reasons. The export of cotton goods has advanced 22 per cent. in quantity and 18 per cent. in value over the export for August of last year. But this is ascribed to the fact that last year India was suffering from famine and had not the means of buying foreign goods, and, moreover, altho there is an increase over August of last year, there is a decrease of 23,000,000 yards as compared with August of 1899. The largest loss is in coal, which is accounted for by the new export tax. Woolen and worsted goods have fallen off £169,288 from the exports of the preceding August, and pig iron shows a considerable decrease. Imports have also decreased, but not with the same uniformity as the exports. Here the heaviest loss has been in raw materials and chiefly in wood, owing perhaps to lesser activity in building. Sugar has suffered a very marked falling off. The trade balance for the month shows that the imports exceeded the exports by $30,000,000. As for our own trade with England, the report shows that British imports from America were about £7,425,000, against exports amounting to only £915,000. In this connection we may mention two special items of trade. The British Consul at Bilbao has commented on the importation of American railway engines into Spain. He says that the orders were all offered to British manufacturers in the first instance, but that they finally went to America because the engines could be delivered more quickly from this country, and because the American prices were lower. He says that the American engines are built to last only seven years, whereas some of the British built engines have been in active use for forty or even fifty years. On the other hand, the American design of engine seems simpler to the Spaniards and better adapted to their use. More significant, perhaps, is the proposed purchase of the Ogden Tobacco Company, of Liverpool, by the American Tobacco Company. This proposed purchase has excited a good deal of comment in England, and recently the directors of Ogden's declared publicly their reasons for considering the American Tobacco Company's offer. They say that Ogden's was selected because of its good financial standing, the American company having determined to purchase or build factories in England so as to compete directly with European trade. The directors say, moreover, that the capital of the American company is about £50,000,000,

whereas the capital of Ogden's is less than £500,000. As the American company had avowedly set aside, for the purpose of establishing British and European trade, a sum of £6,000,000, they felt that it would be impossible to compete against such an organization and that it would be better for the owners of stock in the company if they sold out to the American company on the terms offered. The entire amount to be paid by the American company is £818,000. The chairman of the directors declared that the situation, divested of patriotic trimmings, was simply that the shareholders were now offered a handsome price for their property. If the offer had been refused and the threatened competition followed, the shares of the company in two years would probably be but half their present price.

The Disaster of the "Cobra"

Further reports which have come to this country in regard to the sinking of the British turbine torpedo-boat destroyer "Cobra" give no explanation of the real cause of the disaster. The "Cobra" was on her way from the contractors' yard at Newcastle to Portsmouth when almost without warning she buckled and sank on the Outer Dowsing Shoal, off the Lincolnshire coast. Of the boats launched only one dinghy with twelve men aboard escaped swamping. One of these survivors publishes in the London *Telegraph* this account of the wreck:

"We struck at half-past seven yesterday morning. The sea was high, and there was a nasty cross sea. Just about sunrise I went on deck to see what was up. She continued to roll heavily, and then all of a sudden she struck the shoal and the waves in a moment broke over her. Alarmed by the force of the shock, every man came up on deck, and one-half of the men were in their berths at the time, and had no time to dress themselves. The seas began to roll over the forecastle, and a few moments later the vessel broke in two, fore and aft. Somebody gave the order to clear the boats away, tho who it was I do not know, but I had already commenced to do this. There was a whaler and a dinghy aboard, and three collapsible boats. There was, however, some difficulty experienced with these, and whether they were ever got out or not I do not know. The whaler and dinghy were got out, but I believe the whaler was swamped; she never took the water right. I myself cut the dinghy clear, and then, as the after part of the vessel was rising, I could see there was no hope of remaining on her, and we launched the dinghy into the water. Directly she was in the water several men boarded her from the ship. Most of the remainder of the crew jumped into the water, from fear of being taken down in the vortex, as no one knew the depth of the water around; besides, every moment an explosion of the boilers was feared. Several unfortunate fellows, however, remained on board till the last. . . . We endeavored to get in the track of steamers, and I tried to attract attention by waving a stoker's towel at the end of a boat hook, but several steamers passed without noticing us. At last, after a weary and trying ten hours in an open boat, we were rescued by the P. and O. 'Harlington.'"

Lieutenant Bosworth Smith, who was in command of the vessel, died at his post. After giving the few orders that were necessary, he stood on the bridge with folded arms, perfectly calm, until the sinking vessel carried him down. Chief Engineer Percy stood by his side until the last moment, when he dived into the sea and was picked up by the dinghy. The coroner's jury in their verdict in regard to the men lost declare that they were drowned through the buckling of the boat from unknown causes. A diver found the "Cobra" lying bottom upward in fifteen fathoms of water. Her plates had not been stove in, and there was no sign that she had touched a rock or sand. She had broken close to her boilers, the ends of the plates exposed resembling a cane that had been snapped across the knee.

French Religious Orders

Some time since we reported the passing of the French Religious Associations Act, ingeniously planned to suppress any association or order which acknowledged an authority other and greater than the Government. The time has now lapsed in which applications for authorization under the new law were to be sent in, and already many monks and nuns are leaving the country. There are in all 16,468 religious establishments in France; reports differ as to the exact number of these which have submitted to the new requirements. The correspondent of the London *Times* says that only a little more than half have done so. The chief recusants are the Jesuits, Assumptionists, Carmelites and Benedictines, who refuse to admit a power high-

er than the Church. It is believed that the law was aimed chiefly at the Jesuits and Passionists, the former especially having made themselves obnoxious to the Government by their writings. The Jesuit schools in Paris and the provinces are to be reopened under new ecclesiastical teachers. Six hundred nuns have gone to Spain. It is stated semi-officially that the communities not applying for authorization under the law, and not dispersing, will be prosecuted immediately. Liquidators will be appointed for those that have dispersed.

India The Famine Commission of India has handed in its report, and the Government has passed a resolution reviewing the report in detail. From this resolution we learn that the total number of persons who died during the famine year was 1,000,000, three-fourths of whom belong to the Bombay presidency. The death rate was particularly high in Gujerat and Ajmere, due to the fact that there were epidemics in both these places, and that many dying immigrants came into them from adoining States. The Government resolution declares that the distribution of relief during the rains saved thousands of lives, and that altogether the relief erred on the side of extravagance rather than of meagerness. In conclusion it says:

"The Commission makes a series of important suggestions as to the improvement of the condition of the agricultural classes, recommends a greater elasticity of revenue collection generally, and particularly in the districts of Bombay Deccan, the establishment of agricultural banks, the encouragement of land improvement, the expenditure of a larger share of the State funds on irrigation works, and the paying of wider attention to measures for increasing the knowledge, intelligence and thrift of the cultivators. Particular attention is invited to the indebtedness of the cultivating classes in Bombay Deccan, and some very radical measures of reform are advocated. The recommendations of the Commission in all these respects will be considered in detail with due respect to the authority attaching to them. The Governor-General welcomes them in the expectation that they will lead to a number of most beneficial reforms."

The financial and trade reports of India are also in, and from them we gather that India is in a fairly prosperous condition. In his financial statement Lord George Hamilton goes so far as to say: "Since the territories of the East India Company passed over to the authority of the Crown, I doubt if any Secretary of State has been able to make a more satisfactory statement." Notwithstanding the fact that famine has prevailed in India for three years the finances of the country have been, on the whole, prosperous. In 1899-1900 the famine expenditure was over £3,000,000, and yet the revenues not only met this unusual charge, but left a surplus of nearly £3,000,000. Expecting a continuance of the famine the Secretary of State made provision in the following year for a large deficit, but it actually turned out that a surplus remained of over a million and half pounds. The outlook for the current year is very good. In connection with this statement of Government finance it is interesting to compare the trade reports of India for 1900-1901. Notwithstanding the calamities of the last five years trade has continued good. It is particularly noticeable that the rupee has remained practically stable in value (1s. 4d.). The following table will show the imports and exports for the last three years:

	1898-99. £ millions.	1899-1900. £ millions.	1900-01. £ millions.
Imports of merchandise.....	48.07	50.21	53.93
Imports of treasure (net)....	6.99	8.67	6.90
	55.06	58.88	60.83
Exports of Indian merchandise.....	72.95	70.55	69.71
Exports of foreign merchandise.....	2.25	2.19	2.14
	75.20	72.74	71.85
Total.....	130.26	131.62	132.68
Excess of exports.....	20.14	13.86	11.02

From this table it is seen that imports of merchandise have risen in value while exports have steadily declined. On the other hand, however, the total trade values of the country have increased. The report shows that the exports from England have in many important products suffered from foreign competition. Thus the United States has been sending to India large supplies of gray goods, whereas France and Germany are sending considerable quantities of colored goods. Belgium is rivaling England closely in the export of iron and steel; and in hardware and cutlery Germany and Austria-Hungary have united with Belgium in push-

ing England. In exports the most striking decline is in wheat, which was only 50,000 hundredweight in 1900-1901, against 19,520,000 hundredweight in 1898-1899. This, of course, was chiefly due to the failure of the crops. The export of rice also has been greatly decreased, owing to the famine years.

The Indian Border

A new method adopted by England in dealing with far away border races is not without interest. In recent years the Indian Government has been troubled chiefly by the Mahsud and Waziri tribes, which inhabit the mountainous countries between the Punjab and Afghanistan and who control important military roads between those two countries. In 1888 Mr. R. I. Bruce came to this territory from Baluchistan, where he had been trained in the methods of Sir Robert Sandeman. This method was to deal directly, not with the people of the tribes, but with the *maliks* (chiefs). In the case of the Mahsuds, however, this method failed completly, for the reason that the tribe among them is essentially democratic and that the *maliks,* who were paid by the Government, possessed little or no influence over the people. Furthermore, in this particular case Mr. Bruce made mistakes in choosing men who were not really the headmen of the tribe. Matters were in confusion and Afghan agents took advantage of the state of affairs to win over the Mahsuds to their side. The Mahsuds grew constantly more restless, and in 1894, under the leadership of Mullah Powindah, a fanatic religious leader, they attacked a party of English, killing and capturing a considerable number of men. For this and other reasons the Mahsuds owed large sums of money as indemnity to the English, but continually delayed payment. Now a new method of dealing with the tribe has been introduced. Instead of treating with the maliks the Government officers try to get at the whole people, and their success now looks probable. On May 3d of this year, for instance, a large number of tribesmen assembled at Jandola to confer with the British officers. An eye-witness of this *jirgah,* as such a conference is called, gives this amusing account of the proceedings:

"At first the prospects seemed hopeless. The jirgah would meet in a large circle on the stony plain; they would listen to the representations of the British officers; they would storm and abuse each other and all shout at once; maliks would fling stones at one another and even shake each other in their rage; the assembly would break up into little sections sitting apart, each deaf to the petty concession or compromise which alone offered a way out. For four long days they wrangled in the plain; but at last, after untiring efforts, the 'Politicals' were able to report a hope of settlement. On the fifth day the Commissioner, who had hitherto held himself in reserve, met the whole jirgah in person, and after a grand debate lasting two days, in the course of which every grievance was ventilated and every difficulty threshed out, a full agreement on all the main points of contention was attained, and the seals of the maliks, witnessed by all the tribesmen, set to a documentary record, by the fulfilment of which it was hoped that the fine would be paid and the blockade be over within a limit of another few months."

The blockade mentioned has been adopted by the English in place of the punitive expeditions to force the Mahsuds to pay the indemnities due. The method of the blockade is simple and effective. A cordon of troops, militia and border police patrol the borders for 300 miles. All Mahsuds resident in British territory were compelled to return to their native State before the blockade began. A reward of 20 rupees was offered for every Mahsud captured beyond the borders of the tribal territory; trade or intercourse of any kind between the Mahsuds and the outside world was absolutely prohibited, with the exception of exports to one Indian town paying a tax of 50 per cent. toward the fine. The Mahsuds are dependent largely for the necessities of life on supplies obtained from without, and consequently they suffer great distress from the blockade and are rapidly paying off the indemnities. The only difficulty met by the British has been in connection with the blockading troops themselves. The officers and men employed in this duty have to undergo the most disagreeable service, which gives them neither the pleasures of peace nor the excitement of war. They have also to take great pains not to offend the blockaded people. Notwithstanding these difficulties the native Sepoy troops employed have done their duty most effectively.

Reminiscences of the Elder Silliman and the Elder Dana

By the Hon. Frederick J. Kingsbury

[Mr. Kingsbury, a leading citizen of Connecticut, has never permitted his large business interests to absorb his time to the exclusion of matters of literary, educational and social importance. This is evidenced by his long term of service as president of the American Social Science Association and his much longer term of service on the Yale Corporation, as well as by his contributions to magazine literature. From the first Professor Silliman dates the beginning of the scientific movement in America, which of itself attests the value of reminiscences like these, now so rare as to be precious.—EDITOR.]

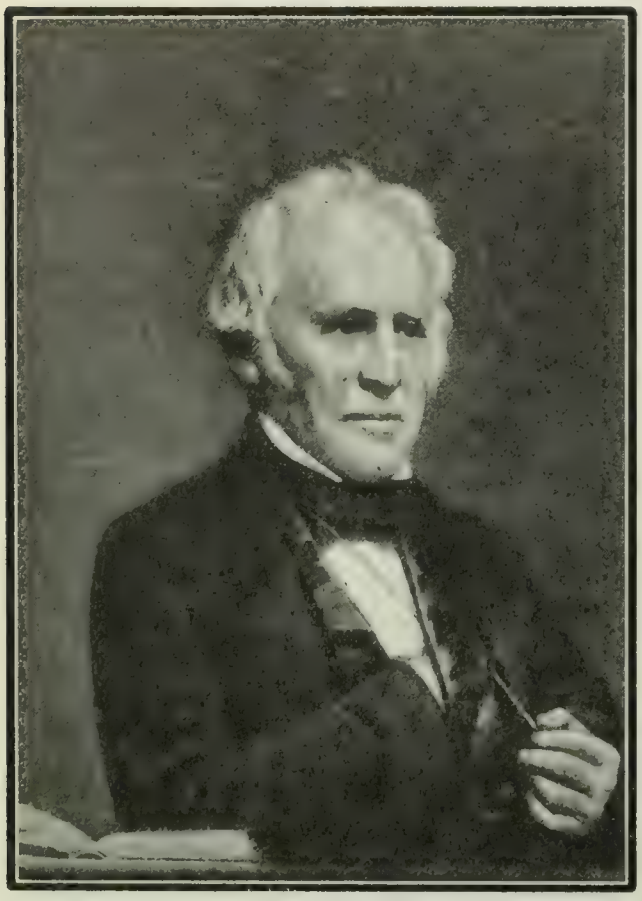
I ENTERED Yale College in 1842. Altho under Professor Silliman's influence great progress had been made in scientific instruction within a few previous years and Yale easily led the colleges of the country, yet, compared with the present time, the scientific curriculum was of the most meager description.

FREDERICK J. KINGSBURY

Professor Silliman lectured to the junior and senior classes on chemistry, mineralogy and geology. There were no text books and no recitations. There were occasional oral examinations on the ground covered by the lectures. I remember some of these. If a young man did not answer promptly, or could not answer at all, to the question asked, the Professor kindly invited him to state what he remembered on any other topic which had been the subject of the lectures. Usually this so entirely bewildered him that he took his seat at once. "Jones," I remember his once asking, altho the name was not Jones, "what is the effect of elevation on temperature?" Jones, who was fat and slow, drawled out, "Why, the higher up you get the hotter it grows." On being politely informed that thus far the reverse had been found to be the case and invited to give his views on some other topic to be selected by himself, he remarked that he thought he was out when the class went over that, and sat down.

Another man was called on to give the composition of printers' ink. He declined. "Why, every printer's boy knows that," said the Professor with a look of surprise. "Yes, sir, but I never was a printer's boy," was the reply. It was said that one young man being asked by a young lady friend in town how he liked chemistry, replied with emphasis that it was the worst smelling study he had had, so far, and he perfectly hated it. These specimens will do by way of illustration. Some of the boys passed their examinations with more credit, but all *passed*. Chemistry and "such" did not count on marks. Of course, there was nothing in the nature of laboratory work for the ordinary student. Professor Silliman had published a chemistry in two very considerable volumes, containing a great amount of diffuse information on that and other subjects, and the students were invited to buy and read it, but I don't think many of them complied with the request. My impression is that in our senior year a smaller and more compact book, by Fownes, was recommended, but I cannot recollect that there were any recitations from it. The chemical lecture was given in the laboratory, a one-story building in the interior of the quadrangle which had once been the college kitchen and dining-room. It was given at the noon hour (*i.e.*, from 12 to 1). And as the lower classes had no recitations at this hour and the lec-

tures were free to all, and I had a mild fancy for natural science and general information, I began to attend these lectures freshman year and followed them up with more or less regularity through the whole four years. I also bought and read Silliman's Chemistry, and I also attended the mineralogical and geological courses, which came later in the year, in the same way; so that compared with most of the class I really picked up quite



Courtesy of R. Herndon Co.
PROFESSOR SILLIMAN

a smattering of information, but I could no more have analyzed the simplest substance than I could have created it outright.

Professor Silliman was an elegant man in appearance, tall, erect, with a fine carriage and courtly manners. He was easily the "show card" of the college and came to the front as a matter of course on all occasions of ceremony. He was, too, an accomplished lecturer. He was a brilliant and almost uniformly successful experimenter. He could work with his hands and talk with his mouth at the same time, a trick which any one who has not tried it will find not to be so easy as it looks. If a thing went wrong, instead of staring at it, as I have seen men do, in blank astonishment, he would, without a break, go right on telling how and why the thing had failed and all about it; frequently in this way making a failure more instructive than success. It is true that he was very discursive, running off into collateral matters at the slightest suggestion; telling, for instance, how he once came pretty near losing his eyesight by an explosion in the laboratory when he was alone; how, feeling his way to the water tank and washing out his eyes, he then sat down to wait for some one to come; how he was led home blindfold and kept for many days in a darkened room, and I think it quite likely, tho I do not remember that he mentioned it, that he quoted from the poetical works which Mrs. Silliman read to him during his enforced confinement. He also added that he had entirely recovered and that "his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated." It was, however, said that Professor Olmsted offered to hold a quill pen for him while he cut the point, the length of his arm not being sufficient for his eyesight. Such little jokes of the professors on each other were not uncommon and used to give a spice to college life.

"This mineral, young gentlemen," Professor Silliman would say, "is found in the town of Trumbull, in Fairfield County, in this State; and, by the way, I had the honor of being born in Trumbull. I ought to have been born in Fairfield, but it happened in this wise: the British fleet was lying in the Sound just then and threatening the towns along the coast, of which most of you are doubtless aware that Fairfield is one. My father, who was a general in the American army, was absent from home on the duties connected with his position, and under these somewhat trying circumstances my mother, who was a brave woman, but deemed discretion likewise essential, prudently retired to the town of Trumbull, some miles in the interior, where soon after I was born. As I was saying, young gentlemen, you will find this mineral in the town of Trumbull, and a fine old town it is. I never had occasion to be ashamed of my birthplace."

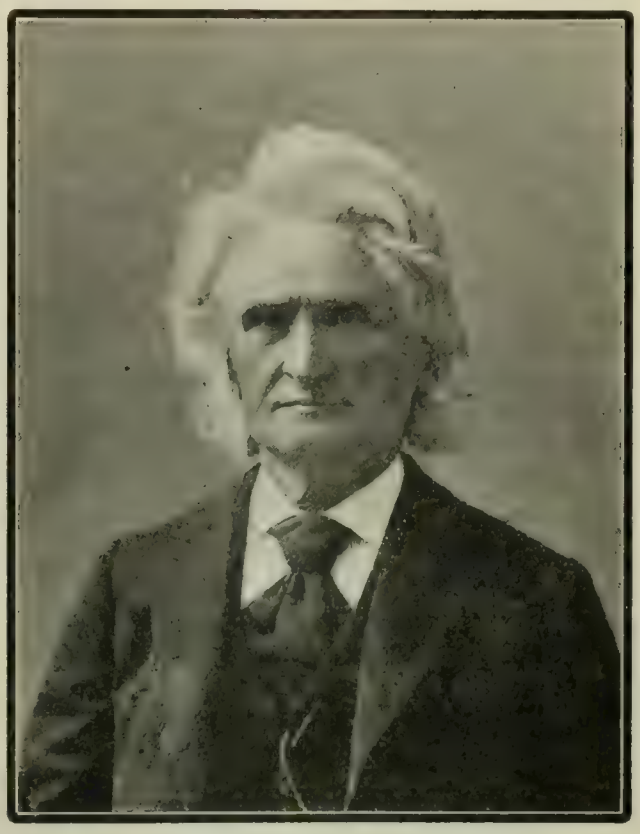
There was a wing or half transept from the chemical lecture room, entered by a side door. This was reserved for

ladies and was usually occupied at lectures by thirty or forty girls from the boarding schools, and other ladies, young and old. This gave the students a fine view of the girls, also *vice-versa,* and I think tended to render the science of chemistry popular, especially as the Professor explained why, on scientific principles, a bright silver tea pot was preferable to all others. He also gave instructions how to take ink spots out of dresses and gave a quantity of other valuable information which the female mind was peculiarly adapted to receive and digest. He said, *inter alia,* that when he was a young man a gentleman would as soon have gone into the presence of ladies barefoot as with boots on—pumps and knee breeches were the style. When he said this everybody was wearing boots. Now the pendulum has swung half way back as far as shoes and knickerbockers. There were some very pretty girls on those side seats. I still remember a green velvet bonnet in the front row. I sometimes still see the face that was only partly hidden by it. It is now surmounted by gray hair—the eyes were gray then—*nunc dimittis*—I am as bad as Professor Silliman.

The geological lectures were given in a building which has long since disappeared, but which, I think, was also originally a kitchen and dining hall—the upper floor was wholly given up to the mineralogical cabinets; the geological lecture room was on the first floor. The lectures were profusely illustrated by large drawings, the work of Mr. Robert Bakewell, an English artist then living in New Haven, and holding the somewhat nominal position of instructor in drawing and perspective in the college. He was, Professor Silliman informed us, the son of an English geologist, and was therefore supposed to know how megatheriums and such things ought to look. There were awful pictures, too, of a world which was red hot inside and boiling out in spots where the crust was thin, in a way which inclined the spectator to stand on one foot as if he felt the heat there and then.

We were told that the "days" of Genesis were periods of unknown and very uncertain duration and that it took a great deal of time—viewed according to our ideas—to make and finish a world, but there was always plenty of it—that is, of time.

Prof. S. F. B. Morse was then living in New Haven. He had just then succeeded in getting his telegraphic invention into workable shape. Professor Silliman told us all about it and what a remarkable man Professor Morse was, but he said he much doubted whether the thing would ever prove of any practical utility, as the wires would have to



PROF. JAMES D. DANA

be strung on poles in the open air, and there were so many mischievous men and boys about that it was very doubtful if it could ever be kept in working order. He also told us how he had been employed to report on a Virginia gold mine and found it very promising—but in some way he had caught on to the fact that it had been "salted"—that is, the gold had been put there for him to find, and so he had brought their little scheme to grief. What wonder that he was suspicious of human nature? Yet I think he always preserved the personal faculty of being imposed upon by a tale of distress.

The mineralogical lectures were delivered in part in the mineralogical cabinet, where we could see the minerals

through glass doors, and also as the Professor held up specimens in his hand. He had a very kindly nature, but, as I have said, his faith in mankind was not profound. "This, young gentlemen," he would say, "is a diamond. It is not a very beautiful or a very valuable one. Still, it is a diamond and pure carbon. We used to pass them around for the class to look at, until we lost two or three. Now we don't do it. I am sorry to say so, young gentlemen, but I speak from long experience when I say that in every hundred young men there are as many as three who will not hesitate to steal; therefore we no longer pass the diamonds around."

To me this mineralogical cabinet was a palace of wonders and I never tired of looking at it. There was the great meteor, weighing almost a ton, of pure iron—the beryl nearly a foot in diameter—the slabs of flexible sandstone—and other wonders without number. One case contained the crystalographic models of Professor Dana. They were the work of his own hands and were made by cutting sheets of window glass in the form of the planes of the various crystals and binding them together by slips of paper pasted along the angles. It was a work requiring great scientific knowledge, much mechanical skill and infinite patience. Doubtless solid glass crystals, ground and polished into the precise form, would have been more elegant, but they would be beyond the means of men of more wealth than a young student of mineralogy making his own way in the world, and they would have been no better. Still there was always to me about them an atmosphere of genius and patience striving without adequate means to attain the best results, which was both eloquent and pathetic.

About this time several cases were filled with the elegant coral specimens which Professor Dana had brought from the Wilkes expedition and which added much to the attraction of the cabinet to both scientific and unscientific visitors.

I think it has been the fashion in some quarters to speak rather slightingly of Professor Silliman's scientific attainments; but it should be remembered that when he came into his professorship the science of chemistry was in its infancy. He was appointed professor in 1802. Priestly, the discoverer of oxygen, did not die until 1804. What was needed in Silliman's time was that a general notion of chemistry as a science—of its importance and its possibilities—should be as widely diffused as possible, and this was the work which Silliman did. What would Sir Humphrey Davy or Sir Michael Faraday have done in the way of instruction before an audience of Hottentots? And, so far as scientific, chemical knowledge went, we were all Hottentots when Silliman began his popular lectures. No amount of nice analysis would have done for the world what he did in creating intelligent audiences and a *clientele* which should make possible the labors of future chemists.

The great audiences which flocked to hear him in all our large cities year after year learned enough to wish to know more and were stimulated to read and study, and in a few years young men were turning their attention to the sciences as a profession and were doubtless soon more familiar with many details than their accomplished and inspiring teacher, but it was he who had given the impulse. One of his most noted and brilliant courses of lectures was on geology, delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston. I suppose it is to these lectures that Dr. Holmes alludes in his whimsical explanation of the Roxbury pudding stones:

"There's many a thing that's twice as queer
In somebody's lectures that we hear,
And those are true you know."

How much he enjoyed telling each successive class how, when he first took up the subject of mineralogy, he gathered the whole stock of minerals belonging to the college into one candle box and took them with him to Philadelphia, "to my distinguished friend, Dr. Hare, who acted as my Adam and named my animals for me." I am tempted to stop here and tell what a candle box is, but something must be left for the imagination. I will say, however, that its capacity is about a half bushel.

Professor Dana returned from the famous Wilkes exploring expedition the summer that I entered college. I saw him in New Haven occasionally, and two years later he came there to reside permanently. He was not officially con-

nected with the college during my course, but he gave several lectures by request in connection with Professor Silliman's geologic instruction. I remember in particular one of much interest on the formation of the coral islands and lagoons and the habits of the coral insect. He was at that time preparing his reports on that portion of the scientific work of the expedition of which he had charge. He had already a national reputation as a clear thinker and profound scholar in mineralogy, geology and some departments of biology. I do not remember how or when I first made his acquaintance, but I think it was during these two years, as I seem always to have known him after leaving college. His look, his step, his whole carriage was alert, active, decided, cheery, friendly, encouraging. He was a pleasant man to meet even on the street. His bare nod seemed to say, "Good morning. Glad to see you—busy now. Call again."

Some years after my graduation I remember being present at a meeting of the Connecticut Academy of Sciences; the meeting was held in Dr. Fitch's parlor, and its object was to listen to Professor Dana's views on the creation and distribution of the animal kingdom. As I remember his view at that time (very likely it was modified later) he believed that all the animal kingdom except man was created in great numbers and in many different places, so that the earth was promptly supplied with living organisms to fit it for man's abode. (This was long before Darwin had turned the old scientific reasoning upside down, and I think even before Chambers's "Vestiges of Creation," although I am not sure of this.) Man, Professor Dana then believed, was created a single individual—in short, he followed literally the hypothesis of the book of Genesis—tho I do not think he went so far as to say that Eve was made of one of Adam's ribs. I rather think he ignored Eve altogether. Woman's rights were imperfectly understood at that time. Dr. Fitch, the college preacher, however, had no doubt on the subject. He preached to us in the chapel that the world was created in six solar days; that it was begun very early Monday morning and finished, and everything put away, Saturday before sundown, so that the Sabbath might be properly begun at that hour in accordance with established New England custom, which in this way had received divine sanction. Some of the boys said that he had a sermon going to show that the snake which tempted Eve was a remarkably handsome specimen and not of the poisonous kind and that its length was four feet five and a half inches, and they gave his reasoning to prove it. This discourse, however, I never had the pleasure of hearing from Dr. Fitch myself. As to his view of the Creation, Professor Silliman told us a different story and so we had our choice. I think we kept Dr. Fitch's view for Sundays and believed Professor Silliman the rest of the week.

Buffalo

By Florence Earle Coates

A TRANSIENT city, marvelously fair,
  Humane, harmonious, yet nobly free,
  She built for pure delight and memory.
At her command, by lake and garden rare,
Pylon and tower majestic rose in air,
  And sculptured forms of grace and symmetry.
  Then came a thought of God, and, reverently,—
"Let there be Light!" she said; and Light was there.
O miracle of splendor! Who could know
  That Crime, insensate, egoist and blind,
    Destructive, causeless, caring but to smite,
  Would in its dull Cimmerian gropings find
A sudden way to fill those courts with wo,
  And swallow up that radiance in night?

GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA.

The Higher Administration of Affairs in the Philippines

By James A. Le Roy

Private Secretary to Commissioner Dean C. Worcester

ON the political horizon of the Filipino the government of the municipality looms much the largest. Despite having just come through a revolution whose proclaimed end was independence, the average native of these islands is not very particular as to who is in power at Manila, provided an endless chain of taxation is not worked to that center through his pockets; is concerned with his provincial government only when, for some reason, he has to attend court at the capital; but feels himself vitally affected in all that concerns the running of his own town.

These facts are recognized in the form of provincial governments recently established by the Philippine Commission as a part of the new civil *régime* in the Philippines. The provincial governments are intermediary between the central power at Manila and the people clustered in the towns and their outlying districts. To a degree, to be sure, the provincial lines are tribal lines; as Pampanga, for instance, is the home of the Pampangans, while the adjacent province of Bulacan is the home of pure Tagalogs. But Spain's provincial barriers were also to some extent artificial, and the Commission has, in the main, adopted them as administrative units because the people are used to them.

The Philippine province, under the new civil *régime*, might be called a sort of blend of our State and county governments at home, with much more likeness to the latter. The provinces are also, as a rule, about the size of our large counties in the Middle West, averaging perhaps 800 square miles; but their population, ranging from 50,000 to 600,000, is, on the average, far greater than that of our counties at home.

The Provincial Government Act followed right on the heels of the Municipal Code in the first week of last February. After organizing under it five provinces north of Manila the Commission started on its trip to the south of Luzon, and the other islands of the group, organizing on this trip nineteen provinces in all parts of the Archipelago. During June the two remaining provinces in Southern Luzon and ten in Northern Luzon were organized, and there now remains only to deal with Samar of the well settled and civilized districts of the Archipelago. The Moros and wild tribes of Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago are to have special government, as are the wild tribes of Northern Luzon. Mindoro, the Calamianes Islands and Paragua will then remain to be dealt with; they have never had garrisons of our troops, nor do they present special difficulties.

In order to make the Provincial Act applicable to a given province, it is necessary to pass a special act with provision to this effect. The method followed by the Commission is to go to the capital of each province, meet the officials of the various towns there assembled, and hold a public session, as in Manila, discussion being open to all. In this way the local officials get information as to the new system of government, and the Commission gets the necessary local information for its special act. In this special act the salaries and the *per diem* for traveling expenses of the provincial officers are fixed, as is the amount of the treasurer's bond and the place to be the capital of the province. Special conditions necessitating a minor amendment to the general Provincial Act are also met by the proper clause being inserted in the special act when it passed.

Judge Taft always precedes the general discussion by a full explanation to the delegates of the new system of government being implanted in these islands by the United States. The following introductory speech of his, made when the

province of Batangas was organized on May 2d in the town of Batangas, cannot be improved upon, and has the merit of being an official statement:

"The Municipal Code provides for the establishment of governments in each town which are completely autonomous. To the town government is given control of the streets, of the public health, of improvements within the inhabited portion of the town. The policing of the town, the lighting of the town, the furnishing of water to the town and other municipal purposes are confided to the town officers. The Municipal Council levies and raises taxes on real estate for the purpose of helping to support the public schools, through a board constituted in the town itself, partly by appointment and partly by election. The schools, with the assistance of the Division Superintendent, appointed by the General Superintendent of Public Instruction at Manila, are to be conducted according to one general system of public instruction in the islands.

"Indeed, it is not too much to say that the municipal government has more to do with the health and general happiness of the people than any other branch of government. And that, as I have said, is entrusted entirely to the representatives elected by the people.

"There are two other branches of the government—the provincial government and the central government of the archipelago, at Manila. The military government, of which General McArthur is the Military Governor, is now the central government, and to him in his civil capacity the provincial government now to be established here will report. The military government will, on the first of July, be succeeded by a civil central government. Then we shall have three branches of civil government in these islands.

"The provincial government has two main functions. One is the collection of all taxes levied for the province and for the municipalities, through the Provincial Treasurer. The other is the improvement of roads, bridges and public buildings, where roads and bridges are not within the inhabited portion of the towns.

"Another function of the provincial government, exercised through the Provincial Governor, is the supervision of the municipal governments, to the extent that he is required to visit every municipality twice in the year, and to receive complaints from the people of neglect and dishonesty on the part of any municipal official in the discharge of his duties. Now, it is well not to misunderstand the function of the Provincial Governor with regard to the municipal officers. Within the lawful discretion entrusted to the Municipal Council and the municipal officers, the Provincial Governor cannot interfere at all. For instance, how much taxes, within the law, shall be levied by the Municipal Council, cannot be controlled by the Provincial Governor at all. What the size of a school house shall be, how much shall be devoted to the schools beyond the amount required by law, whether a particular street shall be improved, whether a system of water supply shall be undertaken, whether the streets shall be lighted in a particular way—all these things are in the discretion of the Municipal Council and not to be controlled by the Provincial Board at all.

"But if the Provincial Governor finds that a municipal officer, the President, say, is engaged in using his office to squeeze money out of some of the citizens of a town, is engaged in dishonest practices with reference to public licenses, is stealing money that belongs to the town or is failing to attend to his duties and failing to attend the meetings of the Council, all these things he can take into consideration; and if he finds the charges based on them to be true he can suspend the guilty officer and refer the matter to the Commission. So long as the President is acting within his power, the Governor has no control over him, even tho he may differ with him as to the wisdom of what he is doing.

"The same distinction is to be borne in mind when I go on to call your attention to that section of the Provincial Government Act which permits the chief executive of the islands to suspend a Provincial Governor. The same distinction runs through that section, to wit: That the Governor of a province may be suspended for violating the law, but not for exercising his lawful discretion, however much the chief executive may differ with him as to matters of procedure.

"I should like to call attention to a somewhat analogous provision in the matter of the confirmation of the election of the Provincial Governor by the Councilors of the towns of a province. There is a section of the Provincial Government Act that provides that the Commission shall confirm the election or shall reject the person elected on three grounds: First, his loyalty to the Government of the United States; second, his eligibility under the law, viz., that he is a native of the islands or a citizen of the United States and is also a qualified elector; third, that he has been fairly elected. Now the Commission passes only on those three questions. If it finds that he is a loyal man, that he is eligible, and, finally, that he has been fairly elected, the Commission has no power to reject the man returned on the ground that he is unfitted, or, indeed, on the ground that he is dishonest. If the people desire to elect an incompetent man or a dishonest man, the Commission, in passing the law, thought it best to let the people, for the time being, lie in the bed which they had made for themselves.

"I only mention these instances to show that the municipality is independent of the provincial government when acting within the law, that the provincial government is independent of the central government when acting within the law, and that we have three branches of government independent of each other, which secures complete local self-government.

"The function of the central government, I might go on to say, is, in its legislative department, that of a legislature for the entire

Archipelago, and, in its executive department, the raising of taxes for the purpose of public works, improvement of harbors, etc., the establishment of a judicial system and the general supervision I have already mentioned of the provincial and municipal governments.

"We have in hand to-day the formation of the intermediate government. That, as you know, is made up of five officers—the Provincial Governor, the Provincial Secretary, the Provincial Treasurer, the Provincial Supervisor and the Provincial Fiscal [Prosecuting Attorney]. The Legislative Board of the province consists of three of these officers—the Governor, the Treasurer and the Supervisor. The scope of its legislative powers covers the laying of taxes within the limits fixed by law and the control of all public improvements. The Provincial Secretary is the Secretary of the Provincial Board and the Provincial Fiscal is its legal adviser, as well as being the prosecutor of the crimes in the provinces and also being the legal adviser of all the municipalities of the province. In addition to his functions as a member of the Provincial Board, the Governor is the executive head of the province. He is the representative of the province, controls the police and makes the examination into the conduct of municipal officers to which I have referred.

"The Provincial Treasurer collects all the taxes and supervises the assessment or valuation of the property for the purpose of levying taxes. He makes the assessment or valuation of property through two boards—a Municipal Board, composed of the President and Treasurer of each town, together with a deputy of the Provincial Treasurer, and the Appellate Assessment Board, of which he is a member, and which is the Provincial Board itself. I might also add that the Treasurer examines the accounts of municipal officers.

"The Supervisor carries out the directions of the Provincial Board as to the improvement of roads, the construction of bridges and public buildings and the purchase of supplies. He must be a civil engineer and surveyor.

"The Treasurer, Secretary and Supervisor are all appointed. Vacancies occurring in those officers after next March are to be filled under the provisions of the civil service law by competitive examination, open to Filipinos and Americans alike. The Fiscal is appointed and not subject to examination, because, in order to get his degree and admission to practice before the Supreme Court, he must have passed a satisfactory examination."

The resources of the provinces, varying so greatly in size and population (Marinduque, the smallest, having six towns; Cebu, the largest, sixty towns), are naturally very different. The salary list, as fixed by the Commission, has varied from $5,400 (in Masbate, where it is at present but $2,640, the impoverished condition of the people made it necessary to combine officials with another province), to $12,100, American currency. Salaries have been distributed thus: Governor, $720 to $3,000; Secretary, $800 to $1,800; Treasurer, $1,200 to $3,000; Supervisor, $1,300 to $2,500 (except in Masbate); Fiscal, $800 to $1,800.

The practice of most of our States as to paying Governors less than other officers who have more work to do but to whose position not so much honor attaches, has been followed in fixing salaries of Governor and Treasurer, except in Cebu and Iloilo, where the same salaries were named for both offices. The Treasurer, upon whom falls the burden of the collection of taxes for all the towns and for the province, is the hardest worked official in the list, has the largest measure of responsibilities and powers, and must give a good-sized bond. In every case he has been an American, and thus far officers from the volunteer service, who had been in charge of internal revenue collections under the military government, have been named. Americans have been put in this place for these avowed reasons: (1) That an object-lesson in honest financial administration might be given in the Philippine Islands; (2) because on this officer will fall next year the burden of initiating the land tax and it is necessary to have a man who is familiar with the system as it obtains in the United States.

In fourteen of the twenty-three provinces thus far organized, natives have been appointed as Governor. The other nine provinces have military officers as Governor; but in all but one of these that step was taken on the petition and at the urgent request of the Filipinos themselves. In some cases this was because a military officer had so gained their affection and esteem by good treatment that they wanted him to initiate their government for them; in other cases it arose from the fact that they were so split into factions that they preferred an American to the triumph of rivals. In several instances petitions for Americans were turned aside by the Commission and Filipinos were named. In any event, this appointment as Governor is but provisional. Next February, and every second year thereafter, this officer is to be elected by secret ballot in a con-

vention of the Councilors of all the municipalities in the province, taking office on the first Monday in March.

The Supervisors are all Americans, and will continue to be so for some time, as there are no properly qualified civil engineers and surveyors among the natives of the islands. It will thus be seen that, for the present at least, the Americans will form in all cases two-thirds of the Provincial Board, the governing body of the province, and, where the Governor is not a native, the entire board. Considering what are, as outlined by Judge Taft, the chief functions of the provincial government—viz.: Tax collections and financial administration, making of public improvements, etc., involving the establishment of a new system of taxation, such a step is deemed necessary. In no one of the public sessions held in the various provinces has objection been raised that too small a measure of self-government was being given to the natives in respect to provincial administration; the general attitude has rather been that an unexpectedly large share in this government was put in their own hands. In every province provision has been made for a meeting of the presidents of all the towns at the capital twice or four times a year (as seemed best to the delegates assembled to meet the Commission), to bring to the attention of the Provincial Board special grievances or needs and to confer on methods of municipal government.

The Supervisor will naturally be very useful as a member of the Board of Tax Appeals, and, when the new land registry system is inaugurated, its supervision will devolve upon him. The Provincial Board is permitted to levy up to three-eighths of 1 per cent. on the assessed valuation of all lands and buildings in the province, and they must levy at least one-eighth of 1 per cent. annually and expend it for the construction and repair of roads and bridges. Any piece of work involving a cost of more than five hundred dollars must be advertised for bids.

Natives are filling the post of Secretary and Fiscal (Prosecuting Attorney). They must speak and write Spanish, and, after January 1st, 1906, English also.

The relations of these new governments to the military power of the United States in the Philippine Islands were thus stated by Judge Taft at Boac, capital of Marinduque, on May 1st:

"With the establishment of civil provincial government here now and the establishment of civil courts next month martial law will not prevail here. Of course you understand that, after a war such as has been carried on here and elsewhere, conditions will still not be such as they will be after a year of peace. For the purpose of assisting the civil authorities in maintaining order, it will be the policy of the Government of the United States to keep at the proper places military forces. But martial law here means that every one is subject to arrest if the military commander believes it necessary for the public interest. That condition of things ceases with the establishment of civil government and civil courts. After that time everyone arrested will have the right to be informed as to the cause of his arrest, and to have an examination *at once* made into the cause of his arrest and the question of his guilt; and he will be tried entirely by civil tribunals. That is what we mean by civil liberty.

"There will be no relationship of subordination whatever between the new civil government and the military commander here. But the Governor of the province will be charged with the maintenance of order, and if he finds himself unable, with the ordinary police force, to subdue lawlessness, he will be able to call on the military commander to assist him. The military commander will not thereby be subordinate to the Governor. The military forces will be auxiliary forces for the suppression of disorder, exactly as they are in the United States. But, when the military forces move to accomplish something, then the method by which they do it is, of course, completely subject to the orders of the military commander."

What the form of the new civil central government of the Philippines is to be will be known ere this can be published in the United States. Judge Taft's words are more than merely expository; they express a confidence in the ability of the Filipino people to take from the very outset a very large share in their own government, and a confidence that their good-will toward us will justify the change from a military to a civil *régime*.

MANILA, P. I.

The Present Condition of Football

By Walter Camp

[Mr. Camp, as most of our readers are aware, is one of our best authorities on amateur athletics, and is specially known as the leading football expert in the United States. He is Graduate Adviser in Athletics at Yale University his *alma mater*, and is the author of many books and essays on sporting subjects.—EDITOR.]

WITH the advent of October come visions of the football gridiron. To some, for example, the boy who is trying for his team and expects to " get on " and make his reputation, the vision is a rosy one. To others, anxious mothers for instance, whose sons are on the " 'varsity " teams, the vision is that of a period of worry tempered with wondering pride at the prowess of the boys, but interspersed with the darkest foreboding of some accident and a long drawn sigh of relief when December comes and the sons are uninjured. But these are individual views. The main body of the public and the average undergraduate begin to feel symptoms of the approach of football fever, and to look forward to the days of absorbed interest in the progress of this or that team and the development of the few leaders as indicated in the practice contests. Steadily the interest grows until by the time of the big matches in late November excitement is at its hight, and the man, who, when in close contact with the universities, can avoid something of the absorption is indeed non-responsive.

There are two points of interest to the football loving public which grow large when the fall season approaches. These are the question of rules, and the question of championship. There have been times when alterations in the rules have produced most decided changes in the style of play, and changes which affected the spectator as well as the player. Hence the interest of the public in this point.

Regarding the second, there is always a great deal of rather absorbing speculation as to what will prove to be the strongest football team in the country, and under the present existing schedules it is not always possible to reach a final conclusion that shall be satisfying on that point.

This season the rules have not been seriously altered, and the changes are more in the interest of officials and captains, enabling them to be quite positive as to the interpretation, rather than of any special moment to the spectators.

A point often brought up, and one which has always received more discussion than almost any other connected with the sport, is whether the rules can or could be so altered as to eliminate the danger of accident. There are certain years when the game seems to be particularly prolific of temporary cripples. This matter has been argued out so many times that the very existence of the sport is probably conclusive evidence that the injuries are not in the main sufficiently serious or lasting to overbalance the good derived from the game. This is true not only here, but in England and her colonies. The game always survives. Attacks may be made upon it, but in the long run it seems endowed with a sufficiently enduring vitality, and that most naturally ought to be taken as a fair evidence of the satisfaction that its adherents or victims find in it. But can the rules be made better in this respect? Can they be made such as to eliminate more of the accidents? This is a question that has been put to the Rules Committee many times, and their actions during the last seven or eight years have been based upon their desire, as far as possible, to make the rules such as to lessen the chances of physical injury, and reduce those injuries to the minimum. So far as rules are concerned, it seems impossible to go any further along this line unless it is undertaken to eliminate the feature of personal contact from the game. That would, most players and enthusiasts believe, eliminate football altogether, or, rather, take away so much of it as to leave nothing worth considering. If there must be personal contact, there will be more or less injury, and the extent to which rules can be of assistance in eliminating that injury has probably already been exploited

to the limit. It has been suggested that the game is now too much played with the hands and bodies, and too little with the feet, and that tackling should be done away with. Those who wish that have merely to go to the association game, which has been attempted many times, and is played more or less in this country. There is no reason why, if that is the point to be achieved, any other rules than those of the present English association game should be adopted. Looking at it from all sides, and considering that there are teams which play through their principal matches without injury, and that the really serious injuries are extremely rare, one may be justified in saying that the rule makers can only watch contingencies in the game, and prevent dangerous ones by ruling whenever and wherever they threaten to come in. This is susceptible of proof by reference to the past.

Many instances might be cited of the effect of legislation upon the play in this particular line. But in the main such instances do not point very directly to the elimination of physical injury. For example: There was a time when the game was seriously threatened, not because so many men were being injured while playing it, but because it was losing its interest to the spectators and the players as well on account of unsettled contests. This was at the time of what was known as the "block game"—when one side or the other securing possession of the ball would retain it for practically an indefinite period without advancing it or accomplishing any result. Legislation was then invoked, and it proved simple to put an end to this unsatisfactory feature. But when it came to legislating solely for the purpose of eliminating or lessening injuries, there has always been so much discussion as to what was the real cause of these injuries that legislation has halted, and, where it was put through, it has had no very marked effect. Example of this kind is that legislation which is directed against momentum plays. These momentum plays, as they were called, consisted of grouping a mass of men at a certain point and getting them under headway on the run before the ball was put in play, and before the opponents were able to concentrate on the attacked point. This often resulted in one or two men being made objects of concentrated attack by some five or six, and these five or six moving at a considerable rate of speed. It is true that this style of attack did cause injuries, but whether these injuries were more frequent or greater from this particular play than many other forms of interference has always been a mooted point. Probably in the case of school teams this momentum play was all that it had the bad name for being, but in the principal games of the colleges it never seemed to quite carry out its death dealing reputation. At all events it was legislated out of existence, and to this day those who believed in it as a strategic play still argue that it had no undue tendency to lay men up. Some of the rules, however, have been in smaller points of great assistance in preventing minor injuries. For instance, rules regarding piling up on men, unfair tackling, and tripping. But this kind of legislation has apparently reached its limit, and, as stated above, there is no further step possible save that of the elimination of personal contact.

Such alterations as have been made in the rules for this season promise not to operate in any way to change the character of the play. Any progress or recession in methods will not be brought about by legislation. The particular points that have received attention by the rule makers have been those which especially interest officials rather than players, and they are more the result of the experience of men acting in that capacity. The spectator can congratulate himself upon this because some years back, when legislative interference was at its hight, if one may so speak, the spectator became used to the game and the style of play in one season, only to find himself completely at sea the next season. In one year he would see the momentum plays developing with astonishing rapidity, and would become much interested in them and their eventual outcome, only to find the next season that they had been ruled out. Now the game is beginning to crystallize, and no spectator can complain this season, at any rate, that legislative interference has altered the character of the sport. The player must be equally glad, because he has no new rules to learn, and the plays with which he became familiar last year and the year before are still possible so long as they prove effective. The actual

changes in the rules cover the following points: Safety; measuring the advance of the ball; extended delay of the game, and forfeiture; method of putting the ball in play at the side line; interference in the rush line, and penalties.

Specifically, they are as follows:

In Rule 4 a further definition of a safety has been made to cover the case of a man attempting to kick the ball out from behind his goal line, but making such a poor kick that it crosses the side line extended before it reaches the goal line. Such a play by the old rules would have been equivalent to giving the opponents a touch down. But this seemed too severe a penalty, and a rule has been made that such a kick shall result in a safety.

As to the measuring of the distance gained on downs, it has been customary among some referees to measure to the middle of the ball. Others have measured in different ways, but in order to make it clear and uniform, it has been determined that the forward point of the ball shall be taken as the line of measurement. And by forward is meant that point of the ball which is nearest to the goal line of the side not in possession of the ball.

Serious delays have in big matches been pretty well eliminated. But in some smaller contests there has been a spirit exhibited of intentional and unfair delay which needed attention. A side after delaying two minutes would be ordered to play by the referee, and the rule read that they must play within two minutes after they had been ordered to play, which would thus really give them four minutes of delay. Now the rule is altered so that the referee can inflict a penalty after the expiration of two minutes, and at the same time declare the game forfeited at the end of those further two minutes' warning. In this way the side will not only lose distance by delay after two minutes, but will also forfeit the game if they still refuse to go on at the end of the second two minutes.

As to touching the ball in at the side line, and then kicking it out, the rules did not explicitly state that a man should kick it ten yards on such a play. As this was evidently an oversight, it has been rectified so that a man who proposes to make this play by touching the ball in and then kicking it, may not dribble it, but must kick it at least ten yards.

In the matter of penalties it was found that it would sometimes happen that the offending side might receive an advantage by the infliction of a penalty, and this has been so altered that it is now believed that the punishment will always fit the crime; at any rate, in so far as its being directed against the criminal and not against the victim.

As to the second point, the decision or award of a championship. There was a time when no college sport was complete without a championship, no season that could be rounded out without a pennant and its final award. In the early days there were large associations in baseball, football, and the like, and elaborate schedules arranged which provided for a satisfactory settlement of the issue. There were, it is true, sometimes cases of ties, but the plan of the association was to determine the champion team or nine for the season. The associations, however, gradually fell apart. Attempts were made to continue the principal ones, but as a rule they failed, and, so far as the large Eastern universities are concerned, the present situation is one in which there are no leagues or associations. Individual agreement arranges the schedules, and there is practically no machinery for determining the championship. In addition to this there has grown up a general feeling that sport should be viewed more for sport's sake, and that while it is pleasanter to win than to lose, the idea of a definite championship fought out among the various teams was rather prejudicial to this idea. There have been many suggestions made as to a method for determining superiority. The simplest from a public standpoint, and the one that has been most frequently put forward, has been that Harvard should play Pennsylvania, and Yale should play Princeton, and the two winners of these two matches should meet a week later and thus determine the question of superiority. This, from a practical standpoint, would be a pretty conclusive demonstration of superiority, but it is doubtful if such an arrangement would be accepted by all four of them at any one time, altho there might be occasions when one or more of the quartet would be willing to take it up on this assumption. The chief objec-

tion, and one that militates against the possibility of its being effected, is especially in the minds of athletic committees that it adds still another exciting element to what is already regarded as a sufficiently absorbing season.

Hence there is no shadow of doubt that the direct organization of an association combining Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Pennsylvania for the purposes of settling a football championship would be met with strong disfavor, because of that very tendency it would have to lead toward an even greater abandonment of the fall season to "the reigning sport." In the old times such an arrangement was possible, because the interest was far more confined to the players themselves, whereas now it permeates the entire university.

But whether there be any nominal or actual championship, this year's football season promises to be especially engrossing. The downfall of Harvard and Princeton at the hands of Yale, the bitter defeat of Pennsylvania by Harvard, the humiliating losses by Princeton to Columbia and Cornell, the disasters to Cornell from Lafayette and Pennsylvania, all these in the minds of the undergraduates of the various colleges demand redress, and that means work and plans. In the Middle West it behooves the former leaders among football elevens, like Chicago, Michigan and Wisconsin, to find means of stopping the appalling advances of Iowa and Minnesota, while these two themselves are eying each other with something more than admiration. On the Pacific slope Stanford defeated California, but found such unexpected difficulty in doing it that the Berkeleyans are filled with hope for the season of 1901.

Thus, on the whole, it should require no special championships and no special insurance against injuries to help the sport along further into the hearts of those who love a real contest and are looking forward to November's gridirons.

New Haven, Conn.

General Sheridan's Bad Temper

By Major-General Forrester Williams

Author of "Bullet and Shell," "How I Became a Scout," Etc.

DURING the early part of General "Phil" Sheridan's operations in 1864 against the Confederate forces under General Jubal Early, in the Shenandoah Valley, I fell into disgrace with the Federal commander. The Kanawha corps (the Eighth) under General George Crook made a reconnoisance one August day on the line of the Oppequaw Creek, along the Berryville dirt road. The engagement was a brisk one and the losses on both sides comparatively heavy, tho the military situation of either of the opposing lines remained unchanged.

On the authority of General Crook's chief medical staff officer I sent a dispatch to the *New York Times* stating Crook's loss to be nearly 600 killed and wounded. It was necessary to go to Washington in order to reach a telegraph wire, the lines from Harper's Ferry being exclusively devoted to Government business. On my return to the Valley I found the Federal lines advanced to near Mount Summit and at once began picking up items of news. While busily engaged in preparing a dispatch in a tent at General Emory's headquarters, which fronted on the Winchester pike road, I heard my name called. Looking out, I found myself face to face with a tall cavalry sergeant armed *cap-a-pie*.

"Is your name Williams, sir?" asked the sergeant. "Are you a correspondent?"

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"Because my orders are to take you to the General's headquarters."

"Do you mean General Sheridan?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you need not wait. I will ride over and see General Sheridan before sundown."

"Excuse me, sir. My orders are to take you to the General. I have a whole bunch of other correspondents in the ambulance below."

Glancing toward the road, I saw an

ambulance surrounded by eight or ten cavalrymen and recognized the faces of two of my newspaper comrades, as they peered at me.

"Oh! I am under arrest," was my nonchalant remark as I rose and dressed.

"That's what it amounts to," replied the sergeant stolidly. "And ain't the old man in a wax over you newspaper chaps! I guess he is, for he swore awfully, tho that's not uncommon with him."

"What is Sheridan angry about?"

"Something you chaps have been writing. He swears that he will hang the whole caboodle of you."

"And you coolly intend to carry me off to execution? Have you the heart to do that?"

"Oh, I don't suppose it will come to tightening of a rope," responded the sergeant hopefully. "The Old Man often says things he doesn't mean when he is in a passion, and that's pretty often."

Entering the ambulance, I found that all of the other correspondents were as ignorant as myself regarding the cause of our summary arrest. When we reached headquarters a staff officer informed us that Sheridan was furious because newspaper dispatches had announced a heavy loss in the Oppequaw Creek affair and the subsequent capture of an entire ambulance train on its way from Harper's Ferry to the army lines two days after the battle. As I had written nothing about the ambulance capture, I felt tolerably easy.

We were escorted to the General's famous open fly tent and a moment after he appeared. A more angry man than he was it has been seldom my fate to encounter. He was apparently speechless with rage and glared at us as if he contemplated our instant suspension to the nearest tree.

Finally getting some slight control of his infernal temper, Sheridan found his tongue.

"A precious lot of liars you are!" he fairly shouted.

"Liars, General! What do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Charles H. Farrell, the *Herald* correspondent.

"Yes, sir, liars! Here you go and say in your beastly types that General Crook lost over 600 killed and wounded on the Oppequaw, and to make matters worse you say also that all of my ambulances have been captured."

"But, General," said I, "we got the extent of General Crook's loss from his medical director."

"I don't care. He is as big a blankety-blanked liar as any of you."

"How could we do otherwise than accept the statement of a medical staff officer?" said I. "None of us have any desire to kill or wound more men on paper than is necessary. There are enough casualties without that."

"That's sarcasm, I suppose," remarked the General sardonically. "But why did you telegraph to your paper, sir, that my ambulances had been captured by Mosby's men?"

"I did nothing of the kind," was my reply, "for I have just returned from Washington and knew nothing of the incident."

"Well, that lets you out, but it's a d——d lie all the same."

"I don't know about that," I replied rather maliciously. "Don't you know, General, that the wife of the ordnance sergeant of General Emory's corps train has been sent through our lines by order of General Early, she being a woman?"

"Where in h—l did she come from?" demanded Sheridan.

"From Winchester. It appears that she was in one of the captured ambulances and she told me that there were twenty-six of the hospital vehicles taken to Winchester, the remaining thirty going through Snicker's Gap."

Sheridan's face was a study, for surprise and anger had for the moment mastered him.

"Are you stating facts?" he finally asked, in a savage tremolo of passion.

"Yes, sir; I got the statement from Mrs. Wheelock herself and was writing it out, when you sent the arrest party after me."

"Very well, you are released from arrest."

"But, General, perhaps you are not aware that General McIntosh's cavalry brigade has captured an entire North Carolina regiment, colors, drums and all?"

The news that should have come first to him fairly staggered Sheridan and he again swore like a trooper, which calmed his fiery temper.

"Well, I find you gentlemen were correct regarding those ambulances; but if Early has got them, he has paid us a nice price in his Tar Heel battalion."

That was the end of the incident and horses were given us to ride back to our respective messes. I had been directed by Mr. Raymond to send in all the wayside sketches of army life, incidents, etc., coming in my way, he rightly deeming them quite as interesting as descriptions of battles. So I wrote out the scene between the General and the correspondents, which in due time was printed by the *Times*. These sketches were invariably printed without signature, being merely intended as side lights in the theater of war.

During the afternoon on which the paper containing my description of the arrest incident arrived, I happened to meet General Sheridan on one of the numerous roads that bisect the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah. Reining up, he exclaimed in his customary passionate way:

"So you have been making fun of me in your blanked newspaper!"

"Fun! General?"

"Yes, you told all about those confounded ambulances and paid no sort of respect to the commander of the army in which you are suffered to *live*."

"There was no exaggeration in my story, sir. You must admit that."

"Admit h—ll! This business has got to stop. You are ordered to leave my department within twenty-four hours."

"Well, General, you have just been made Commander of the United States Military Department. Even if I go back to New York, I shall still be within the lines of your command."

"Oh, go to the d——l, if you like. I don't care where you go!"

"All right, General; but I am afraid I shall not be out of your department even with his Satanic Majesty."

Nothing pleased the General more than a plucky or witty reply. His eyes twinkled and his features lost all trace of anger, but his air was serious and commanding.

"I admire your impudence, young man, but you will please understand that my orders must be obeyed. You will take to-morrow's noon train at Harper's Ferry for Washington. If you do not go by that train, you will never go."

I, of course, obeyed the stern and menacing mandate. On reaching Washington and explaining my predicament, Mr. Henry J. Raymond took me to the War Department, where I told the story to Secretary Stanton. The great War Secretary laughed until the tears came into his eyes and he promptly gave me another pass into the army lines in the Shenandoah.

On my arrival Sheridan's forces were on the move, so I escaped his attention, and was fortunate enough to outstrip my fellow correspondents in carrying the details of the ensuing battle to the telegraph wire.

Soon after closing my dispatch in the Washington office of our paper I was summoned to the White House.

"We could not wait for your printed story," said Mr. Lincoln, soon as I had been ushered into the dimly lighted Blue Room. "You see, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Seward and I are very anxious to learn the precise scope and probable effect of General Sheridan's victory."

For nearly two hours I had the honor of sitting with these three grave men, describing the advance, the artillery fire, the infantry charge and the wild, maddening gallop of the cavalry; drawing, meantime, on big sheets of paper rough diagrams of the several movements. When I had finished and rose to go Mr. Lincoln thanked me very warmly and cordially invited me to visit the White House whenever I happened to reach Washington.

Being very young I supposed that the President's invitation was merely a compliment, and so the next time I went to the national capital I omitted going to the White House.

That afternoon Mr. Lincoln's carriage passed through Pennsylvania Avenue, the President being, as usual, greeted by the doffed hats of the citizens. As he passed me I saw that he eyed me intently when I saluted, but I thought no more of the incident until I met Mr. John Hay, one of Mr. Lincoln's secretaries.

"Mr. Lincoln saw you on the Avenue to-day," said the Secretary. "He is surprised that you did not come and see him."

As this was a sort of a command, I lost no time in paying my respects to the

Chief Magistrate of the nation, remarking that I had not imagined the President's invitation to be more than a compliment.

"You perhaps wonder," said Mr. Lincoln, "what interest I can find in talking to a newspaper correspondent. But I am always seeking information, and you newspaper men are so often behind the scenes at the front I am frequently able to get ideas from you which no one else can give me."

President Lincoln then turned the conversation to the dangers and adventures encountered by war correspondents and intimated much personal interest in them. This was probably done to put me entirely at my ease and off my guard against the sudden question:

"What do you think of General Sheridan as an army commander?"

This was a poser. Remembering my quarrel with Little Phil, I scarcely knew what to say. I kept silent for a few moments, looking intently at the grave, supremely patient countenance of the President. Then I decided to relate the incident of the quarrel, which Mr. Lincoln appeared to enjoy hugely.

"Your story is capital, but it does not answer my question," remarked the President, "tho it reminds me that General Burnside would have shot a correspondent for hiding behind a tree during a council of war. General Grant stopped the execution, and I guess Sheridan would not have quite hanged you. Now, tell me, do you consider Sheridan a great army commander?"

"Indeed I do, sir. His conduct of the Shenandoah campaign so far has proved General Grant's wisdom in placing him there. Little Phil is idolized by his men, for they recognize the ability he has manifested as an independent leader. Men are quick, I have noticed, to size up their officers."

"General Grant does seem to be able to pick out the right man for the right place and at the right time," said Mr. Lincoln musingly, as if he had forgotten my presence. "He is like that trip hammer I saw the other day. He is always certain in his movements and always the same." Then, in a different tone and abruptly, "When do you return to the Valley?"

"I am not going back, sir. Without being afraid of General Sheridan, I prefer a different sphere of duty, so am going to City Point and the Army of the Potomac."

"You will find more activity in the Shenandoah now that Sheridan has Jubal Early on the jump than you would in front of Petersburg."

"I don't know about that, Mr. President," was my reply. "General Grant will most certainly push the work on the siege in order to prevent General Lee from sending reinforcements to General Early."

"You have studied the art of war to some purpose, young man," remarked the President, genially. "You have just guessed the situation, for General Meade's forces are already moving."

This was news in earnest and I determined on a bold stroke, hoping that it would prove successful.

"Mr. Lincoln," said I, "you were good enough the other day to say that you would grant me any favor in reason in return for my description of the battle of Winchester."

"Yes, and I meant it. What do you want?"

"I would like to take the steamer for City Point to-morrow morning, but am still waiting for my pass."

"You shall have it in time for the steamer," said Mr. Lincoln, rising as a sign that our interview was ended.

Before breakfast I was in possession of what was called a "red letter pass," it being signed by the President and the Secretary of War in red ink. Its phraseology was to the effect that the bearer could pass through all picket and vidette lines of all the armies of the United States; in fact, it was a blanket pass—a kind seldom issued.

Reaching City Point, I reported at the headquarters of General Patrick, the Provost Marshal General. The clerk eyed my pass with evident curiosity, and after cavalierly throwing it into a desk drawer, informed me that my "resident" pass could not be issued until the present movement in General Meade's lines was over. This did not suit me at all, for the heavy guns on the main lines of the intrenchments were waking the echoes by their thunder, a distant monotone of musketry volleys and field artillery discharge rendering the situation

all the more desperate for a war correspondent newly arrived at his scene of operations and anxious for the sake of his paper to be at the front and in the thick of things.

Getting back my pass with some difficulty, I mounted the horse provided for me and rode out to the lines dividing the City Point command from General Meade's army. On coming to a picket post I exhibited Mr. Lincoln's pass and at once received permission from the lieutenant to proceed on my journey. Thus I was enabled to see the closing scenes of the battle of Peeble's Farm, when the Federal army cut the line of the Weldon Railroad, then an important source of supply from Wilmington for Lee's army. My description of the engagement and its important results was duly published over my signature, and the paper containing it came back to the army lines. The following day I was summoned from General Warren's headquarters to report to General Patrick, the Provost Marshal General, who had whipped himself into a rage.

"How did you get through my picket lines?" he roughly demanded. "Here you arrive at City Point and are told to wait for a resident pass. Yet a few hours after you steal into General Meade's lines and see a battle. How did you get there?"

"On horseback, of course," was my quiet reply.

"I didn't suppose you walked twelve miles in two hours," retorted General Patrick, his rage making his rubicund features assume a carmine hue which contrasted oddly with his snowy hair. "What I want you to understand, sir, is that you have violated my regulations and you will please accompany me to General Grant's headquarters. I think you will find yourself very soon outside of the breastworks and on the way to Washington. General Grant, sir, is not a man to stand any nonsense."

In due time we reached the Lieutenant-General's personal camp, located on the bend of the James River, that gave its name to the locality; and I was marched up like a culprit to the tent of the commanding general of all of the United States armies. The silent man of battle was peacefully sitting before a small fire, dreamily puffing that historic cigar.

"General," began the Brigadier Provost Mashal General, "This is Major Williams, correspondent for the *New York Times*. He violated all of my orders regarding resident passes and rode out to the army lines and saw a battle, which he described over his own signature. He will not explain how he got through my picket lines and I have placed him under arrest."

"What for?" quietly demanded the great Lieutenant-General, as he flicked the ash from his cigar.

"Because he rode away and did not wait for my residential pass as approved by you."

"How did you get to the line of the Weldon Railroad?" asked the Lieutenant-General suavely.

"Simply by exhibiting this pass, sir, at the picket line. I received it from President Lincoln." As I spoke I tendered for inspection the red lettered pass.

General Grant took the stiff bit of pasteboard and read its contents very carefully. Then, handing the document back, he said:

"That is something new. How did you happen to get it?"

"It was a reward for giving Mr. Lincoln the earliest details of how General Sheridan sent Jubal Early whirling through Winchester."

"You well deserved it, sir. Now, General Patrick, I am not disposed to criticise your provost arrangements, but it does seem to me that a special army pass issued by the President of the United States should have some weight. Major Williams is not responsible for your picket lines, and the officer who recognized the pass showed better judgment than that rather important civilian chief clerk of yours."

Then, turning to me, he continued: "I have just been reading your description of the Peeble's Farm affair and found it very interesting and graphic. I would like to have you take supper with me and my staff."

General Patrick retired in good order and we subsequently became excellent friends. Thus, instead of doing me any harm, he placed me on terms of intimacy with the great commander.

New York City.

The Finances of Porto Rico

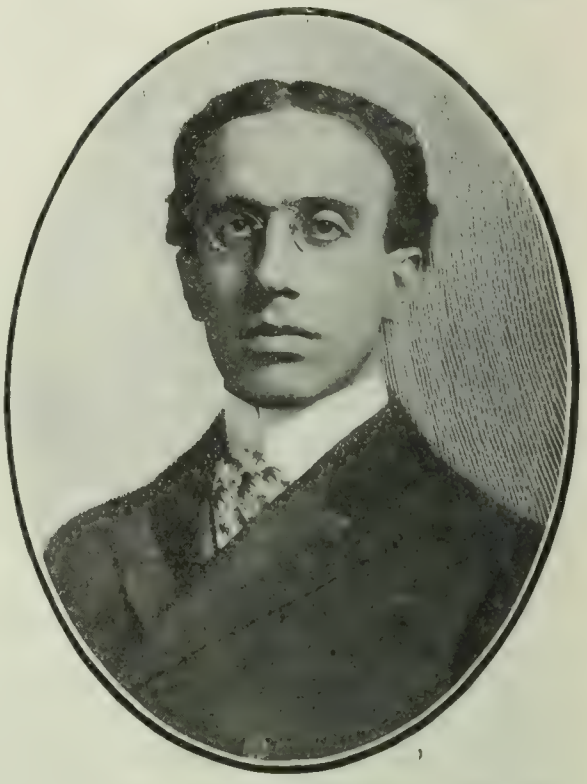
By Prof. Jacob H. Hollander

Treasurer of Porto Rico

WHEN American sovereignty was established in Porto Rico three years ago it found in operation a system of public economy in utter variance with all that political existence under the new condition must mean. The annual expenditures of the insular Government aggregated four million pesos, of which the largest items were for support of the colonial service, the ecclesiastical institutions and the military and naval establishments of the mother country. Appropriations for public education, public improvement, sanitation and poor-relief were sometimes insignificant and always inadequate. On the other hand, the revenues of the island were derived largely from indirect taxes upon necessary consumption. Such direct imposts as existed were inequitable, disproportionate and inefficiently administered. Indirect taxes on the poorer classes, rather than direct taxes upon accumulated wealth, characterized the system.

With the American Government came important fiscal changes. Public expenditures were restricted to public needs; customs duties on foodstuffs were removed; stamp taxes were repealed, and *consumo* taxes abolished. But the reforms effected were, from the nature of things, essentially negative. The need for revenues continued as great as before, for schools and roads became prompt claimants for what had theretofore gone to State and Church. Old taxes had been boldly swept away; but no new sources of revenue had been provided. Moreover, unfortunate policies had been inaugurated with respect to the citizen's part in the support of the Government, and countenance given for the assumption that Porto Rico was to remain a financial appanage of the United States. The dominant note of the military government was the opportunism which characterizes a provisional as distinct from a permanent government, and the result, for those who were to take up the burden, was the embarrassment of an unfinished problem.

On May 1st, 1900, came civil government. In the minds of the sagacious and far-sighted framers of the organic act, the financial problems of Porto Rico were distinctly present, and the act of Congress establishing civil government in



DR. J. H. HOLLANDER

Porto Rico was, by its very title, "An Act Temporarily to Provide Revenue." With a generous beneficence—as unique in the annals of our political history as it was typical of the attitude which was henceforth to characterize the relation of the United States to Porto Rico—extraordinary sources of revenue were placed at the disposal of the insular treasury for the temporary emergency. The island was entirely exempted from the internal revenue laws of the United States, and the tariff on trade between Porto Rico and the United States was fixed at fifteen (15) per cent. of the regular rates. But more remarkable than

this, customs collections on all imports into Porto Rico and on all imports into the United States from Porto Rico—distinctly federal revenues—were appropriated for defraying current insular expenditures, and by special act of Congress the entire fund of customs duties collected in the United States upon imports from Porto Rico up to the time that civil government was established, was appropriated as a special fund subject to allotment by the President of the United States for the use and benefit of the people of Porto Rico.

Yet the organic act clearly recognized the temporary character of such revenues and indicated that the economic future of Porto Rico lay in the direction of an insular system of finance and free commercial intercourse with the United States. Provision was thus made that, after March 1st, 1902, all customs duties on merchandise passing between the United States and Porto Rico should cease. Indeed, the opportunity to attain this result at an earlier period was placed in the power of Porto Rico in the provision of Section 3, that if at any time prior to that date the Legislative Assembly should enact and put into operation a system of revenue to meet the necessities of the Government, and should by its resolution notify the President of the United States, then by executive proclamation free trade should be established.

If the Spanish *régime* constitutes the first and the military government the second period in the recent financial history of Porto Rico, the first nine months of civil government can very properly be said to constitute the third. It was a period fraught with financial difficulties and anxieties. The need of increased expenditures was urgent, yet the yield of existing sources of revenue was fluctuating and uncertain. Many thousand petitions for the remission of taxes were pending, and disinclination to participate in the support of the State was universal. The tax collection service was demoralized, and fraud and irregularities not uncommon. Moreover, the civil government was without the free amendatory power of the military government. It was easy for the General Orders of one day to modify, supplement, or repeal the mandate of the preceding day. But on May 1st, 1900, the entire body of existing financial legislation was crystallized and thereafter could only be changed by legislative amendment.

The situation was met with courage and determination by the civil administration. A careful insular budget was prepared and every nerve strained to meet it. In the absence of any power to correct the essential defects or supply the conspicuous gaps of existing revenue laws, efforts were directed toward administrative betterment. The collection service was galvanized into new life and a consistent attempt made to breathe a new spirit into old forms. Gradually the leaven worked. The treasury deficits disappeared; fraud and irregularities ceased and a new state of popular mind developed as it grew more and more evident that the revenue laws of Porto Rico were henceforth to be regarded as something more than archaic literature.

Yet every hour of every day made it apparent that if American government in Porto Rico was to realize that which political existence under the Stars and Stripes must mean, an early financial reconstruction was imperative. The underlying theory of democracy in its financial aspect is that every citizen should contribute in the form of taxation to the support of the Government according to his economic faculty or ability. The system of revenue in vogue in Porto Rico prior to May 1st, 1900—whatever it may have been in principle—was in practice in complete opposition to this theory. Not only because existing sources of public income were inadequate, but because in principle they were vicious and inequitable, was financial reconstruction urgent.

Two alternative courses presented themselves for the revision of the revenue system of the island. The one embodied the fundamental principle of Spanish rule in Porto Rico and meant the imposition of heavy indirect taxes upon articles of necessary consumption and inadequate taxation or entire escape of wealth and property. The other meant the application of the modern principle of taxation according to taxpaying capacity, and consisted in a reasonable direct tax upon property, together with moderate indirect taxes upon articles of injurious or luxurious consumption.

In the Revenue act, approved January

31st, 1901, the Legislative Assembly of Porto Rico made definite choice of the latter course, and laid the firm basis of a secure public economy by placing upon its statute book "An act to provide revenue for the people of Porto Rico and for other purposes." The burdensome *consumo* taxes were therein abolished, and the operation of the crude industrial and commercial and territorial taxes limited to the current fiscal year. In lieu thereof a direct tax of one-half (½) per cent. for insular, and a maximum of one-half (½) per cent. for municipal purposes was imposed upon real and personal property, a moderate schedule of excise taxes was adopted and a carefully devised inheritance tax introduced.

Six months have elapsed since the executive signature was placed to the Revenue act, and in that period feature after feature of the system has been gradually put into operation until now every phase of it is active and the financial reconstruction of the island is definite and complete. The excise schedule has been in effect since the very passage of the act, and has become a large source of insular revenue with a minimum burden upon the economic interests of the island. The property tax for insular and municipal purposes has been levied upon an assessment made with efficiency and dispatch by a carefully selected force of assessors, and is now in process of collection by a reorganized corps of collectors and deputy collectors receiving adequate compensation and subject to the strictest scrutiny. Even the inheritance tax has been securely established, and if its material results are relatively less important, yet recognition of the principle involved constitutes a large gain.

And *pari passu* with the introduction of the system the intelligent sentiment of the island has advanced to a comprehension of its elements and an appreciation of its results. Instead of the high internal revenue taxes of the United States—the proceeds of which accrue to the federal treasury in Washington—it is recognized that Porto Rico has levied for its own needs a limited schedule of excise taxes, moderate in amount and extent, which have injured no industry, have curtailed no production, have burdened no consumer—whose enforcement has been so efficient and whose acceptance so general that six months of operation and the collection of nearly $300,000 revenue therefrom have necessitated barely a single prosecution under the law.

The introduction of the property tax is much the same. Instead of being employed as an instrument of political and individual oppression, the preparatory assessment of property was made on so high a plane of efficiency and integrity that, altho property to the amount of $100,000,000 was assessed and 65,000 schedules returned, yet the Executive Council, sitting as a final Board of Appeal, was called upon to consider only some 250 remonstrances from dissatisfied tax-payers—all of which were ultimately adjusted.

As the excise taxes have been put into operation, and as the assessment has been made, so the entire system will be administered. It is the boast of the Treasury Department of the island that since the introduction of civil government on May 1st, 1900, despite the phenomenal increase in revenue collections, there has been no single compulsory sale of property for delinquent insular taxes, except where incontrovertible evidence existed that the delinquent was one who could pay but would not, not one who would pay but could not. There is no reason for supposing that the practice of leniency and mildness in tax collection, which has become the firmly established policy of the insular government, will be changed under the new act.

These are the conditions which made it possible for Governor Allen to summon the insular legislature in extra session on the Fourth of July, and for that body to pass the joint resolution declaring that a system of insular revenue had been enacted and put into operation to meet the necessities of the Government of Porto Rico and that the insular treasury could henceforth dispense with the revenues accruing from customs duties on trade between Porto Rico and the United States. It was upon receipt of this resolution, in accordance with the provisions of the organic act, and on July 25—the third anniversary of the coming of the American flag to the island—that President McKinley issued

the proclamation establishing free trade between Porto Rico and the United States.

The legislative appropriations of Porto Rico for the fiscal year beginning July 1st, 1901, are practically $2,000,000. This entire cost of operating the Government should be defrayed by current revenue, excise taxation yielding approximately $750,000, customs duties on imports from foreign countries the same amount and direct property taxation $500,000. The element of uncertainty always associated with financial estimates is definitely removed by the facts that on July 1st, 1901, the people of Porto Rico had as moneys available for current expenditure a treasury balance of some $74,000 in Porto Rico, and an intact fund of probably not less than $600,000 of customs duties in the United States. These sums are entirely independent of the unexpended balance of some $900,000 of the customs refund, which it has been the policy of the insular Government to devote exclusively to works of permanent improvement, but which by the terms of its appropriation is available for the general use and benefit of the people of Porto Rico.

Surely this is an exhibit as remarkable as it is felicitous. Translated into plain language it means that the burden of taxation upon the real economic life of Porto Rico is probably less to-day than at any time in its history; it means that the great bulk of its one million souls are entirely exempt from direct taxation and are subject to excises only to the extent of their luxurious or injurious consumption; it means that coffee, tobacco and fruit lands —the great mainstay of its people's life— are paying less taxes by half to-day than before the enactment of the Revenue act; it means that thousands of little patches of untilled soil are being brought into cultivation through the operation of generous exemption clauses, and that a sturdy peasant proprietor class is being developed; it means that there is no locality in the United States, probably no enlightened community in the world, where the aggregate tax-burden upon property, capital and wealth—a maximum of one per cent. upon an assessment ranging from one-half to two-thirds of actual values—is so small as in Porto Rico to-day; it means that having enacted and put into operation an adequate sysstem of insular revenue, Porto Rico is to derive not only the advantage which comes from secure public solvency and sound public credit, but is to receive the stimulus and reap the harvest of free trade with the United States, so that henceforth its people are to pay a lower price for the things that they buy and receive a higher price for the things that they sell.

These are general statements, but when we descend to particulars the results are even more striking. Of the $2,000,000 a year that the insular Government spends, $1,500,000—seventy-five per cent.—represent revenues (customs duties and excise taxes) that in every part of the United States accrue not to the local but to the federal treasury. In other words, as compared with every State and Territory in the Union, Porto Rico raises by local taxation only one-fourth of what it is actually enabled to spend. Thus over and above the original gift of more than $2,000,000, the island receives annually, as a virtual bounty from the United States $1,500,000. Of the $2,000,000 constituting the annual insular expenditure almost exactly one-half is devoted to the maintenance of schools and roads. In other words, if the people of Porto Rico will spend one-half as much as at present either for schools or roads, or will dispense with either item, the tax on rum can be entirely removed or the tax on property entirely repealed, or both taxes can be reduced fifty per cent. No schools and free rum, no roads and untaxed property; there are the alternative policies. If the tax on cane land be deemed relatively high and the excise on rum burdensome, it seems proper to reflect that President McKinley's proclamation will result in a virtual bounty of five dollars on every ton of sugar raised on the island, meaning to the sugar interest alone upon a product of one hundred thousand tons a gift of $500,000, as much as is raised in aggregate by every kind of insular property taxation. What is conspicuous in the case of sugar is equally true of tobacco and free trade, a very small burden has been assumed and a very great benefit is about to be derived.

The financial program which Porto Rico has defined for itself, and through

the first stages of which it has passed, consists of large expenditures for schools and roads; low taxation of capital and property; reasonable excises on dispensable consumption, and free trade with the United States. But every part of the program is elastic. If the island will spend less, it need tax less; if it will increase the charge upon property, it can reduce the burden on alcoholics and tobacco; if it will seek to restore the tariff on sugar or impose its equivalent—an insular excise thereon—it can scale every other source of revenue. Whichever of these things may come to pass, it seems no unwarranted optimism to believe that the financial basis which has been laid will prove enduring, and that the course of the future lies straight in the direction now defined. The appropriated expenditures of the island must be planned not with respect to its limitless needs, but with regard to its definite resources. On the other hand, if the political existence of Porto Rico under the Stars and Stripes is to realize its highest possibility, every consideration of social development, economic stability and financial integrity demands that instead of rash and injudicious curtailment of expenditure the sources of insular revenue now provided should be maintained and courageously extended as circumstances require.

Johns Hopkins University Baltimore, Md.

The Parliamentary Recess in England

By Justin McCarthy

NOT for many years has so profound a sensation been created in England by any event happening abroad as that which was aroused here by the death of President McKinley. The shock which was felt throughout England when the final news came on Saturday was all the more heavy because the hopes aroused for some days before had made it almost wholly unexpected. Almost immediately after we had heard of the assassin's attempt we heard also that it was not likely to be fatal, and for some few days the accounts of President McKinley's condition seemed to grow more and more hopeful. On Friday last we had suddenly discouraging rumors and then on Saturday we knew that all was over.

Everywhere throughout these islands the most intense sympathy was felt for the wife, the family and the friends of President McKinley and for the people who had elected him to hold the place of their Chief Magistrate. Not even in the United States could there have been a more perfect unanimity of feeling than that which appears to have thrilled through all ranks and classes in Great Britain and Ireland and indeed all over Europe. Not less universal is the feeling of good will and of hope which goes out to the new President, Theodore Roosevelt, in the arduous position which he has been so suddenly compelled to accept. The horror of the assassin's crime was only equaled here by the feeling of utter wonder at its senselessness and its absurdity. We do not know enough yet of the evidence which may be forthcoming with regard to the murderer's motives and plans to enable us to form any opinion as to whether the attempt was really the work of some anarchist band or came only from the individual impulse of a crazy assassin. Thus far indeed our thoughts are too much occupied by the President's death to concern themselves about the motives of the President's murderer. We have had some talk of assassin plots over here. A man accused of murder has confessed or professed that he killed his victim because the victim had endeavored to coerce him into joining a plot for the assassination of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. The story came too quickly on the heels of the news about the attempt on President McKinley to seem anything but a pitiful anti-climax and another illustration of that imitative ambition which belongs so often to the nature of the murderer. The general impression is that the whole story was but a miserable con-

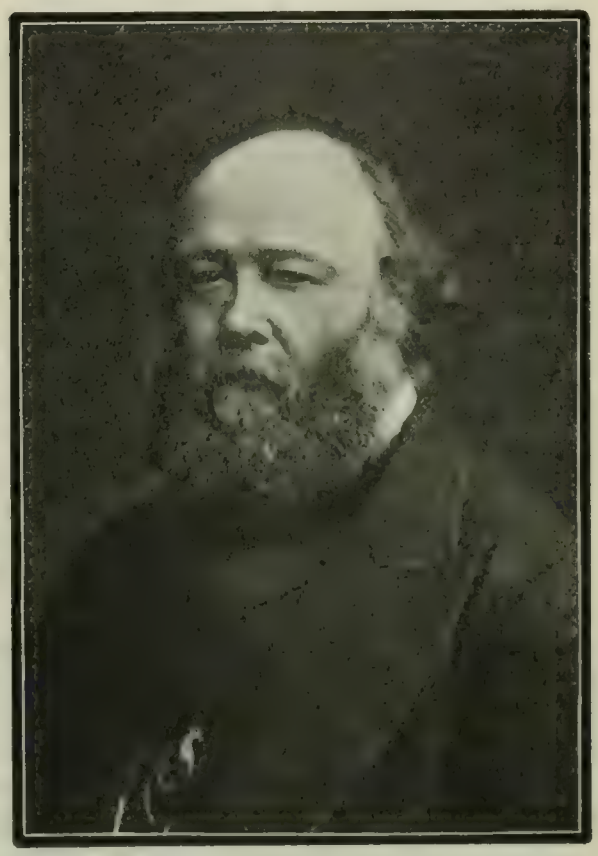
coction invented with the futile hope of escaping the full measure of punishment for the crime actually committed.

I am not a great admirer of Mr. Chamberlain as a politician, but I will

THE RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

do him the justice to say that he is a man of great personal courage and nerve and is not likely to feel the least alarmed at this suggestion of an anarchist plot for his destruction. I doubt very much whether he will attach the slightest credit to the story or whether he will take any trouble whatever to encompass his movements with the special protection of the police. He has lately been making himself very unpopular in Malta, which comes under his authority as Colonial Secretary and where he has been arousing a bitter feeling by his decrees for the suppression of the Italian language, and I have heard it suggested that some Maltese desperado might possibly have concocted some plot of vengeance. But altho such a thing is not outside the range of possibility, we have as yet no evidence to sustain such a conjecture, and I am much inclined to hope that the explanation that I have already suggested will be found to contain the true history of this latest anarchist plot.

The rumors of Lord Salisbury's intended retirement from the position of Prime Minister are once again becoming widespread and emphatic and would have aroused much greater attention but for the fact that during the last few days people have been talking of hardly anything except the attempt on President McKinley's life and its tragic conclusion. It seems to me very probable indeed that Lord Salisbury contemplates an early relief from the ministerial duties which have been lately becoming so distasteful to him. Indeed the truth is that most people have for some time back ceased to regard him as an active influence in political affairs. Nobody supposes that he takes the same delight in the work of government and in political



MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

life as Lord Palmerston did and that, like Lord Palmerston, he would play out the game to the very end. The question, therefore, which people are inclined to discuss is not whether Lord Salisbury intends to retire from office soon, but who is to be his successor when he positively makes up his mind to retire. There are only three members of the present Government whom any one could regard as possible successors to Lord

Salisbury. These are, of course, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain.

Now I think we may put Mr. Chamberlain out of the running. He is not a favorite even among his own official colleagues. He is too much of the "Pushful Joe" to please some of his high-bred companions in the ministerial ranks and he has not the social position which is conventionally supposed to be one of the attributes of a Prime Minister. I need hardly say that I have no manner of sympathy with the too prevalent idea in this country that a Prime Minister ought to be a man of high social rank, but I am taking account of the idea and acknowledging its influence as a factor in our political movements, and one cannot help acknowledging that up to the present time we have had no Prime Minister who belonged altogether to what I may call the lower middle classes. Of course we have had Peel, Gladstone and Disraeli, who did not belong to the ranks of aristocracy, but then Peel and Gladstone were heaven-born statesmen of the highest order who must have come to leadership anywhere, and then both Peel and Gladstone came from families of "merchant princes" and were the sons of baronets, while Disraeli was a man of dazzling genius and had no hereditary connection with commercial transactions. Now I think nothing can be more absurd than the antiquated class feeling which would fain keep the highest political distinction for men of high social rank, but I am now only considering things as they are and estimating accordingly the chances of Mr. Chamberlain soon becoming Prime Minister. The time will come, no doubt, when such stupid prejudice will no longer have any influence, but at present it is certainly against Mr. Chamberlain that he belongs to a firm of manufacturers and that he was born and brought up in Camberwell, an obscure southern suburb of London. I may add that Mr. Chamberlain is not yet regarded even by his most devoted admirers as a statesman and orator of the order to which Peel and Gladstone belonged or as a man of dazzling genius like Disraeli. Anyhow, so far as one can judge at present, it does not seem likely that if Lord Salisbury should soon retire Mr. Chamberlain will succeed him.

Then we have to consider the claims and chances of Mr. Arthur Balfour. Assuredly Mr. Balfour has many claims, social as well as political. He is the nephew of Lord Salisbury, he belongs to the highest rank in society, he is a brilliant parliamentary debater, a man of large and liberal education, a scholar and a thinker, a man of graceful, genial and fascinating manners, a charming talker, a favorite in society. But then Mr. Balfour is not a strong man in the

THE RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.

parliamentary sense. He has been official leader of the House of Commons for many years, but he has never been really able to lead the House. He wants somehow that undefinable gift of parliamentary leadership which was owned by Gladstone, by Disraeli, by Palmerston and by Peel. People say that he is indolent, that he does not care for the difficult work of managing the House of Commons, that he is somewhat cynical and is inclined to regard the whole business with contempt. Whatever the cause may be, the fact is certain that he has not of late showed himself equal to the task of managing the House of Commons; and this fact in itself makes it all the more doubtful whether he could be-

come a capable Prime Minister. If in addition to the leadership of the House of Commons he were also to have on his mind the responsibility of guiding the whole affairs of the State, it seems but too likely that the result might be failure. Therefore the chances are that the Duke of Devonshire will be the next Prime Minister.

The Duke of Devonshire is a slow, heavy, solid, not to say stolid, sort of man whom nothing ever puts out, who

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

is no more likely to commit a blunder than he is likely to say a brilliant thing, a man of what is called a well-balanced intellect who might be safely trusted not under any conditions, however trying, to give way to enthusiasm or to sentiment. There is still another possibility, always supposing that the change does not come on too quickly—the possibility that in the meantime Lord Rosebery may be drawn into alliance with the Tory Government and may be induced to become Prime Minister of a so-called Imperialist administration.

"Good Night to the Season" is the title of a poem by Winthrop Mackworth Praed, which lately came into my mind when thinking over the close of the late parliamentary session. Praed is not a poet well remembered by the present generation, but he must still be regarded as the first and best of that order which he may almost be said to have created for himself—the poets of society. In the poem that thus suddenly came back to my memory Praed touches off with delicate and delightful humor the ways and the characteristics of the past season in society and he bestows a verse of farewell to the session of Parliament which seems to me to apply with remarkable appropriateness to the session which has so lately given us its farewell. Here is the verse:

Good night to the Season!—the lobbies,
  Their changes, and rumors of change,
Which startled the rustic Sir Bobbies,
  And made all the Bishops look strange;
The breaches, and battles, and wonders,
  Performed by the Commons and Peers.
The Marquis's eloquent blunders
  The Baronet's eloquent ears;
Denouncings of papists and treasons
  Of foreign dominion and oats;
Misrepresentations of reasons
  And misunderstandings of notes.

The eloquent blunders of the Marquis of Salisbury were the subject of much comment during several debates in the House of Lords. The eloquent ears of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach must have tingled pretty often during the discussion on his Budget in the House of Commons. There was much denouncing of papists and treasons when the coronation oath was under consideration in both houses. Much denunciation was heard about the overanxiety of foreigners to flood this country with their oats. Misrepresentations of reasons are common enough during every session, but were especially frequent during the session which lately came to a close, and the misunderstandings of notes were a continual trouble and confusion during the debates on home and foreign policy. Praed, the poet, had a short experience of parliamentary life. He actually took office about the same time when Mr. Gladstone first entered on an official career, but Praed soon gave up and kept himself altogether to poetry. One may be excused for thinking that he must have had something prophetic in his nature when much more than half a century ago he composed the verse which applied with such humorous accuracy to the doings of the last session.

There is not very much to tell about literature in England during such of the parliamentary recess as we have already seen. But it may interest some of my American readers to hear of a book which an eminent publishing house is about to give to the world before long. The book is to be a complete collection of the poems of the late Robert Buchanan, which is arranged under the care of Miss Harriett Jay, sister-in-law of the poet, and is to be issued in handsome form by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. I cannot but think that such a publication will find a cordial welcome among all lovers of genuine poetry. Buchanan's poems seem somehow not to have had full justice done to them by the general public. The best of them have always found genuine appreciation in certain circles, but many of the poems appeared only in fugitive form and have hardly had a chance thus far of settling down to their proper place in the literature of the country. Buchanan's highest gift was the gift of poetry, but he was too fond of making literary experiments, some of them rather fantastic, and he got entangled in too many controversies, so that the outer world of readers were apt to think of him rather as what might be called a literary "crank" than as a genuine poet who had strayed out of his proper field. The experiments and the controversies are now happily forgotten, and I have good hope that the complete collection of his poems, which is soon to be given to the public, may at last win for him his proper recognition and his rightful place among the poets of the nineteenth century.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

In Memoriam

AN ENGLISH TRIBUTE

By the Very Rev. Charles William Stubbs, Dean of Ely

"Good-by all, good-by. It is God's way. His will be done!"

IT is God's way! take comfort, O my soul,
His path of Peace lies low and through the land
Of sorrow, yet, for all, with saving Hand
He holds the wheels of life with strong control.

Brave heart! It is God's way: Christ's creed in truth
Was thine: His prayer—"On earth the Reign of God"—
Was thine: and thine the dolorous way He trod,
Victim of senseless folly, void of ruth.

"It is God's way. His will be done!"—Thy King
Hath called thee, and for hard won heavenly wage
Gives nobler work and loftier embassage,
To be through death thy nation's hallowing.

O Heart of Mercy! come with healing light,
Shine on her soul who sits with sorrow crowned;
Chase far the shadows, till the day be found
When cherished memory changes into sight.

Thou King of nations, and their hearts' desire,
O Corner Stone, man's starting place and goal,
Our manhood's faith in History's unread scroll
Enhearten with Thy Spirit's holy fire.

Love and good will, on earth Thy will be done,
Treason and war and devil's hate bid cease,
O guide Thy people to the Way of Peace,
Through cleansing splendors of the Eternal Sun.

DEANERY, ELY, Sept. 17, 1901.

Northern Aid to Southern Education

By Edwin A. Alderman, LL.D.

[Dr. Alderman is president of Tulane University of New Orleans and was formerly president of the University of North Carolina. For twenty years he has been engaged in Southern educational work in public schools, normal schools and other institutions.—EDITOR.]

THE Southern States have had much to endure and much to achieve in the past twenty years of their passage from the patriarchal to the industrial order. They have made mistakes, but they have also done many wise things and they have been very brave and self-reliant. They have settled many things, but many fundamental things from an educational standpoint have not been settled. They need substantial brotherly help from their kindred of the North and West. The three fundamental needs are these:

1st.—Better and more widely diffused education of the masses of the white people. This is the first great need and upon it hangs every other good thing.

2d.—The training in the higher universities in the South of the cultured youth in scientific study of social phenomena. Our students have been in the habit of approaching these studies empirically and emotionally. They must learn to approach the study of social questions scientifically and methodically. They must become conscious of society as an organism just learning to know itself. There are no departments of sociology in Southern colleges. This fact is both startling and hurtful.

3d.—The practical education of the negro along the lines indicated by Booker Washington, the wisest leader his race has ever known and a man worthy of the confidence of all men.

If I had control of a large sum of money for the purpose of doing good in Southern life—speaking of the whole area from Virginia to the Gulf—I should use it in the following ways:

The establishment in every State of a comprehensive system of educational campaigning, wherein, by the use of literature and competent, wisely directed public speakers, the public sense and public conscience could be enlightened and aroused. Action by the people themselves would follow such a policy.

The fuller endowment of a small number of the larger and stronger universities along the lines of sociological and industrial instruction. Our young men must learn directive power along these lines. We are passing through a revolution. It is a social and industrial revolution. We must get power to guide it wisely.

The strengthening of the better institutions for the negroes and the stimulation to self-help by judicious giving to certain strategic smaller institutions for the training of teachers and the instruction of youth.

The South is really beginning its probation as a member of the modern world in the twentieth century. Its chief problem is the chief problem of every society passing from simpler social forms into the third and highest stage of society—namely, the realization of its highest self in life and law, not by personal courage or raw individualism, not by patient endurance of disaster, but by intelligent activity, by civic unity, by public spirit and community of effort. Noble and impressive beginnings have been made in the direction of this self-realization. A system of public schools for black and white has been established in all the States, and is being improved under stupendous difficulties, not the least of which is a periodic demand by overborne, exasperated men that each race shall support its own schools by its own taxation. But this will never be done. Justice is against it. Self-interest is against it. The black, ugly fact that ignorance is a remedy for nothing and a peril to everything quickly crushes out whatever life there is in the idea; for its triumph would mean the existence of a permanent body of death, and improvement is slow and pitiful enough at the best. The principle of local taxation for other purposes than jails and bridges has been written in the statute books. An attempt is being made to co-ordinate

justly the secondary, technical and higher education. A movement for public roads and public libraries is going forward. The revision of constitutions, the creation of wise systems of public taxation, and the improvement and uplifting of rural life are engaging the attention of the thoughtful. These movements as yet are chaotic or atomistic, characterized by lack of harmony and symmetry and oneness of purpose, and needing to be correlated and fused and welded into one effective agent of social amelioration. The traditions and powers of the old life will not bring these things to pass. There is needed a new social spirit, a new type of man, with a new equipment of power to inform and influence and guide this spirit.

This real sort of scholar is needed to aid in the transformation of unthinking, careless, white men, without tastes or wants or desires, into men with ideals; men who can see the relation of law to society, and what it means to defy law even to protect innocence. Men of philanthropic impulses are easily moved to helpfulness by the spectacle of the black race striving to fit itself for republican citizenship. They are not so easily moved by the spectacle of the white race striving to fit itself for the noble discharge of an unparalleled sociological duty. And yet that is the pivot of the whole question. The education of one untaught white man to the point where it is clear to him that knowledge and not prejudice must guide his conduct, and that for the honor of his name and country and his posterity he must deal with these people in justice and kindness, is worth more to the black man than the education of any ten men of his own race. I believe that any Southern university is doing more to lift up the colored race through the broad-minded men it is training and sending into life than nine-tenths of the schools for higher education of the negro, and if these universities had the means to set in operation academic forces to study and investigate and digest the great problem, instead of threshing out old straw, their power would be increased tenfold. I believe that it should be a high and precious privilege for all Americans to help their Southern countryman work out his problem of orderly, law-abiding social life, and to help him as brothers in loyal affection.

It is a singular and startling thing that no Southern college attempts the study of social phenomena in any adequate or organized way. Departments of social science in the modern sense of the word do not exist among them. They have widened out from the traditional circle of the liberal arts into the study of agriculture, mechanics, textiles, but they have not approached the confused, unrelated human forces about them in a scientific fashion. Their students approach these subjects in the spirit of the empiric, the *dilettante,* or the politician. They do not bring to the consideration of such questions the trained habit of mind, the trained orderliness of thought, that is needed for their mastery. This is largely due to poverty of equipment. We as yet have it not. We need to know about things before we settle them, instead of settling them first and learning about them afterward. There must come into the thought of the humblest man among us that instinctive Scottish feeling of loyalty and reverence for knowledge as the power alone fit to deal with questions of public welfare that marks off so sharply the man whose mind is set upon the building up of his institutions in righteousness and wisdom, whose strength is upon the power of conduct, from the man who is desirous of working his own will and obtaining the reward of his own smartness. Evidences that this attitude is coming about come often to my knowledge. Mature men come up to college, spending all their little store to sit with boys to get some little learning. Three-fourths of a whole body of five hundred students are in college as a result of money earned or borrowed. One-fourth are earning their way through college by every form of daily labor from cutting wood to cutting hair; sensitiveness, sentiment, pride, gentle breeding, everything swallowed up in the overmastering desire for the blessed light! The universities and colleges in the South which hear this cry of need and must minister to it are not strong in equipment or endowment. It is a struggle for them to exist. The sum of all their endowments does not equal the endowment of any one of a half dozen Northern and Eastern institutions,

and too often as a stunting inheritance from the grinding days of want the people have gotten used to their poverty in matters relating to higher education. What strength they have is internal, the strength of disinterestedness, of moral energy, of faith in the belief that they are the symbols of the benign force that shall work out the good life of their land. What strength they need to accomplish this end is the strength of endowment, of apparatus, of ample and even magnificent surroundings, that they may arise so sharply and clearly out of levels that they may set new standards and establish new conceptions of college life.

The Discovery of America

COLUMBUS AND TOSCANELLI'S FAMOUS LETTER

By Henry Vignaud

First Secretary of the United States Embassy at Paris, Vice-President of the Paris Society of Americanists and Member of the American Historical Society

THE question concerning the authenticity of the famous letter by which a Florentine savant is supposed to have conferred with Columbus, some fifteen or eighteen years before the memorable discovery of America, concerning the conditions under which this discovery might be accomplished, has a much greater weight than merely to determine the historical value of a document which has remained undisputed up to the present time.

The real question at issue is whether the greatest incident in the world's history,—the sudden revelation of the existence of a hemisphere unknown up to that time,—is due to the researches determined by the prognostications of science.

This question, to which one cannot reply negatively without contradicting those long-standing opinions in accordance with which all our mental habits are fashioned, obliges us to ask if the history of Columbus, the history which was written by Las Casas and Ferdinand Columbus and which has been accepted during four centuries, does not rest on an error in one essential particular; an error which, if it were demonstrated to be such, would change entirely our conception of the causes which led to the discovery of America.

There is nothing more difficult than to shake an opinion which has the sanction of time. The belief that Columbus was a man who owed entirely to his meditation and to his studies the conviction that he would find Asia to the eastward and that he would certainly arrive there, is so firmly ingrafted into history and is founded upon evidence so old and respectable that it would seem as tho any doubt cast upon this point would be, in a way, shocking to one's sense of truth, and that those who dared openly to doubt the fact would be placing themselves in an unfavorable light.

None the less it must be said that the more one studies the commencement of Columbus's career, the less this point of view appears justifiable. After reading and rereading the documents, comparing the facts one with another, studying the dates, weighing the assertions of Columbus himself and those of his contemporaries which bear directly upon him, one ends by suspecting that all these things did not happen exactly as they are set down, and one asks one's self if all the theoretical reasons which are given as being the source of the great Genoese's determination (and consequently the cause of his discovery) were not formulated *after* his discovery.

If one gives one's self up blindly to the evidence of Columbus's contemporaries and to the evidence of the following generation, these doubts would not be justified. All, with the exception of Gomara, whose testimony is, unfortunately, so debatable, attempt to prove that the genesis of the fundamental ideas of the New World's discoverer had a scientific character. But true criticism is sometimes justly mistrustful of contemporaneous evidence, which is rarely sincere or impartial. If it is from thence that we receive all true information, yet it is from the same source that those errors

come which are most difficult to rectify. The historian who, in the silence of his study, chronicles the events of his time, rarely resists the temptation to color them to a greater or less extent. He clothes and bedecks history for the benefit of posterity. He arranges things as he wishes they might be. History, as we receive it from contemporaneous writers, especially when they believe that their assertions will escape all criticism, is almost always a history arranged in this fashion, and it is not the least hard task of the critic to detect the truth which is hidden beneath these intentional distortions and dissimulations.

Even Las Casas, who was a well-meaning man, and who wrote a book without which we should know but very imperfectly the history of the discovery of America, has arranged those things which concern Columbus as he thought they should have been. The greater part of the legends and tales from which has been formed the history of the great navigator's youth come from his pen rather than from that of Ferdinand Columbus, as is too generally believed. Thanks to the labors of modern critics, especially to those of Mr. Harrisse, many of these fictions are now destroyed and no longer find a place in any serious work. But if it had not been for the good luck of finding among the private archives of certain Italian notaries the proof of their falsity they would still be disfiguring the pages of history. No one believes to-day that Columbus was born in 1436, as was formerly supposed, that he was of noble family, that he counted several admirals among his relatives, that he studied at the University of Pavia, or that he fought through the campaign for King Réné. Now one can go still further. It is demonstrable that he was not born between 1456 and 1451, as Mr. Harrisse believes, but exactly in the year 1451; that he did not arrive in Portugal until the end of the year 1476 or the beginning of 1477; that he had been very little at sea, and that he never made any overtures to Genoa, to Venice, to England or to France.

These rectifications, as important as they may be, really change in no essential the history of the causes which led to the discovery of the New World, such as we know it. But it would be different were it to be shown that the letter to Martins is apocryphal, that Columbus had never any correspondence with Toscanelli, and that consequently he could not have borrowed from that savant any of the cosmographical or geographical notions which were conducive to his great discovery. In this case one would be obliged to throw aside as erroneous all the facts which for so long were believed to be undeniable concerning the circumstances which caused the determination of Columbus to undertake the discovery of the Indies; and these new rectifications, added to those already made, could leave in fact but little concerning the history of the lucky Genoese's youth, such, at least, as tradition has given it forth, and as it is universally accepted to have been.

The examination of the question whose solution might have, from the point of view of historical accuracy, consequences as serious as those which I have mentioned, is the object of a forthcoming work of mine.

It would be rash to pretend that I give the real solution of this problem; but the important questions which are raised by this point of history will therein be set forth in a manner which will render it impossible either to avoid or to retract them. The inquiry into them which I have instituted will be taken up and completed by others, who will know how to conduct it to a fitting conclusion. It is necessary to know whether for four centuries we have been the dupes of a fraud which hides from us the real origin of the greatest event in the history of the world. It is necessary to know whether the rank in which we have placed Toscanelli and Columbus is that which they should occupy. What one may safely affirm from now on is that the history of the immediate causes of the discovery of America, as Humboldt and Washington Irving understood them, and as the greater part of the writers of our own day still understand them, must be entirely rewritten. This great task it is not for me but for others to accomplish.*

PARIS, FRANCE.

[* Mr. Vignaud is too modest to state here positively what is fully set forth in his forthcoming work, viz., that Toscanelli did *not* write the letter of 1474, that he did *not* make the map which accompanied it and that he never had any communication whatsoever with Columbus.—EDITOR.]

LITERATURE

Kim *

As is the case with all works of great but unbalanced power, it is likely that Mr. Kipling's new story will provoke the most divergent opinions; to some it will seem his surest claim to immortality, whereas to others it will be a diverting curiosity and little more. In the first place, the scene of the story, its atmosphere and characters, are utterly foreign; the very language is bristling with un-English words. Now there is a class of minds to which this foreign air appeals irresistibly; the further the scene is from home the keener is their appetite for reading; the marvelous procession of motley Oriental tribes and characters that fills *Kim* will stir their blood and give them the sort of pleasant excitation their imaginations crave. Others look on these far-away pictures as matters of mere curiosity that amuse the fancy but leave the heart cold; the nearer the scene of a book approaches their home surroundings the more deeply it touches their emotions. To the latter class mere novelty is not an incentive but an obstacle to thoughtful interest.

It might seem as if any but the narrowest mind would be open to the fascination both of the near and the far, and, indeed, such a limitation may indicate a certain rigidity of temper, for we be all of one kin. But in other matters the divergence of opinion is more fundamental. After all, we are interested in a book because it actually portrays and interprets life to us or creates the illusion of actual portrayal. If a story, after the manner of *Kim,* is built up on the straight-line principle, so to speak, instead of being wound about a central action or plot, if the action leads through a series of kaleidoscopic scenes and is, in the old Aristotelian phrase, without beginning, middle or end, it will attract powerfully those to whom life itself takes on the form of a swiftly-moving, unconnected panorama. Others, whose habit is to group their impressions of life about some dominant thought or desire and whose reflective faculties overbalance their perceptive, look to art for the one thing that *Kim* wants; they wish the artist to interpret for them objectively their own habit of mind. They may be diverted by a cleverly told narrative; they may take deeper interest in cunning portrayal or analysis of character; but they still feel some lack, they are even a little irritated unless these events and these characters are knit together into a significant plot. Fiction without plot is the poet's philosophy of chance. The skillful weaving together of events is the poet's method of representing to the eye of fancy that habit of mind which refers always the events of life to some higher interpretive idea.

And, again, the complete absence of female influence from *Kim* will seem to some a masculine attraction more effective for its rarity. Others, on the contrary, will have an instinctive feeling that this is either a feminine trait or another sign that any genuine ideal is absent to the writer, for the reason that the masculine mind has almost universally presented its abstract ideas and its ideals in feminine disguise.

But, however divergently the story may affect different readers, there can be but a single opinion about the extraordinary, one may say without exaggeration the unparalleled, talent of the author in certain directions. Emerson says somewhere of Goethe that every pore of his body was a microscope. Of Kipling it might be said that every pore of his body is a photographic camera. There has probably been no writer in the whole course of English literature who surpassed him in the faculty of vision. Like the heroes of his tale Kipling has traveled the Grand Trunk Road that "runs straight, bearing without crowding India's traffic for fifteen hundred miles—such a river of life as exists nowhere else in the world." And every sight by the way, the mark and habit of every caste and profession, in all that bewildering confusion of Hindu life, the hidden society of Delhi and Lahore, the

* KIM. *By Rudyard Kipling.* New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

gamins of the city streets, Mahbub Ali the horse trader and spy, English officers and drummer boys, the sly letter-writer, the babu with his ludicrous mixture of English education and native superstitions, Lurgan the juggling healer of gems, Jains, Buddhists, and Brahmins, —all these things he has seen as no other living man could see them, and the impressions down to the least detail remain fixed in his mind with photographic accuracy. There is something almost terrifying in this extreme hyperesthesia of the optical nerves; we feel that the brain of the seer must be obsessed by a shadowy jostling throng of images like the brain of a child that is haunted by visions in the dark. The result in this story of *Kim* calls to mind the mechanic marvels of the vitascope, when the photographic shadow of moving scenes is thrown on the canvas before us. The light is a trifle hard and fatiguing to the eyes, there is an unpleasant clicking of machinery, and the pictures seen are necessarily presented without much artistic design in their composition, but we are held spellbound by the miraculous ingenuity of the invention. Really it is not fantastic to compare the talent of Kipling with these miracles of photography; his work is the vitascope of literature.

But if Kipling has shown in the white light of genius the panorama of the Grand Trunk Road, he has not brought out of its obscurity that other road, the Mystic Way, whereon the lama of his tale goes seeking the River of the Arrow. It is, in fact, noteworthy that one who has dwelt much in the ancient religious books of India feels himself utterly homeless and estranged in the modern hubbub of Kipling's tales. It is as if the quiescent ideals and hopes of that sunken people could find no place of lodgment amid the jostling images of the author's memory. It may very well be that Mr. Kipling's perception is unerring and that no breath of the real ancient life lingers in the degenerate tumult of the modern empire, yet it should seem as if a reflective observer could not pass through that land without being haunted by reminiscences of its mighty past, and without seeing in its present corruption the half-obliterated signs of old ideals. It should seem as if a profounder art would have been compelled, against every protest it may be of a busy realism, to speak here and there a word, or to throw out here and there a metaphor, that would interpret what India once meant to the world. But to Kipling, here as everywhere, the past does not exist; he is unreservedly the child of the present day. The lama, in whom one looks to find a figure reminiscent of India's ancient religious instinct, is no doubt taken from observation; in his outward life we may even catch glimpses that seem familiar; yet inwardly he bears not the slightest relation to the old seekers who made of Buddhism a power in human thought. It is again the photographic faculty of Mr. Kipling. He reproduces what of life he sees.

It will be surmised that we are of the class whom Kipling always astonishes but does not always profoundly interest. Let us make haste to add that in the boy Kim himself he has created a character of wonderful freshness and beauty. The picture of this inquisitive, mocking, faithful Irish lad wandering among the grotesque ruins of a decaying civilization and caught up in the mysterious Secret Service of the British rule, is one to linger in the memory with ever fresh delight. And the lama, too, tho he may bring no voice from the greater past, has a childlike and winsome beauty of his own. There is, indeed, a certain sweetness in almost all the people that move through this motley world. We know that they are created by a buoyant and self-respecting genius, and we love to dwell with them—even with the rogues.

History of Physiology *

ALTHO several of the natural sciences have very good histories of their beginnings and progress, medicine has been conspicuously neglectful of its obligations to the past. Reasons for this are not far to seek. The age that has seen the cell doctrine grow up to revolutionize biological knowledge, and which has experienced the blessing of anæsthesia, may well feel proud of its own achievements. And the generation in particular

* LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF PHYSIOLOGY DURING THE SIXTEENTH, SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES. *By Sir M. Foster, K.C.B., M.P., M.D., D.C.L., Sec. R.S.* Imported by the Macmillan Co., New York.

that has participated in the evolution of bacteriology, gathering the rich fruits of antisepsis and asepsis and just awakening to the glorious possibilities of the antitoxins, has some apology for feeling that the immediate importance of the results excuses a defective knowledge of what has gone before. If, however, in all these and related advances we seek to separate what is merely practical from that which is of permanent importance to our knowledge of man, we are at once reminded that the Tree of Knowledge did not grow in Menlo Park, as some persons think, and we run upon fundamental questions which can be understood only when we know something of their history. Now it must not be supposed that there are no histories of medicine. There are, in fact, a number of books bearing such a title; but there are not many good books, and knowledge of this sort must be sought laboriously and with much weariness to the flesh. For Physiology and her elder sister Anatomy, the only safe guides to a truly scientific medicine, histories can scarcely be said to exist at all—certainly no attractive ones exist.

This lack has been in a measure supplied by the admirable book before us, and it is a pleasantly curious reminder of the unity of modern life that the volume is made up of the "Lane Lectures," delivered last year at a medical college in San Francisco by an English physiologist, the most facile interpreter of the physiological knowledge of our times. In these lectures Sir Michael Foster has chronicled in happy phrase the development of the chief doctrines in regard to circulation, digestion, respiration and the nervous system during the three centuries preceding the nineteenth.

The story starts with an account of Vesalius, whose great book of 1543 marks the beginning of a new era in anatomical, and consequently of physiological knowledge. Sir Michael recognizes fully, as every broad minded physiologist must, that exact anatomical knowledge is indispensable, and that the physiologist can build safely on no other foundation. It is almost impossible for us of to-day to appreciate the true importance of Vesalius, and to understand the mental attitude of his time. For more than a thousand years there had been complete subjection to the views of Galen, a subjection in scientific opinion such as has only been equaled, perhaps in some measure surpassed, by the reverence for the opinions of Aristotle. It would lead us too far afield, and into pretty muddy places, to examine the reasons for this darkening of the human mind; but certainly it was not the fault of Galen, altho the result has been that his merits are often underestimated. Had men paid the same attention to the spirit of Galen that they paid to his words the progress of medical knowledge would have been far different and far more rapid.

From Vesalius to Harvey's publication in 1628 it is almost a hundred years, and in this time much was done to clarify the views of men as to the nature of the circulation. So much was done that the history of this particular question has a most voluminous literature, to which several American authors have contributed. Many writers have sought to give the glory of this fundamental discovery to some predecessor of Harvey. On this point Sir Michael is more explicit than elsewhere, and vindicates Harvey's claims in a very convincing fashion. That his views are not the result of any insular prejudice is shown by his readiness to acknowledge the merit of Continental workers in other fields.

In the succeeding lectures the chief investigators of the other subjects already mentioned receive attention, and the true value of their discoveries is carefully indicated. In each instance the biographical details are cleverly introduced and the interest of the reader never flags. The result is a much clearer understanding of the importance of some investigators whose merits are commonly little appreciated by students of physiology. No one can read this book without realizing the great influence of Malpighi (1628-1694) as perhaps never before; and the darkness in which most of us stood in regard to Stahl (1660-1734) and his relation to the baneful doctrines of "phlogiston" and a "vital principle," is quite dispelled.

The last lecture, "The older doctrines of the nervous system" (in which the bubble of Willis's reputation is neatly pricked), while very full of valuable matter, is perhaps the least satisfactory of the book. It seems to show an effort to tell in one lecture what really required

two or three, and the author is compelled to lay down his pen without a mention of Galvani. This, however, is no serious blemish to a very delightful book, whose perusal will do much to explain the restrictions and limitations placed upon our progress along the path of knowledge.

We can only wish that Sir Michael may find the time and opportunity to extend these lectures, so as to take in the first three or four decades of the nineteenth century, a time of epochal importance, but perhaps dangerously near to ourselves. Could he then add a chapter on Galen he would cause our cup of gratitude, already full, to run over.

In an appendix there is a useful table giving the more important names chronologically with a note of the chief work of each author. The student would find a few more extended references to the literature most helpful. There is also an index which seems to be entirely sufficient. The typography of the book is excellent, and there are few obvious mistakes. In fact, we have noted but three. "Sylvius" (page 168, line 2) is evidently *lapsus calami* for *Stahl*, "Sequin" (pages 251, 253, 254) seems to be a misprint for *Seguin*, and the usual accent of *Réaumur* is lacking.

Wundt's Ethics *

To the typical American it would probably seem self-evident that houses exist for men, and not men for houses. It does not naturally occur to him that the aim and justification—the final cause, so to speak—of human life lie in the production of works of comfort and beauty, of rocking-chairs and cathedrals; he is much more apt to feel that the aim and justification of rocking-chairs and cathedrals lie in the ministration to certain human needs. He thinks even of a big abstraction like the State as an instrument subservient to human welfare, and speaks of it as a "machine." He thinks science a benefaction and esteems it as such. He thinks even of the law, including the moral law, as a wise and comely ordering of human life. He thinks, in a word, that wisdom and virtue and courtesy exist for men, and not men for wisdom and virtue and courtesy. He would as readily think of men as existing for the production of etiquet.

To the reflective German, and to Professor Wundt in particular, there seems something essentially unintellectual and basely, almost bestially, utilitarian in the American's point of view. It is a symptom of the lack in the Anglo-Saxon of the philosophic mind, of the Anglo-Saxon's flaccid grasp on abstract ideas. A cathedral or a science is after all, Professor Wundt suggests, so patently more important than an individual man, his likes and dislikes. The individual man, his likes and dislikes, are indeed of no importance whatever. To the American this dictum may seem a paradox, but Professor Wundt thinks it a truism.

> "Nor does the multiplication of individuals," reads the text, "much alter the state of affairs. You cannot get a real quantity by putting zeros together. If an individual feeling of pleasure has no moral value, then neither has the pleasure of many or all individuals."

No, men exist, and are justified in existing, only to discover exact sciences, to keep step in regiments which maintain the dignity of the State, and (we suppose—we are not sure) to produce objects of *vertù;* and the moral law is just a set of instructions by following which we shall be enabled to be of service to this end.

> "A study of the loftiest example of morality inevitably leads us to the conclusion," reads the text, "that in order to rise to the highest forms of moral action the individual must not work merely for his fellow-citizens and contemporaries. Still less must he labor for himself alone. . . . Our ultimate ends can be nothing but the production of psychical creations, a process in which the individual consciousness bears its part, yet whose final object is not the individual himself [nor the sum of the individuals], but the universal spirit of humanity. Happiness is a secondary result brought about in the subjective consciousness by these psychical products; it is also a motive operating on the will. Thus it may be regarded as an indispensable means to the attainment of moral ends, but never as the moral end itself. Kant's position, that the good must be done without inclination, while the ultimate end of morality is eternal happiness, completely reverses the functions of means and end. Man *can* seek the good, only because doing so makes him happy; yet the good is not happiness, but an objective psychical product which becomes a good in the ordinary sense of a pleasure-producing force solely through its reflections in the individual

* The Principles of Morality and the Departments of the Moral Life. *By Wilhelm Wundt.* Translated by Margaret Floy Washburn. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

consciousness. . . . The moral ends attained at any given period consist in the total intellectual culture of that period."

It is a pleasure to find a theory so neatly outlined. The question is squarely presented of the subordination of men to their works or of their works to them. A decision upon it may be suggested by an anecdote. In a play much in vogue at the *Théâtre Antoine* the hero, a physician supposed to be somewhat of the rank of M. Pasteur, grafts a cancer on the breast of the heroine, who is a young woman, socially and intellectually, of no importance whatever. He does it for the good of science; he wishes to observe and to record accurately for the benefit of the universal spirit of humanity certain facts in regard to cancers. To the best of our judgment the moral sense of the audience did not approve of the hero. They did not seem convinced that the pleasure or pain of the heroine were of no importance whatever—ciphers, in a word—even when the interests concerned were those of science and the "total culture of that period." The hero himself became ultimately somewhat of the opinion of the audience, and—for the benefit of science—tried a last experiment on himself, hugely to his own and to the audience's sense of a moral expiation. It may no doubt be said that both he and they lacked the philosophic mind and betrayed a flaccid grasp on big abstractions, but the dictum is not convincing. What is convincing is that the pain of the heroine was of some estimable importance, and that the medical science of her day—"the total culture of her period"—was meant to serve her, not to make her its victim, quite as the total culture of the period of Menelaus and Helen was "meant" for the protection of husbands and wives in decent fidelity in family life. "The face that launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of Ilium" launched those ships and burned those topless towers, it may safely be said, not in an ecstasy of etiquet in general, but in a protest against particular husbands and wives for all time being seduced from their engagements by irresponsible adventurers. If any one chooses to express exactly this very thing by saying that the Trojan war was waged in support of a principle, the principle of fidelity in marriage, there is no objection: there is an objection only against making a mystery of the word principle.

THE POTTERY AND PORCELAIN OF THE UNITED STATES *By Edwin Atlee Barber, A.M., Ph.D.* Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. With 277 Illustrations. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.) Large progress has been made in ceramic art and manufacture during the past fifteen years. The crudeness that was once characteristic of pottery and porcelain made in America has long since been outgrown and our pottery products in competition with those of the world, both at the Chicago and Paris Expositions, carried away their full share of honors. The province of the present volume is to set this forth, to give an account of such of the earlier potteries as possess historical interest, and finally to describe those which in later days have produced works of originality or artistic merit. Those who have no intimate acquaintance with the history of American pottery will no doubt be surprised to learn of the antiquity of the art in this country. Collectors also will find much that will be valuable to them in Mr. Barber's pleasing book, now carefully revised, enlarged and brought down to date. Considerable attention has been given in the book to aboriginal pottery, and it will be seen that some of the Indian products indicate remarkable skill, not only in design, but likewise in manipulation and finish. The water vessels, bowls, jars, etc., that came from Indian hands were the earliest of native pottery forms. It was not until long after the Indians had made their first essays in the practice of the fictile art that more pretentious pottery was made by the colonists. The earlier emigrants in Virginia probably made the first colonial pottery. The Dutch settlers in New York brought with them a practical knowledge of potting, and, according to tradition, they made a ware equal in quality to that produced in ancient Delft. Some contemporaneous pottery was produced a short distance below South Amboy, N. J. As early as 1690 Philadelphia had at least one potter and one tobacco-pipe maker. The eighteenth century witnessed many changes and improvements in pottery making, as the re-

searches of Mr. Barber sufficiently reveal. The cruder products of the primitive kilns were slowly but surely crowded out by those of newer and better design, and at the last we come into contact with products of our own day, such as the Rookwood, Grueby, Newcomb and other wares. The development of ceramic art since 1893 is considered in a supplemental chapter, and this is the newest and perhaps the most interesting portion of a volume which, as a whole, must be attractive to most men and all women.

THE INFLUENCE OF CHRIST IN MODERN LIFE. *By Newell Dwight Hillis.* (New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.) The chapters which compose this volume are neither sermons nor essays in sociology, tho they partake largely in both characters. They are not written with the scholar or philosopher, and least of all with the theologian, in view. The practical and even personal interest is foremost in them, and whatever light they may throw on speculative or theoretic questions falls closely enough inside the circle of personal life to have intense interest for the individual reader. Dr. Hillis writes of them that

> "every one of these studies has grown out of a busy pastor's friendship with some person in travail of spirit, and seeking light midst the mist and uncertainty of questioning and doubt. Each chapter, therefore, represents an intellectual battle in some youth for whom the pastor has cherished a great affection."

This is a true and manly account of the book, explaining at once its defects of form and its merits in plan, substance and tone. Dr. Hillis believes that a return wave of faith has set in, and that men everywhere are looking to Christ as the center of all individual, social, political, industrial, and even institutional life. He presents his points in the personal form and in their individual relations, after the manner of the preacher and the pastor, with a cheerful optimism and with little lament for things which have passed away. He meets his readers with a sympathetic appreciation of their problem and with the light and help of a luminous faith.

THE VOYAGE OF ITHOBAL. *By Sir Edwin Arnold.* (New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.) Sir Edwin Arnold is a great newspaper editor, a voluminous writer of prose and verse chiefly on Oriental themes, and something of a scholar. If the many distractions under which he must work are considered, and if, furthermore, allowance is made for his heroic struggle against blindness, we can only be surprised that he has put so much life and beauty into his latest epic —latest, we say, for, like Southey, Sir Edwin "writes an epic every year." The theme of Ithobal is the marvelous story of discoveries made by a Tyrian captain in a voyage around Africa for one of the ancient Pharaohs. There are good passages here and there, the rhythm of the blank verse is swift and not unpleasing, but as a whole the poem cannot be called a success. Not many readers will follow the Tyrian sailor to the end. Ithobal buys a slave woman at a great price and is inspired by her to go on the long journey. The following lines are a fair specimen of the poem at its best:

> "Then she murmured forth,—
> Like a dove cooing never-ending notes
> Of something sweet and secret in her woods
> Unfolding leaf by leaf,—stories of skies
> Whereunder she was born, with stars and peaks
> Not known to ours; of mighty streams that sprang
> From mountain bosoms lifting changeless snows
> Into the central blue, which, leaping down
> By monstrous cataract and reeded reach,
> Full of strange creatures that did swim and fly,
> And banked by woodlands flowery, wild, and still,
> Poured over thirsty sands green wealth of crops,
> Feeding much people."

MISSION PROBLEMS AND MISSION METHODS IN SOUTH CHINA. *By J. Campbell Gibson, D.D.* (New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.) These lectures have a more than usual claim on the attention of readers. They were delivered by appointment of the General Assembly of the Scotch Free Church in their colleges at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, London, and in Manitoba. The author writes with blunt Scotch honesty and on the basis of a long experience in South China and a thorough acquaintance with the country, the people, and the work among them. He launches out at once into a sketch of the

Chinese situation on its political and social sides and with reference to official corruption and the alienation of the people from the Government. This done and done with excellent brevity and vigor, he turns to the exposition of the mission work as it is carried on in China, beginning with some concrete examples of the first steps in the planting of a mission by evangelistic preaching. The author has at his command a great mass of illustrative material, and makes free use of comparative tables and diagrams which present the history of many years and of widely separated fields in a glance. His style is natural and easy and he speaks always to the point.

A DICTIONARY OF ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING. *By Russell Sturgis and many others.* Vol. II, F to N. (New York: The Macmillan Co. $6.00 a volume.) We have already spoken our commendation of this admirable and, to students of art, almost indispensable undertaking. The second volume, which is now published, contains a number of specially interesting articles—*e. g.*, France, Gothic, Grecian, Iron Construction, India, Italy, Mural Painting, etc. It is the avowed purpose of the editor to render the work as useful as possible to modern students and builders, and this will account for the manner in which the space is proportioned to various topics. Italy, for example, is treated at great length, while Greece and India are somewhat scanted. We cannot, however, understand why the article devoted to Indian architecture should not have been given a single illustration. For historical and esthetic reasons alike the omission seems unfortunate.

THE HIGHEST LIFE: A STORY OF SHORTCOMINGS AND A GOAL. *By E. H. Johnson.* (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.25.) A more delightfully uncontroversial controversial book than this has not often been written. Dr. Johnson's object is to point out to a generation which has been confused and perplexed by the various phases of the doctrine of the "Higher Christian Life" the simple elements of the life which is highest of all. His plan commits him to a critical examination of the successive opinions on the subject, which began with the Wesleyan doctrine of perfectionism, and led on, through what was once known as the Oberlin doctrine of sinless perfection, or Christian perfection, to the more recent agitation on the subject of the Higher Life. The same question still lives in the Plymouth Brethren movement and in the very different and far less objectionable Keswick movement, at the head of which in this country stands the Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson. Of this movement Dr. Johnson writes in the most friendly and appreciative spirit, but he brings forward points which no Christian can afford to overlook and which form a natural introduction to the calm and peaceful attempt which follows to remove the whole subject from the ground of controversy by putting it on ground that is the highest of all and which has this to commend it, that the higher it rises the more vitally it enters into the human relations and interests of the subject. Nothing stronger or more sensible has yet come out on the subject.

MARNA'S MUTINY. *By Mrs. Hugh Frazer.* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.) An absurd story told in the romantic style so dear to young lady readers, in which the heroine commits herself vaingloriously to improper situations and perilous adventures, and is finally rescued by her English lover from a dungeon under some rainbow hill in Japan. There is a fat Scandinavian duchess who plays the part of pious godmother in the story, and a charming Irish rascal, who was evidently born upon the shipwreck of truth, but shows genius and humor in the elaboration of lies.

Literary Notes

THE Denver *Republican* avows that "New York is writhing under the keen thrusts" of Dr. Girdner's satire "Newyorkitis."

....The Century Company are publishing a novel, "Tom Beauling," by Mr. Gouverneur Morris. The author is the great-grandson of him of Revolutionary fame, yet the novel is not historical.

....Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. have sent us an advance copy of their new magazine, *Country Life in America*, the first number of which is to be issued next month. It

contains a beautifully illustrated paper on Ellerslie, the country place of Levi P. Morton, and an interesting article by J. P. Mowbray. It promises to supply a real want, altho the leading editorial is sadly lacking in literary quality.

....The London *Academy* takes Mr. J. M. Mowbray's "A Journey to Nature" as text for a little preachment on the hollowness and mendacity of the Glittering Style. It says, "A Wall Street stockbroker, we suggest, would not write like this (nor should Mr. Mowbray)," and then quotes a glittering paragraph from the book. It is an oblique but effective argument to prove that the constant striving after smart language leads a man into insincerity. Very likely this is true, but unfortunately for the *Academy* in the present case, Mr. Mowbray actually was a Wall Street broker. Our London friend has been reduced into error by too evidently striving after Glittering Logic.

....We quote the concluding paragraph of Mr. Henry Austin Clapp's "Reminiscences of a Dramatic Critic" in the *Atlantic:* "After all, there is a fine fitness in that closeness of association between Edwin Booth and Hamlet the Dane, which is to abide as long as the man and his art and his life are remembered. In his largeness and sweetness, his rare delicacy and sensibility, he was nobly human to the core, after the pattern of the most human of all the creations of the poet. Like the melancholy Prince, he was required to drink the bitter water of affliction, and to hold his peace when his heart was almost breaking; and, in its extraordinary depth and reserve, his soul, even as Hamlet's and as Milton's,

"'Was like a star and dwelt apart.'"

....Mr. Bertram Dobell publishes in the *Athenæum* a series of poems by Sir Thomas Heneage, of the Elizabethan age, which he has found in an old manuscript volume. The song, "Farewell, False Love," hitherto counted anonymous, is given in Mr. Dobell's MS. as a reply to one of these poems and is ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh. We reprint the lines from the *Athenæum:*

"Farewell falce Love, thou oracle of lies,
a mortall foe and enemy to rest,
an envious boye from whome all cares arise,
a bastard vile, a beast with rage possest,
a way of error, a temple full of treason,
in all effectes contrary unto reason.

"A poysened serpent, covered all with flowers,
mother of sighes and murderer of repose,
a sea of sorrowe from whence are drawen such showers
as moysture lendes to every griefe that growes,
a schoole of gyle, a nest of deep deceit,
a gylded hook that holdes a poysened bait.

"A fortress foiled whome reason did defend,
a Cyren's songe, a feaver of the mynde,
a maze wherein affection findes no end,
a raging clowde that ronnes before the winde.
a substaunce lyke the shadow of the sunne,
a goale of griefe for which the wysest ronne."

Pebbles

"WHY does Sir Thomas take his tea from a saucer?" "Because he can't lift the Cup."—*Tribune.*

....He ees," said the French traveler, "what you call 'ze Roundsman.' He say he have been long on ze beat. I ask him, 'What you go around?' He say ze skevaire. Oh, zees language!"—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

She was beloved by Cholly's man,
This maid, whose name was Sally.
"My flower," he called her, "pure and white:
A regular lily." She was quite
The lily of the valet.

—*Philadelphia Press.*

....In returning the proof of a poem one of our contributors asked that the word "*wo*" might be spelt *woe,* as carrying more weight. The editor replied that the established custom of THE INDEPENDENT must be followed, and that we do not wish to increase the *wo* of the world. Our poet replied: "While I would not increase the *woe* of the world, I should like to add to its *ees.*"

...."I will not pay one cent for my advertising this week!" he announced, with a high color in his cheeks, to the editor of the county paper. "You told me you'd put the notice of my shoe-polish in with the reading matter." "And didn't I do it?" inquired the editor, suavely. "No, sir!" roared the advertiser. "No sir, you did not! You put it in the column with a mess of poetry, sir, that's where you put it!"—*Youth's Companion.*

....Don't—don't you think it's a good goose, Hester?" timidly inquired the butcher's boy, who stood in great awe of the big cook. "W'at you mean by 'good goose,' boy?" sternly demanded the irate Hester, as she shook the offending fowl at him. "May hab been a good goose in her day, fo' all I knows, but w'at you got to do now is to kyarry de po' ole t'ing back to de butcher, and say to him dat he's made a mistake. It's de *granddaughter* ob dis goose dat my fam'ly wants!" —*Youth's Companion.*

WABBERJOCKY.

The Huck-a-puck is a winding snoose
Its bing-go-ree is fair.
I saw one once a-climbing a tree,
I liked to see it there.

There were three lobes on its plaithing toe,
A hair-lip on each not.
Out reached its thumb at a poor, lone lumb
And gave it an awful swat!

The poor, lone lumb fell off the tree
With a groan, a grunt and a wail.
The Huck-puck said, "It's just my luck."
For his bing-go-ree was pale.

Then the Huck-puck clumb onto his thumb
And splithed a gorgeous roar.
Sploared I around, heard I no sound,
The bing-ree was no more.

—*Yale Record.*

EDITORIALS

The Harvest

THERE is an indescribable softening of the year as it gets to the harvesting. There is a slowing up of the pulse, and a warming of color that creeps over the landscape. Leaves drop quietly and carpet the hard roads. A boyish wish comes back upon you to roll a pile of brown crisp leaves into a sunny nook, and lie down in the heap as animals do. The heat is never intense, but wraps you up warmingly to nature's heart. Above all, you are conscious of a universal sweetness—it is of beech leaves perhaps, or of maples and of lindens, and corn and aftermath. Butternuts begin to anticipate frost, and fall for the boys, and the chestnut burrs gape open. The child-loved beech nuts rattle like soft hail on the leaves, after a frosty night. Birds call each other through the tall trees, and have trysting places, where the clans gather to start for the far off South. Those who have nested nearest our houses are not glad; but they come near our windows and sing low, soft melodies all day. It is a sad good-by; for, who knows? there are cats; and worse, there are men with guns; and we may not meet again in all the world. As for us—alas, the archer with a sharp arrow is somewhere around the corner. Farewell, sweet thrush! Let us hope for the best; for our lives are very much made up together in this world.

Wagon wheels in the distance now sound nearer. There is a neighborliness in all the world. Have you noticed that strangers whom you meet smile at this time of the year, like friends? Tramps touch their hats. How curious it is of a morning to look down the valley and see for the first time a great golden tree, or a scarlet sumac grove. It was not there last night. So sudden do the blessings of autumn come out, until the whole lanscape is made of gold and crimson, printed on green. It is the Golden Rule of the year, repeating each harvest time, Do to others as God has done to you. Share together, for God has sent his sun to shine on both the evil and the good. Nettles are beautiful to-day, and the deadly ivy climbs the dead trunks to cover them with crimson. There is no evil disposition left in the world. Our hearts are like Indian summer.

An apple orchard in autumn is the beatification of summer. It is the most suggestive place in the world—like a huge library full of thoughts, with illuminated margins. Here is the beautiful and the good in combination, the birth place of poetry, the artist's studio. Thanksgiving was born, as an annual festival, under the apple trees. There is nothing so brutish as a coarse biped, let loose among the Spitzenberg trees, to tumble this glorious fruit into careless piles, and bruise it under his feet. Every color swings from the boughs. Pound Sweets are gold, Baldwins are crimson, and Pippins are green, while the Northern Spy takes all colors in one,—for it is the king of the orchard. Nature made the apple round, and just big enough to fit into human hands. The skin is a marvelous invention safely to hold such exquisite flavors. The texture gratifies the palate, satisfies the appetite, and to the whole system gives health. It is the one only food in the world that a boy can eat all that he will and be none the worse for it.

"I do not like work," says Old Humphery; "but there are things to do that are not work, and one of these I count to be husking corn. Let it be in the open field and on a dry day, when the husks rattle and the ears are as yellow as the sunshine. Then one may keep time with the ripple of the brook or the dropping of the pears, while he tosses into great baskets the harvests of God's love. I will sit upon a pumpkin." We may imagine the rural philosopher sitting on his pumpkin, and cheating work of its toil, as he simply lets himself fall into rime and rhythm with the rest of the world. At this season of the year we are no longer cultivating crops with anxious hope; we are gathering them with satisfied certainty.

This business of putting away a storage for cold days is a common instinct

among all creatures, wild or domesticated. In a hollow of the huge apple tree, one hundred years old—the hole itself over seventy years—a squirrel has two handfuls of beech nuts—two pouches full he would say. The bees have gone all to foresight. They do nothing, from first to last of the year but harvest the world for the future. Their hives are always being packed with stored food—part of it, indeed, to replace what we have stolen. It was well that nature provided them with stings, for else they would have a poor showing in the world. It is bad to know more than our neighbors know—if they be stronger than we. The bees are still abroad in October, and they still go home every hour loaded. Every moment of their short lives is devoted to this one effort, to gather and to hoard—hence their lives are short. Was a bee ever known to play, or to sing, or to rest so long as he could work? They are the misers of the world; for in human economy play and recreation are as much a duty as toil, and enter as much into the making of a good life.

Birds alone have no need of storage. They can go to fresh fields each season. Birds of passage must have a delightful experience every autumn. They look down on such a varied picture; abundance everywhere and free for them to dine, from the corn fields of Canada to the rice fields of Louisiana. It is better than this for them, for they see an almost infinite variety of fruit—the mountain ash and the high bush cranberry call them down with hearty welcome. Every morning they can drop down to breakfast on a gentleman's lawn, or to elderberries on the hills, or to wild haws along the forest edge. Birds do not need poisoned darts, like the bees; they can better protect themselves with song—unless our pride or our passions destroy even the most beautiful and charming. The robin is a member of our human family, and he knows it.

Let us walk among the grape vines and under the pear trees. Let us enjoy the crimson of autumn, and the soft winds that come up out of the south to play in the garden. Let us go where the corn stalks rustle and where the leaves make eddies by the fences and hedge rows. Let us grow into harmony with nature, and calm ourselves into the peace that rests upon the whole world.

"One harvest from thy field,
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thy acres yield
Which I gather in a song."

The New York Mayoralty

THE issue is joined in New York, and never could we ask a clearer issue, or a sharper division of the combatants. No question of nice and doubtful political economy divides the two sides; it is the elemental conflict of honesty with corruption. It is not one party against another; it is good people against bad people. Tammany is not a party, it is a conspiracy; and against it Republicans and Democrats and Socialists are banded. The only platform of the coalition against Tammany, which has no common name, is honesty.

Mr. Low's letter of acceptance is addressed to nine different organizations that have nominated him, Republicans, Democrats, Citizens' Union, Germans, Austrian, Hungarian and independent associations. Against them is just one organization; not a political party, but a most extraordinary society of men called Tammany, designed and managed for the one purpose of making profit out of the control of the government of the city, by absorbing its taxes, and bleeding its citizens. Its villainies are directed by a shrewd, coarse tyrant named Croker, who has taken upon himself the task of selecting and electing all its officers and managing all its affairs, controlling its courts and directing its police after his own foul will, in the interest of his own pocket. This ignorant despot of New York, to whom the city has long submitted itself, is an Irishman, held on his throne by Irishmen; and yet, ruling this American city, he spends nine months out of the twelve in England, where he lives the life of a fine country gentleman, with his kennel and his racing stable, in the very land which his supporters detest. It is a most extraordinary condition of things under which we of New York are ruled by a man who insults his supporters and fleeces them wherever he can. He is maintained in power by the votes of the vice whose profits he divides, and of the race whose dearest sen-

timents he outrages. New York is ruled by a landlord absentee three-quarters of the year in Wantage, Berks, England.

How like the Roman augurs Croker and Shepard must smile when they meet! Only four years ago Mr. Shepard was denouncing Tammany and its present chief in every emphasis of utterance he could command. His own true words will return to plague him. It is amazing that he should be picked out by Croker for nomination as Mayor. The Tammany Boss must be a very forgiving man, unless in despair, as Mr. Hewitt suggests, he is bound in his fall to destroy all his political enemies with him.

For we will not willingly allow the possibility of defeat. Four years ago Mr. Low was the candidate of the Citizens' Union, but not of the Republican Party nor of one of these many-named organizations. Ex-Secretary Tracy was against him, with all the straight Republicans governed by Mr. Platt. They learned a bitter lesson then; to-day they are in hearty accord with the Citizens' Union, under the same candidate who four years ago polled more votes than Mr. Tracy.

Mr. Low's letter of acceptance marks him a statesman. He finds the main issue of this campaign to be the wresting of the city from those who permit one man to dominate the organization of his party in the interest "of his own pocket all the time." These are his own words, not to be forgotten, uttered under oath before the Mazet Committee. He has made his purpose effective. Out of politics and what there was in it he has got all the wealth he spends in England, and so have a multitude of his followers got theirs.

Mr. Low's statement of his policy as Mayor of New York is an admirable one. He begins with schools. He wants the city's children to have good schools, and enough of them to give every child of school age a full day's schooling every school day of the year. It is not so now; thousands of children have to double up and get but half a day's schooling. He wants small parks, decent tenements for the poor, just dealing with those in city employ, retention of city franchises, progress in municipal ownership, and so city control of water works, honest direction of the Fire and Police departments and non-partisan civil service. Above all he promises his best effort to secure honest administration and to suppress corruption.

Such corruption exists, thoroughly organized under the systematic patronage of Tammany Hall. It is rampant in the Police Department; it protects the vice it should destroy. The exposing of this partnership with filthy vice has been made complete within the past year; everybody knows it to be a fact. The issue is plain; it is between those who want the city governed honestly for the benefit of its citizens and those who are banded together to govern the city for the benefit of their own dirty pockets. We shall find out which side is in the majority. The issue would not be doubtful if such a multitude of those most deeply interested did not have their homes outside of the city limits.

But eight years ago Tammany was beaten at the polls. Mayor Strong was elected, a man who had had no such experience in municipal affairs as Mr. Low had while Mayor of Brooklyn for two terms; but his administration brought us improved conditions in streets and in police management which gave Tammany a lesson and a fright. But for the division of Tammany's enemies we should not have gone back to Tammany's mire. There is good reason now to expect victory, and to hope that the citizens of New York will have entered on a permanent stage of administration of municipal affairs which shall long put honesty to the fore, and make New York the most honorable, as it is the greatest, city on the continent.

University Administration

The resignation of Mr. Low from the presidency of Columbia University is the heavy price that must be paid for the redemption of New York City from the criminal rule of Tammany. Mr. Low has insisted—and, we must regretfully admit, wisely insisted—upon throwing his entire strength into this momentous campaign. But the pity of it is that one of the greatest institutions of learning in this or in any land is deprived of the sane mind and firmly guiding hand which

have conducted its administration during the years of transition from an inconspicuous college into the greatest institution for post graduate study in this country; a university second only to Paris and to Berlin.

The development of Columbia during Mr. Low's administration has been, however, only one chapter in a marvelous growth of university activity in America since the Civil War. Without exaggeration those who are fully acquainted with the facts may say that America's present supremacy in commerce and in influence as a world power is not more remarkable than the leadership which American universities are rapidly taking in the world of science. Already the day has gone by when the American college graduate can unhesitatingly cross over to Germany in the assurance that he will there find the highest opportunities in his chosen field of research. The presumption now is that a doctor's degree from an American university will have for him a higher scientific, as well as a higher commercial value, than a degree from Germany; and only for exceptional reasons, good in his individual case alone, will he choose the German residence. America, in short, has become not only a land of great mills, great railroads and great financial undertakings, but also of great universities.

This rapid development has not been achieved without raising some difficult problems in educational policy, that may prove vexing for many years to come. Rapid achievement is always in some respects unsound and superficial achievement. Makeshift devices have to be accepted for the time being, until more substantial means can be put in operation. Especially is this true of administrative methods and agencies, which, under the pressure of haste, tend to become arbitrary and mechanical. Perhaps the most unsatisfactory feature of the American university organization at the present time is a certain non-academic and mechanical tendency observable in its administrative organization. With few exceptions American universities have grown out of colleges, and the college presidency, as an administrative device, has been carried over into the university. Nowhere, possibly, is one man power more unquestioningly accepted than in boards of trustees of American colleges and universities.

There are good reasons for concentrating the administrative power of a college in the hands of a president. The college is primarily an institution for teaching and training. College boys are immature, and still need discipline, no less than intellectual encouragement. It is quite as necessary to have a president over a college as to have a head master over a preparatory school.

With the growth of colleges into universities, however, we have in a measure begun to comprehend the great functional difference between college and university work. The duty of the university is not primarily to teach. It is not primarily to discipline a lot of more or less roistering good fellows. The supreme duty of the university is to advance human knowledge, to push further into the unknown the demonstrations of science. It is work which the average well-educated man, intelligent as he is, rarely understands or feels much sympathy with. He can be made to appreciate its importance only as he is shown that the research work of science alone has made possible the enormous practical achievements of modern industry and politics.

Now for the encouragement of scholarship, scientific research, and the training of young men who expect to devote their lives to such pursuits, a university administration directed by a president may or may not be a fostering condition. The question cannot be promptly answered like the question of preparatory school or college organization. Very serious thought should be given to this phase of the further development of intellectual life in America. The great German universities, as all familiar with university history know, are practically self-governing faculties, whose administrative head is a rector, annually chosen from the professorial body. Such faculties have devoted themselves to scholarship, to science, to the training of students for genuine research, with a freedom from external pressure quite unknown in this our own boasted land of the free, and with intellectual results which all the world admires.

American conditions, however, are not German conditions, and a radical difference between the American and the German university lies in the fact that the American university, instead of having an assured financial basis which leaves the faculty free to develop the educational policy according to its own wisdom, is obliged to participate in the vulgar scramble and hustle for money. This condition, we anticipate, will compel the American university still to maintain the presidential office, and to keep in it an administrator whose qualifications are primarily those of the successful business man. Columbia University has been exceptionally fortunate in having at its head a man of great practical sagacity and administrative force, who, at the same time, has throughout life cherished wide academic sympathies and a profound faith in the value of scientific research, of pure scholarship, and of knowledge as a priceless possession. Those who are qualified to express an opinion assure us that his administration of Columbia University has from first to last been marked by a splendid faith in the faculties making up the intellectual force of that great institution, and that the freedom from interference in matters pertaining to research and to department work has been as nearly absolute as human freedom can ever be in an imperfect world. In this policy, we do not doubt, has lain the secret of the superb achievements of Columbia University under Mr. Low's administration.

But men like Seth Low are not to be picked up everywhere and at every moment. Whether the American university can go on to still higher achievements without dividing the duties with which the university president is now charged is a question that we expect will engage much earnest discussion. A head of the university, administering its finances and representing it in a dignified way before the public, there must be. But, in all probability, the educational policy will necessarily be left more and more to the wisdom of the faculties, and to the administrative direction, from year to year, of some officer chosen by the professorial body, and essentially resembling the German university rector.

"Wasted" Money

President Alderman, of Tulane University, New Orleans, makes, in this issue, an appeal, with which we heartily sympathize, to Northern beneficence to aid Southern white education. He seems to complain that while so much had been done for negroes, white people have been overlooked. This is by no means true. The same missionary societies of all our leading denominations that have given generously to colored schools have also given freely to white schools in the mountain regions. The great Peabody Fund has been given chiefly to white education; and we do not forget that of the three chief white universities in the South, the University of Virginia, Vanderbilt and Tulane, one bears the name of its Northern founder.

But it is hardly gracious in President Alderman to becloud his appeal for aid to one race with a complaint at the aid given to another. He said, in *The Outlook* lately:

> "It might as well be confessed that much of the $25,000,000 spent on them by Northern philanthropy has been literally wasted, and much of the $100,000,000 spent on them by Southern taxation has been likewise wasted, but this waste is almost as much the fault of those who spent it as it is of the negroes who received it. The attempt to put the negro in possession of the traditional culture of the Anglo-Saxon race was an absurd piece of American haste. . . .
>
> "The negro must be educated. Ignorance is no remedy for anything. Any other theory is monstrous. . . . It is wise and just to help the black man to character and usefulness; but I cannot reiterate too strongly my belief that the white man is and ought to be and will be the controlling force, and that he will act toward the negro in the light of his training."

And he says in this issue of The Independent:

> "The education of one untaught white man to the point where it is clear to him that knowledge and not prejudice must guide his conduct, and that for the honor of his name and country and his posterity he must deal with these people in justice and kindness, is worth more to the black man than the education of any ten men of his own race. I believe that any Southern university is doing more to lift up the colored race through the broad-minded men it is training and sending into life than nine-tenths of the schools for higher education of the negro."

This is doubtless true, on the theory of humanity which Dr. Alderman be-

lieves. So the education of one white man is better than the education of a hundred dogs, better also for dogs. So long as negroes and dogs are made underlings in nature and position this will be true. But must negroes always be underlings, under the white man's "controlling force?" Has Nature uttered that word to negroes as she has to dogs? We have not heard it.

We utterly deny President Alderman's statement that much of the $25,000,000 spent on the negro by Northern philanthropy has been "literally wasted," and we do not believe it is true of the $100,000,000 spent for negro public schools. When we speak of Northern beneficence we know what we are talking about. We have watched the expenditure much more carefully than President Alderman has done. We know how carefully the work has been scrutinized by givers. No railroad trustees or superintendents are more anxiously careful than are those who control or represent our benevolent societies working for white and negro education. Schools are frequently visited, their courses of study are directed, their teachers are carefully chosen, their expenditures are economically where not parsimoniously controlled, the negro pupils are compelled to pay or work their own way, the normal schools and the institutions growing into college rank are generally well managed, and out of them have come the thousands of teachers in the public schools. We would challenge President Alderman to say that much money has been wasted in the Northern Methodist, Baptist or Congregational school for the normal and higher education of the negroes of his own New Orleans—a city where the public schools for negroes stop with the fifth grade, one year beyond primary classes, and where not much of the public money can be wasted in that way. We know that extensive industrial education at Hampton and Tuskegee is much more expensive, but who can dare to say that it is "wasted" on their pupils? If so, why is Dr. Curry spending the income of Mr. Slater's million gift every year solely on such industrial education? We simply deny the truth of Dr. Alderman's statement, deny it from official knowledge.

But it is his theory of human races and of the necessary and inherent and eternal subordination of other races to the white that explains President Alderman's erroneous generalization. It is so because it must be so. It is the doctrine of Professor Starr, of Chicago University. His department is anthropology, and he ought to know. We have greatly admired his diligence in gathering for the Field Museum the relics of the earlier races of America. He takes a delight in their traits and manners and rude culture or savagery, and would have our savages remain such, as continuously accessible living museum specimens of ethnology. We can overlook his unwisdom in his laudatory preface to a foolish book on "Atoms and Energies," for which he has just been so severely scored in *Science,* for the subject does not come in the line of his special studies; but when he tells us that "the Chinese and Indian are alike in that only the weak-minded and characterless are ever converted to Christianity," he simply speaks ignorantly. He has not studied the subject anthropologically. When he says that "the system of education is a failure," that "do what you will, an Indian can never be anything but an Indian while he lives," and that "the Indian lives truer to his ideals and to his nature than we do; therefore let us keep him at home," he speaks unintelligently and unsympathetically and unscientifically. We have seen and know to the contrary. Keep the ignorant Indian to his ideals! Then keep the ignorant white man, in the North Carolina mountains, to his ideals of vendettas and mountain dew. If the ideal is low, anything lower than the highest, true Christianity and sympathetic anthropology will say, "Raise it!" Thus stars rose above the horizon, and thus later luminaries will rise.

Theological Discussion in Germany

For more than a twelvemonth theological and Church problems have been in the forefront of public interest in Germany, called forth particularly by Haeckel's "Riddle of the World" and Harnack's "Essence of Christianity." Of the former work more than ten thousand copies have been sold of the original and

several translations have appeared; and of Harnack the fifth edition, with a new introduction by the author, in which he for the first time replies to the deluge of criticisms which his work has called forth, has appeared, making a total of twenty-five thousand copies. It is claimed, and no doubt correctly, that no work in the department of scientific theology has ever been sold in such enormous editions; only such exceptionally popular ascetic works as Arndt's "Wahres Christentum" and a few collections of sermons, such as Hofacker's, have equaled this record-breaking success in the history of German theological literature.

The controversy called forth by Haeckel has almost ceased. His attacks on Christianity were mostly based on stale and stupid arguments that had long since been discarded even by the outspoken opponents of the Christian Church; and the sledge hammer blows of Professor Loofs, of Halle, were scarcely necessary to demolish the fabric of the Jena zoologist.

In regard to Harnack's work there has been a noteworthy change of front. The opposition has consolidated and the friends have evidently begun to lose heart. As was the case in the controversy concerning the Apostolic Creed some six years ago, which Harnack also aroused by his declaration that certain portions of this creed, especially those declaring that Christ was born of a virgin, no longer expressed the faith of the Church, this controversy, too, has called forth from all the nooks and corners of the land of Luther decided protests against the picture which the skillful theological artist of Berlin has drawn of original and primitive Christianity. The conviction has grown apparently throughout Germany that Harnack's "Essence of Christianity" really eradicates from Christianity what is its real essence, especially the proposition that in the Christianity as proclaimed by Christ only the Father but not the Son has any place. Synods, conferences, church periodicals and other mediums through which the sentiments of the Church at large can find expression are protesting loud and long against what they conceive to be the "Christless" Christianity of Harnack, while the friends of the Berlin savant endeavor to show that these claims are based upon a misconception of the work under discussion. However, the introduction to the new edition shows that Harnack himself fully appreciates the cardinal difference between his own conception of what Christianity originally was and the ideas that have traditionally held supremacy in the Church on this subject for centuries. This chasm between the reconstruction on critical grounds of the essentials of genuine Christianity and the current Protestant views is accepted as a fact.

In the meanwhile a new school of liberal theological thought, that is not satisfied with the compromising position of the more or less orthodox views of the old Ritschl school, of which Kaftan, Harnack and a few others are the leading exponents, has been making its influence felt. Its leader is a new, brilliant young docent, Professor Dr. E. Tröetsch, of the University of Heidelberg, only thirty-five years of age. He is the chief representative of the school of Younger Ritschlians, who see in the new science of "*Religionswissenschaft*" (Science of Religion) the panacea for all the theological ills of the age. This school no longer recognizes the unique character of Christianity, but after the manner of Kuenen sees in Christianity indeed one of the greatest, or indeed the greatest of the religions of the world; nothing less, but also nothing more. The absoluteness or *sui generis* claim of Christianity is accordingly discarded, at least in fact if not in theory.

One of the fruits of this scheme has been the proposition to abolish the theological faculties at the universities as distinctively *Christian* faculties, and to make them merely "religious" faculties, in which the merits and the demerits of all the leading religions could be scientifically discussed and measured. So pronounced has this thought become that Professor Harnack, who now happens to be the Rector of the University of Berlin, in an address which he recently delivered in his official capacity, discussed the question whether it would be wise to change the theological faculties into religious faculties. He took a decided stand against the proposed innovation, and his address, which has been published, is one of the signs of the times.

The real father of this movement, however, is not even Tröetsch, but rather that brilliant but erratic genius, that Ishmael among the theologians and philologians of his day, Professor de Lagarde, of Göttingen, who as far back as 1859 advocated this change. These antagonisms are also beginning to divide the theological faculties of Germany and awakening bitter controversies between theological professors. Holtzmann particularly has been very free with his personal attacks on representatives of conservative theology, directing his attacks chiefly against Zahn, of Erlangen; while the protagonists of the latter school have not been sparing in their denunciations of the more radical theologians. In the meanwhile there can be no doubt that positive Christianity is gaining by these controversies. This element has a stronger representation in the theological faculties than has been the case for years, and in these controversies is the aggressive party, lacking not the courage of its convictions, while the liberals are on the defensive. Their discussions are keen and the interest in their ups and downs very general.

"The Extreme of the Law"

Twice in his letter of acceptance Mr. Low quotes the old adage, "The extreme of the law is the extreme of injustice." It is a true adage. Its spirit was invoked by Portia in her argument with Shylock. Even the Church, with its highest ideals, has to remember it in its dealings with converts coming out of Paganism. We have known the president of a Young Men's Christian Association in a Sioux village to be a polygamist. The principle restrains us in our dealing with polygamy and slavery in the Sooloo Islands. Mr. Low applies this principle to two matters of city interest. One is the tenements under improved laws. Light and air, he tells us, are the gifts of God, and the folly and greed of man should not be permitted to rob one child of enough of these. But this wrong has been growing up for fifty years, and its mistakes cannot all be remedied in a year, or a decade of years. New and good laws have to be administered with justice and discretion. The other matter is the excise question—and to this he calls the attention of the Legislature, owing to the evasion of the present law by the establishment of "Raines law hotels," with all their vice; they are saloons with little bedrooms attached. The Sunday closing law needs amendment. It is the simple truth that it would be vastly better for the people if there were no saloons with their temptations. But it is impossible, as yet, to make the multitude of people believe it. They want, and will have, whisky, or at least beer. They want it every day, and they think it a necessity, bread and beer. If it is right that rich people in a hotel should be able to order wine with their meals, it is right that a poor man should be able to get his beer. We would have neither; but the two go on all fours. We must have quiet and rest on Sunday, but the laws must be such as can be executed, and where they cannot be executed the law must not be made, as at present, a club with which to extort tribute for the police. In this matter it may well be true: "*Summum jus, summa injuria.*"

A Public School Boy

We have been called to account by more than one Catholic journal for our comments on the Catholic school system as developed in Philadelphia, and told that the presence of so many private schools in that city is proof that the well-to-do people, even Protestants, do not patronize the public schools. We have no objection to private schools; they often perform a service, for backward children or bright children, which the public schools do not yet perform. And there will always be people who do not want their children to go to common schools and associate with common folks. President Roosevelt is not that kind of a man. When he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy he sent his children to the public schools of Washington. Now he is President of the United States, and he sends his boy, not ten years old, to a public school, where he stands up and recites with the children of men in the commonest walks of service and life. That boy will finally get all the education that money can provide in our best university, but meanwhile he will be thrown with the common folks, taught that he is one of them, no better

than they are, deserving no softer training. For that boy the public school is probably as good as any private school, and in its democracy it is better. It occurs to us to observe how different is the sentiment in this country from what it is abroad. The Emperor William can send his boy, as he grows up, to about the smallest of the German universities, but all his young boyhood must be held under close watch of private tutors. We published lately the really pathetic story of the education of the present King of Italy; how different, how much better, the free, happy training of the little Roosevelt boy, trudging to the public school, and learning the fellowship of the butcher's and the hostler's boy at recess, and fighting his own way, and learning at home, from his father and mother, the lessons of manliness, virtue and religion.

Criticisms of the New Party

Mr. Bryan does not like the agglomerate of good and bad principles which the new party recently organized in Kansas City has put forth, principally because it omits all mention of the chief of all questions, militarism, imperialism and trusts. But there is no question of militarism before the country, nor of imperialism. Nobody defends either. Our army is very small, and is being reduced. Nobody wants war. Nor is there any difference to amount to anything about imperialism. Nobody complains that we have Porto Rico, and nobody wants Cuba unless Cuba should ask to come to us. The Philippines are ours, and it cannot be helped. Everybody is pleased with the way we are trying to give them self-government, perhaps faster than the people know what to do with it. The question of imperialism, if there ever was one, is forgotten in the pressing task of establishing schools and courts and free government. If anybody has any suggestions for better conditions there, let him make them; the administration will be glad. It is of absolutely no use to try to make a party cry of imperialism any more. It has gone to Lethe with sixteen-to-one, and it is not strange that the new party never thought of it. And trusts? We wait for practical working suggestions that will differentiate parties.

Religion in Cleveland Schools

The Cleveland, O., Public School Council has voted to add the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Twenty-third Psalm to the course of study now taught. That seems innocent enough; but is it? It is absurd to say that they are to be taught as literature; it is as religion. In what form will they be taught? Of course, they will be repeated, committed to memory; will it be in the words of the Protestant version or of the Catholic version? Protestants make the Hebrew and Greek their standard and translate from them; the Catholics make the Latin their standard and translate from that. These sources differ more or less, and the translations differ. If one is taken, say the King James version, then the Catholic Douay version is discredited and condemned. There are the Ten Commandments. The Catholic version numbers them differently from the Protestant: shall the Cleveland children be introduced to that difference, or shall the Catholic children be taught that the Protestant division is right? There are thousands of Jews in Cleveland and hundreds of Jewish children. The Lord's Prayer is to be repeated. Who is this "Lord" whose Prayer they learn? It is Jesus Christ, whom Jews do not accept as Lord, and to make them repeat it as the Lord's Prayer is a religious wrong to them. It is impossible to teach religion in the public schools without violating a principle that ought to be held fundamental to our American institutions, and the Church ought to be ashamed of itself when it asks the State to relieve it of any of its duty of religious instruction.

Kaffirs and Colored Persons

We are interested in the result of the South African war solely for its bearing on liberty. Our only question is, How shall the greatest increment of liberty be given to the most people, be they English or Dutch, burghers or uitlanders, white or black? We have favored the English side because it seemed beyond question that equal right of liberty for all would be most served by English success. Every one knows that the blacks of South Africa are all on the English side, because, with all their restraint of the blacks, the English grant

them rights denied by the Boers. In the late negotiations with General Botha the one condition required by General Kitcher and Lord Milner to which General Botha took most exception was the ninth and last, which reads:

"It was not the intention of His Majesty's Government to give the franchise to Kaffirs before granting representative government to the colonies, and if then given it would be so limited as to secure the just predominance of the white races. The legal position of colored persons would, however, be similar to that which they hold in Cape Colony."

There is here a distinction between "Kaffirs" and "colored persons" which needs explanation. The Kaffirs are the untrained natives living still in their kraals under their paramount chiefs, who need supervision and control, like our Indians. The "colored persons" who have the franchise are such Kaffirs as have taken land, have become civilized and have accepted the conditions of colonial life. It was because General Kitchener insisted that such colored persons should have the franchise and be protected in their rights of property and family that General Botha and President Kruger refused to accept the terms of peace. They would not agree that natives who satisfy the electoral qualifications should have the vote. We observe that Bishop Coppin, who has been sent by our African Methodist Episcopal Church to South Africa to develop the Ethiopian Church there, expresses in his letters home the sentiment of the natives. He writes:

"The terms offered by His Majesty's Government through Lord Kitchener, extending freedom, justice and opportunity to the native, and the position taken by the Imperial press in the way of indorsement, cannot fail to have the approval of all Christian people. That the matter will be settled right we can but hope and pray."

Experiments and Variation

One of the most interesting presidential addresses at the last meeting of the British Association was that by Prof. J. C. Ewart on "The Experimental Study of Variation," a department of study to which he has given great attention and to which much more is sure to be given. It requires experimental stations, botanical and zoological, and will call for considerable appropriations of public money. Several interesting points in public discussion were elucidated by Professor Ewart. One was the effect of maternal impressions on offspring, such as has been generally believed in since Jacob peeled the wands in Laban's sheep pasture. After breeding hundreds of animals Professor Ewart has seen no case of such impression, unless it were that of a dark pup with a white ring round its neck, which suggested the metal collar worn by its sire. And yet other rings around the legs and tail discredited the idea of such a cause. Nor has the Professor been able to find the least evidence of the transmission of acquired characters, general as the belief is. Yet another common notion Professor Ewart can find no evidence for—namely, that the first breeding of mare or cow from an inferior sire infects the subsequent progeny. He has bred numbers of mules from highly marked zebra sires, and found that their subsequent foals show not the least zebra marking. Similar experiments with other domestic animals and birds show the same results and seem to prove that there is no basis for the notion that such infection takes place. These conclusions are all negative, but yet valuable. More important are the experiments which are now creating new varieties, or even species, of animals and plants, to the enrichment of human life.

President Shaffer's Failure

At the beginning of the great steel strike we asked Mr. Shaffer, president and leader of the Amalgamated Association strikers, to give our readers a statement of the reasons for striking and the prospects of success. Now that the strike has quite collapsed it is rather sad to recall Mr. Shaffer's boasts of what he would do. He said then:

"Without fear I make this statement, that unless this strike is ended speedily I will cause the arrest of every one in the big corporation, from Mr. Morgan down, charging them with violating the laws, which provide that a man shall not be hindered from allying himself with any organization."

He has not done this. He said further:

"I do not want to see a clash; but if worst comes to worst, we will battle and arm. I have several cards to play in this game yet, and when I do make a play, the opposition will feel the weight of my hand. I have found that easy methods with these people do not bring

best results. Like the nettle, they must be grasped tight at first, else they will sting. I have grasped them and the struggle is on."

His grasp was not as large and strong as he thought, and his self-confidence and unwisdom have done an injury to the Amalgamated Association and to organized labor which, we fear, it will take long to repair. What organized labor most needs is some method of securing leaders of an ability and intelligence comparable with what is possessed by the captalists. But, after all, it is through the development of legal processes that the dangers of large and selfish corporations, and equally of combined and selfish labor, are to be conquered and fair justice and fair opportunities secured to all.

Orthodoxy of Puget Sound

Clear across the continent sounds the voice of warning. Boston is rebuked by Puget Sound. A resolution was introduced the other day into the Puget Sound Methodist Episcopal Conference condemning and boycotting the Boston University Theological Seminary and the Garrett Biblical Institute of the Methodist Church, on the charge that they are the exponents of a higher criticism which is in conflict with the teachings of the Bible, and it is now reported that this resolution was, after discussion, adopted. The complaint against the Boston University grew out of the shock to a student or two who were amazed to hear for the first time what nearly everybody knew before, and who could not adjust their old belief to the new facts, and who shook the dust of the university off their shoes and fled to other woods and pastures, and have since been giving themselves to the task of exciting the Church against the school they had forsaken. The trustees took the matter up, and the bishops, and found no occasion for action against the teachers. The case is closed, so far as the Boston University is concerned, and we presume there is no case against the Garrett Biblical Institute. The chief point of interest is as to what Bishop Mallalieu, who presided at the Conference, may have said or done. He might bring himself in collision with his colleagues and the trustees. That there is room in the Methodist Church, as well as in other Churches, for a reasonable and devout higher criticism has been already shown, altho it may not be widely known in the longitude of Puget Sound.

It pleases us to learn that Archbishop Keane's crusade against the saloon in Omaha is doing good. The boys whom he required, at their first communion, to take a pledge not to enter the saloon are keeping their promise, altho their parents now send their younger brothers to rush the growler. But they will soon take their pledge. The saloons are beginning to feel the effects of the crusade and complain. We observe that a Catholic paper of German tendencies in St. Louis, *The Review,* thinks they must have a pretty low kind of saloons in Archbishop Keane's diocese and Archbishop Ireland's, where a God-fearing father cannot safely send his child for a pail of beer. We can hardly say that this is one of the things which they do better in France, where five religious communities sell wine at wholesale, four sell liquors at retail, and seven convents run distilleries. But in Germany the Moravian Community runs breweries.

We know that our readers admired Senator Dolliver's article on President McKinley. They will approve his wise words, in a memorial address at Chicago, guarding against the hasty passion which would repress anarchy by suppressing liberty. He said:

"Remedies, in order to become effective, must not evade the sense of justice which is universal, nor the traditions of civil liberty, which we have inherited from our fathers. The bill of rights written in the English language stands for too many centuries of sacrifice, too many battlefields sanctified by blood, too many hopes of mankind reaching toward the ages to come, to be mutilated in the least in order to meet the case of a handful of miscreants whose names nobody can pronounce."

We are glad to see that Mr. Bryan heartily approves these words. We may say that Senator Doliver stands high in the first ranks of American orators and statesmen. Iowa may be proud of such a representative.

Foreign missions have been very fortunate in securing so many men of great

ability and scholarship as its leaders, but these have nearly all gone as young men to the work. It has often been suggested that men of experience should be called from the pastorates to important mission work, but this has seldom been done. The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in opening its mission in the Philippines, has called to the charge of it a man of unusual experience and ability, Dr. George F. Pentecost, of Yonkers, who has proved his worth, not only by pastorates in Brooklyn and London, but also by much evangelistic work in Great Britain and India. We anticipate a vigorous and wise campaign under his direction.

The capture of a millionaire's son by villains, or of a missionary woman, for ransom, under threat of death, is a terrible thing; but it is one of the risks of life. The slaughter of scores of missionaries and others in China was a terrible thing, but it, too, was one of the risks of the service. Before these lines are read we may know whether Miss Stone is killed by her abductors, but if she dies, it is honorable martyrdom. The monstrous ransom demanded may be paid by living friends, but we honestly doubt the wisdom of it, and we observe that the American Board, which has the safety of a multitude of other men and women in its charge, makes no appeal for such subscriptions.

The frankness with which the late Professor Michie, of West Point, in his life of General McClellan, just published, criticises his friend, is in accord with the best traditions of the army for truth. He recognizes the affection with which General McClellan inspired his men, but he declares that he utterly failed in military decision. Of his generalship in the battle of Antietam, Professor Michie says:

> "It does not seem possible to find any other battle ever fought in which more errors were committed than are clearly attributable to the commander of the Army of the Potomac."

And yet McClellan clung to the delusion that he had "fought the battle splendidly, and that it was a masterpiece of art."

One of the best influences in the Presbyterian Church was that of Dr. Gray, editor of *The Interior,* who died last week. He was educated in all the strictness of Scotch Presbyterianism; but his poetic nature gave him charity and breadth. Common sense implies humor, and Dr. Gray was as full of fun as of sentiment. He delighted in a good, affectionate fight; he hated cant and humbug; he loved all Christians, and he loved to chaff their nonsense. He scandalized half his associates, but those who had any humor were glad to forgive him, for the cheerfulness he added to life and religion, even if, unskilled layman that he was, he did enjoy blaspheming the theologians.

A Baptist minister in Tennessee who wanted to baptize his daughter, and sprinkled her because she was too sick to be immersed, has been expelled from the ministry for thus violating a rule of his Church. If it was the rule he has no right to complain, altho he had the full right to fight the case, for liberty to change the rule, or to prove that it had been already changed in practice, as it should have been. The reformers have the right to work for reform, but this must always be at the risk of expulsion from the ranks. The presumption is with the conservatives, and it must go hard with the reformers until they win a decisive victory.

We hope it is not the plan of the present administration, as has been currently reported, to "eliminate the negro" from the Republican politics of South Carolina and other Southern States. President Roosevelt has not as yet made any announcement to that effect. We would welcome white Republicans, but we would not give a back seat to the men, white and black, who have stood by the party all these years.

The record of the week shows a white man lynched in Montana "for the usual crime;" half a dozen negroes lynched in Texas for failing to come to an agreement on picking cotton, and two negro boys taken from jail and lynched in Kentucky because it was feared the evidence might not be sufficient to insure their conviction for the murder of a white man. This is a civilized country.

That Imaginary War

"It appears bad on the face of it for the organs of the old line companies to wage a war on the fraternal orders, which had really been of great service to thousands of widows and orphans of the country whose husbands or fathers had been in life unable, because of limited finances, to protect them in the policies issued by the regular insurance companies." Thus remarks a Mississippi journal, and the sentence contains several errors. Any organs of life insurance which wage such a war do not reflect the wish of intelligent managers of regular companies. For any war of which the fraternals are the subject is waged, not against them, but by them. It is the same kind of war as is waged between a granite boulder and the man who butts it with his head, and is plainly hopeless. The organization which attempts to make life insurance "cheap" is butting the facts of arithmetic, which are as immovable as the largest boulder in New England. In such a contest it is needless for any regular company to intervene, and needless to feel any concern except that of regret that such attempts are ever made. The whole turns upon furnishing life insurance at an attractively low rate. Its success would make an end of any company which persisted in collecting a higher one, and nothing could prevent this result; on the other hand, no opposition could deny the attempt its fair opportunity. Moreover, while it is true that fraternal and other attempts do furnish insurance at low cost to thousands whose husbands or fathers died early, this is accomplished at the expense of more thousands who receive at last only the bitter return of disappointment.

The men "of limited finances" are the last who should allow themselves to become involved in any such miserable experience, for they can least afford it. A savings bank returns, interest not considered, no more than it receives; a life insurance company deals in only another form of deposits, and on the large scale can return only what it has collected of its members. A cheap insurance company is therefore as much an absurdity as a cheap savings bank. Either institution costs, and either is worse than valueless unless it costs.

State Underwriting

We have not had opportunity to see the argument offered before the Twentieth Century Club of this city in favor of fire insurance by the State, but the man who offered it appears to suffer under a quite prevalent delusion—namely, that as soon as any form of business is undertaken by the Commonwealth it is relieved from the rigid operation of usual natural laws and gets an advantage in conditions over private enterprises. Nobody questions, for instance, that Government should carry the mails, but one of the reasons why is because private capital would not consent to do the work in such unbusinesslike ways—for instance, in making a rate irrespective of distance and in carrying several classes of matter at a heavy loss. These unbusinesslike ways do not, however, condemn Government, because the object sought is not profit for the work but some other important results, so that Government, as agent for the whole people, performs a national service and virtually assesses its losses in the shape of a tax. This serves to illustrate that the Commonwealth does not (as the phrase is) get "a pull" when it undertakes to do business; the reverse is nearer the truth. So when a man argues that the State could transact insurance business economically by cutting off the present expenses he talks wildly; on the contrary, all our experience of public affairs suggests that there would be increased management expense.

Yet, as we have already pointed out, the experiment would be vastly interesting. Valued-policy laws, anti-compact laws, drastic taxation and all the rest of the plaguesome interferences would be viewed in another light when the State as a State undertook to deal with the State underwriter. It would then be perceived that every item of burden and of obstruction laid upon the business must inevitably find its resting place upon the premium rates, and the lessons would be so useful that we are tempted to wish the attempt might be undertaken

The Steel Corporation's Statement

THE officers of the United States Steel Corporation deserve commendation for their publication, last week, of a statement showing the net earnings of the company by months, and the financial results of the company's operations during the first half-year of its existence. This publication accompanied the declaration of the regular quarterly dividends on the preferred and the common stock. The net earnings from operation have been as follows:

April	$7,356,744
May	9,612,349
June	9,394,747
July	9,580,151
August	9,810,880
September (estimated)	9,200,000
Total	$54,954,871

The dividends have called for $27,968,424; six months' interest on the bonds was $7,600,000; and $7,059,705 has been set aside for sinking funds and maintenance. There remained $12,326,742, "applicable," the statement says, "to surplus or new construction, as the Board of Directors may decide at the end of the year." All of the stock has not been issued. The latest dividend payments were made on $508,234,700 of common stock and a little more than $510,000,000 of preferred. There remains to be issued about $81,000,000. As the stock stands to-day, the fixed charges and dividend payments call for $71,136,000 per annum.

It is remarkable that there was no decrease of earnings during the strike, those of August exceeding the amount for any preceding month. This surprising result was due to several causes. The strike enabled the company to make needed repairs without paying wages while work was suspended; the company was able to increase largely the work in its open mills, and thus to make up for a great part of the loss of production in mills that were closed; and in the second quarter there were considerable economies, due to further consolidation and a reduction of the salary list. Of course, the earnings in that quarter would have been larger if there had been no strike. A part of the effect of the strike was deferred, and appears in the decreased earnings of September.

The publication of these figures by the greatest of all industrial corporations or combinations is a long step toward that publicity—concerning the finances and current operations of such companies—which is so much to be desired for the public good. It shows clearly that the Steel Corporation is not to be conducted as a kind of blind pool, but has decided to let its stockholders and the public know quarterly or semi-annually just what its earnings have been. The adoption of this policy, as everybody knows, is a new departure for the combinations commonly called trusts, by the misfortunes of some of which many investors have suffered heavy losses because such information as is given in this statement was persistently withheld from shareholders by little groups of officers exercising control. The great Steel Corporation leads the way in preferring just and honorable publicity. A wide and beneficial influence will surely be exerted by the precedent thus established. Other great industrial corporations will suffer in public estimation if they refuse to take the same course.

Financial Items

EXPORTS of wheat were nearly 6,200,000 bushels in the opening week of October, making 84,848,280 bushels since July 1st, against only 46,165,000 in the corresponding period of last year.

....The Treasury's estimate of money in circulation in the United States on October 1st shows further increase, the total for that date having been $2,227,188,491. This is a gain of $113,893,000 for the year, and an increase of $644,886,000 (or 40 per cent.) over the total in 1896.

....A controlling interest in the National Broadway Bank has been purchased by Charles W. Morse, Vice-President of the New Amsterdam National Bank, and formerly President of the American Ice Company. President Francis A. Palmer retires, and his successor will be Miles M. O'Brien, of the H. B. Claflin Company, who is President of the Board of Education.

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Survey of the World

The Field of Politics

In connection with the appointment of Ex-Governor Thomas Goode Jones, of Alabama, to be United States District Judge, as successor of the late Judge Bruce, the policy of the President concerning appointments in the South appears to have been defined. Judge Jones is a Gold Democrat. In the Alabama Constitutional Convention he opposed the "grandfather" disfranchising clause, and vigorously denounced the lynching of negroes. William Vaughan, District Attorney and chairman of the Republican Executive Committee, was a candidate for the place. "If I cannot find suitable Republicans," the President is reported to have said, "I am going to appoint Democrats, and to make such appointments as will cause all Southerners to respect the Republican Party." Judge Jones has declined to substitute Democrats for the Republican clerks, referees and commissioners now in offices under his control. The President's policy, it is stated, does not exclude colored men, but requires that candidates shall be competent and of good character, and shall enjoy the confidence of the people. As to appointments in any State, he desires to consult with Senators and Representatives, and to receive their recommendations and suggestions; but the men thus brought forward for appointment must be competent and fit in every way. "I wish it to be distinctly understood," he is reported to have said to Senator Mason, "that I will appoint no man to office, even if he be recommended by the organization, unless he is wholly qualified for the place and is a man of integrity." To Representative Joy, of Missouri, he said that changes or removals would not be made except for the betterment of the public service. The appointment of William H. Heald to be Postmaster at Wilmington, Del., indicates that he is not inclined to support the Addicks faction in that State. Heald has been a prominent and influential opponent of Addicks, and was in some measure responsible for the sturdy resistance of the seven legislators who prevented the election of Addicks to the Senate last winter. He succeeds an Addicks man, who was removed because of a shortage in his accounts. Rumors are in circulation that Senator Hanna will resign the office of Chairman of the Republican National Committee because the President's policy concerning appointments, especially in the South, is unsatisfactory to him. On the other hand, it is said that the Senator and the President are not in disagreement. The recent appointment of John G. Capers to be member of the Republican National Committee for South Carolina, in spite of the strenuous objection of Mr. Deas—chairman of the State Republican Committee, and a colored man—was made by Mr. Hanna. Capers was a Democrat until 1896, and belongs to an old and prominent family. The influence of Senator McLaurin is seen in this case. Capers had been appointed District Attorney by President McKinley. Mr. Frye does not desire to be Chairman of the Senate Commitee on Foreign Relations, and the place will probably be taken by Mr. Cullom. In a recent public address, Speaker Henderson remarked that he was not satisfied with any ship subsidy legislation thus far proposed in Congress. A plan should be devised, he said, for the benefit of the entire country and its commerce, and not for purely indi-

vidual interests. In Pennsylvania the Democratic State Committee has removed six of its members who have been in alliance with the Quay machine in Philadelphia, and substituted for them Ex-Governor Pattison and five other men of the same type. Provision was made for fusion with the Anti-Quay Republicans.

The Schley Inquiry

Last week's sessions of the Schley Court opened with a graphic description of the Santiago fight by Navigator Hodgson, of the "Brooklyn." In making the loop, he said, the ship came around quickly, firing at the enemy as she turned, and then settled down to the chase. She did not go southward 2,000 yards, but only 600. Schley did not say he was too near the Spaniards. When he warned Captain Cook to look out for ramming, the distance was about 2,000 yards, and the "Teresa" was evidently steering to strike the "Brooklyn," known to be the only fast ship in the fleet. Afterward, while chasing the Spaniards, Hodgson remarked to Cook that it seemed lonely, the "Brooklyn" having no companions in sight, and being depended upon to knock out the three Spanish ships, none of which had then gone ashore. Something loomed up in the smoke on her starboard quarter. "It must be the 'Oregon,'" said Hodgson. "God bless the 'Oregon,'" cried Cook, "I'm glad to see her." Then the "Brooklyn" drew ahead, and after a time, when two of the Spanish ships had gone ashore, and only the "Colon" was left, and the gunners were coming out of the turrets to breathe, Schley signaled the "Oregon" to try one of her "railroad trains," meaning a shell from her big thirteen-inch gun. Thereafter the two ships watched and reported each other's shots. Schley's bearing was "that of a commander-in-chief of a naval force on such an occasion," and he stood continually on an open platform, exposed to the enemy's guns. Yeoman Ellis's head was taken off by a shot within a few feet of him. Two days after Hodgson thus testified Lieut.-Commander Potts informed the court that in his opinion Schley was a scared coward at the reconnaissance or brief bombardment of the Santiago batteries on May 31st. As to Schley's blockade at Santiago, the testimony was again conflicting, some saying it was at a distance of six miles, with pickets much nearer, while others made it from seven to nine miles. Lieutenant Dyson testified that the "Brooklyn's" engines and boilers were not prepared for quick work at the beginning of the fight, but he admitted that she made all the speed that was necessary. Rear-Admiral Taylor (of the "Indiana") said Schley in making the loop went southward a mile and a half (instead of 600 yards), and he saw no Spanish ship steering to ram the "Brooklyn." Taylor declined an invitation from Sampson to go away with him that morning. Wainwright, of the "Gloucester," one of those who made and signed the chart that has been condemned, explained that it was a compromise which no one concerned really approved. Watch Officer Bristol, of the "Texas," who insisted that the stadimeter was not trustworthy, had made a chart of his own, in which the Spaniards were placed 3,700 yards from the "Brooklyn" at the beginning (instead of 1,400), and 3,000 in the chase, altho the range for her guns was from 1,400 to 2,500, and at that range her shots were effective. It was on the 9th, the day when Schley went on the retired list after 45 years of service, that he heard Templin M. Potts, navigator of the "Massachusetts," describe him as a coward. Schley took that ship just before Sampson's arrival, and approached the harbor to attack the "Colon" and draw out the shore batteries. Remarking that he and his companions, standing on deck and clad in white, were conspicuous objects and ought to retire, he went to the lee side of the conning tower, while Captain Higginson went into it. Potts testified that his bearing was "that of a man suffering from extreme mental excitement who had a disagreeable duty to perform and wanted to get through as soon as he could." His additional testimony indicated a desire to show that Schley was frightened, altho he admitted that Schley did not seek the shelter of the conning tower, and that Captain Higginson had said his bearing "was that of a commander-in-chief." Interesting testimony was given as to the news that Cervera was at Santiago and Schley's failure to receive it. It was sent to Key West on May 19th, the day of Cervera's

arrival, by a spy in the telegraph office at Havana. The news was confirmed on the following day; but the testimony of Captain Chadwick, Sampson's Chief of Staff, and of Staunton, his assistant, showed that even on the 21st, after Sampson's doubts had been removed, there were forwarded by the "Hawk" to Schley at Cienfuegos those vague and confusing dispatches which did not order him to go to Santiago, but left him in doubt as to where Cervera was, and seemed to permit him to use his own discretion as to his course. Not until May 27th was a positive order to go to Santiago addressed to him, altho the news had been confirmed every day by the spies; and this order he did not receive until two weeks later, long after he had found the Spanish ships. The hostility of Chadwick (commander of the "New York") was clearly disclosed. He admitted that when Sampson, on May 29th, wrote a dispatch commending Schley, he protested against the words of congratulation in it. Schley had told Sampson he was pleased to be under his command and that he could rely upon his perfect loyalty. Sampson is now suffering from a prolonged attack of aphasia. One of his friends tells the public that he really did not approve the proof sheets of Maclay's book, but was angry when he read the passages in which Schley was called a coward, declaring that they were unjust.

The Episcopal Convention

The House of Deputies of the Episcopal Convention during the past week seemed to have adopted and then found the next day that it had failed to adopt Dr. Huntington's amendment to the constitution, providing for the temporary use of other forms of worship by congregations not in union with the Church who were willing to accept the spiritual oversight of the bishop. The passage of this amendment was regarded as a liberal victory, and there was much regret when it was found the next day that the vote had been recorded improperly and the amendment killed by a single vote. Dr. E. Winchester Donald, of Trinity Church, Boston, attempted to accomplish a similar end by a substitute, offering a provision to allow the bishop to assume oversight of congregations not in union with the Church which should agree to observe its forms. This seemed about to pass when Dr. Donald was asked why he had omitted the requirement that ministers of these congregations should be Episcopal clergymen. Dr. Donald stated that the omission was deliberate because, in his opinion, it was not necessary for a man to be an ordained clergyman to officiate at the sacrament. This aroused such a storm of opposition that his proposition was lost. Other action taken was in the line of the adoption of successive sections of the constitution. The House of Bishops had already adopted the new rules in reference to divorce and marriage and the discussion occupied the last of the week and the first of the present week in the House of Deputies. Rules were adopted forbidding ministers to solemnize the marriage of any person who under the laws is not free to marry without the consent of parents or guardians, unless the parent or guardian is present and consents or has given a written consent. The chief discussion was on the proposed rule forbidding remarriage even to the innocent party in the divorce. The discussion was very warm. Dr. Huntington, of New York, opposed it, offering an amendment allowing remarriage to the innocent party in case the decree had been obtained on the ground of adultery, declaring that any stricter rule "is not and cannot be in accord with the mind of our Lord," who had made this exception to the rigid law. Dr. Greer, of New York, would allow separations for many causes, but on no condition remarriage. Dr. McKim, of Washington, declared that the proposed restriction was contrary to the tradition of the Church and took the attitude of the Roman Church. Ex-Attorney-General Williams, of Oregon, protested against stigmatizing a good woman divorced for her husband's infidelity as if she had committed an unpardonable sin. He declared that if a thief repents he is admitted to the Church, but if a poor woman has been compelled to separate herself from a worthless husband the doors are closed to her and she is told she has committed an unpardonable sin. Dr. Nevin, of the American Church in Rome, opposed the proposed canon upon his observation of

the result of the laws in Italy, where to avoid divorce the sin of infidelity had come to be considered of little account. As we go to press a vote has not been reached.

The Isthmian Canal

Lord Pauncefote will soon arrive in Washington from London, and it is understood that the new canal treaty will speedily be ready for the Senate. Some of the London journals say that in this new agreement Great Britain has surrendered every disputed point without any compensation. On the other hand, it is said at Washington, apparently upon the authority of the State Department, that there has been no surrender by the British Government, because the underlying principle of both the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and the treaty recently rejected has been retained. So far as can be learned, however, the substance of the Senate's amendments to the original Hay-Pauncefote treaty has been embodied in the new agreement. Neutrality is required, but the duty of guaranteeing neutrality will rest with the United States alone. If the Senate's amendments are retained in substance, the agreement, while not authorizing the erection of fortifications, will permit the United States to secure the defense of the nation and the maintenance of public order, in time of war, by its own forces in connection with the canal. The final report of the Isthmian Canal Commission will be withheld until the meeting of Congress, it is said, in order that the Panama Canal Company may have all possible opportunity to make a reasonable offer of its property and rights. The chief officer of the company, M. Hutin, is now on his way from France to Washington. On the night of the 7th inst. the Pacific coast of Nicaragua was flooded to a depth of 8 feet by a tidal wave, caused by an earthquake under the sea. Several shocks were felt at San Juan del Sur, fifteen miles south of Brito, the western terminus of the Nicaragua canal route. There has been published an interview with Admiral Walker, president of the Commission, in which he is reported as saying that the Panama Canal Company, the Panama Railroad Company, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and the transcontinental railroad companies are all hard at work to prevent the selection of the Nicaragua route.

Cuba

The election of a President in Cuba will take place on February 24th, 1902, but the other officers for which provision is made in the new Constitution will be elected on Dec. 21st of this year. It will be seen that the new Government cannot be organized until next spring. Probably the present garrison of American troops will remain on the island for five or six months to come. Certain persons having criticised Señor Palma's policy concerning a reduction of the proposed payments to the soldiers of the insurgent army, General Gomez has published a defense of it, saying that the nation should make such payments in proportion to its ability and not exhaust its resources at the beginning. The question of trade relations with the United States still overshadows all other topics. It is clear that the merchants, planters, bankers and other holders of property are no longer restrained from asserting their opinions. Journals representing them are now attacking the revolutionist politicians, saying that the political parties organized by them do not represent the wealth of the island and the stable elements of its population, and have done nothing but scramble for offices and clamor for a republic. Therefore, these journals add, the moneyed classes and industrialists have been compelled to start a movement for the maintenance of the island's industries. In his report concerning the military forces for the last fiscal year General Wood says that the general conduct of the troops has been excellent; complaints against them by the civil authorities or by individuals have been extremely rare. The number of deaths was 67, or 1¼ per cent. Altho yellow fever has almost been driven from the island by sanitation and the war upon mosquitoes, three officers of his staff have died of the disease.

The Philippine Islands

The controversy between the civil and the military authorities over the prisoner, Oakley Brooks, will probably be settled speedily by the agreement of Governor Taft and General Chaffee as to a

basis for future action. Brooks, a military prisoner, was ordered to be deported, and the military authorities refused to produce him in response to a writ of habeas corpus issued by the Supreme Court. Governor Taft holds that power was divided by the President between the Commission and the commander of the military forces; that where civil government has been established (as in Manila) the Commission is bound to protect the liberty of the people, which it can do only by habeas corpus; and that in such a place the General's power is limited by the court. On the other hand, General Chaffee says that if this view be the correct one every prisoner sentenced by military court may have recourse to the writ, and that even Howard, the notorious deserter, intends to take advantage of the method pursued in the case of Brooks. The President declined to interfere, but advised Governor Taft and General Chaffee to reach an agreement by a friendly conference. Reinforcements have been sent to Samar, where so many soldiers were killed. General Smith will take command there and in Leyte, leaving General Hughes free to work in Cebu, where a strong hand is now needed. The island of Samar is a little larger than Connecticut, is separated from Luzon and Leyte by narrow straits, and has a population of nearly 200,000, all the inhabitants being Visayans. A company of Macabebes encountered a large force of insurgents, strongly intrenched, near Lipa, Batangas Province (Luzon), on the 10th, and retreated, after two hours of fighting, with the loss of Lieutenant Bean, one of their officers. In a second attack, however, they routed the insurgents, who were armed with good rifles. The entire police force, eleven men, at Catanay (Tayabas), altho well armed, was captured and carried away last week by insurgents armed only with bolos. Two British firms have been ejected by General Hughes from Samar for assisting the insurgents. They have removed their shipping and other property to Cebu. The new tariff, designed to yield an annual revenue of $12,000,000, will take effect on November 15; it imposes small export duties on rice, sugar and tobacco. Several Congressmen have recently returned from the islands. Mr. Hull, chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs and president of the Philippine Lumber Company, complains because the law withholds franchises from Americans and throws most of the business into the hands of European merchants who hold concessions obtained from Spain. His view of the situation, possibly colored by the experience of his lumber company and the failure of the authorities to treat him with due reverence, is quite gloomy and pessimistic. Only a small percentage of the people, he says, are really in favor of American rule, and for years to come we must keep 40,000 soldiers on the islands. Mr. Shafroth (Silverite), of Colorado, thinks it will not pay to keep the islands; but he will ask Congress to provide for the free coinage of silver at Manila. Mr. Weeks (Republican), of Michigan, says the Filipinos are little better than savages and have but a thin veneer of civilization. A great majority of them, he adds, are unfit to participate in any form of government. In his opinion the best government for the archipelago is one to be feared by them, rather than one to be loved.—It is reported from Rome that Mgr. Chapelle recently had a long conference with the Pope, to whom he commended the policy of the United States as giving security to the Catholic Church in the islands; and that the Pope expressed the opinion that all Christians should aid our Government in its work of pacification.—Attorney-General Knox advises the President that the exclusive franchise obtained from Spain by an English cable company in 1898 will not hold. With respect to the application of the Commercial Cable Company for landing rights, however, the President desires to know whether the company will extend its Pacific cable from the Philippines to China and Japan without using the existing cables of foreign companies. In case of war our Government would like to control a cable all the way to the continent of Asia.

England The principal news from England is a pretty war of words that has arisen about the African difficulties. Sir Redvers Buller, who is far from popular with the English people, but who has been treated with much for-

bearance, has been appointed commander of an army corps. One of the officials connected with the administration of the army is reported to have said that since the sinecures were abolished in the service there was no choice "but to reward General Buller's long and conscientious period of service by kicking him out or giving him a command which his rank demands." Of the two evils the administration chose the lesser, admitting that their justification was a matter of sentiment, but claiming that without sentiment no army can be run. On October 10 General Buller took it upon himself in a speech to justify his past conduct, and his words have raised a storm of protest. He admitted in his speech that he had advised General White that it would possibly be necessary to surrender Ladysmith, and in the course of his self-justification called on his hearers to name an officer who had served better than he. This speech *The Spectator* describes as "pathetic in its weakness and inconsequence," and *The Saturday Review* calls it "sheer feminism." The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, has also undertaken to apologize for the South African War in a speech at Oldham, and Mr. Brodrick, Secretary of State for War, has replied at length to the censurers of the Government. In answer to Sir Charles Howard Vincent's offer to raise fresh troops or do anything else to assist the Government, Mr. Brodrick declined the proposal and declared that Lord Kitchener has asked for nothing which was not promptly given him. Thus when Lord Kitchener called for 9,000 more troops the Government sent out to him 61,000 fresh men during the first six months of 1901, besides arms for 20,000 local levies. He said:

> "We have, roughly, 200,000 men and 450 guns in South Africa, and over 100,000 men are under training at home. We have no difficulty, therefore, in keeping the field army up to its requisite strength by drafts, and if a further call be made we are in a position to meet it with the utmost promptitude. Notwithstanding this there seems to be an impression abroad that the close of the war is retarded by a scarcity of troops or the want of mobility of our columns."

The third subject in this war of words is the correspondence of Cecil Rhodes, the African magnate, and the late Francis Schnadhorst, who was what might be called the "boss" of the Liberal Party. These letters, which have been printed in *The Spectator,* indicate that Rhodes in 1891 contributed £5,000 to the Liberal Party on condition that Mr. Gladstone should not bring about the evacuation of Egypt by the British troops. Both Sir William Vernon Harcourt and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman have publicly declared that no such offer was made, and the public is wondering how the transaction could have occurred without the knowledge of these men. The facts in the case seem to be that the money was actually contributed by Rhodes to the party and that at the same time he suggested the holding of Egypt, but that there was no bribery or underhand dealing in the affair.

Coal in Kent

England's commercial supremacy and imperialism depend so much on her coal supply that the discovery of any new coal strata is of international importance. A correspondent for the London *Times* gives an interesting account of the borings for coal in Kent, which promise so well. Geologists have long held the opinion that beneath the southeastern portion of the County of Kent there lies a coal field which forms part of the great series of fields stretching from Pembroke and South Wales through Somerset to France and on to Westphalia. Some ten or twelve years ago this opinion was justified by a Mr. Brady, who sunk a bore hole to a depth of 2,200 feet and proved the existence of a number of seams of coal varying in thickness from an inch to four feet. But he was only able to bring up the various strata through which he passed in a state of fine powder or mud, from which the coal had to be picked out in small particles. Specimens of this kind failed to convince mine owners, but the recent experiments are of a much more satisfactory nature. The pit which is now under operation is of the unusually large size of twenty feet in diameter. By last May this pit had been sunk to a depth of 1,100 feet, and from this depth it was decided to put down a ten-inch bore hole. The instrument employed may be briefly described as a cylinder which cuts through the rock by means of sharp teeth. Another appli-

ance is used to bore through the core of rock, which is then drawn up for examination, while water is forced down the hollow tube in order to wash away the material broken by the steel teeth. The correspondent from whom we quote gives this account of his descent into the pit:

"Descent of No. 2 pit of the Kent Collieries Corporation is not at present unadulterated bliss. Nothing need be said of dangling over 1,100 feet of nothing in a big bucket, or 'hop-pit,' suspended by a steel rope which, when seen from a short distance down, seems about as thick as a spider's web; nor need emphasis be laid on the general dampness of the situation, for oilskins provide a fairly efficient shield. But at two points in that pit the uninitiated visitor might fairly be excused for thinking that it ought to be dignified with the definite article and spelt with a capital letter. To keep the shaft dry the comparatively small quantity of 70,000 gallons an hour have to be pumped out; and for this purpose two sets of steam pumps are provided, the exhaust of which, for engineering reasons, is not carried to the surface but is taken straight into the shaft. Hence an elevation of temperature which may be mildly described as undue. However, braving these trifles, about 10 o'clock this morning I descended the pit and saw the operations from the beginning."

The two feet of soft material which were responsible for the discoloration of the water were not obtained in a solid core after all, but in broken pieces. From these pieces, however, Professor Etheridge, the company's geological expert, declared the material to be veritable coal. The depth at which this coal was found was 1,188 feet 7 inches.

Catholicism and Modern Scholarship

No better expression of the principles and practices of the Catholic Church in regard to the scholarship and research of the times can be found than in the Reports of the *Congrès Scientifique International des Catholiques*. This organization is twelve years old and was originally called into existence by two French Catholic educators, their purpose being primarily to define the position of Catholic scholarship on the scientific problems of this age, and, secondarily at least, to nullify the charge that the teachings of the Church are incompatible with the canons of strictly scientific investigation. They proposed to show that Catholic savants can legitimately and successfully compete with the scholarship of Protestantism in the world of learned investigation. Two international conventions of this kind have been held in Paris, a third in Brussels, and a fourth in Freiberg in Switzerland. But of greater importance was the fifth, recently held in the city of Munich, as it was on this occasion that the greatest degree of independence in the scholastic ideas and ideals of the representatives of Catholic learning was manifest. To a great degree this tendency is to be attributed to the preponderance of the German element, which even in the Swiss convention was represented by only 44 papers in a total of more than 200, while at the Brussels and the Paris conventions nearly all of the addresses were in French. In the Munich convention, however, there were 183 papers read in German, but 41 in French, 13 in English, 10 in Italian, 9 in Spanish and 4 in Latin, it being a rule of the Congress that "the six leading languages are to have the same rights." The Reports of the Munich meeting fill a volume of more than 500 pages. Characteristic of the utterances that were heard in this convention were the assertion that the Catholic Church must cultivate a scientific spirit and conduct scientific researches such as will squarely compete with the best work done in this line by Protestant savants, yet that this ideal can be realized without the least unfaithfulness to the letter or the spirit of Catholic teachings. It was, in fact, stated that only Catholic truth can furnish the key to objective scholastic research. A number of the addresses recalled the efforts of Schell, of the University of Würzburg, who several years ago made the claim that Catholic truth is the principle and basis of progress in scientific research, but suffered ecclesiastical punishment at last for the manner in which he tried to put this to practice. A spirit of "Reform Catholicism" was certainly in evidence, especially in some of the addresses on biblical subjects. Professor Hoberg, of Freiberg, in an address on "Negative and Positive Pentateuchal Criticism," declared that Catholic scholars must do their own work in reference to the Pentateuch, but both he and another speaker, the Jesuit, Von Hummelauer, made large concessions to the critical position of Wellhausen. Rather liberal views on the textual criticism of the Old Testa-

ment were also developed by others. The papers and discussions of the convention practically covered all of the departments of modern scientific research, there being, as was the case in preceding congresses, eight sections.

The Ameer of Afghanistan Dead

On October 7 a dispatch was received at London from Simla stating that Habibullah Khan had reported to the British agent at Cabul the death of his father, the Ameer Abdurrahman Khan, on October 3. The Ameer was taken seriously ill several days before, and on the day preceding his death Habibullah had demanded that public prayers be offered for his recovery. The dead ruler led a life that reads almost like a fairy tale. He was a grandson of Dost Mahomet, and thus the recognized head of the Barukzar clan. But his early years were stormy; half the time he was in a position of authority and half the time in exile. For a number of years he lived at Samarcand, receiving from the Russian Government an annual pension of 25,000 rubles. In 1879, however, he returned to Cabul, and there, in July of 1880, he was formally chosen by the leading men as Ameer of Afghanistan. He was strengthened in this position by the British Government of India, who allowed him a subsidy of £160,000 a year, besides artillery, rifles and ammunition for his army. From the Ameer's Autobiography, which has been translated into English, a good idea of the man's character may be obtained. Of his greed for work he says:

"I have no fixed time for sleeping or any definite time for taking my meals. Sometimes my meals are kept at the dinner table in front of me for many hours, while I, being absorbed in my thoughts, forget all about them. So deeply do my thoughts take possession of me when I am planning various improvements and considering State affairs that I do not see any of the people who are in my presence. Many nights I begin reading and writing answers to letters, and do not raise my head until I see that the night is passed and the morning has come. I do not require any private room or bedroom, neither any room for secrecy or for grand receptions. There are plenty of such rooms in my palaces, but I have no time to spare even to move from one room to another."

During the early years of his reign it was necessary, after the fashion of Eastern despots, to get rid of a number of hostile persons. The Ameer's comment on the taking off of these obstacles has a fine Oriental cynicism about it. "There is a Thing," he is reported to have said, "that goes about the streets of the city of Cabul by night. Should evildoers come in the way of this Thing, they fare badly. Often they are found dead by the morning." Like all Orientals, Abdurrahman was a fatalist. In writing of a frustrated attempt to assassinate him, he says:

"My belief is that if God wishes to save a person's life nobody can kill him; for a verse in the Koran says: 'Thy death is fixed, and it will neither come a moment sooner nor later than that fixed time.' When I was a boy it was reported to me that a certain holy man had a charm which he wrote on a piece of paper, and any one keeping that charm about his person could never be injured by any firearm or weapon. At first I did not believe in its power to protect; I therefore tried it by tying it around the neck of a sheep, and, tho I tried hard to shoot the animal, no bullet injured her. This was a logical reason for my believing in the effectual protecting power of the charm, so I placed it upon my right arm, and have worn it from boyhood until this day. My belief is that the bullet might have passed through me, yet without any sign or effect being visible."

Abdurrahman had five legal wives, but his only two living legitimate sons are the children of the third wife, who was, it is said, originally a slave in the retinue of the first wife. There have been continual machinations to prevent the older of these sons, Habibullah, from succeeding to the throne. It is even said that poison was once administered to him so potent that it shattered his nerves and left him a stammerer. To assure the throne to this his favorite son, and to establish the government, the old Ameer had associated Habibullah with him in power for several years, and it looks now as if the new Ameer would continue his control of the State without any serious revolution. It is, of course, a matter of great importance to Russia and England to gain influence over the new sovereign, and rumors are afloat that Russia is already amassing troops on the borders of Afghanistan with the intention of favoring the younger son, Mohammed Umar Khan. It will need a strong hand to maintain the integrity of Afghanistan between England and Russia as the old Ameer succeeded in doing.

The South American Republics

By the Hon. John Lowndes McLaurin

United States Senator from South Carolina

IT has long been recognized by the statesmen of the Republics of America that a closer bond of commercial and social union should unite the sister republics of the Western hemisphere. There have been cogent reasons in the past preventing that concert of action necessary to the best development of North, Central and South America. In the limited space of a literary article it is impossible to review these reasons in detail. Historians and writers have called attention to the difference in blood and in customs between the Latin peoples who settled in South America and the Saxon race which occupied the territory of North America. The racial differences do not, however, fully explain the difference in the development of the different republics and the prevention of that close bond of sisterhood which might reasonably have been expected to exist between the republics of the West. A very large and prosperous portion of the United States was settled by the same people who settled Central and South America. The colonization of the Gulf coast and the province of Louisiana was upon the same idea and by a similar class of people as that of South America. There was no real difficulty in amalgamating the province of Louisiana with those sections of the United States which were peopled from England. I do not mean to say that the difference in blood, in custom, and in religion had nothing to do with the separation of the republics, but too much importance has always been given to these differences. They could have been overcome and the republics united in close bonds of political and commercial fellowship in spite of these differences.

The estrangement between South America and the Republic of the United States came about through a misunderstanding of the position necessary for the United States to occupy with relation to European countries. We took the position that we would look upon any action by a European nation toward increasing its territory in the western hemisphere as unfriendly to the United States. This doctrine was hailed with delight by the struggling republics of South America. They expected us to become their ally in any quarrels which might ensue between American and European countries. They understood that when they were ready to throw off the yoke of Spain the United States would intervene in their behalf and render them material assistance as well as moral support. During a quarter of a century the South American colonies of Spain fought for independence. During this entire time some of the ablest statesmen in the United States contended in favor of this Republic extending assistance to the struggling revolutionists of South America. But the very doctrine under which we were bound to prevent further encroachment upon the part of European Powers made it necessary for us to remain absolutely neutral as to territory already in the possession of European countries. Instead of being the first to extend the hand of relationship to the revolutionists of South America, we were among the last of the nations of the earth to recognize their independence. We not only waited until they had established their own governments and successfully conducted them, but we delayed recognition until it was an established fact that the mother country could not again subdue them. The debates in Congress were very warm and at times bitter, and many Americans predicted that we would by our course obtain the everlasting enmity of these new republics. The diplomatic correspondence with those countries in their early days shows considerable feeling upon the part of the South American republics that the United States had not extended to them the assistance which they believed should have been rendered.

This period sowed the seed which sprang up into political and commercial distrust. As time wore on and the poli-

cies of the United States became better understood the South American countries became more friendly. There has been very little to create discord or ill feeling between the republics of the western hemisphere during the last half century. They have had internal troubles and the different republics have had dissensions, but as between the United States and the countries of South America there have been, as a rule, cordial and friendly relations through diplomatic channels. There has been a growing desire upon the part of the statesmen of the United States and of the South American republics that the people should know each other better. The Bureau of American Republics was established for the purpose of bringing about closer commercial, political and social intercourse. The many publications of this Bureau, distributed throughout all the western continent, have had much to do with removing misunderstanding and engendering a proper feeling of brotherhood between the exponents of liberty in the North and the South of the New World. The most active workers in this Bureau have been representatives from Central and South America. The United States has always appointed as its managing officer a man of great attainments and of perfect diplomacy. The effect of its work has been very noticeable and the trade in certain lines can be traced directly to the influence of this Bureau, which is in effect a combination of nations for the purpose of studying each other and becoming better acquainted one with the other. There is no like combination between any other nations, and the unique plan has been a success.

The reports of the customs division of the Treasury Department show a seeming falling off of our trade with South America from 1892 to 1898. Since that time there has been an increase each successive year, but our total trade has not yet reached the volume of 1892. Upon the face of the reports this would indicate that our trade with South American countries had decreased. This is true, however, only as to the value of the trade. An analysis of the figures shows that we imported last year more coffee in pounds than in 1892, while the value of the coffee was nearly fifty million dollars less. There has been in South America a great falling in prices during the past few years and this fall in prices was greatest between the years 1892 and 1898. A careful analysis of the figures shows that with the exception of Brazil the percentage of the trade of South American countries with the United States, as compared with other countries, has slightly increased, while that of Brazil has remained practically stationary. There is no disputing the fact that our foreign commerce with the countries of South America ought to largely increase. The Pan-American Exposition, now being held at Buffalo, should have the effect of creating a considerable increase in this trade. There is very little feeling now existing in South America against the United States, and what little there is is caused by those countries looking to the United States as a protector who declines to protect, which idea is fast disappearing. There is a feeling that the United States should long ago have built the Nicaraguan Canal and thus opened up a trade between North and South America. As this is universal in the United States as well as in South America it seems probable and almost certain that the unfortunate complications which have heretofore prevented the construction of this great canal will soon be adjusted and the canal will be built. This act will do much toward cementing North and South America in close commercial relations.

The fact that our trade has not grown more rapidly with South America is largely due to the American merchants and manufacturers themselves. There is not a consul of the United States in any South American country who has not urged in his report that the merchants and manufacturers of the United States adopt the methods of those of other countries. The German, English and French importers and exporters establish large branch houses in South American cities and employ corps of experienced salesmen to study the wants of the country and to supply those wants. There are no such houses established by Americans. Germany is now colonizing Brazil, and the experience of German colonization is well known. They take with them the customs of Germany. They stand together and work for their mother country. The effect is already being seen upon the trade between Germany and Brazil.

English, French and German houses study the demands of the South American countries and adapt their goods to the needs of that trade. The consuls of the United States report that a very considerable portion of American goods are not adapted to South Americans and that they are not packed as they are required to be packed for shipment to those countries. The introduction of American plows into South America furnishes a good illustration. Some years ago one of the largest plow manufacturers of the United States sent capable representatives to South America in order to introduce their plows. It was a failure and the men were withdrawn. A smaller concern followed up the experiment. After carefully examining into the conditions of the trade they built a factory in which plows were made expressly for South America. They built up an enormous business and became very wealthy. The plow trade is now a very important one. The same could be done in any line of merchandise or manufacture by following similar methods.

There is another feature of trade in South America which must be taken into consideration if we expect to greatly increase our business with our Southern neighbors. Long time credits are the rule in that country, and these are extended by the business men of European nations. The commercial transactions are conducted through English branch banks. American branch banks established in the large cities could greatly facilitate our commerce and would prove profitable.

Another serious problem which must be solved before the trade between North America and South America is established upon a permanent and profitable basis is that of transportation. Notwithstanding the fact that we possess several deep sea harbors upon the Gulf of Mexico to which the trade of the Gulf countries of South America would naturally come and several other deep sea harbors on the Pacific coast to which the trade of the Pacific States of South America would be attracted, the steamship lines between the United States and South America have not paid, as a rule. The commerce of South America is largely carried in foreign ships. Our own Brazilian Line has done good work in the trade with Brazil, but it has not been as successful as its promoters had reason to expect. The foreign trade of European countries is not hampered by lack of vessels, and it is sufficiently large to make nearly all of these lines pay. If there was anything like a concerted effort upon the part of American shippers to establish a trade with South America it would furnish sufficient business to render steamship lines between this country and South American countries profitable. Without such a concerted effort the trade will continue largely to be carried upon foreign ships. The question of freight, therefore, becomes a serious one. If the United States controls both the profits upon the products and upon their transportation the situation would be much more favorable. The manufacturers of the United States and many of the jobbing lines have national associations formed for the purpose of discussing the questions of trade extension. If these would take up the matter of the South American trade and agree upon concerted action toward developing that territory, there is no question but a large and profitable field could be opened. Such a field would attract capital in transportation lines and solve that portion of the problem. But with the experience of the past it is not probable that any large amount of capital will seek investment in South American steamship lines in advance of an increase or probability of an increase in South American trade.

Owing to internal disturbances and a lack of stability in financial matters several of the countries of South America are not profiting by the general increase in prosperity which has been so marked during the past few years as to the United States and several of the European countries. The financial problem in South America is a most serious one and it will require wise statesmanship to solve the question. The countries of Chili and Brazil have shown especial progress and are now conducting very considerable works of public improvement. Brazil especially is as yet undeveloped and her resources are wonderful. The future of that country ought to be a glorious one. The resources of Chili are beginning to be developed in a large and practical way and the Chilians are progressing along industrial, commercial and educational

lines as few people are progressing. These countries open up to the United States a most attractive field for new enterprises.

Chili is naturally dependent upon the United States for its foreign commerce. Brazil is almost equally distant from the commercial centers of France, Germany, England and the United States, and the trade of Brazil must bring about a close competition. The share of the United States in that trade is already very large and could be greatly increased. It was this condition which prompted the speech of President McKinley at the Pan-American Exposition, and that speech created a most profound impression upon the republics of South America and aroused the European nations as to the dangers threatening them should this policy be carried out. It was an application of the underlying principles of the Monroe Doctrine to the bloodless strife of commerce. It was in effect an announcement to the world that the United States would no longer rest contented with the trade from South America which sought our shores, but would go to South America and seek the trade of that continent. If this is carried out the United States will accomplish its purpose, for never yet have American pluck and enterprise been devoted to the accomplishment of commercial supremacy with a failure as the result. It will be to the manifest interest of the United States and of the South American countries to promote a much closer union between the republics of the western hemisphere than has ever yet existed. I do not mean a political union, but a commercial union. The United States comes in active competition with the nations of Europe in many lines. It comes in active competition with the nations of South America in practically no lines. We need South American products and South America needs our products. She is dependent upon foreign countries for practically all of the goods which the United States seeks to sell her. The United States is the near market for the countries of South America. All of the natural conditions favor a close commercial bond between the Americas. There are now no serious political differences to prevent the establishmnt of such a bond. The formation of the Bureau of American Republics and the bringing together of the nations of this continent at Buffalo will be followed by congresses of the Americas to take action for the general welfare of all the nations. These congresses should not be political, even primarily. Similar conferences should be held between the merchants and the manufacturers of the different American nations, who should consult together for the purpose of determining how best to promote the interests of all. The financiers of the different countries should meet for the purpose of establishing if possible a stable and uniform system of finance. The necessity for such an action is shown at the present time by the dispatches published in the daily press that the money of a certain South American country is worth only four cents on the dollar. I believe, from extended talks with representative South Americans, that the people of those countries are ready to take hold of this question and devise some means for establishing their finance upon a sound and permanent basis. Whatever basis is best adapted to those countries can be determined by an interchange of ideas between our own financiers and those of South America. The control of the finances on the western hemisphere should naturally be centered in New York. The day when London exchange constitutes the medium of the world will in the future become a matter of history. The settlement of South American accounts through London banks has naturally caused a trend of trade toward England. We are now strong enough to control our own exchange and our own finance in our own operations. With such a bond of commercial union, the finances controlled in this country, the combination of the products of North and South America will bring about the virtual control of the trade of the world. The United States, selling its own products and manufactures and distributing the products and manufactures of her sister republics, occupying the central position between Europe across the Atlantic and the Orient across the Pacific, will easily distance any other country. It would control nearly three-fourths of the food and clothing supply of the entire world. It would give to the South American countries the same growth and prosperity that have been given to the Western

States and Southern States of our own country. It would give to our own country an impetus in both manufacture, agriculture and commerce.

The position of the United States, altho in the first instance it created misunderstanding and distrust, is the correct one. We never have and we never will interfere in the internal affairs of the South American republics or ally ourselves with one against another. We will not do it politically and we will not do it commercially. We will protect the South American republics against encroachment of foreign Powers by force of arms politically if it should be attempted, and by our assistance and cooperation commercially if an attempt is made at commercial coercion upon the part of European Powers. This is the peaceful application of the underlying principle of the Monroe Doctrine as applied to the extension of commerce, and there is nothing in that principle which can justly arouse even the adverse criticism of European nations. From a commercial standpoint we propose to have a free field and a fair fight in the extension of our trade, asking no favors, doing no injustice, but insisting upon equitable and fair competition, asking no more and accepting no less.

The Old Testament and Recent Assyriological Research[1]

By Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph.D.

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I

It is now fifty years since the series of excavations began on the sites of the ancient cities of Babylonia and Assyria and which have resulted in restoring to us a knowledge of the remarkable civilization that flourished for a period of several thousand years in the Euphrates Valley and along the banks of the Tigris. An important phase of the researches connected with the literary and historical treasures found in such abundance beneath the mounds has consisted in the direct aid furnished for the elucidation of ancient Hebrew history and also of ancient Hebrew thought.

If we bear in mind that of the several scores of mounds identified as covering ruined cities scarcely more than half a dozen sites have been unearthed and not one of these completely rifled of its contents, it is indeed remarkable how numerous have been the connecting points between Assyriological research and Old Testament studies. Including in our scope a series of several hundred clay tablets covered with writing in the Babylonian character, which were found at Tel el-Amarna in Upper Egypt,[2] there is no period of Hebrew history which has not been supplemented by the new material brought to light through the excavations conducted by Botta and De Sarzec, of France; Layard, Rawlinson, George Smith and Rassam, of England, and Peters and Haynes, of America.

The name of Amraphel, the King of Shinar (*i.e.*, northern Babylonia), whose expedition to Palestine and the west is recounted with "midrashic" embellishments in the famous fourteenth chapter of Genesis, turns out to be identical with Hammurabi[3], of whom many inscriptions have been found, all going to show that with him a new epoch in Babylonian history begins. It was he who 2300 B. C. succeeded in uniting the scattered states of Northern and Southern Babylonia under one head.

[1] "Authority and Archæology - Sacred and Profane" (New York, 1899). Containing essay by S. R. Driver on "Hebrew Authority"
W. St Chad Boscawen, "The Bible and the Monuments" (London, 1895).
C. J. Ball, "Light from the East" (London, 1899).
I. M. Price, "The Monuments and the Old Testament" (Chicago, 1900).

[2] They constitute part of the archives of Kings Amenophis III and Amenophis IV (C. 1400 B.C.) An English translation is now accessible. "The Tell el-Amarna Letters" (London, 1896).

[3] See an article by the writer on this chapter of Genesis in the current number of the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, embodying recent researches.

The memory of his deeds survived to a late date. He becomes, as it were, the type of the Babylonian warrior, and it is in this light that he is viewed in the chapter in Genesis, which comprises the events of several centuries within a few verses. The Amraphel of Genesis is brought into relationship with Abraham, who is seized upon by tradition as the progenitor of the Hebrew people. The Tel el-Amarna tablets deal with political conditions and events in Palestine several centuries before the Exodus from Egypt. The name of Jerusalem occurs a number of times and thus appears to have been as early as 1400 B. C. an important political, and perhaps also religious, center. A number of the clans who form part of the Benê Israel confederation may be identified with groups who play a part in the political situation unfolded in these tablets, which formed part of the official archives of the Egyptian Kings Amenophis III and Amenophis IV. For some centuries after the establishment of the Hebrews in Palestine as a confederation of tribes designating themselves Benê Israel, neither Babylonians nor Assyrians interfered with the course of events in Hebrew history, but in the ninth century Assyria looms up on the horizon as a menace to the political independence of the group of States between the Mediterranean and the lands lying to the west and east of the Jordan—Phœnicia, Philistia, Israel, Judah, Aram, Moab and Ammon. The annals of the Assyrian kings dovetail into the historical narratives of the two books of Kings. If the chronology of this period of Hebrew history is now more definitely determined, it is due largely to the supplemented material furnished by Assyriological research. Omri, Ahab, Menahem, Ahaz, Pekah, Hosea, Hezekiah, Manasseh, eight out of the thirty-nine kings of Israel and Judah, are mentioned by name in the annals of the Assyrian kings; and learning in this way the story from two sides, of the period which through the activity of the prophets became a crucial one for the development of the religious ideas of the Hebrew people, we are able to draw a much clearer picture of the actual conditions prevailing at this time than was formerly possible.

Abundant illustration of the life led by the Hebrews (or Jews, as we ought to call them from this period on) in Babylonia, whither large numbers, tho by no means all, had been deported, is now furnished by the thousands of commercial and legal tablets constituting the archives of Babylonian temples and which show us the manner in which the inhabitants of the Euphrates Valley conducted their business affairs, what their occupations were, their marriage customs, how they carried on lawsuits, what commodities they dealt in, the rate of interest, and the extent of the export trade. In such tablets, dating from the period of Persian supremacy in Babylonia, Jewish names are frequent, showing that the exiled Jews had adopted the advice of Jeremiah to "build houses and plant gardens" and had entered into the life of the communities in which they lived. The annals of Cyrus, under whom, according to tradition, the permission was given to the Exiles to return to Palestine and rebuild the temple of Jehovah, now lie before us, and while they contain no reference to his dealings with his Jewish subjects, the policy adopted by him was precisely of the kind which would prompt him to conciliatory acts. It is doubtful whether in his reign any extensive movements took place looking to the restoration of the Hebrew commonwealth, but the restrictions hitherto imposed upon Jews as to choice of residence were removed, and small groups of pious enthusiasts availed themselves of the favorable opportunity for resettling in their old homes.

Scarcely less interesting and in some respects more important are the bearings of Assyriological research on the religious literature of Ancient Israel; and it is within this field more particularly that the results of more recent investigations have been significant. Not that much new material has been brought to light during the past decades, but this interval has witnessed a more careful study of the religious literature of Babylonia, the bulk of which was found by Layard as long ago as 1849, and which has since that time been stored up in the British Museum. Despite the stream of publications constantly issuing from that precious storehouse, the literary collection made by Assyria's greatest monarch, Ashurbanapal (668-626 B. C.), and

commonly known as the library of that king,[4] is still far from having been entirely exhausted. Thousands of little tablets still remain unpublished, and, alas! thousands probably still lie buried beneath the ruins of Ashurbanapal's palace at Nineveh. The earlier publications of such men as George Smith, Talbot and Rawlinson could not in the nature of things be as careful and systematic productions as was desirable for utilizing them in comparative studies. Again and again important texts have to be recopied and re-edited to make sure that the readings of the frequently minute and often obscure cuneiform signs were correct. The publication of texts at first proceeded in a rather promiscuous fashion, and when it transpired that a tablet belonged to an extensive series, the vast collection had to be searched again to gather all those that belonged together. Moreover, the interpretation of the Babylonian literature has made steady progress and many a passage is now translated differently from what was the case some years ago.

A German scholar, Prof. Carl Bezold, has just published a magnificent catalogue of the royal library, which greatly facilitates the work of investigation, and during the past few years a number of German, English and American scholars have been active in publishing and commenting on serial texts forming part of the religious literature,[5] with the result of determining in a more precise manner the exact relationship between Babylonian and parallel biblical productions. Twenty-five years ago, when George Smith first announced the discovery in Ashurbanapal's library of a creation narrative strikingly similar to the one found in Genesis, the conclusion was drawn that the Hebrews had borrowed their story directly from the Babylonians. The drift of scholarly opinion is now against this view. It appears that the Babylonian tale of how things came into existence is part of a narrative the purpose of which is not at all to set forth a cosmology, but to sing the praises of Marduk, the head of the Babylonian Pantheon, and more particularly to celebrate a great victory of the god over a monster who had struck terror into the hearts of the greatest of the gods. This monster is viewed by the Babylonian theologians as the symbol of chaos. The gods in their terror send out one champion after the other to subdue the monster, but all fall back in dismay upon his appearance. Marduk finally steps forward, arms himself with powerful weapons, steps into his chariot and with the seven winds as his associates rides to meet Tiamat, as the monster is called. He conquers her, and this being accomplished, proceeds to regulate the seasons, to assign positions to the planets and stars, including the moon—in a word, he establishes order in the world. That there is a connection between this story and that found in Genesis, where the Lord—called Yahweh-Elohîm—proceeds to the work of creation after disposing of chaos—the famous *Tohu wa-Bohu*,[6]—is evident, but the Hebrew story has not been directly borrowed. It reverts to the same general tradition which underlies the Babylonian tale, but almost all traces of the Marduk epic have disappeared. Jehovah requires no weapons to disperse the powers of darkness and confusion. It is by his fiat that light is created. He does not merely assign the positions to the great heavenly luminaries—he creates them. The mention of the sun and the moon is particularly significant. Marduk is himself the personification of the sun, and hence there is no reference in the Babylonian epic to the functions of the sun. Jehovah stands above the universe; the sun is brought into existence at his command, just like the rest of creation. The Marduk story is at bottom a nature myth, suggested by the triumph of the spring sun over the storms and desolation of winter. There is only a faint suggestion of an originally mythical character in the case of the

[4] For an account of this library see Evett's "New Light on the Holy Land," and Menant's "Le Bibliotheque de Nineve" (Paris 1885).

[5] The most notable of these publications are:
Knudtzon, J. A., "Assyrische Gebete an den Sonnengott" (Leipzig, 1893).
Tallqvist, K. L., "Die Assyrische Beschwörungsserie Maqlû (Leipzig, 1894).
King, L. W., "Babylonian Magic and Sorcery, Being Prayers of the Lifting of the Hand" (London, 1896).
Craig, J. A., "Assyrian and Babylonian Religious Texts." Vols. I and II (Leipzig, 1895-97).
Zimmern, H., "Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Babylonischen Religion."
I "Die Beschwörungstafeln Shurpu."
II "Ritualtafeln für den Wahrsager, Beschwörer und Sänger" (Leipzig, 1896 99)
Jensen, P., "Assyrisch-Babylonische Mythen und Epen" (Berlin, 1900).
[Translations of religious texts.]

[6] Gen. i, 2.

Genesis narrative. The conclusion therefore warranted by recent Assyriological research is that the Hebrews and Babylonians shared certain traditions in common regarding the beginning of things, but each people developed these traditions in its own way and gave to them a literary form that reflected the stage of religious development reached by each. For the Babylonians the old tradition became a Marduk epic, a glorification of their chief god, to whom were ascribed powers and deeds which placed him far above all other gods. The Hebrews carried the old traditions along with them when they left their homes in the Euphrates Valley.

Through all vicissitudes these traditions accompanied them, but taking on a different color, according to the intellectual and spiritual grade reached by the people, they are finally given a form which makes them the medium for conveying in a popular manner prophetical conceptions of a Deity in control of the universe, the source of all being, the ultimate reality behind all phenomena.

Next to the Creation story the most significant parallel between Babylonian and Hebrew literature is the narrative of the great Deluge, which tradition places in the days of Noah. The Babylonian tale, as in the case of the Creation narrative, is not independently told, but has been incorporated into an epic celebrating the deeds of a semi-mythical, semi-historical hero by the name of Gilgamesh. This hero, smitten with disease as a punishment for an insult offered to the goddess Ishtar, the Babylonian Venus, seeks healing from an ancestor who has in a miraculous way escaped death, the common fate of mankind. This ancestor appears in the epic under two names, Sit-napishtim (*i.e.*, "source of life") and Atra-khasis (*i.e.*, "very wise" or "very pious"), a circumstance which points to two versions of the story that have been combined.[7] In response to Gilgamesh's request for an explanation of the immortality that Sit-napishtim has attained, the latter relates how through the aid of Ea—the god of humanity *par excellence*—he and his family and his chattels were saved from the ravages of a deluge which destroyed all mankind. By order of Ea, he builds a ship consisting of seven stories, in which he and his family, with their cattle, gold, silver and other belongings, take refuge. After the storm, which lasts seven days, has ceased and the waters have receded, Sit-napishtim sends out in succession at intervals of seven days a dove, a swallow and a raven, to ascertain whether it is safe to leave the ship. Finally he opens the doors and windows, steps out on the mountain Nisir (*i.e.*, "Salvation") and offers a sacrifice to Ea and the great gods. Bel, the god of storms, who was the instigator of the deluge, tho at first enraged that any one should have escaped destruction, is reconciled, steps forward to bless Sit-napishtim and his wife and accords to them the privilege of the gods, immortality. The points of contact between this story and the biblical account of the Deluge are again sufficiently numerous to make it certain that a common tradition underlies the two. Such parallels as the singling out of a favored individual and his family and his belongings for escape from general destruction, the building of the ship, the part played by the number seven, the sending out of the three birds, the sacrifice at the close of the episode and the reconciliation, Bel promising not to bring on a deluge again and Jehovah assuring Noah that henceforth the regular order of nature's laws will not be interrupted,[8] cannot be accidental. And yet note the differences between the two which, tho apparently trite, are no less significant! In the Babylonian tale a mythical element is again present, and indeed the same myth which is introduced into the creation story. The deluge is but a symbol of the annual destruction wrought by the winter's rains in the Euphrates Valley and which, before the perfection of the remarkable canal system undertaken by the energetic Babylonian rulers, engulfed regularly a large part of the country. To-day, when the old canals have been allowed to fall to decay, a "deluge" is actually witnessed every spring in parts of Southern Mesopotamia. The way in which the story reflects climatic conditions prevailing in Baby-

[7] See THE INDEPENDENT, Feb. 10 and 17, 1898. Two articles by the writer on "The New Version of the Babylonian Deluge."

[8] Gen 8: 21-23.

lonia is sufficient to settle the question as to the place where it arose; and the Hebrews consequently must either have become acquainted with it during a sojourn in the Euphrates Valley or it must have been brought to them by emigrants from that region. The former is the more probable hypothesis.

Sit-napishtim ("source of life") is replaced by Noah—a name that may signify "pacification." Instead of a ship of large dimensions we have a house-boat; instead of a dove, swallow and raven, we have a raven and a dove, the latter sent out twice. The raven is registered among the unclean birds in the Pentateuchal codes (Lev. 11, 15, and Deut. 14, 14), and hence was instinctively set aside in the modified tradition for the dove, which is a favorite symbol of purity, love, kindness and mercy in the Old Testament. What is even more significant, the olive leaf is a new feature in the Hebrew narrative, as is also the rainbow set in the heavens as a symbol of Jehovah's reconciliation, and scarcely less important is the connection in which the entire story is brought with the racial distribution of mankind. The totally different setting of the two stories, the one forming an integral part of a national epic, the other an episode associated with the larger aspects of the ethnological division of mankind, can only be accounted for on the supposition that the common tradition was independently developed by the Babylonians and Hebrews, the development itself covering a long period, and each narrative in its present form reflecting, like the Babylonian and biblical stories of creation, totally different conceptions of the universe and of divine government.

(*To be concluded next week.*)

An Exhibition of "Fakes"

By Andrew Lang

AROUND me, as I write, are all kinds of things rare and beautiful; the waifs and wrecks of ages more skilled than ours in the fine arts. There are terra cotta figurines from ancient Greece, Greek garlands of gold, statuets of girls who were pretty and merry as they played at knuckle-bones, gracefully huddled up over their sport, more than two thousand years ago. There are pieces of metal work and enamel of the Middle Ages, with their strange, imperishable colors and odd mechanical contrivances; swords with jeweled and enameled hilts; vessels queerly constructed for sacred uses; jewels of the kind that Mary Stuart and Elizabeth wore; pearls of bizarre shape worked into the semblance of hearts with gold and ivory. There are rare books, such as the Dante of 1481, with the engravings after Sandro Botticelli, which, rare in this example, are rarely, I think never, found complete. There are cups of jade, and crystal, and lapis lazuli; there are miniatures and relics of our fallen dynasty; there are things recovered from scores of ruined churches and dismantled boudoirs; diamonds that glittered on the breasts of royal ladies of France; all the many incongruous treasures that the collector brings together for an hour. Above all, there are many folio volumes of illustrated catalogs of famous collections, these *livres d'or* of such possessions, with their engraved or photographed semblances. These books contain the pedigrees of such objects of art, and are necessary to the purchaser who would not be deceived by copies, imitations, forgeries, or "fakes."

Many collectors, it is certain, "walk in a vain shadow." Their Greek coins and Egyptian jewels, and enameled swords, are of yesterday, or rather, as one expert said of a piece in "Vernis-Martin," are *not* "of yesterday, otherwise the varnish would still be wet." But they are very recent. I once bought a gem of Antinous; the vendor assured me that the British Museum acknowledged its authenticity. I did *not*, and when I submitted the treasures to our expert, he said, "*Dix-neuvième siècle!*" However, I rather think it is of the eighteenth century.

The collector must guard himself partly by actual knowledge and the pedi-

gree of each object, and the various collections in which it has reposed, be it coin, glass, enamel, steel work, or what not; partly by a kind of tact which is born of long and expensive experience. Artists who might deceive the very elect still exist. A great collector had a box in enamel. He sent it to Vienna to be repaired. The ingenious artist fitted a new lid to the original lower part; a new lower part to the original lid, and so created two boxes, and made two collectors happy, the real owner and a new purchaser. In a similar way the gem-cutter will take a real Greek gold ring, with an unimportant subject on the stone, and will on the original stone make an intaglio of an important subject; make a turkey swallow the trinket, kill the turkey and produce the fresh intaglio with all the marks of age which attrition in the crop of the bird can produce. I fear that old works and watches—date, maker's name and all—are inserted in new enamel cases, probably Viennese, and sold to the guileless and confiding as works of the eighteenth century. I think that I have been caught in that way. Even the humble boxes of Battersea enamel are now reproduced in France and flood the market. They are all very fresh and new, and rather prettier than the originals. In the same way, missing frontispieces and title pages of books are forged. I have the first French translation of the "Pilgrim's Progress" done in Bunyan's own time. I never saw another copy, but I know that the frontispiece is a "fake," and far from a good one at that. The strange story of a much nobler fraud was told to me by an eminent expert and scholar, Mr. A. He was in the little known parts of Dalmatia, where he found gold coins and ornaments of the old Servian dynasty. At this time and to this place had recently come a gentleman from America, bearing the name of the Royal Servian house, their last descendant. He bore—oh shade of Mr. Louis Stevenson!—a chart showing where the treasures of Servia were concealed. He set forth, with guide, to discover these precious hoards. *He was never seen again!* Like the learned Feithius, and Mr. Benjamin Bathurst, he "safely and suddenly vanished away." And then the gold of the Servian dynasty came on the market. All this was vastly well, except from the moral point of view. Evidently the American explorer had found the treasure, and then had been robbed and knocked on the head, and his possessions were being retailed to the curious. But my friend now read some Russian archeological journal. Herein he found some particulars as to some forged Servian gold work. Not long afterward, in a church in Ragusa, he met a dealer, who brought to him a gold crucifix, with an inscription. My friend took the object and read the inscription aloud, "This cross was made in 1893, by" so and so—a local craftsman. The dealer "went white" (as novelists say), seized his crucifix and fled. The article was a "fake." But as to the American explorer, who he was, and what became of him, whether he was an unhappy prince, or only one of the persons in the play leading up to the introduction of the forged gold work, I have no information.

It is a pity, I think, that the artists who make the forgeries do not work openly, on their own account, as dealers in beautiful modern objects. Pichler used to sign his gems in Greek characters, ΠΙΧΛΕΡ, that there might be no mistake. But perhaps these ingenious men are "sweated" by the wicked capitalists and dealers, who vend new lamps for old. If so, why do they not blackmail their employers? Perhaps they get half profits or a royalty on their productions. Antiquarian society is in much searching of heart about a medieval sword; it would be indiscreet to enter on this mysterious topic. "A great ox hath trodden on my tongue," but I may go so far as to say that the sword is not King Arthur's blade, Escalibur. On the other hand, swords of Wallace, axes of Bruce, are quite common in Scotch collections. None, I fear, is genuine. Every Andrea Ferrara was not made in Italy, and one of Bruce's war axes did appear, to me, to be—Japanese! Lately a crowd of medieval objects in lead came on the market. They were dated in Arabic numerals, which, at the supposed time of their fashioning, were not used in Europe. That is the forger's failing. He will introduce details which were not in existence at the date when the articles were made, if genuine. For example,

there were lately in the market a number of exquisite portrait medallions, in pear wood and hone stone. They represented famous people of the sixteenth century, say Luther, Erasmus and John Knox. But a collector came on sixteenth century printed engravings from these medals. This was vastly well, yet the medals differed in certain details from the engravings. How was this? The collector next discovered later editions of the engravings. The plates had been altered in these editions, and the alterations corresponded to the medallions. *Tunc dolus apparnit!* The medallions had been forged after the later editions of the published forgeries. Again, a beautiful ivory coffer of the twelfth century lies before me, with effigies in relief of kings and saints, their names being inscribed. But, alas, the inscriptions, as a babe might see if it reflected, are not in the lettering of the twelfth century, but much more recent. The young, or old, but untrained collector is constantly being taken in by such objects, the true nature whereof is quite apparent to the experts. They sit at the Museum, the most courteous and wary of men, and send owners of antiques sorrowing away. Not that museums are free from fakes. I know, at one public collection, a skull in rock crystal, ancient Aztec work. But the chilling reflection occurs, did the ancient Aztecs wear that particular class of skull? It has rather an Aryan look; not that, strictly speaking, we can talk of Aryan skulls.

Here, by a digression, I wish to ask, does any American museum possess a Toltec mummy? The Toltecs were, or are said to have been, a race prior to the Aztecs in Anahuac. This, for reasons, is an important question. Has America a *genuine* mummied Toltec? There is said to be one in England, a very extraordinary sample; indeed, so surpassingly strange that doubt perplexes the judicial faculties of the mind. It has been heard to speak!

To fall back on our coaches, as Montaigne says, what we need is an exhibition of "fakes." Every collector has some things, pictures, books, ivories, enamels, caskets, gems, terra cottas, which he in his heart suspects, and which his friends know, to be "fakes." There are even many "faked" charters, and autographs without number (especially of Burns) are as "fake" as the "faked" Decretals. Could not America organize an international exhibition of "fakes?" It would be highly instructive. A single "fake" may deceive anybody, but an assortment of the same kind at once betrays itself. There is the famous gold Greek crown, from the Chersonese, I think in French possession. German scholars say, think, or used to say, that it should be sent to this exhibition. The pictures would be numerous, if we trust modern art critics; for my part I do not; it is their profession to alter attributions of authorship. The works of Homer are a vast "fake," if we listen to critics. Will public and private owners of collections contribute to this useful and original exhibition? Man's human vanity bars the way; people do not like to believe that they have been gulled. Yet what collection is free from imposture? Not one, I fear, and I will gladly exhibit my own poor forged two-penny treasures in the cause of humanity. I verily believe that there is a forged guinea of James II and VII on my watch chain at this moment. If not, his Majesty had debased the currency. Warned of these things, collectors ought to be very careful. I fear that I have put autograph collectors off with forged autographs of my own. But autograph collectors are out of all law, *hostes humani generis.* Everything is fair against an autograph collector.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

The Strike Breakers

By F. B. McQuiston

WITHIN the past decade the strike breaker has become almost indispensable to the successful mill operator. Since organized labor has made such frequent and bitter fights for recognition, if not supremacy, in the iron and steel plants, there have been offered frequent opportunities for the skilled workman to make himself wealthy by entering idle mills where strikes have been declared and breaking the strike by starting the machinery.

No man in the world is more bitterly hated or worse feared by the union man than the strike breaker, nor is there another individual who can demand so high a price for his services and get it. He is invariably a person of exhaustive knowledge in mill work, able to do anything himself and to instruct others. He is a man able to command men. Absolutely fearless also must the strike breaker be.

Mill owners long since discovered that the only sure way to break a strike was to set the mill machinery running. So long as the striker sees the plant tied up he is content to remain out, knowing that no other person has the job he abandoned. Let him, however, but see the smoke pour from the mill funnels and let him hear the crash of machinery, and the history of strikes shows that his courage begins to fail. He has visions of his position going to another man, and it is usually not long after the mill wheels start, no matter by whom, that weak-kneed strikers begin to look about for an opening to return to work.

So it is, during a strike, that the owners concentrate their energy toward getting the mills going, and the strike breaker is worth his weight in gold. One good man, skilled in every department of mill work, with a dozen other less skilled men, can start enough machinery and turn out enough finished iron in a day to bring terror to the heart of the striker. Most of the large mills at present have high, close fences about them, and the work of the strike breaker is made comparatively easy and safe, once he is inside.

The acknowledged king of all strike breakers is Jack Whitehead, an illiterate man who prides himself on the fact that he cannot read or write. But he never forgets a man's face or name; and an injury, to him, is a treasured wrong. It was Whitehead with his gang of forty skilled men—they are called the Forty Thieves—who broke several strikes in the vicinity of Pittsburg and delivered to the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers a blow from which it has never recovered. Whitehead took a prominent part in breaking the Homestead strike, which was heavily felt by the Amalgamated Association. Yet Jack Whitehead was among the prominent workers in this Association.

He was born in Cincinnati about 45 years ago. When a lad he came to Pittsburg to grow up among the iron mills of the South Side. Before he was 25 years of age Whitehead was considered one of the best all around mill men in the Pittsburg district. He was an expert puddler, a boss roller, and one of the most trusted heaters. He could do almost everything else about a mill. Taken into the Amalgamated Association, for years he worked hard for its welfare. There came dissension in the union, and Whitehead left it in anger, vowing he would never return. He disappeared from Pittsburg, and was seen next in Birmingham, where his skill as a mill worker soon made him a recognized authority on mechanical methods in this growing iron town.

In the spring of 1891 the Amalgamated Association had good reason to rue the day Jack Whitehead left in anger. He returned to Pittsburg, and his former comrades paid a harsh penalty. The Clinton mills, on the South Side, had been closed by a strike. The management sought to reduce the price of puddling from $5.50 to $5 per ton, and all workmen were ordered out. The Amalgamated people smiled at the idea of the Clinton mill owners fighting. The plant was considered the strongest point in the entire Amalgamated Association. It was

averred that there were but three skilled men of the mill not in the Association, and it did not seem possible that the mill owners stood any chance of winning.

The strikers had reckoned without Jack Whitehead. One morning the great funnels of the mill were seen to pour out volumes of smoke and the crash of breaking iron resounded in the valley. The Clinton mills were running. Jack Whitehead, with forty negroes, skilled men from the mills of Alabama, had come in during the night and started the plant. He had brought enough puddlers, heaters and rollers from the South to man every skilled job in the big plant, and they were at the task. Long before the strikers were awake that morning Whitehead, the sworn enemy of union labor, was turning out finished iron and steel by the ton.

It was not long until the strikers were meekly at work, and soon afterward Whitehead and his forty men went away, quietly as they had come. It took about ten days for Whitehead to break this big strike and give the Amalgamated Association its first great defeat. Definite figures as to what Jack received cannot be had, but rumor puts the price at $10,000.

In the summer of 1892, that period of riot and bloodshed at Homestead, Jack Whitehead and his gang came back, and once more he sent his old enemy reeling. Amalgamated workmen at the Upper and Lower Union mills of the Carnegie Company in Pittsburg had struck in sympathy with the Homestead men. Whitehead and his gang of sable workmen slipped into one of the big mills and started it. He broke the strike there and his success marked the beginning of the end at Homestead.

Whitehead is a man as nearly devoid of fear as a human being can well be. He bears many scars of encounters with union men, but prides himself that he always gave as good as he got. By his own confession he has never found use for two things, a pistol or a lead pencil. He says he never learned to use either, nor will he begin at this late day. There have been times in the career of Whitehead when it seemed that he actually courted death. No crowd of union men was ever too large for Jack Whitehead to encounter with his naked fists, did they but anger him. Several times during his work in 1891 and 1892 in Pittsburg Whitehead was almost killed, and on one occasion he was left for dead.

On the South Side, one night, word was carried to Whitehead in the Clinton mill that a gang of strikers were waiting for him at the corner, that the men had vowed he would not do more strike breaking after they had got through with him. Whitehead was showing a new workman how to draw a heat. He sent word to the waiting group that he would be with them soon. The heat drawn, the brawny mill man stepped to the street and went hunting for the gang that thirsted for his life. He found them in a nearby saloon, and, walking in, asked who wanted him. There was a bitter fight, and when the police arrived Whitehead was standing with his back against the wall sending down man after man. At this time Whitehead considered every Amalgamated man his personal enemy and he always liked to carry war to the other fellow himself.

Friends of Whitehead declare that the notorious Homestead poisoning plot, which cost so many non-union men in the Carnegie mills their lives, was laid specially for Whitehead and his gang.

What Whitehead has done in the present strike is conjecture. That some of his famous old strike breakers are working in the mills about Pittsburg is believed. Whitehead himself lives in Bedford County, but makes frequent excursions to Pittsburg. Here he walks about fearlessly among strike leaders. He says he is done with strike breaking, but his asseverations are evidently not believed by leaders of the Amalgamated Association, for since the strike began Whitehead has been under close surveillance by the Amalgamated people. He has not been one hour out of sight of some one who knows his ability and fears what he may do. It was announced some time ago that Whitehead had returned to the Amalgamated fold, that he had organized a lodge in Bedford County, Pennsylvania. One man, sent to investigate, brought back the report that Whitehead Lodge consisted of Jack Whitehead.

Whitehead was the first man to embark in the work of strike breaking as a

business; but, since he made a success of it, there have been many following in his footsteps. "Hunky" Joe, "Alabama" Joe and several others have gained notoriety by bringing men from the South to work in Northern mills; but so long as mills shall run so long will the name of Jack Whitehead be feared in union camps. It was he who first brought the skilled negro from the South and sent the Amalgamated Association tottering for a time.

Employers and strike leaders alike appreciate how insignificant may be the pivot on which a strike may turn and be lost. One false move has often lost a strike which had been to all appearances won. The men rushed back to work and, once returned, they have seldom been known to come out again on the same strike.

Ten years ago one of the greatest strikes in the street railway history of Pittsburg was lost through the ignorance of a new reporter on a morning paper. Some one had told him that the strike, which had tied up the North Side street car lines for some weeks, was over. He printed the report as a fact, without qualification or investigation. In the morning several hundred workmen, seeing it in the paper, dashed to the car barns to get their old positions. The paper tried to remedy its blunder the next day, but the strike was practically at an end.

Another mischance, almost as disastrous for the workingmen, occurred in Western Pennsylvania in the fall of 1890. The bituminous miners were fighting and had a good chance to win. John Costello was president of the Pittsburg district United Mine Workers, and was not on the best of terms with Hugh Dempsey, then district master workman of the Knights of Labor in Pittsburg.

Dempsey and Costello had headquarters in the same office, and it was here that a new reporter named Christy one afternoon found Dempsey alone. Christy asked for Costello and got a sharp reply that Dempsey knew nothing about the miners' president and cared less. Dempsey said he had troubles of his own without keeping watch on Costello and the rest of the miners' officials.

The new reporter took Dempsey's talk as an official statement from the representative of the Federation of Labor on the strike situation, not knowing there was something personal between Costello and Dempsey. Next morning Christy's paper printed, under huge headlines, the story that the Federation of Labor had abandoned the miners. Dempsey was quoted directly, and the result was something astounding. The miners' organization was part and parcel of the Federation, and it was only by the most heroic efforts that the miners along the river were prevented from returning to work, having read in the paper that all was lost.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Aster Town

By Danske Dandridge

THE fairy asters toss beneath
A mild and misty sky;
The woods, that near their glorious death,
Ring with the bluejay's cry,
And here and there the dogwoods blaze
To light the feet through forest ways.

The couriers from the tupeloes
Ride fast, their time is brief;
They mount each restive breeze that blows
In pomp of scarlet leaf,
With tidings that the trees send down
To warn the folk of Aster Town.

Fair folk! that face the morning skies,
After a night of frost,
With beautiful and friendly eyes,
Altho their cause is lost.
Full well they know that they must go
From Aster Town ere fall of snow.

The sun has set; the starry sky
Awaits the lovely sight;
It is a fairy company
That rises through the night.
They kiss their hands, and laughing down,
They cry farewell to Aster Town.

SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.

Ten Weeks in a Kitchen

By Inez A. Godman

"I WANT a girl for general housework, a good plain cook and laundress. I will give her a good home and $3.50 a week; only two in family." It was a pleasant voice and I leaned forward to look through the doorway. A young lady stood before the desk and smiled entreatingly. "Can't you give me a nice American girl who will be content without male company?"

The matron of the intelligence office shook her head, but replied, "I will see," and came to the door. "A girl for general housework, good home, two in family." The room was full but no one spoke. "Come, girls, this is a nice place and you are not sure of getting what you want by waiting." Still there was silence and I screwed up my courage. "If the lady would hire the washing done and give me less wa——"

"Come and talk with her," interrupted the matron and I was led forth. In ten minutes I had agreed to work for my lady with the pleasant voice at $2.75 a week; the other 75 cents to pay for hiring the washing done.

An hour previous to this had found me snuggled with the cat and morning paper in a big chair at home. I had overeaten at breakfast and was endeavoring to help my stomach with a dose of the Woman's Page. It proved a poor remedy, irritant instead of digestant, and I shied the paper across the room with a remark so vigorous that the cat protested by a faint mew.

"I can't help it, Phœbus (the cat was yellow), there is nothing on that Woman's Page but growls and groans over servants. I'd like to know who is to blame, the maids or the mistresses." I sat and thought a moment then deposited the cat on the floor, donned an old hat and a large shawl, and started for the front door.

"My dear," said my mother from the stairs, "you're not going into the street! You look like a servant girl." I laughed, replying, "I'll be back to dinner," and went to the nearest intelligence office. I found my way easy, there were no preliminaries, no questions asked. I sat with the others—Irish, Germans, Swedes—who put in their time abusing their last mistresses, and within an hour I had made my engagement and left.

There was a storm at home, but I was of age and calmly pursued my way. Thanks to a sensible mother, I knew how to cook and was accustomed to carrying most of the housework, for we kept no help. There was at this time no need of me at home, and I set forth with a free conscience.

I found a thoroughly good place. The house was new, with all modern conveniences. My lady was newly married and her furnishings were fresh from cellar to attic. She was gentle of speech, and of a kindly spirit, and with her own hands performed many of the lighter upstairs duties. Her husband cared for the furnace, and certainly with such conditions I had foundation for hope of success.

It was Wednesday when I began—Wednesday afternoon, and I plunged at once into the preparation of dinner. My lady furnished aprons and caps, so that I served the meal in regulation attire. The dinner was pronounced "good" and I tackled the dishes with a hearty good will. The lady stopped to ask if I could make bread, saying that they were weary of baker's stuff. So I washed the dishes, set bread, made a few preparations for morning, and at nine o'clock went to my room.

As I passed the sitting room I left a little tray with ice water. My lady smiled a surprised "thank you." She evidently was not accustomed to unasked service.

My room was small, but well furnished and well heated. I dropped into the rocking chair, took down my hair and gave myself a leisurely hour with my toilet. The next morning I rose at six and served breakfast promptly at seven. By half-past nine the downstairs work was finished.

"Thursdays you will clean the sitting room," said my lady, "but you must tidy your own room first. I wish you always to put your own room in order before noon." So I spent ten minutes in my room and two hours in the sitting room. I could not finish in less time. Everything had to be carried into the adjoining room, and there was much china and bric-a-brac; the carpet was new and heavy, and there were inside blinds each slat of which my lady wished dusted separately. Five times during the two hours I was called off by the door bell and twice I went down to look after my bread.

I finished soon after twelve, and hurried down to prepare luncheon; this I served at one. I had been on my feet steadily for seven hours and they began to complain. I was thankful for a chance to sit, and dawdled over my lunch for half an hour. It was half-past two, everything was in order, and I was preparing to go to my room when my lady appeared saying that the kitchen floor ought to be wiped. She was right. The floor was covered with oilcloth and it was getting dingy. The kitchen was large, and it took me half an hour; then I went to my room. I was very tired. In my own housekeeping I had taken frequent opportunities for short rests, here the strain had been steady. I was too much heated to dare a bath, but I rocked and rested, did a little mending, and tidied myself up a bit. It was astonishing how soon four o'clock came. It did not seem possible that I had been upstairs forty minutes.

There was a roast for dinner and I hastened down to heat the oven. Then came three hard hours. Dinner was a complex meal, and coming at night when I was tired was always something of a worry. To have the different courses ready at just the right moment, to be sure that nothing burned or curdled while I was waiting on the table, to think quickly and act calmly; all this meant weariness, and by the time the dishes were washed my whole being was in a state of rebellion. I had started upstairs with a pail of hot water for my tired feet when I remembered the ice water. For a moment I hesitated. It meant another trip and had not been asked for. Nevertheless I took it up and my lady smiled again, but not surprisedly this time. I assure you that I did not dally an hour with my toilet but was in bed and heavily asleep in twenty minutes.

The next morning breakfast was late because I found it impossible to rise on the stroke of the alarm, my head swam and my muscles were stiff. Thereafter I set the alarm at 5.30 so that I might have a few minutes in which to awaken and rub up.

The halls, stairs, vestibule and bath room were my task for Fridays. It was heavy work, for the halls were carpeted with new moquette, but I sat on the stairs as I swept them with a whisk broom, thus saving my feet. I was through at 11.30, and as my lady was sewing, offered to go to market for the fish. When I returned it was time to prepare luncheon; then I cleaned the refrigerator, and it was three o'clock when I went to my room. As I mounted the stairs I reflected that there would be no oven to heat for the fish and I need not go down for an hour and a half. This was comforting, but as I passed the sitting room my lady sat with a flushed face still sewing. I offered to help, saying that I could not put the stitches as finely as she, but that I could make it strong.

"I don't know how to rush sewing," she said, "but I wish to wear this skirt to-morrow, and if you *would* do it I would like to rest."

I took the skirt to my room and finished it in half an hour. My lady thanked me and said that she was going out to dinner the next day and I could have the afternoon. Of course, that was welcome news. The next day was Saturday, and when the work was done, as usual, about three o'clock, I stretched out on the bed for two hours of rest; I did not need sleep. Then I had a bath and a trolley ride, went to bed at eight and arose Sunday morning a new creature. My lady usually made her own bed, but on Sunday morning the time between breakfast and church was too short for anything but dressing; indeed, when I saw how hurried she was, I left my dishes and helped her off. Taken altogether, Sunday forenoon was a rush. From 6 a. m. till 2 p. m. I was on a keen jump. By close work I managed to

slide into a nearby Sunday school only ten minutes late and rested enjoyably for nearly two hours.

After serving a light supper at six o'clock I had time for a bath before retiring at eight.

Monday morning I was as fresh as a lark and rejoiced to hear that there was to be company for dinner. The laundress could not come until Tuesday, so I was free to put in my time on the dining room and silver. I went to market for extras, I baked fresh bread, I even gave up my one afternoon hour that I might have the dinner just right. Of course, there were more dishes than usual, and it was ten o'clock when I went wearily to my room, but my lady had praised the dinner and the way it was served and I was happily tired.

Tuesday morning while the washing was under way I swept the bedrooms and was ready after luncheon to begin ironing. When I told the laundress that I had never ironed shirts she stayed long enough to starch them for me. There were two shirts, two pairs of cuffs, and three collars. It took me all the afternoon to do them, but they were acceptable to my lady and I felt pleased, altho I had no afternoon hour and was very tired.

Wednesday I ironed all day, every moment I could spare from the meals. My feet gave out, and I placed a chair where I could rest one knee at a time as I ironed. My wrists and shoulders began to join my feet in protest, but I held on steadily till dinner time. Had I been able to iron two hours after dinner I could have finished, but I was exhausted and clambered upstairs without a thought of the ice water. I will say here that I did not carry it up again. Thursday morning it took me twenty minutes to limber up sufficiently to get down stairs. After breakfast I took up the ironing again.

"I am sorry the ironing hangs over until Thursday," said my lady; "perhaps it is because you are out of practice. I am going to town and will take lunch there, so that you may have time to clean the sitting room."

You see, the lady was wise. I was on the point of a breakdown and would have left instanter at a sign of crowding, but here was a loophole and I made the most of it. I finished the ironing at eleven and went to the sitting room at once, but not to work. I settled down in an easy chair and rested an hour. Ah, madam, I can see your chin rise. The maid in an easy chair in the sitting room for an hour. Yes, and I also looked over a magazine which lay on the table. I see no objection to such a proceeding; if you do, why put an easy chair in your kitchen and leave a magazine there now and then. It took me just twenty minutes to do the sitting room that day and it looked clean and fresh. I had learned the way how under pressure of emergency in my own housekeeping, but of course it was not thoroughly done. Well, the week had passed, and the others passed much in the same way. One Tuesday it rained and the laundress had to leave before the shirts were dry. I tried to starch them myself and found myself plunged into twenty-four hours of wo and worry. I finally took them to the laundress and paid her for doing them.

One day my lady arranged to lighten the work, and I went with her to help trim her church for a fair. Once I felt equal to going to a concert.

Once I sat up two hours extra to serve light refreshments to my lady's friends.

Once when she took Sunday dinner with her own folks I spent the day in the sitting room with the books. All this time my lady and I were on very good terms and she seemed well pleased with her maid. My feet were becoming more accustomed to their duties, yet I suffered with them and waited impatiently for the time when they would become toughened and cease troubling me. I did better with the ironing each week, but never succeeded in finishing on Wednesday. This made Thursday a hard day, for my lady did not go out to luncheon after that first week, and with her in the house I could not slight the work nor stop to rest. Every Thursday night I was ready to collapse. Friday, Saturday and Sunday would bring some rest and I would take heart again, thinking that after a while I would become used to the work and be able to carry it easier. Six weeks passed; my lady raised my wages to $3.00; seven weeks, I began to do some sober thinking; eight weeks, I went to see a physician; nine weeks, my lady announced that before the screens were put in she wished the win-

dows washed. The thought of the extra work sickened me, and I concluded to give up. Instead of toughening I was breaking; each week I lost something that I did not regain. I now wish that I had talked with the lady and told her that thirteen hours a day were too much of a strain, and that I thought we might arrange to lighten the work a little. Perhaps she would have been angry, but had I been obliged to work for my living I would have given another 75 cents from my wages to hire the ironing done rather than have lost the place. As it was my own home was awaiting me, and my people were anxious that I should come; so I gave notice, dragged through another weary week, and returned to my easy chair and Phœbus. Now, I consider myself an average American girl, of good Colonial stock, good health, fairly good education, active life and energy.

I had always said that if I was forced to earn my own living I would do it in domestic service. I am fond of housework, and at this writing am doing all the work—washing excepted—for our family. It takes me nine hours out of the twenty-four. I am happy in it and find it no hardship, but were there four additional hours each day upon my feet I could not carry it and retain my health.

I have taught school and given music lessons, but I still think that were I forced to earn my living I would do it in domestic service. Perhaps the position of second girl would give me lighter work, but it would compel me to room with the other girl, eat what was set before me, and be under the authority of both mistress and cook; moreover, I would not be as much at home as when I was the only maid.

After my experience I am convinced that I could so co-operate with the mistress that I could have a pleasant home and fair wages without breaking down my health.

AFTERWARD.

I have had some considerable experience with maids in my own household since I spent ten weeks in a kitchen. Something like a dozen helpers have been in my service and not one has left me of her own accord. I think I could get good references from my maids. I have required of all that they retire at nine o'clock and there has been no rebellion. I have been very particular about their company and in but one case did I have trouble. I think generally mistresses are oversensitive about "company." They like much of it themselves, but want the maid to have none. A girl must have some company, and if she is a nice girl she will make her mistress's house her home and see her friends there. During my ten weeks in a kitchen my father and mother dropped in twice for a few minutes in the evening and the lady was annoyed. I know that it is disagreeable to have strangers in the kitchen and I avoid it as much as possible. I require my maid to introduce me to every person whom she brings to my premises, and if I find him or her objectionable I say so. Once I lost my maid on this account, but the others were reasonable about it. We live for most of the year in the country, and my maid must have something besides her work to occupy her (I never ask for more than ten hours of work a day). I have always found a ready interest in correspondence. She is away from her friends, and takes great pleasure in perfecting her penmanship and composing model letters. She will thus fill many hours while resting her feet. Then her sewing interests her, and a little help and advice spurs her on. As I write this my maid sits opposite me absorbed in a piece of fine hemstitching. She seldom has company and will be happy with her sewing till bedtime. The lonely hour comes after the supper work is done, then we have prayers. We repeat verses of Scripture and the maid is requested to join. She always does so, and takes pride in selecting good ones. We sing several hymns, and if she can play an instrument we make use of her talent. Once we had an autoharp, and once, finding that she could play the piano, we sometimes requested her to accompany the hymns. If she was willing she was asked to lead in prayer, and I would that I had space to give a little history of this part of the service. Oh, my gentle reader, I can see your eyebrows lifting and your lips curling, but a maid so treated does not bother you with company, and she stays with you as long as you let her. If you have neither time nor inclination to devote to her interests then

must you not complain if the way she occupies her leisure hours does not coincide with your wishes. If you keep more than one maid you are outside the scope of this article. Two maids make a separate household of their own under your roof. The greatest fault I have to find with the maids is their poor health, nearly all are physically broken. This is partly their own fault from careless, whimsical eating; but some of the blame lies on the mistress. I know from my own experience that maids are inclined to eat hurriedly from the pressure of work ahead of them. A lady said to me last winter, "I have lost my good maid and I don't know how to get on."

"What was the matter?" I asked.

"Illness, some stomach trouble. She would not eat sensibly all I could say, but would make her whole dinner of dessert."

This lady has a large house and much company, moreover there is an invalid in the family. I wondered if her maid had worked thirteen hours a day and eaten her meals at a gallop. It does not take long to ruin a stomach at that rate, and a stomach once ruined will accept naught but dainties. Soon after I was talking with another lady who said "I am sorry Mrs. S. has lost her maid. She is sister to my Norah, and such a pretty girl. Norah used to be pretty, but these Irish girls don't keep their good looks." Then, as a crash came from the kitchen, "Oh, dear, Norah breaks so much, she is such a nervous creature." Yes, nearly all the girls are nervous creatures, creatures of nervous dyspepsia.

I hired a girl some years ago who had fits of wild hysterics every few days. The first day she was with me she came shyly after dinner saying "Must I save the meat?" There was half of a large porterhouse steak on the platter.

"Don't throw any away," I said, "but eat as much as you like."

A few minutes later I passed through the kitchen and she sat by the stove with that platter on her lap, eating as if she was famished. She looked a little ashamed and faltered, "I ain't had meat like this for so long." I questioned and found that she had been chambermaid in a family where several maids were kept, and separate cooking was done for the servants.

"We had stews and stews until I was sick of them—and hashes," she said. "I just ate bread and cake and tea—no'm, we didn't have milk except for tea."

That night I asked if she could ride a wheel. "No'm, I don't know how." "It would be convenient to me if you would learn," I said, "so that you could go on errands."

"But I haven't any wheel."

"Take mine," I said. Her mouth dropped open and she stared in amazement, but when she saw that I meant it, she tucked up her skirts, went out into the moonlight, and began to perform. For a week she made the highway picturesque, and my cycle turned gray, but there were no more hysterics and I never had better service than she rendered. When she left me her cheeks were as plump as a chipmunk's and her laugh as merry as a child's.

Another, a delicate little creature with face like whitewash, came to help over a crowded summer. She lived on bread and tea and was as nervous as a witch.

"Don't you like milk?" I asked.

"No, ma'am, I don't care for it."

"But it is so much better for you than tea," I urged, "try it ice cold whenever you like and see if you don't feel better." She looked surprised, but said "thank you."

I worked her hard, harder than I would be willing to do again, but she left me better than when she came, and had almost stopped the tea. "Did you buy milk for her?" you ask. I did, and she often drank a quart a day. I find that every maid has some sensible likes and it is more economical to give them to her than to have her eat the unsensible likes and get ill. It is useless to scold because she don't eat what you think she ought. She will not eat what she dislikes, neither will you.

I like a well bred American maid in my kitchen, probably you do the same; but they are scarce. I believe the only reason for their scarcity is the amount of work required. Look your maid in the face the next time you go into the kitchen, look as if she were your daughter. Does her face not wear the marks of fatigue and nervousness? She is probably under thirty years of age and should be youthful still. Is her eye restful and her step light? If your work wears down the constitution

of the hearty foreign girl how could an American endure it? And yet you fret about ignorant foreigners and sigh for trained American help.

It is useless to try to justify yourself by saying that scores of women work harder in their own households than the maid does in yours. I allow that the statement is true. Hundreds of men marry without means to care for their wives. They growl because they have to work ten hours a day; their wives work fifteen, and tend a fretful babe the other nine when they are supposed to sleep. This is not the place to enlarge upon the subject, but there is in it no excuse for your overworking your maid.

Some day you, and other American mistresses, will bring your ingenuity to bear upon this servant problem, and so order your households that the maid will have a ten-hour day. Then will you command intelligent American girls for your housework, and the worst troubles of domestic service will vanish.

MADISON, CONN.

The Czar and the French People

By Poultney Bigelow

SATURDAY.—RHEIMS.—This I dispatch to you in hot haste, immediately on returning from the field where Nicholas II of Russia has been reviewing four French Army Corps. I am told that 135,000 men passed the reviewing stand—a number that almost staggers one—just think of passing the whole United States Army twice over at one sitting, and then finding that there were more yet behind! On this occasion this feat was brilliantly performed, the cavalry appearing even a second time, in one grand charge of over a mile, on a front that looked to me over a mile. There were probably twenty or thirty thousand horses in that single charge. The troops marched by the Czar in solid blocks of four full regiments at a time, a whole division of nominally 10,000 men, the four regimental colors leading and the massed bands playing them past the grand stand.

Of course, I am liable to make a mistake in what I write, for at this moment I am illustrating the facility with which history is made difficult to the student of original documents. To-morrow, when I shall have read all the papers, and talked with many others who were present, I shall be able to state exactly what happened; but so far I am merely an eye witness—I am giving the tale of the "man on the spot!" Any one who has had to write the account of a battle can realize how easy it is to go astray when following the account of merely one eye witness, even when that witness is the commanding general himself.

True, I was present under the most favorable conditions possible—to wit, in the grand stand immediately next to that of the Czar—but such was the quantity and the variety of material that, even by comparing notes with people near me, I can make but a meager bulletin.

Only once before had I seen so many troops operating, in Hungary some seven years ago, when the German Emperor was the guest of the King of Hungary. That was as near real war as could be permitted in peace time, whereas on this occasion the principal object of France was to make a fine show to amuse the Czar, and to send him home with the impression that France has the best army west of Poland.

And to be sure it is a splendid engine of destruction—a nation in arms—cheerfully giving up each a year or more of life to learning how to fight in the ranks. If I were sure that such an army would be reserved exclusively for the defense of frontiers I should regard it with great satisfaction, for undoubtedly the habits which are drilled into the average soldier under a strict system of short service have much that we could copy to advantage. It is a great sacrifice, but one that is not wasted if made in the right spirit.

What impressed me most about these military operations was the manifest in-

tention to keep the Czar as far away as possible from the French people. He arrived two days ago to visit the cathedral of Rheims, and in his honor everything was kept out of sight that could remind him that he was in a republic. About the Cathedral Square, where Bismarck lodged during the Franco-German War, were flag poles with shields containing the names of Bourbon kings who had been crowned in this place—the last was Charles X in 1825. As the Czar drove up he faced the shield bearing the name of Louis XVI. Now this republic is founded on principles associated with the cutting off of that King's head, and for the President of this republic to drive the Autocrat of Russia up to such a sign post is much as though President Roosevelt should include George III in a list of American Presidents for the sake of pleasing an English guest. Let us note, by the way, that Russia declared war against the French people in 1793 in order to punish them for cutting off the head of this same Louis.

These things seem strange to an American—the Frenchman of to-day is too much occupied with military affairs to dwell on matters of historic perspective. In my youth Frenchmen hated the Russians and showed this feeling by wearing Polish fashions. To-day we hear nothing of suffering Poland, but only of Nicholas, the liberator and peacemaker!

But this is, perhaps, more on the surface than the French Government cares to acknowledge. In the railway from Calais to Rheims were an artillerist and a French civilian who spoke their minds in a manner far from complimentary touching the immense precautions which had been made for protecting the Czar's life.

"If he is so afraid that we will kill him," quoth one, "why doesn't he stay in Russia!"

And the precautions were indeed extensive! All the way from the sea to near Rheims, representing a railway ride of nearly four hours, the line was protected by French troops, the men being as near to one another as the telegraph poles. No one could have moved without being seen. There was evidently much mystery observed regarding the movement of the imperial host, for as we sped by many people waved handkerchiefs and cheered, thinking the Czar was aboard. The fields were full of people the whole distance, and I only missed them when darkness fell over France. It is fair to think that at least twenty thousand French troops must have been employed in merely guarding the railway line between Dunkirk and Compiegne.

When the Czar entered Rheims the streets were cleared, and even my host, one of the leading citizens of the place, had much difficulty in reaching his own house, altho it was then two hours before the Czar passed. The streets were full of secret police, and house owners were not even allowed to stand before their own doors. The Czar drove through practically deserted streets, and can we wonder then that the cheering should have been lacking in volume!

The window from which I witnessed the entrance was immediately fronting the cathedral door, where the Cardinal and all his assisting clergy had assembled to greet him. He kept the crowd waiting exactly one hour and a half beyond the appointed time, the excuse being that he had gone to take a nap after lunch. This is highly probable, for when he was the guest of William II of Germany in 1889 he kept his host in suspense for several hours, and when he did turn up he did nothing to show that he was sorry for the trouble he had given.

Only with the greatest difficulty could the favored few secure tickets to see this ruler. On all sides was the dread of assassination—at least in the minds of the officials. In the cathedral itself secret police had been stationed at every point from which an anarchist could do damage. Up in the roof men watched to see that no one filed through the iron cables that held the heavy chandelier, it being suspected that some one would drop it onto the imperial head. Before the ceremony masons had carefully knocked off from the façade all arms, legs and heads of saints that were in a shaky condition and might by accident drop on the Czar. From my place I could see secret service men creeping about the tracery and flying buttresses, on guard to see that no dynamite was being smuggled about the cathedral roof. Perhaps this alarm arose from the fact that the cathedral is now being restored, and there are many laborers employed at the work.

A Frenchman watching the show with me ventured the opinion that in five years there would be an alliance between Germany and France; Russia would be hated, and William II would pay a formal visit to Paris and be acclaimed as France's only friend. This is not so wild as it sounds at this moment.

Before visiting the cathedral of Rheims the Czar witnessed the field exercises of the army near here; but great care had been taken to keep him away from the people. I could find no one who had seen him. When he drove up to the cathedral it was in an open carriage drawn by six artillery horses. His carriage was preceded by a similar one containing the Empress—very pretty, but looking tired. There was another lady in the carriage with the Empress—some said it was the wife of the French President, some said it was a lady of the Russian court—no one knew, and for that matter it was of little importance, save possibly to Madame Loubet. We shall know that when we get the official reports.

But the carriage with the Empress took several moments before it got away from the steps to make room for that containing the Czar and the President of the French Republic—and the Czar is not accustomed to be kept waiting at moments such as these. Every window contained black boxes, which presumably were photographic machines, but to him might seem fit for dynamite. At any rate he paid no attention to the guard of honor drawn up to receive him; did not salute them in return for their presenting arms; did not even look about to admire the architecture of this marvelous old cathedral; did not even converse with the French President; merely looked straight ahead of him as tho the whole show was a bore and he wished it would close.

When he alighted from the carriage his Cossack body servant took his overcoat, and the Czar of all the orthodox walked up to where the Cardinal was waiting for him—perhaps wondering why the Cardinal did not come down the steps to greet him instead of letting him walk so far. All such things are matter of etiquet and, like symbols in Russian Eikons, mean very much to orthodox eyes. Perhaps this explains why the Czar did not offer his hand to the Cardinal; but when he approached the portal he took off his cap and kept it in his right hand at his side, so that he had a good means of evading any attempt on the part of the prelate. This I saw, and relate it only for what it is worth. On leaving the cathedral, however, the Czar did give his hand, having apparently done enough to punish the man who had failed to arrange his etiquet to suit Russian taste.

On that occasion the Czar looked pale —unhealthy. His face is that of a weak nature; he has the appearance of a timid man pretending to be indifferent. That may be the reason why he assumes a bearing that looks like swagger. As he moved toward the assembled prelates it struck me that he was affecting the nonchalance of a tired tourist, strolling in an indifferent manner. The same thing had struck me in his bearing when he was guest of the German Kaiser in 1889. While he was in sight the only subject in which he showed apparent interest was the set of his white cap, which on leaving the sacred building he replaced on his head at a jaunty angle, feeling it several times to make sure that it was according to his taste.

The German Emperor would have been too much absorbed in asking questions to have bothered as to whether his cap was on head or tails; he would have discovered everything there was to be known about the Rheims Cathedral, he would have walked around it, he would have craned his neck to see as much as possible of it while driving up to it for the first time; he would have had a pleasant smile for the people assembled to do him honor,—he would have reviewed the guard of honor and inquired in regard to their special organization; he would have done a dozen things which it never entered the head of Nicholas to do. All that Nicholas II has done will read well in the Paris papers, but so far as Rheims is concerned his visit here is disappointing. Frenchmen will not say that aloud as yet; there are political reasons which weigh heavily with them. Fortunately for you, no such weight rests on your correspondent.

RHEIMS, FRANCE.

The Purchase of the Danish West Indies

By Col. Julius G. Tucker

Late United States Consul at Martinique, W. I.

THE acquisition of Porto Rico and the naval stations in Cuba gave the United States a chain of outer fortifications completely commanding the Gulf of Mexico. Without such fortifications it would be useless to fortify any Isthmian canal. The wisdom of purchasing St. Thomas after these other stations have been acquired has more than ever become evident. We have at least seen the possibility of a war with a power like Germany; should such a war ever be realized without St. Thomas in our possession, one of the first efforts of Germany would be to either purchase or seize it, for it is undoubtedly the most valuable naval station in the West Indies, and is the key to the western hemisphere, the half-way house between the two great continents. St. Thomas in our control, we would have command of the Southern Seas, we could cut off any fleet from Europe moving on to the South American coast.

St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John, comprising the Danish West Indies, are inhabited mostly by free negroes engaged formerly in the cultivation of sugar cane. But the trade with Denmark, formerly considerable, has fallen off greatly in the last decade. The imports from the Danish West Indies amounted to £258 in 1899, and the exports of produce to these islands to £46,550.

The chief article of import into Great Britain from these islands formerly was sugar; while the British exports were mainly cotton goods and coal.

St. Thomas lies 36 miles east of Porto Rico, and 40 miles north-northwest of St. Croix, with its principal town (Charlotte Amalie) in 18° 29′ 27″ north latitude, and 64° 55′ 40″ west longitude. It is 13 miles long from east to west, with an average breadth of three miles, and is estimated to have an area of 33 square miles. The highest point, West Mountian, is 1,586 feet above the sea. Previous to the abolition of slavery in 1848 the island was covered with sugar plantations and dotted with substantial mansions; but now a few vegetables, a little fruit and some guinea grass are all that it produces.

Green groceries are imported from the United States, poultry and eggs from the neighboring islands, and the exceptional position which St. Thomas formerly enjoyed as a commercial depot has departed, for the merchants of Venezuela, Porto Rico, San Domingo, Haiti, etc., who used to purchase in St. Thomas now go direct to the markets of the United States and Europe.

The Royal Mail Company, which at an early date chose the island as the principal rendezvous for its steam packets in that part of the world, and whose example was followed by other important lines, removed its headquarters to Barbados in 1885. The harbor lies in about the middle of the south coast and is nearly land locked; its depth varies from 36 to 18 feet. A floating dock 250 feet in length was completed in 1875; there is in addition a steam slip capable of taking up a vessel of 1,200 tons. Along the north side of the harbor lies Charlotte Amalie, popularly known as St. Thomas, the only town on the island. In 1880 the inhabitants of the island numbered 14,389 (males 5,757, females 8,632), of whom about a sixth were white, of various nationalities; the rest are nearly all more or less of negro blood. English has gradually become almost the exclusive language of the educated classes, and is used in the schools and churches of all the various communities. The curious Creole speech of the negroes, which contained a mixture of broken Dutch, Danish, English, etc., tho it was reduced to writing by the Moravian missionaries subsequent to 1770, is rapidly dying out. About a third of the population are Roman Catholics, and the rest mostly Protestants of the Lutheran, Dutch Reformed, Moravian and English Episcopal churches. The Jewish community, 500 to 600 strong, have a synagog.

There are in the town two hospitals, a public reading room and library, a Government college (1877), a Roman Catholic college (St. Thomas), a Moravian school and a small theater. A quarantine lazaretto is maintained on Lighthouse or Muhlenfeldt Point. The general health of the town is good. The climate varies little all the year round, the thermometer seldom falling below 70 degrees or rising above 90 degrees.

In the "hurricane" months—August, September and October—south winds, accompanied by sultry heat, rain and thunder, are not uncommon; throughout the rest of the year the wind blows between east and north. Earthquakes are not unfrequent, but they do little damage in comparison with cyclones, which sometimes sweep over the island.

St. Thomas was discovered by Columbus in 1493, and at that time was inhabited by two tribes, the Caribs and the Arruwaks. In 1657 it was colonized by the Dutch, and after their departure for New York it was held by the English in 1667. The Dutch West Indian and Guinea Company took possession in 1671, and some eight years later began the introduction of slave labor; it was succeeded in 1685 by the so-called Brandenburgh Company, the principal slaveholders of which were Dutch.

The colony was strengthened by French refugees from St. Christopher's after the suspension of the edict of Nantes. The neutrality of Denmark again favored it in the war of 1792; and it became the only market in the West Indies from which the products of the colonies could be conveyed to the north of Europe. In 1801 the island was held by the British for ten months, and it was again in their possession from the latter part of 1807 to 1815.

At that time the harbor was three or four times a year the rendezvous of homeward bound English ships, from 200 to 400 as the case might be, which waited there for their convoys. The South American War of Independence led a number of Spaniards to settle at St. Thomas. A great but temporary stimulus was given to its commerce during the American Civil War. In 1871 the Danish Government removed the headquarters of their West Indian possessions from St. Croix to St. Thomas.

In 1868, General U. S. Grant, clearly appreciating the great strategic value of these islands, purchased them from the Danish Government for the sum of $8,000,000, subject to ratification by Congress. The failure of Congress, however, to appropriate the amount of the purchase money caused the trade to fall through, and negotiations were broken off. At various times since then futile efforts have been made to consummate their purchase, and at this time it is said our Minister to Denmark, Mr. L. S. Swenson, is again negotiating for them.

In 1870 I visited Copenhagen. Among my various letters of introduction to parties there was one from Professor Fleishman, of Washington, to General Rasloeff, Danish Minister of War. Being hospitably entertained by the General, it happened one day while chatting over our *café noir,* that the question of the failure to consummate the trade for the purchase of the Danish West Indian Islands by the United States was discussed, during which I hinted that in my opinion the Danish end of the trade had not been properly attended to.

The General, looking contemplatively at his cigar, remarked, "I understand your meaning, and as the fault of the failure has been laid at my door, I will tell you the secret of my recent resignation as Minister of War, in order to prove to you that I fully understood the situation. I have lived about eight years in Washington as Secretary of the Danish Legation, consequently know many officials and politicians. While the trade was in progress I urged a proposition to appropriate a certain sum of money to be judiciously expended in Washington to help it along. But unfortunately my countrymen are so stupidly honest that their consciences revolted at the idea of the seeming bribery. While the negotiations were pending I returned home and assumed the duties of Minister of War, and when later the trade failed of consummation they attempted to place the blame at my door, which led to acrimonious discussion, through which I resigned my position."

During last year (1900) I visited Copenhagen, meeting merchants, bankers, and officials at their homes and at the clubs. Everywhere the principal topic of conversation seemed to be the sale to

the United States of the Danish West Indian Islands, and I then learned that the Danes, as a nation, were opposing the proposed sale. I was informed that only those owning property in St. Thomas and St. Croix were favoring the sale by reason of selfish pecuniary motives, as it was expected that their sale to the United States would create a boom in real estate.

The most friendly feeling toward the United States exists throughout Denmark, and the inhabitants seem only to be opposed to the sale from pure motives of patriotism, tho freely admitting that the islands were of no benefit to the "mother country," but on the contrary, an annual expense, which their depleted treasury could barely sustain. In view of the above facts, it is sincerely hoped that the negotiations now pending may be carried to a successful issue.

New York City.

Catholic Church Titles in the Philippines

By the Rev. Homer C. Stuntz

Superintendent Methodist Mission in the Philippines

THE Manila courts have decided that church buildings built for and used by the Catholic Church prior to American occupancy belong to the Church and cannot be alienated from its ownership by those who gave the funds for their erection, even when they have all become Protestants.

The decision is not altogether a surprise to those who contended most earnestly for the opposing view, and is a matter for gratitude to not a few of the warmest friends of Protestantism, as it puts us in the right attitude toward the Church which has held undisputed sway here for so many centuries. If congregations could have transferred the church edifices which their money erected to Protestant bodies, such transfer would have been attempted in many cases, and thus Protestantism would have appeared in the unlovely rôle of a receiver of cast-off ecclesiastical properties, an almoner upon the list of Rome.

Gagalangin is a suburb of Manila. In that suburb a small wayside chapel was built years ago for the convenience of the neighborhood. In this building christenings, weddings and funerals of those living in the immediate vicinity were held. Priests from the large Tondo church, about a mile away, would come down to this little chapel, for a consideration always, and baptize or marry or say mass. For many years the chapel had been practically unused. It had fallen into the state of "innocuous desuetude" of which a certain President once wrote. Then came the insurrection Insurgents used it for "cover." The priests no longer dared venture forth so far on ghostly errands. Then followed the unhappy disagreement between the American and Filipino forces, with the war that is hardly yet closed. All the Gagalangin suburb was fought over. The little chapel suffered sorely. Soldiers stripped it of all they could use. Thieves, who always follow in war's wake, left little that was movable, even going to the length of removing part of the corrugated iron roof. Then came peace in that end of the city. American arms had driven the insurgent forces north, past Malabon, Caloocan, Calumpit, Malolos and on, as the world well knows.

Then came Methodism into that part of the city. Many dwellers in this low-lying, bay-fronting suburb became converted. Looking about for a place in which to hold services for the many who came to hear the Word, what more natural than to use the deserted building? Their money had built it. In it they had been accustomed to worship in the days that were earlier. No priest now ventured near it. Hence forty or more heads of families united in a written request for the Methodists to take possession. This they did. And then there was trouble! Bitter opposition was at once aroused. Roman Catholics saw in this act on the part of their one-time flock at Gagalangin a possible precedent which might well come home to plague

them unless it were promptly and vigorously opposed. Complaint was made to the Provost-Marshal. He sent one of his inspectors, who reported it illegal for Protestants to occupy the chapel. A priest or friar went out and locked the shattered door, forbidding further use as a place of Protestant services. But the stout objectors laughed at priestly lock and forbiddance, calmly entered by a roomy breach in one of the rear walls, and went on with their services. Then action was begun looking to a decision of the matter by the courts. The decision is now published, and is in substance what was stated in the opening sentence of this article.

The decision sets forth the peculiar method of holding property for church use which prevails in episcopally governed churches. In such churches all church edifices are held in trust for the corporate body and are not owned by the local society, much less the local neighborhood, which furnished the needful funds for their erection. It sets forth the fact, which is not well known in many Protestant circles, that all properties of the Roman Catholic Church are held by the Archbishop of the diocese for the Church. The moment a building is set apart by the rites of the Church for use as a Roman Catholic building that moment the title is vested in the Archbiship *ex officio*. If there are taxes to pay he pays them out of diocesan funds. If there are titles to convey afterward, he conveys on behalf of the Church. That being the case, there was nothing for the courts to do but to decide that *in law* the Methodist occupants of the building were in error, and must cease their use of it. The title is vested in the Archbishop of the diocese of Manila, and tho it stand idle until it falls to a heap of dust, Protestants must desist from using it.

The congregation still fails to see the law point. The equity of the matter fills all their vision. But they have dropped it. I went out at once, called them all together and had it carefully explained that the decision was in exact conformity to the law, and that we must be law-abiding and comply with the mandate of the courts, for the powers that be are ordained of God. Then I said to them that, personally, I was glad that it had been decided that we could not hold the building, nor any other building built for and used by the Roman Catholics. I told them what I really believe, that as Protestants we did not need to be pensioners upon Catholic funds; that our new Protestant wine would keep much sweeter in new ecclesiastical bottles, and that I hoped they would rally at once and raise among themselves the funds needed to build a neat, commodious church in which the rites of Rome had never been performed. I promised to furnish part of the funds—$50—if they would find as much more. They have already met their part of the contract, and the church is now being built. It is made of bamboo and will have a thatch roof of nipa palm—neat, cool, clean and roomy, and wholly destitute of associations that lead men and women to cross themselves when they enter, or look about for holy water or for the mysteries connected with a candle-studded altar. It will be a clean, wholesome Methodist Church, with a neat bamboo altar, and seating for two hundred and fifty people. When it is done we shall plan for a series of meetings in Gagalangin that will warm the hearts of the people who have so bravely borne what was to them a deep disappointment. By the time this is in print these meetings will probably be in progress.

The wider question of the titles to properties in Manila and elsewhere, claimed alike by the Government and the Church, will soon be tossed into the judicial arena here. The new courts are grinding. Distinguished American judges are clearing the swamped dockets of Courts of First Instance with a rapidity that is as gratifying to Americans as it is bewildering to Spaniards and Filipinos. The new Attorney-General, Judge Willfley, of St. Louis, will look after the interests of the Government. The property at stake runs away up into the millions. The decision of it will finally rest with the Supreme Court of the United States. Neither party will be willing to abide by the decision of local courts. The American people may look for a battle of giants when this wider issue is once joined.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Illiteracy in the South

By Andrew Sledd

Professor of Latin in Emory College

THE fundamental problem that confronts the South is an educational one. We hear much just now of social, industrial and political problems; and many plans, of varying degrees of futility, are offered for their solution, while meanwhile it seems to escape notice that beneath the race question, beneath the poverty and perplexity of the farmer, beneath our political dreams and folly, lies popular ignorance, with the eradication of which these superficial problems would solve themselves.

Few men in the South have any definite idea of our educational condition; fewer still realize the significance of the facts.

The South is the most ignorant section in the Union. Throughout the whole eleven States of the secession one person in six (16.44 per cent.) native whites, children of native parents, ten years old and over, cannot read and write; while in North Carolina and Louisiana, which are the worst individual States in the section, one white person in every four (about) is totally illiterate. No other eleven States in the Union anywhere nearly approximate this condition. The eleven States outside of the South which have the highest rate of illiteracy in the Union show only 7.7 per cent. of illiterates as against the 16.44 per cent. in the South. And these figures deal in every case with none other than native whites, children of native parents!

No explanation of Southern illiteracy can, therefore, be based on the generally accredited statement that our large and almost wholly illiterate negro population lowers the percentage of our section. This statement is undoubtedly true, in a general way; but it is one of those partial truths that hide an ultimate falsehood; and Southern pride is in error when it lays the burden of its ignorance on the negro. And even were it in the right, and were its contention wholly true, the complexion of the question alone would be affected. For the negro is now a citizen—with all the privileges conveyed in that relationship—and to say that our ignorant population is black and not white—while it may remove the personal odium—merely shifts the ground of discussion, and does not solve the problem.

We observe, in the second place, that the *poverty* of the South will not suffice to explain the condition of illiteracy that prevails in this section. Poverty is, doubtless, an important factor in all our educational problems, and the South is, per capita of population, poorer than any other section. But, despite this fact, the proposition that the South is doing her full duty by her schools and colleges is manifestly false; and Southern people ought no longer to close their eyes to the facts.

On the basis of absolute expenditure it is not to be expected nor is it demanded that the South should expend as much on public instruction as the richer sections of the country. But her attitude in the matter of the common schools is to be seen by a comparison of her proportionate expenditure with that of other States.

The true valuation of the total real and personal property of the eleven Southern States, according to the census of 1890 was $8,110,275,429. Her public school expenditure for the last year of that decade was $13,015,234, or 0.16 of one per cent. of the whole. During the same period the percentage of public school expenditure for all the rest of the Union (except Oklahoma and Indian Territory, which show no records) was 0.22 of one per cent. of its total wealth, while the expenditure of the eleven States in all the Union—Oklahoma and Indian Territory excepted—next in poverty per capita above the South, was, on the same basis of calculation, 0.23 of one per cent. of their total wealth.

These figures will become more significant by the comparison of individual States. Make the comparison, first, on the basis of equal wealth.

Texas is by far the wealthiest State of

the South, and the most liberal in her dealings with the common schools. Compare with Texas, Michigan, which is only an average State from the rest of the Union, and is chosen for comparison solely because its wealth is nearest equal to that of Texas. In round numbers Texas represents a total real and personal wealth of $2,105,000,000, while Michigan is reckoned at $10,000,000 less. But the last report of the Commissioner of Education (1897-1898) shows that Texas raised per adult male for public school purposes (1896-1897), $6.43; Michigan, the same year, $9.71; amounts which would provide in the Southern State $4.39, in the other $10.31 for every child between five and eighteen years of age. In 1896-1897 Texas expended on her common schools $1.53 per capita of population; Michigan, $2.84. In the same year Texas expended, per pupil, $10.68, while Michigan so expended $18.37. And Texas is the most liberal State in the South! And this comparison becomes proportionately more discreditable to the South when other States—as the Carolinas, which raise under $3 per taxpayer, expend on public schools about 50 cents per annum per capita of population, and $4 per pupil—are introduced into the reckoning.

Now change the basis of comparison to approximately equal rates of illiteracy, and consider what efforts the States of the South are making as compared with other States in like condition of popular ignorance to uplift and educate the masses.

Take Louisiana, with a total rate of illiteracy or 45.8 per cent., and New Mexico with a rate of 45.03 per cent. In 1897-1898 Louisiana raised for public schools $3.27 per taxpayer; New Mexico, $3.82; Louisiana expended per capita of population, 71 cents; New Mexico, 85 cents; Louisiana, per pupil, $7.25; New Mexico, $9.12.

There does not seem at first sight to be such notable discrepancy here. But consider the age and opportunities of the sections compared, and that Louisiana has more than twice the wealth of New Mexico! Lousiana is fairly typical of the South in this matter, while New Mexico is far inferior to any other State in the Union outside the South.

What then becomes of the plea of Southern poverty in extenuation of the condition of her educational system? It is absurd and can no longer be entertained. There is left, therefore, the bald fact of Southern indifference to educational enterprise.

This conclusion is finally confirmed by a single fact. *No Southern State* (1896-1897) *has any law for compulsory attendance upon such public schools as are provided; while every other State in the Union (six only excepted, three of which were slave States) has such legal provision.*

If, now, the argument from our poverty were valid—which has been shown not to be the case—we would yet confessedly have some schools; but we do not require our children to attend; so that indifference is manifest, whether we be poor or rich.

It is futile, again, to say that "Things were different before the war," and to attribute our present backwardness to the poverty and desolation of 1861-1865, and the years immediately following. This plea is not sustained by the facts. The lauded culture of the ante-bellum South was the culture of the few. Politically as well as socially the old South was dominated by a landed and blooded aristocracy, who were, of course, highly cultured, and whose prominence and power were due in part to this culture—an inherent fitness—and in part to the very scantness of their numbers. These men, members of a rigid oligarchy, appeared before the nation; and the uninformed received the impression that those were fairly representative of a section whose culture must, therefore, be of the highest type. But there were behind—unmentioned, not because of their paucity, but because they were held in supreme contempt—a vast body of white citizens, free and native born, who were totally illiterate and hopelessly bound down by the aristocratical conditions of the section. These "poor whites" of ante-bellum days are left out of any reckoning that gives the "fo' de Wah" South pre-eminence in culture. A fair statement, however must take account of them; and such an account makes a showing for the South very different from the usual highly colored picture of the "good old times." It will be found that the South was more illiterate in 1850 than in 1890;

and the figures for 1890 are substantially the same as for 1860. But again, compare the South of 1860 with the other States at the same time. Excluding alone the territory of New Mexico, no other eleven States in the Union showed in 1860 as low an average of illiteracy as the States of the South—a state of things pdecisely similar, except that now we need not even exclude New Mexico, to the condition that exists to-day.

It appears, therefore, that the Southern section has always been at the bottom in the scale of average literacy; that it occupies that place to-day, and that it is not making worthy efforts to leave this lowest place. It appears, also, that the usual causes assigned for this condition—viz., poverty, the negro, and the war—are not sufficient to explain the facts. It may not be amiss, therefore, to inquire further.

It will have been observed that the negro has been removed from our calculations, and does not appear in the tables of illiteracy. But he is the relic and the reminder of the institution which in earlier days shackled the material and intellectual progress of the South, and whose malign influence still lingers with us. Slavery has worked, and still continues to work, evil to the South. We speak of slavery not in its relation to the negro, but in its relation to the free whites of the lower classes. That institution made possible and fostered the aristocratic oligarchy that ruled the ante-bellum South; and at the same time made necessary the existence of a large "poor white class." The former class was small in numbers, well educated, proud and conservative to an absurd degree—the typical Southerner of romance. Their activity spent itself in politics—national politics, of course, for the affairs of their own State and section either were already perfect, or were lost sight of in the larger interests of the Federal Government. As to the poor whites, they were held in esteem little higher (in many cases, even lower) than the slaves, and were not worthy of any consideration at the hands of the aristocracy; much less that their condition of illiteracy should be a source of anxiety, or an object of legislative enactment. And if, from time to time, some measures were proposed to improve existing conditions, their results were generally nugatory and transient, and the people were left in ignorance. The poor whites, for their part, tho numerically in a large majority, were in an almost hopeless state of poverty, subordination and contempt. The country was given up to farming, and the work was done by slaves. There was no such thing as competition, no chance for this poor white to work his way up—practically no possibility of his ever making his way into the ranks of the ruling class. Deprived thus of hope and incentives to ambition, with a natural propensity to lazy carelessness, both by inheritance and because of the enervating climate, this poorer class gave itself over without resistance to its lot of serfdom, content to live a life that is inconceivable to those who have not seen it in all of its wretchedness and filth and beastliness. They were not only indifferent to all education; but were, in many cases, hostile to it. They could not get much; what they could get seemed useless to them, and they would not have it. The ultraconservatism of the aristocrat found its counterpart in the stubborn and ignorant indifference of the lower classes.

These two classes, with lines of demarcation less and less strongly drawn, exist still in the South. The descendants of the old aristocrats have, in the main, taken hold of the republican idea. The conditions have changed, and they have accepted the change in good faith, and with a readiness to adapt themselves to their new surroundings.

But the descendants of the poor whites have not yet undergone such radical revolution. They constitute a large part of our population, and still retain the traits of their ancestry. In them lodges the body of Southern lawlessness and Southern illiteracy, and they are almost wholly responsible for some features of Southern life that bring odium (not undeserved) on all the section. Most Southern lynchings are the work of this class, and are carried through by them, not in any hot and righteous indignation over violated innocence and ruined homes, but in a drunken, mad and brutal lust for blood and—"a h—— of a time." The writer has known just this sort of proceeding. Most agricultural problems in the South either center in or are vitally connected with this class, for these peo-

ple are found almost exclusively in our rural population—small and tenant farmers, agricultural laborers, etc. This class, too, furnishes the rich soil in which all sorts of political weeds take root and flourish; so that scarcely any political heresy, however absurd and self-contradictory, can be propounded that will fail to command a "respectable" following in our rural districts.

Toward the intellectual and moral elevation of this class, therefore, the energies of the South must be directed.

If we come to inquire *how* this is to be accomplished, many recommendations suggest themselves; but no recommendation has any worth that does not reach back to the mental attitude of the South toward educational problems and deal with that first of all. It is idle to commend a more liberal dealing with our public schools to a people who but grudgingly pay their present pittance to the maintenance of such a poor system as they already have. It is idle to proclaim needs to those who feel no need.

Here is our fundamental difficulty. If popular *ignorance* is our fundamental problem, popular *indifference* is the fundamental obstacle in the way of its solution. On the threshold of every educational reform in the South the mover of new things is met by a *defective public sentiment,* supported on either hand by ignorance and indifference. This is true in all our educational system, from the colleges down to the public schools. There is a general lack of appreciation of the need of an education, and of an understanding of what an honest education means. In the upper classes this manifests inself in the popular demand for short and easy college courses, leading by the shortest way to the most pretentious graduation. The higher education is cheapened, and degrees "come low," but are none the less ostentatiously paraded and called an "education." The lower classes either follow this ideal set by their colleges, or live in entire indifference, and thus ignorance and false ideals perpetuate themselves.

Our need, therefore, is of colleges that, having set before them a high ideal, shall honestly and sturdily live up to their ideals and their duty, leading the people into the right, even against their will. For our college men, tho few, largely determine the policy and destiny of the section, and in the making of them the college makes the State. Give the South twenty years of college men, who shall have been honestly taught, if nothing else, at least to know the meaning and the value of an education, and to distinguish between the genuine article and the lying sham dressed out in cheap and "honorary" degrees, and they will lead their section to its place among the States.

OXFORD, GA.

Vox Populi, Vox Dei

By Samantha Whipple Shoup

NOT in the flush of triumph, the pride of victory won,
Not 'mid applauding millions that claim thee for their own,
Not with pomp and glory, dost thou come to the crownless throne,
Roosevelt, Roosevelt.

But with heart oppressed with sorrow, and eyes o'er-filled with grief,
'Mid a little group of mourners, dost thou take the guard-relief,
And lift the heavy burden that fell from the murdered chief,
Roosevelt, Roosevelt.

Remember, for heart's assurance, that cry of the people's desire,
That shout of the great convention, swelling louder and higher,
Sweeping the leaders before it, as sweeps the prairie fire,
"Roosevelt! Roosevelt!"

From the prescient heart of the nation rolled out that mighty tide,
Crushing thine own reluctance, and the party leaders' pride,
The call of God and the people, that could not be denied,
"Roosevelt! Roosevelt!"

DUBUQUE, IOWA.

LITERATURE

Mérejkowski *

It is a startling fact that the most significant departure of the novel in our day has been the work of a semi-civilized people, of men whose very names sound in our ears outlandish and savage—Tolstoy, Dostojewski, Sienkiewicz—to whose ranks we are now invited to add Alexéi Maximovitch Pyeshkoff, better known as Maxim Gorki, and Dmitri Mérejkowski. The explanation of the attention which this literature has drawn to itself is to be sought in its extraordinary emotional and sensational poignancy, the result, in turn, of the freshness and zest which life possesses for a race just emerging into self-consciousness. Think of the glare, if not the glamour, with which the world, like a huge pageantry, must beat upon their unjaded senses, who combine the vigor and passion of manhood with the inexperience and susceptibility of youth. No wonder that their pages flush and palpitate with blood.

But with all its vividness there are certain failings that mark this literature pretty generally. To this people, with their barbaric feeling for movement and color, life is yet a good deal of a phantasmagoria. The world dances before their dazzled vision in wild, disorderly revelry, and the picture that they reflect of it is bewildered and obscured with a jumble of irrelevant detail, between which and the essential they have no principle of selection. About their writing, almost without exception, magnificently Titanic as it may be, there is also something chaotic and inane.

To this phantasmagoric effect of the world upon their minds is probably to be referred their characteristic indifferentism in regard to matter, subject and *motif*. In the yeasty ferment of awakened consciousness all impressions are alike; if equally strong, equally significant.

The second mark of this semi-civilized literature is its failure to distinguish between universals and particulars. Good art is, of course, perfectly concrete; as far as it is general, it is illustrative and exemplary. But whenever the novelist fails to give his abstract ideas a perfectly concrete embodiment he introduces into his art a confusion somewhat analogous with allegory or symbolism,—whenever, that is, his education or general culture is insufficient to enable him to disentangle his ideas from his sensations and keep the two apart. In this way his characters lose all individuality; every figure becomes impersonal, unreal, typical; while life itself takes on the nature of a monstrous abstraction, half fact, half idea.

Now these characteristics are precisely the two most conspicuous in Mérejkowski's *Death of the Gods*.—By the way, to give credit where it is due, the book has already made an appearance in America, under the title, "Julian, the Apostate," translated by Chas. Johnston and published by Henry Altemus in 1899. So the present interest in the work would seem rather belated—or can it be that these things depend upon something other than the merit of the publication? —To return, there is first the phantasmagoria, the indiscriminate welter of discrete impressions, so noticeable even in Tolstoy. The book has been compared for its color, its richness, with Flaubert's "Salammbô." But the comparison is unfortunate. Its lurid glare, duller to our thinking than Sienkiewicz's, has no resemblance to Flaubert's prismatic coruscations. It shows no trace, not only of his discriminating sense of detail, but of his sense of finished form. It is at once redundant and fragmentary, full of knots and loose ends, crowded with faces that appear like phantoms for an instant and then vanish, never to return.

But the more indicative trait for the present stage of the writer's artistic development is the typic, the impersonal character of his book. It is intended as the first of a trilogy, "Christ and Anti-Christ." The kernel of the writer's thought therein is "the Pagano-Christian dualism of our human nature," the unhappy divorce, in other words, between the soul and the senses, each of which he

*The Death of the Gods. *By Dmitri Mérejkowski.* Translated by Herbert Trench. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

believes for his own part to have an equal right to respect with the other. And he "conceives that European civilization has been born of the tremendous conflict" of these two principles, as represented by Paganism inspired by its conception of the "Man-God" and Christianity inspired by its conception of the "God-Man."

Here, then, is an hypothesis which would be best developed in a philosophy or a *culturgeschichte,* the western mind would naturally suppose. Not so the Slavic. And Mérejkowski has chosen to drape this universal abstraction, this Nessus shirt, in the first instance about the shoulders of the Emperor Julian, making him the type of the Pagan element of human nature at odds with the Christian.

The Emperor Julian, called the Apostate, is, as an individual, one of the most perplexing and, for that reason, one of the most fascinating figures in history. His singular mixture of merits and defects—his strictness and simplicity of life in a loose and luxurious age, his capacity for noble enthusiasm, his lofty ambition, his personal courage and brilliant generalship, his studiousness and love of learning, in contrast with his long hypocrisy and dissimulation, his vanity and bigotry, his feverishness and unreason, and his untimeliness—all this in a spirit ravaged by a conflict between doubt and faith not unlike that of modern times, might seem to furnish a subject capable in itself of stirring the imagination and engaging the powers of the historical novelist.

But for this—that is, for Julian himself—our author apparently cares little. For him Julian, that hapless human soul "tormented by things divine," is but a peg upon which to hang a theory, a mere background upon which to cast his own views of the philosophy of history. And the spiritual development of the man, about which human interest centers, is left vexatiously incomplete and fragmentary. Harsh as it may sound, it is nevertheless true of Mérejkowski, as to a greater or less degree of them all with the exception of Turgeneff, that he has not yet thoroughly learned his trade.

And now let us, in conclusion, add a word or two of qualification in justice to this book and those with which we have classed it. Unsatisfactory as much of this Slavic literature is as yet, it possesses some few great qualities, and contains, we are sanguine enough to think, promise for the future, when its makers shall have ordered their thoughts and chastened their senses. It is not impossible that out of this struggle between the two contradictory elements of its character, its greed for sensations and its hunger for ideas, whose present discord is responsible for the vague trouble it now breathes, there will spring eventually a literature in which realism and naturalism will be reconciled and each be assigned, according to its part in us, its proper function in a mature and well rounded art.

The Eternal City *

Mr. Hall Caine makes a preface of some Bible story for each of his novels, —takes a text, so to speak, and develops his sermon into a sensational romance, with sins and tragedies leaping like demons through every page. It is a sort of degenerate way of preaching, and it is the vaudeville spirit in modern thought that approves such efforts. *The Eternal City* is a novel based upon the story of Samson and Delilah. The scene is laid in modern Rome, and there is a far cry between this beautiful and impulsive Roma, who really loves her Samson (tho she is made to betray him twice by the iron destiny of the author's will), and that other Delilah who betrayed her lover for silver.

Rossi, the Samson in the story, appears as an agitator in Rome, demanding a new heaven and a new earth; a dreamer of dreams who contemplates placing all authority in the democracy: an enthusiast, whose political creed is the Lord's Prayer, who believes in evolution rather than revolution, and who fights the existing order of affairs, not with the sword, but by exhortations, proclamations and mass meetings; a sort of ethical anarchist, whose impassioned advocacy of peace and righteousness draws to his standard all those hotheads of society who believe that violence is the only effective means of establishing their doctrines.

One cannot help smiling at the weap-

* The Eternal City. *By Hall Caine.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

ons of this grandiloquent Samson,—words, words, words! He pelts the solid bulwarks of Church and State with little paper wads of eloquence. Instead of swinging the jawbone of an ass over the doomed heads of the Philistines he seizes his pen and indites an editorial. That Mr. Caine is a believer in the almightiness of the Idea appears from the fact that his hero not only adopts these methods of introducing it, but that the idea is represented as finally triumphant.

Rossi is made to endure and suffer like a fanatic for his principles. Indeed it is one of the distinguishing features of Mr. Caine's work that his literary talent consists in a sort of homicidal mania for torturing everybody. He doubles the fibers of temptations, and knows how to assault the integrity of a man from all sides at once; so that whoever escapes from the red furnace of his genius may be termed a moral salamander.

He insists upon melodramatic situations, and, like all such writers, delights in the ironies of fate. He tricks the father into ruining his son, the woman into betraying her lover, the statesman into the hands of his murderer. We seem to move in a world where some perverse fate has twisted all the threads of destiny so that the unlikely is the only thing likely to happen. And we do not wonder when occasionally the good old infallible Pope is so bewildered that he can only trust God like a common man to untangle the snarl of life for him. Surely Mr. Caine makes too much use of the perverse in Fate, and too much of the emotional, irrational, in man. He is disposed to create situations that confuse the moral sense so that the victim is unable to determine whether he is an infamous villain or a saint about to be martyred.

And finally the story shows the feverish intensity of a morbid imagination. The humble, but sane reader has the impression of being hurried through a madhouse by a genius who screams at every step and points out each succeeding horror with infinite gusto. The coherence and serenity of noble art are never to be found in Mr. Caine's novels. We read them with a horrid fascination; but we always regret it when we learn that he has another in the press.

Hubert von Herkomer*

It is a dangerous task to criticise a living artist, especially when one chances to love and admire the man; and such pardonable delicacy of feeling may account for the lack of critical analysis in Mr. Baldry's life of Hubert von Herkomer. The writer is extravagantly eulogistic, or at most—when the artist's shortcomings are unquestionable—ingeniously apologetic. But in spite of this want of acumen and in spite of rather a dry style the book as a whole is a valuable possession. The illustrations are exceptionally fine; and this wise selection of so large a number of Herkomer's best pictures for reproduction in itself renders the volume highly useful for the student of modern art; while to the teacher or lecturer on the subject a conscientious life of one of the most important of living artists, with its wealth of superb illustrations, becomes indispensable.

The first thing that impresses one in reading Mr. Baldry's painstaking work is the immense vitality and versatility of the artist. He had the blood of generations of great artisans in his veins, stonemasons and carvers in wood, from whom he inherited his mechanical skill and his power of mastering technical details so conspicuous throughout his career as painter, etcher, enameler and teacher. He is the craftsman *par excellence*. Perhaps the most interesting part of Mr. Baldry's book is where he gives a sketch of the history of enameling from its earliest appearance down to Herkomer's revival of antique methods and his development of these into a new and splendid medium of expression, which he regards as still in its infancy, but fitted beyond any other medium for permanent color effects. Herkomer's first successes, however, were attained in black and white, as an illustrator. In this field he displays remarkable power of depicting emotions and a striking boldness of style, altho his work is marked by a curious lack of feeling for just values.

As a German, born of German parents, but reared and educated in England, Herkomer is an interesting exemplar of the tendencies of Northern art. To individuals and nations, whose instinct to

*Hubert von Herkomer. A Study and a Biography. *By A. L. Baldry.* New York: The Macmillan Co. $15.00.

express themselves in plastic form is not fundamental, the element in art which appeals most forcibly, if not uniquely, is that of *likeness*. Thus the art of the North, where the art instinct is feeble and the feeling for form rudimentary, has been great solely in landscape and portraiture—Dutch art supremely great, German art marred by a weak sentimentality, English art by an unconquerable love for prettiness. When an artist appears with all these characteristics of the North united, its love of likeness rather than of ideal form, together with a combination of German sentimentality and English weakness for the pretty, and when these traits are dominated by a strong, original personality and an equally strong feeling for technic, the outcome is to say the least interesting.

Herkomer's love for nature is deep and true, his rendering of it admirable; so great at times are his landscapes that it is with positive irritation one sees them again and again spoiled by a cheap sentimentality. Such, for instance, is the work called "Homeward," a strong landscape, showing a wild waste of mountains, a rushing torrent and rugged boulders, all rendered tame and flat by the introduction of a pretty girl carrying a lamb, while the unity of composition has been entirely destroyed by placing a dog in the opposite corner of the canvas.

But, as is the case with most true sons of the North, Herkomer's real strength is manifest in his portraits. A member of the English Academy, popular and courted, he is overwhelmed by orders for portraits of the rich and noble. It is impossible that all the amazing number of portraits he paints every year should be satisfactory, but notwithstanding this overproduction a fair proportion of them rank among the best of their kind. He has the characteristics of the great portrait painters, a keen habit of observation, a power of understanding and seizing the essential attributes of his sitters, the ability to subordinate his own personality to that of another. This power is peculiarly noticeable, for instance, in his portrait of W. H. Thompson. As one looks at the subtle and cold face of the famous Master of Trinity College, inevitably Tennyson's description of the man arises in memory. The similarity of effect produced by the artist's and the poet's work is a striking tribute to the accuracy of each:

"Most delicately hour by hour
He canvass'd human mysteries,
And trod on silk, as if the winds
Blew his own praises in his eyes,
And stood aloof from other minds,
In impotence of fancied power.

"With lips depress'd as he were meek,
Himself unto himself he sold:
Upon himself himself did feed;
Quiet, dispassionate and cold,
And other than his form of creed,
With chisel'd features clear and sleek."

Deissmann's Bible Studies *

PROFESSOR DEISSMANN'S gleanings from the newly discovered papyri and inscriptions form the most important contribution of our times to New Testament lexicography. An eminent authority (Professor J. M. Moulton, in the *Expository Times* for May, 1901) speaks thus of its effect:

"Scores of familiar biblical words and phrases now turn out to have been part and parcel of the ordinary vocabulary of later Greek. One after another idioms which we have regarded as Hebraisms and words which have been classed as biblical Greek show themselves in everyday scribblings of Greek speaking Egyptians. . . . The New Testament is written in the normal language of the Greek world."

To realize the difference this makes let any one refer to the lengthy discussions of the word ἱλαστήριον ("atonement") in the famous passage Rom. 3: 25 in any critical commentary or treatise on Biblical or Pauline theology, and compare these with the brief demonstration of Deissmann, pp. 124-135, that the word has scarcely a connection with *kapporeth* ("mercy seat," Ex. 25: 16), or with the Hebrew root from which this is taken, signifying "to cover." In Dion Chrysostom (ca. 100 A. D.) and two early inscriptions of Cos the word is used as the common term for "a votive or propitiatory gift." Those to whom Paul wrote would certainly understand it in this sense: "God set forth Christ as a propitiatory gift . . . for a demonstra-

* BIBLE STUDIES. Contributions, chiefly from papyri and inscriptions, to the history of the language, the literature and the religion of Hellenistic Judaism and primitive Christianity. *By Dr. G. Adolf Deissmann.* Authorized translation (T. & T. Clark Library) by Alexander Grieve, M.A., Ph. D. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.00 net.

tion of his goodness." The famous passage ceases to jar against the related Pauline references to God's reconciliation (atonement) "of the world to himself," and becomes full of meaning and beauty. It is a new illustration of Luther's admirable statement of the contrast of law and gospel, the former being what man does for God, the latter what God does for man.

Or take the following elucidation of "the mark (χάραγμα) of the beast" Rev. 13: 11-16: "χάραγμα is the name of the imperial seal, giving the year (by number, cf. Rev. 13: 18) and the name of the reigning emperor, and is found on bills of sale and similar documents of the first century." Not only seal-impressions in red ink are found on such papyri, but the stamp plates themselves with red pigment adhering, and copies of the documents wherein each of the parts, text, signature and seal is prefaced by a note, stating it to be a copy, the last expressly designated ἀντίγραφον χαράγματος "copy of the seal!"

Besides these philological contributions Professor Deissmann's discussions of contemporary usage in the matter of letters *vs.* epistles (literary products), "the marks of Jesus," Gal. 6: 17, the name "Yahweh" and that of "Barnabas," are most interesting and important. The book is indispensable to students of the Greek Bible, and is well translated.

BLENNERHASSETT. *By Charles Felton Pidgin.* (Boston: The C. M. Clark Publishing Company. $1.50.) The writers of preposterous fiction continue to put forth their wares. Why do they do it? we ask, but, like jesting Pilate, we cannot stay for an answer. In this remarkable story the cunning and malevolence of Alexander Hamilton and the diabolical machinations of Thomas Jefferson are painstakingly contrasted with the lofty patriotism, the inflexible probity and the kindly forbearance of Aaron Burr. The task would not be worth the doing even if it were done well; and done so ill as it is, there is no conceivable excuse for the time and labor expended. All the probabilities of life and action are constantly violated; the characters are shifted about like manikins, and their talk is like nothing we have heard before. Indeed, the author's diction is a unique achievement; his characters think and speak in phrases instead of in words—and in the hackneyed and outworn phrases of other people at that; added to this is the unfortunate fact that the phrases are usually futile and do not convey the intended thought. Of the love episode of the book the less said the better; it entertains us, it is true, but hardly in a manner that would flatter the author. Some nice discriminations used in describing his characters impress us as novel. "Her face possessed that remarkable combination, features Grecian in mold, with cheeks rosy with the flush of health." The incompatibility of Grecian features and health had not occurred to us before. Again: "She was bright and captivating in both speech and movement, but was also graceful and dignified." There is a host of such instances, and there is an auxiliary host of misstatements about the commonest facts. The Blennerhassetts and Burr are made to discuss "the never-to-be-silenced query, was there really a William Shakespeare?" years before the question had really arisen; a phrase and a policy of Washington's are jauntily attributed to Jefferson; and the information is given that "everybody who lived in the country in those days of long ago occupied a mansion"—a curious economic discovery. So the "story" runs, for 442 mortal pages, each of them with 5¾ by 3½ inches of print, and twenty-nine of these pages in fine type.

CARDIGAN. *By Robert W. Chambers.* (New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.) The history of Cardigan is bound to inspire envy in the breast of the unfortunate youth who cannot leave Titus Labienus, stationed on a hill, as he did, to put on a dazzling new uniform and fare forth to adventures beside which those of Cæsar are stale and unprofitable. Thrilling is the long journey, through forest solitudes, with treacherous white enemies close on the trail, and none for comrades but kindly highwaymen with a price upon their heads. But the peace-belts of wampum are carried in vain to the great chief. Intrigue has borne its fruit and peace is impossible. Cardigan proves himself a good fighter, and a true lover when finally he does catch fire from "Silver Heels," his old playmate. Tho the jaws of hell open to engulf them both,

yet they go on unscathed to the more delectable gate. In plot and incident *Cardigan* does not differ violently from others of its class. It even includes the kidnapping act, which seems to be regarded a *sine qua non.* But the descriptions are good, the story well balanced and entertaining, and if the reader were to be limited to one novel of the American Revolution, *Cardigan* would by no means be an unhappy choice.

Literary Notes

THE Crown Prince of Siam has written a volume of essays on the War of the Polish Succession as the result of his studies at Oxford. This is certainly cosmopolitan.

....It isn't exactly literature, but it is beautifully printed, and its subject is appetizing—this little book on "101 Sandwiches," by May E. Southworth, which comes to us from San Francisco.

....John Kendrick Bangs, who is yet a young man, has thirty-eight volumes to his credit, and Robert W. Chambers, who is also a young man and who had written not a line previously to 1893, has fifteen.

....The *Athenæum* is not given to praising American books, but it has this to say of "Cardigan:" "The real thing is in Mr. Chambers, and the mistress he serves is no less a lady than the true romance. . . . Mr. Chambers has not gone to little men in his search among the masters of literary style. He writes well and in the language of romance. But in these days that is not so rare. The important matter with Mr. Chambers is that he has something to say. There is more than the silks and swords of romance in the tale he has to tell, and his mind has grasped a great deal more than the mere properties of his craft."

....Mr. F. B. Sanborn, one of the few living men who possesses reminiscent knowledge of the old Cambridge set, has written a book on "The Personality of Thoreau," to be published by Charles E. Goodspeed, of Boston. We quote this anecdote from a "specimen page:" "When Emerson said to his young visitor that 'he was always looking out for new poets and orators, and was sure the new generation of young men would contain some,'—Thoreau quaintly said that 'he had found one in the Concord woods,—only it had feathers, and had never been to Harvard College; still it had a voice and an aerial inclination,—and little more was needed.' 'Let us cage it,' said Emerson. 'That is the way the world always spoils its poets,' was Thoreau's characteristic reply.'"

....The following prayer takes the place of a dedication in Henry van Dyke's new book, "The Ruling Passion:"

"A WRITER'S REQUEST OF HIS MASTER.

"Lord, let me never tag a moral to a story, nor tell a story without a meaning. Make me respect my material so much that I dare not slight my work. Help me to deal very honestly with words and with people because they are both alive. Show me that as in a river, so in a writing, clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed. Teach me to see the local color without being blind to the inner light. Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real. Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life. Steady me to do my full stint of work as well as I can: and when that is done, stop me, pay what
wages Thou wilt, and help me to say,
from a quiet heart,
a grateful
AMEN."

Pebbles

THE Shah of Persia is said to have told the Duchess of Westminster that the fame of her beauty had reached Teheran. "Ah," said she to some one who stood by, "he takes me for Westminster Abbey."—*Youth's Companion.*

A nervous old party in Worcester
Was aroused from his sleep by a rorcester.
He awoke with a snore
And, arising, he swore
This was more than his ears could get yorcester.
—*Puck.*

....Mark Twain recently sent the following letter to Andrew Carnegie: "My Dear Carnegie: I see by the papers that you are prosperous. I want to get a hymn book; it costs six shillings. If you send me this hymn book, I will bless vou, God will bless you, and it will do a great deal of good. Yours truly, Mark Twain. P. S.—Don't send me the hymn book; send me the six shillings."—*Times.*

Five acres of land in the suburbs he bought,
So he might have a place of his own;
And the agent remarked that he knew that he'd have
No trouble in floating a loan.

The land it was covered with water, he found,
Not an inch of dry land or of stone;
And he had, true enough, by means of a raft,
No trouble in floating alone.
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

....At a cricket match played recently in the park of an English baronet it was found necessary to secure the services of one of the footmen as umpire. In due course the baronet went in, and the second ball delivered him he stopped with his leg, and the cry of "How's that?" was raised. It was the footman on whom the decision rested, and, turning to his master, he said in a half-apologetic tone: "I'm afraid I must say 'Not at 'ome,' Sir John." "Not at home?" retorted the baronet; "what do you mean?" "Well, then, Sir John," replied the footman, "if you will 'ave it, I mean that you're hout!"—*Tribune.*

EDITORIALS

Responsibility for Misrule

No one familiar with conditions in Chicago, Philadelphia or New York can be ignorant that many thousands of eminently respectable voters stolidly support gangs of organized plunderers, to whom these cities are for years together delivered over on election days. These voters would not themselves take up a life of crime as a profession. They would not regard kindly any person who attacked the common virtues of honesty, domestic purity or compassion for the poor and needy. They would say hard things about men who, in the State or National administration, evinced a readiness to profit largely by opportunities to handle public moneys. And yet these respectable citizens, business men for the most part, who personally take little part in politics, and who would not like to be thought of as other than morally, no less than financially, "substantial," are found at the critical moment sympathizing with Quayism, Tammanyism and all such iniquities; and the uninitiated wonder how such things can be.

The reformer who dreams, and the reformer who makes it his business to know "what is what," offer different explanations of this deplorable habit of a certain sort of business men. The reformer who dreams tells us that the average voter is a hopeless partisan, who carries over into the municipal campaign partisan considerations that properly have no place in the choice of administrative officers for a great public corporation. Acting on this belief, the reformer who dreams tirelessly preaches the necessity of separating municipal from general elections, and of converting urban voters to the doctrine that municipal government is strictly a business affair, to be conducted on business principles, with little regard to the greater issues of national policy.

The reformer who knows his facts could easily make merry over the philosophizing of the reformer who dreams, but he contents himself with putting a single question. "Why, then, is it," he asks, "that precisely those men who are shrewd business managers are the ones from whom most is to be feared when any question of municipal reform is brought before the people? Has anybody heard of an enthusiastic declaration for an anti-Tammany fusion ticket by the directors of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company in New York City? Has any one observed an energetic activity on the part of the leading corporations of Philadelphia to overthrow the Quay machine? Will the dreamer please explain exactly why it is that in municipal affairs powerful business interests seem to be in no desperate hurry to secure what the dreamer calls a business-like administration?"

Dreamers are sometimes right in their philosophy, and practical men are sometimes wrong, but in this particular case we must sorrowfully admit that the practical man has the deeper insight. The business man is both a voter and a money maker. The assumption of the dreamer is that, as a voter, the business man will think about politics in terms of business methods; that he will regard public officials as he regards his heads of departments, superintendents and office boys, as men to be watched and dealt with according to their honesty and business-like achievement. Unhappily this is what the business man in his capacity of citizen does not do. He does, indeed, think of politics in terms of business, but not in terms of the administrative side of business. He thinks of politics, politicians and public officials in terms of the bargaining side of business, in terms of parties to be "seen," of deals to be made, of "margins" to be secured, in short, in terms of trade and the balance sheet. This, specifically, is the fact that the practical reformer understands, and that the dream reformer never "gets onto."

Precisely in this fact lies the real danger confronting the anti-Tammany forces in the present municipal campaign in New York, confronting the anti-Ring reform movement in Philadelphia, confronting the little band of reformers facing a well-nigh hopeless situation in Chicago. Many thousands of business men will vote for Mr. Low because they

are Republicans, and Mr. Low is the regularly nominated candidate of the Republican party. If these same business men had formed the habit—which the dream reformer would long ago have had them form—of thinking of municipal politics as something to be divorced from national politics, it is safe to say that they would not vote a fusion ticket. With a single minded enthusiasm that would take the reformer's breath they would put in their work for Tammany Hall. This we know is a well-nigh appalling statement. But we also know that it is unqualifiedly true. The average business man in New York City, Chicago or Philadelphia, right down in the bottom of his heart does not want an unflinchingly honest, business-like administration, which will enforce the law to the letter, and mete out even-handed justice. On the contrary, he wants an administration that he can "see." He wants policemen who will stroll stolidly by while the sidewalk in front of his warehouse is piled ten feet high with packing cases. He wants a board of assessors who are "all right" on the delicate subject of special assessments for street improvements. He wants a building department which will let him put in wood for iron, sand for cement, and brick walls for windows. He wants a board of health that won't get "too nasty" when he burns soft coal, or violates the ordinances in regard to the storage of noxious materials.

These are hard sayings, but every man in New York City who has survived the age at which human beings are supposed to cut eye teeth knows that they are true, and no one knows it better than the average New York business man himself. In his moments of relaxation, when he talks with you freely on the railroad train or at the club, he owns up to every one of these indictments, and says even harder things about himself and his associates. There could be no greater nonsense than the talk that the strength of the Tammany organization lies in the ignorant and vicious classes of this great city. *The strength of Tammany is in the respectable, God-fearing, church-going, well-to-do business classes,* AND THEY KNOW IT, as everybody who is not a simpleton knows it.

What, then, are they going to do about it? Do they propose to go on forever imposing upon this and upon other great cities in our land a rule of crime and infamy in order that they may make a little more money, or enjoy a few more ill-gotten privileges in the conduct of their business interests? They are the men that can shake off and trample down this whole organization of villainy in municipal politics if they choose to do so. As long as they can make people in general believe that responsibility rests, not with them, but on the ignorant and the vicious, and as long as they can keep the dream reformers babbling about some childish change in political machinery, or about the necessity of carrying business methods into politics, the temptation to go right on with their actual practice of business methods in politics will doubtless be great. The appeal must be made to something infinitely greater than their business interests and their business sense. It must be made to their manhood, to their citizenship, to their sense of moral responsibility.

And so we ask you, business men, what are you going to do about it? Will you take counsel in these things of your "business interest" or will you look at them from the standpoint of your nobler instincts, your citizenship, your manhood and your decency? You have never had a better opportunity to show that you are prepared to look upon business interests as a means to an end, rather than as the supreme end of life itself, than you have this fall.

The Alabama Appointment

It is not strange that the appointment by President Roosevelt of Thomas G. Jones to be United States District Judge of the Middle District of Alabama has excited wide comment. Judge Jones is a Democrat; President Roosevelt is a Republican, and believes in the Republican party, North or South, and yet he appoints to a most important office a Democrat. His explanation of his act is perfectly satisfactory. He says that in the South—and we hope also in the North—when a Democratic candidate appears to be worthier than a Republican, he will appoint the Democrat for the good of the service. Now we doubt not that in Alabama it is vastly easier to find a compe-

tent Democrat than a competent Republican, because the Republicans are so few. A judge ought to have the respect of the people, and the voting people are nearly all Democrats. To be sure there are negroes and a few white Republicans, but the negroes have been deprived of the ballot, and the white Republicans are difficult to find and more difficult to cull. Not every one of them is fit to be a judge. Mr. Jones's appointment is worthy of all praise. He represents the best sentiment in the Democratic party, and to him we owe the provision in the new Alabama Constitution against lynching, which removes a sheriff who fails to defend a prisoner. He was a Gold Democrat and supported Palmer and Buckner in 1896. In the Alabama convention he opposed the "grandfather" clause and declared in the debate:

> "The brain of man cannot conceive of qualifications which, without violating the Federal Constitution, will shear political power from the negro as a race, and at the same time confer the right of suffrage on the white men, save those convicted of crime."

And in a letter to the Montgomery, Ala., *Advertiser* he added:

> "I do not believe that it is for the good of either race that the negro race should be shut out from all hope, and that every individual of the race, no matter what his character, intelligence and interest in the community, shall be forever debarred from qualifying himself to vote in a Government which taxes him, punishes him, regulates all his concerns, and, in case of need, would demand of him to give his life in its defense."

Such a Democrat is a pretty good Republican.

We are not inclined to designate this as an attempt to build up a white Republican party in the South. Mr. Jones is a life-long Democrat, and will doubtless remain such. To be sure, such an appointment will increase the favor of the white people toward the Republican party, and that is to be desired; but that is in this case subsidiary. As to the policy of building up a white Republican party in the South, much may be said in its favor. There is no wisdom in keeping a party conveniently small in any State, except in the view of those that may want to monopolize its offices. That the weakness of the Republican party in certain Southern States has fostered corruption no one can doubt who has followed the history of their delegations to the national conventions. But the party in the South has been able to do nothing by way of legislation for the negro. On the other hand, legislation against them has been hardened into constitutional suppression of their votes. The time has got to come when a white Republican party will be built up in the South, without damage to the negroes who have been faithful to the party, and who deserve its recognition. We imagine that that time has now come. If so, some good is to be expected from the new policy. While Southern white Republicans will not have the same sentiment toward negro voters that we have in the North, where we give them equal legal rights, but leave social recognition to individual taste, it will be to the interest of white Republicans in the South to see to it that negroes are allowed to vote and have their votes counted, and it will be to the interest of the country that there shall be in the South a strong Republican party which shall have the support of intelligent people, white and black. This we believe that Mr. Roosevelt's administration will do something to secure.

Home Missionary Organization

If half the breath and ink spent in discussing how benevolent societies should be managed could be employed in securing their funds or doing their work, it would be greatly to the gain of the cause. The Episcopalian papers have for weeks been full of arguments *pro* and *con* on the proposition to put their mission work under the sole care of the bishops, instead of the present Board of Missions; and the Congregationalists, after a little respite, are to be plunged into the same sort of a discussion of their home mission work. Their Board of Foreign Missions, having had some seven years of conflict, is now enjoying peace, while the tempest is transferred to the Home Missionary Society.

There has been something of a conflict between its Executive Committee and its State auxiliaries as to the allotment and control of its funds; and at the annual meeting last May a committee of fifteen was appointed, five nominated by the Executive Committee and five by the auxiliaries, these to choose

five others, who should propose a plan to perfect the relations between the society and its auxiliaries. This committee reported, through its chairman, Dr. Lyman Abbott, last week, and it more than supports the contentions of the auxiliaries. It proposes the appointment of a "National Committee," one member at least from each State Association or Conference, or State Auxiliary, each State to have an additional member for each 10,000 additional members, and five more members at large, to be chosen by the Society at its annual meeting. This National Committee shall elect the Executive Committee of the Society, shall estimate probable receipts, and shall apportion the amounts to be spent in the several States. No paid official shall be a member of either the National or the Executive Committees. Any State missionary society which assumes all the expenses of its missions shall be an auxiliary and have entire charge of their direction, and the Executive Committee can, at its discretion, transfer the control of missions to a competent missionary organization in States where the entire support is not assumed. Contributions are to be credited both to the National Society and to the auxiliary in any State from which they are received. Differences between the Executive Committee and the auxiliaries are referred for final decision to the National Committee, and cannot be appealed therefrom to the annual meeting of the Society.

This proposed National Committee adds another wheel to the machine. It would consist of 84 members (allowing one each to California and Texas, which have two associations each), or four or five less if certain Southern States are excluded where the Society has very little work. Only such members of the National Committee could meet as happened to be present at the annual meetings of the Society. We suspect that after a year or so this National Committee would sink to the unserviceable, if not innocuous, lethargy of the old commission of fifty that used to appoint the Executive Committee, but was dropped as useless a generation or less ago. We are always suspicious of these intermediary contrivances to lengthen the chain which distributes responsibility. We would put all responsibility on the Executive Committee, even to the electing of all paid officers, and hold them to it, and turn them out if they do not do their work to the satisfaction of the churches.

The present proposition puts the chief financial responsibility, that of distributing funds, on the National Committee, which meets but once a year, if it can meet at all. This requires a change in the present constitution, which puts the entire charge of funds with the Executive Committee, meeting at least once a month; and by depriving the Executive Committee of its chief responsibility and duty it will make it more difficult to secure capable men to assume its service. There may be good reasons for this proposed change, but the objections are patent, and it will be the duty of those who have proposed it to defend it.

Admiral Sampson's Repudiation

Colonel Robert M. Thompson, the President of the Naval Academy Alumni Association, has given to the press an apparently authorized statement in explanation of the course taken by Rear-Admiral Sampson in approving the proof sheets of Mr. Maclay's History of the Navy, in which Rear-Admiral Schley was called a "coward," "prevaricator," "caitiff" and "craven." This explanation is as follows:

"The proofs were sent by Mr. Maclay to Admiral Sampson with the request that they be read and corrected. . . . He did correct a certain part of them, but as soon as he arrived at the part which contained the statement that Schley was a coward and a caitiff, he was very much angered and said the statement was one the author had no right to make, and that it was unjust and unfair to speak of any naval officer in such terms, and declined to have anything further to do with the proofs. His secretary, impressed with the great desirability of having the statements of facts accurate, and not believing that he was in any way responsible for the statements of opinions, did, on his own account, compare the book with the records and make on the margin a number of corrections. As these were in the same handwriting as those made when Admiral Sampson was giving his personal attention to the corrections, Mr. Maclay was perfectly justified in his statements. The order of the Secretary of the Navy forbidding naval officers to make any statements for publication regarding this controversy, issued immediately after this interview, prevented the above correction being officially made."

The United States Naval Academy Alumni Association is composed of graduates of the Academy, both in the service and in civil life. The former, it is true, have been debarred from public discussion. The latter, including Colonel Thompson, have not; and there is as much outspoken difference of opinion among them as among any equal number of men intelligently informed on the subject.

Whether the present simple act of justice on the part of Admiral Sampson, in order to relieve himself from a very false position, was ever within the prohibition of the Navy Department any more than it is now, or whether Colonel Thompson on his behalf could not have acted in palliation of this libel with the same celerity with which Mr. Maclay's publishers suppressed the volume containing it (we are informed that the book is now unpurchasable and has been off the market for two months) is a matter upon which it is needless to dwell. Of course, it will inevitably be noted that this is the third time that Admiral Sampson has found himself under the necessity of ascribing actions, for which he frankly avows responsibility, to the ineptness of a subordinate; the unfortunately worded "Fourth of July dispatch" after the battle of Santiago, and the still more unfortunately worded indorsement relating to promotion from the ranks on the letter of Gunner Morgan, being the other two instances. The especial importance, however, of his present outgiving resides in the fact that it is the first authoritative explanation—to use the mildest possible expression—on the part of any one of the "commanding officers" whom Mr. Maclay directly charges in his preface with having revised and approved the offensive pages of his book; and it is greatly to the credit of Admiral Sampson that, without waiting for any verdict of the court of inquiry, he has permitted Colonel Thompson to express in plain terms the anger and resentment which he felt on reading these aspersions; still more significant is it that he has authorized this statement now after most of the testimony concerning the events which gave rise to Maclay's charges has been made public, and presumably with a full knowledge of its purport and effect: testimony adduced with all the methods of a prosecution and before a "court of inquiry" which, in this respect, is different from any court of inquiry ever held under the auspices of the Navy Department, or justified by any of its promulgated regulations.

The public now wants to see whether the other "commanding officers" whom Mr. Maclay has implicated will follow the example set by their chief. It has noted with some surprise that some of them who have appeared as witnesses have not been asked whether they approved these charges, as Mr. Maclay has alleged, and their reasons demanded. It certainly was supposed that inasmuch as Maclay's book started this investigation, however technically irregular such questions might be as involving expressions of opinion, the proceeding itself was sufficiently irregular to justify departures from strict rules, at least in this one particular. The burden of justification, however, still remains, and until it is assumed by them these officers have only themselves to blame if the public continues to regard their act, unified by its single result, as a conspiracy of defamation and a blot upon the fair name of the service, which sooner or later must be removed.

Colonel Thompson in his authorized interview essays to break the force of the repudiation by the Navy Department of its official map of the battle of Santiago, in the form of a defense of Commander Wainwright, the senior member of the board which produced it. He says:

> "Any one reading the report accompanying the chart sees that there was no misrepresentation as to what it was. It did not claim to be, and in the nature of things could not be, absolutely correct. In the first half hour of the fight, while the smoke of battle obscured all landmarks and the excitement incident to the battle was affecting every man, how could any one determine accurately where they were at each particular moment. At best there could only be, as there was, a general discussion between the navigators, and each one put down his ship where he thought it ought to be, and where there were differences of opinion the majority had to decide as to what position was to be accepted, and so the Board reported."

Nevertheless, Mr. Maclay published that chart in his book (garbled by the omission of the numbers showing the places of the ships) for the express pur-

pose of sustaining his position and of justifying his charges of cowardice on the part of Commodore Schley during the battle. There is not one word in his book qualifying this showing, as Colonel Thompson now attempts to qualify it. Nor has the Navy Department at any time during the three years which has elapsed since that chart has been made and published as a part of the official report of the Secretary of the Navy for 1898, published a single word to discredit it. Neither was there anything in the report of the board accompanying it in the nature of a warning. What the board did say three months after the battle was this:

"Before plotting these positions the Board took each ship separately and discussed her data for the position under consideration, these data being obtained from the report of the commanding officers, notes taken during the action, and the evidence of the members of the Board.

"In reconciling differences of opinion in regard to distances, bearings, ranges, etc., full liberty was given to the representative of the ship under discussion to bring in any argument or data he considered necessary, and the Board submits this report with a feeling that, under the circumstances, it is as nearly correct as is possible so long after the engagement."

It was not until a correct copy of that chart had been published in THE INDEPENDENT, until after the readers of THE INDEPENDENT had been asked to measure it for themselves in direct refutation of the statements of Mr. Maclay (approved by the "commanding officers") to the effect that the "Brooklyn" had run away out of the fight, that Cervera had "nobly thrown down the gauntlet" which Schley had "cravenly refused to take up," and not until after Commander Heilner on cross-examination had been invited to explain the discrepancy between his solemn certification made ninety days after the event, and his recollection expressed three years after it, that the Navy Department found it necessary to repudiate the showing of that map, and Colonel Thompson to publish a defense of the officer who merely presided over the deliberations which produced it.

Furthermore, the difficulties as to accuracy due to the "smoke of battle" and "the excitement incident to the battle affecting every man," however they may serve to shield the Navy Department, have not prevented this court being called to investigate minutely every word and every act, no matter how trivial, occurring under identically the same circumstances and at precisely the same time, on the part of Commodore Schley.

It is a little curious that after having utterly and repeatedly discredited their chart of the battle of Santiago, the witnesses at the Schley investigation are some of them now discrediting their instruments. An officer declared on oath that altho the stadimeter gave the distance of the "Viscaya" from the "Brooklyn" as 1400 yards, he believed it was 2000 yards more. At that distance, he said, he could not trust the stadimeter; he would rather trust a sextant, and apparently he would rather trust his eye. Now what is a stadimeter? It is merely a sort of sextant, a simple instrument used on all war vessels, invented by Lieut.-Commander Bradley A. Fiske, who is the leading inventor of the navy, to whom we owe the telescope sights and range finders which make accurate firing possible, and the new system of signals independent of wind and weather. The stadimeter gives, by means of two adjustable mirrors, the visual angle subtended by a distant mast of known hight (that of the "Viscaya" was 73 feet), and with angle and hight known the linear distance of the ship is read off from a scale. Lieut.-Commander Fiske, as navigator of the "Petrel," by use of his stadimeter gave the distance for the Spanish ships in the battle of Manila for the firing at a distance of over 4,000 yards. And here Lieutenant Bristol, a witness, declares that this instrument at 1,400 yards would allow an error of 2,000 yards. Now the inherent error is one minute of an arc, and the error at 1,400 yards could be 24 yards instead of 2,000. It is very strange.

In this connection, as illustrating what are the conditions that are now bringing discredit upon the Navy Department, we mention the report that Captain Benjamin T. Tilley, who has just returned from Samoa, has been suddenly ordered back to that island to be tried by court-martial for drunkenness and unprofessional conduct, and it is said that the charges are made by missionaries. Captain Tilley graduated at the head of his

class in 1867, has been one of the ablest and most spotless officers in the service; has been complimented warmly for his work in Samoa during the troubles there; and that there can be any basis for such a charge is incredible to those who know his record. It would seem that some suitable investigation should have been made before he was sent instantly back thus discredited. There are no American missionaries in Samoa, we believe, except Mormons. There are some Protestant missionaries, of the London Missionary Society, and the English Wesleyans, and some Catholic French missionaries; and we should like to know, if the information were accessible, from what source these charges come against an officer of such established reputation.

The Pope, the Philippines and the Catholic Press

A CREDIBLE dispatch from Rome informs us that Archbishop Chapelle, of New Orleans, the Apostolic Delegate to Porto Rico and the Philippines, has made a favorable report to the Pope at Rome on the action of the United States in the Philippines and the security which the American rule gives the Church; and that the Pope has expressed the opinion that all Christians ought to aid the Americans in the pacification of the archipelago. And yet, by a perversity which so often makes them take the wrong side, our American Catholics, with a few honorable exceptions, have opposed the American rule in the Philippines, preferring to it either that of the Spaniards or to leave the islands to the Katipunan secret society, which persecutes the friars. Because one intelligent Archbishop has been on the side of the Government he has been abused and almost boycotted. Our soldiers have been maligned as robbers of churches, and our President charged with tyranny and cruelty. The Catholic press, as a whole, has been against the Government and in favor of the Filipinos, as if unconscious of the fact that our perfectly impartial Government is the best in the world to the Catholic Church, because it allows it absolute liberty and gives it absolute justice.

As a further illustration of the ineptitude that characterizes so much of the Catholic press, we quote from a leading editorial in the chief Catholic paper of the Cardinal's own city. It has swallowed a story that J. Pierpont Morgan has gone to the Episcopal Convention to lead the opposition to the proposed canon forbidding the remarriage of divorced persons. It has this to say of Mr. Morgan:

> "Doubtless his power in many respects is greater in this country than was Henry VIII's in England. He may esteem himself a sovereign in might, and perhaps even his ability if not to enact at least to influence, compel and purchase legislation may have led him to believe in his power to sway things to suit his whim. . . .
>
> "The members of the New York 'four hundred' are of course not desirous of anti-divorce legislation by the bishops of the Episcopal Church. They are, many of them, members of that Church and many of them are divorced, or hope to be some day. It would not be pleasant to be discriminated against. Hence they have retained Mr. Morgan as counsel to plead their cause. Not content to be a mere advocate, the magnate would dictate to the triennial convention of the Episcopal Church, and it remains to be seen whether the bishops will suffer his dictation. A few of them are more or less directly under his influence. Others may be brought under, but will they? Yes, will they refuse to bask in the magic of his favor? Will they dare to disobey his nod?
>
> "The home Mr. Morgan has rented in San Francisco for the occasion will be open to all his friends. With the wiles of his generous hospitality, with the awe of his impressive majesty, he will win influence and assert his power. . . . Will the bishops take the risk of losing the *élite* of Eastern society—wealthy and aristocratic divorcees and the eminent counsel—who, be it said to his credit, has no personal interest in the premises—J. Pierpont Morgan?".

We have given this long quotation for a plain purpose. We wish to show that it is such absurdities as this, such palpable misrepresentations of facts, not excused by willing credulity, that explain the lack of influence of so large a part of the Catholic press. Among the Catholic papers are a few of the brightest and best edited of religious journals. We could point out such in Boston, Milwaukee and St. Louis, but such vaporings as the above are not to be found in them. They have at least a sufficient sense of humor to avoid what is intrinsically absurd when they feel it their duty to turn their ridicule on their separated brethren.

Two Trials

In the United States and in Japan there has been a trial of the assassin of a ruler. The cases are not wholly parallel, but they invite comparison.

In this country it was the President of the United States who was killed. He had been publicly charged with corrupt subserviency to oppressive wealth. While engaged in a public duty, receiving his fellow citizens, he was slain by a zealot who believed he was doing the country service in assassinating its chief officer. He could not escape, did not wish to, for he had made himself a sacrifice to his sense of duty. He was tried, with deliberation, with dispatch, and condemned to death.

> "Not slower than Majesty moves for a mean and a measure
> Of motion; not faster than dateless Olympian leisure
> Might pace with unblown ample garments from pleasure to pleasure,"

the trial proceeded in steady dignity to its inevitable end.

In Japan it was a member of the Cabinet, Mr. Hoshi Toru, who was assassinated. He had been publicly charged with bribery. Among those who believed the charges against Mr. Hoshi was one Iba Sotaro, a member of the old *samurai* class of warriors, a zealot who felt that he was doing the State a service in putting him out of the way. He found his victim seated in the council chamber, rushed upon him with a shout, and killed him by a skillful blow of his practiced sword. Proud of his deed he had no desire to escape, was seized and tried.

Now comes the contrast. Four lawyers were glad to undertake his defense, declaring that while he had been guilty of homicide, and was doubtless sane, his confidence that he was doing a public duty must serve as a mitigation of his offense, and that he should not be executed, but imprisoned. The prosecution showed that the Japanese law allowed no such mitigation of the offense, that if the absence of private grudge excused the crime it would excuse insurrection or the slaying of the sovereign, crimes visited with severest punishment. Yet there was considerable public sympathy with the assassin; leading papers desired a lighter sentence, and the court made the penalty to be imprisonment for life.

As will be readily conceived, this penalty does not satisfy the judgment of the best people in Japan, native or foreign. It is evident that there is no such outburst of indignation there as has been seen here. Here a few anarchists believe that the assassin performed a brave and noble deed; in Japan a multitude of people give similar honor to Iba Sotaro. Probably the charges of corruption against Mr. Hoshi were made with more genuine honesty and were more seriously believed than were those against Mr. McKinley. Here the puff of the pistol blew instantly away every cloud of slander, and the President's simple character stood out clear and quite unsmirched. But there a greater credence was given to the stories, and a multitude of people made the assassin a hero, just as in this country many believe that lynchers are protectors of the land and saviors of justice. Probably in no other land would the assassin of a ruler have received a modified sentence; but we must remember that Japan is just emerging from the traditions of feudalism. Even our own courts are gentle with some cases of murder, and grand juries refuse to indict.

Miss Stone and the American Board

It is natural that the sad plight of Miss Stone, a missionary of the American Board, captured by brigands and held for ransom of $110,000, should have given color to the meeting of the Board at Hartford last week. That the Board could not itself ransom her, even if it had the money to do it, seems plain; but neither could she be left to be mutilated or killed. The Board sanctions what our Government advises, that the ransom be raised and paid. What is being done the public is not informed, but that the wisest plan is pursued we do not question. We only hope that if the ransom is paid the subsequent pursuit of the bandits will be so fierce, and the punishment so severe, that other bandits all over Turkey will not be encouraged to seize other foreigners. We would have such summary justice done as was inflicted years ago in Greece, when several English tourists were captured and killed. This case of Miss Stone quite took away interest from the success in securing from the Turkish Government

the indemnity for the destruction of mining property, for which much credit is due to our Department of State and our Ministers in Constantinople, especially Mr. Straus. The ex-Methodist pastor of the Central Congregational Church in Brooklyn, Dr. Cadman, proved himself a most valuable recruit, through the impulse he gave to his proposition to cancel the debt of over a hundred thousand dollars. It was found that a special fund of nearly fifty thousand dollars could be applied to this purpose, and the appeals of Dr. Cadman and others raised the rest of the debt. The fame of the annual meetings of this Board was well maintained.

Arbor Days and Arbor Ways

The proposition is urged by Orlin M. Sanford, of Pittsburg, Pa., to make next Arbor Day a memorial of President McKinley. The suggestion is readily adopted by many of our public men, including some of the Governors, and by the press generally. It would probably give an impetus to the plan for reforestizing the country if the sentiment of the people were thus touched, in honor of one loved by all classes, sections and parties. THE INDEPENDENT is on record as heartily favoring a strong, united effort to restore the atmospheric and barometric balance that has been destroyed by ruthless destruction of our noble woods. Notwithstanding all that has been said and done, the destruction of trees goes on very much more rapidly than the planting. Where we should have been but for Arbor Day, and protective legislation, is hard to see. Pennsylvania has a forest area equal to a strip of territory seventeen miles wide across the State, from north to south. This is decreasing at the rate of one mile a year. New York, notwithstanding its improved legislation, is not much better off. Michigan has the grandest woodlands of any Northern State, but has, so far, not been able to protect her forests as well as New York. The end is easy to foresee. In spite of planting as it now goes on, our woodlands will be practically annihilated within the next quarter of a century. If President Roosevelt shall make special issue, during his administration, of some of these far-reaching problems, we believe the country will be heartily with him. A correlative phase of the forestry problem is that fathered by Ex-Governor Morton, of Nebraska. He holds that the government of the States should assume a more definite control of highways. He proposes to make all roadways heavily shaded avenues, under State control. Definitely, his plan is to give one-half the present legal width of highways to the roadbed—properly graded, drained, and improved; the other half—that is, thirty feet on each side, to be planted with trees by the Government, and held under control of the State Forestry Commission. The end sought is to secure a large amount of forest, and at the same time an object lesson in right forestry. This model lesson would extend all over the State, and could not fail to be of great value to land holders. Much of our present forest decrease is owing to ignorance. Instead of cultivating woodland, and cutting each year that which should be cut, our farmers are accustomed to clear away large areas of woodland at one sweep. THE INDEPENDENT sees good reasons why both of the propositions suggested above should be adopted.

Virginia's Pledge

Now that Virginia is about to prepare a Constitution, the chief purpose of which is freely declared to be to exclude negroes from the suffrage, it is well to recall the pledge under which Virginia was admitted, after her secession, to representation in Congress. Virginians are supposed to be actuated by a high sense of honor, and to regard falsehood as a serious offense. The following is the pledge required by Congress and accepted by Virginia, and under which she has enjoyed full rights as an equal State:

"That the State of Virginia is admitted to representation in Congress as one of the States of the Union, upon the following fundamental conditions: First, that the Constitution of Virginia shall never be so amended or changed as to deprive any citizen or class of citizens of the United States of the right to vote who are entitled to vote by the Constitution herein recognized, except as a punishment for such crimes as are now felonies at common law, whereof they shall have been duly convicted under the laws equally applicable to all the inhabitants of said State; provided that any alteration of said Constitution, prospective in its effects, may be made in regard to the time and place of residence of voters."

A second and a third condition provided a similar equal right to hold office and to educational and other civil privileges. For Virginia now to repudiate this pledge is as great an offense and affront as it is for Utah—which we greatly fear—to violate its pledge of admission and restore polygamy.

A Stringent Rule

The order lately given by Bishop Michaud to the Catholic clergy of the diocese of Burlington, Vt., is doubtless much the same as that given by other bishops and indicates the general policy of the Church. We quote from the "Circular to the Reverend Clergy":

"Important—RESERVED CASE FOR THE DIOCESE. Parents and guardians, who in places where there are parochial schools send their children to the public schools, cannot be absolved. The Rev. Rector of each parish where the case belongs, is hereby made the judge in *foro externo,* of each and every case pertaining to his own parish. This is in accordance with the III. Plen. Coun. of Baltimore, see Nos. 198, 199. At 40 Hours' Devotion and on all other occasions, when priests assist him to hear confessions, the rector must remind them of this reserve. In doubt, consult the bishop."

It is easily seen that so strict a rule shuts Catholic children out of the public schools, wherever there are parochial schools of a grade which they can attend. But it leaves some latitude of judgment with the priests. In a dispatch to the press giving an incorrect account of this order it was stated that the citizens of Burlington were pleased with the system of parochial schools, as it relieved them of burdensome support of public schools. The fact is that Burlington has never turned one of her pupils away for lack of room, and will gladly provide accommodation for all her children of school age.

A Curiosity of Journalism

It is *The Globe Quarterly Review of Literature, Society, Religion, Art and Politics*—why not *Science* also?—of St. Louis which we must regard as one of the curiosities of journalism, and as an instance of the liberty of thought and license of speech that find room in the Catholic Church, of which the editor, W. H. Thorne, is a vociferous member. He admits no restraint in his comments on his co-religionists. He has occasion to differ from a Boston journal and he calls its editors "the wax-nose fool editors of *The Sacred Heart Review.*" But they are not alone, for he asks: "Are there not at least one hundred American fool editors and writers for Catholic newspapers in the United States?" There is another St. Louis Catholic journal which attracts Editor Thorne's gentle sheet lightning, and so we learn of "the hasty, hyperorthodox idiots who scribble for the St. Louis *Review;* "God pity their small and deluded souls." Certain statements of Father O'Hare, of Brooklyn, he declares are "false at heart and foul to the core." Said O'Hare and his supporters "are the vainest, untaught fools," "jackasses with big ears and enormous noses;" and such a one as he "looks very much like a recreant, renegade and apostate and a son of perdition," and his talk is "the talk of swell-headed fools;" is "swell-headed imbecility." Even the great silver-tongued Catholic orator is not spared; witness: "Such gad-about, insignificant, mouthing, so-called orators as Bourke Cochran and Co." We doubt if Bourke Cochran's silver bugle ever emitted such a gong-like note as this which sounds from the same page of the well-printed and sedate-looking quarterly review:

"Stop Niagara with a three-inch cork; turn the great ocean into dry land at your word; level the Rocky Mountains with your patent drills; clothe the heavenly hosts with your shoddy and rotten garments; whisper to the inhabitants of Mars, and combine to make the solar system run more smoothly; readjust the infinite Universe to your modern methods of machinery; but do not attempt to cheat the devil by the subtle use of his own methods, and, above all, do not presume to hoodwink the Almighty with your corrupt morality, or to reform the world by those falsest of all idols—the ballot-box and obligatory State-supported, State-controlled, universal and infidel education."

Why do we quote all this vulgarity and bombast? Why did the Spartans make a show of their drunken Helots? Such language accomplishes nothing nowadays. Samson's weapon has lost its killing power and ought to be thrown to the bone-heap.

Marquis Ito

It will be a mistake if the visit of the Marquis Ito to this country does not receive full honor. A younger man than Li Hung Chang, he

yet holds in Japan the same dignity of unquestioned precedence which the latter holds in China. Nearly forty years ago, as a lad, he managed to go secretly to London, and there pursue his studies. On his return to Japan he entered public service, and more than once was sent to Europe and America to draw up legal codes or to reform the currency. He has three times been Premier and five times in the Cabinet. He has guided the State in its most serious perils, as through the war with China in 1894-5, and during this later war, when Japan gained so much glory. The present constitution of Japan is mainly his work. He is a man of the highest character, a liberal in his sentiments, a friend of all education and progress, and may fairly be called the Washington of his country. Our people cannot pay him too much respect.

Chinese Exclusion

A brilliant article in *The North American Review* by Ho Yow, Chinese Consul-General in San Francisco, on Chinese exclusion, is fitted to open eyes closed by the dust of the Sand Lot. He shows that up to the passage of the exclusion law the trade of San Francisco with China had been increasing at the rate of a million dollars a year. Those were the gala days of the prosperity of that city, which began to decline in 1880. Trade fell off seven million dollars in two years. The city shrank in population and enterprise, and did not revive until Dewey's victory in the East. He takes up in a very interesting way the complaint that the Chinese take gold out of the country. This money is sent, he says, to relatives and friends.

"This leavens the common people; and in leavening them it lifts the whole Empire. It brings comfort to them; it draws their minds close to your country; it makes them receptive to your ideas, ready for the acceptance of your methods. Not only do the Chinese here send their gold in amongst them, but your goods also. Chinese are great givers of presents, and great quantities of your products enter their Chinese homes in this manner. . . . With their New World wealth they have carried New World ideas. They have learned how to develop their own country; or, becoming familiar with American goods, they perceived the kind that could be sold most advantageously in their own country. Upon their return they opened importing establishments and so extended the trade of America. The returned Chinese have done all this. They have introduced American ideas, American goods and planted American desires in Hong Kong and the Kwang-tung district."

We have opposed these laws from the beginning, and believe they ought not to be extended over another term of years.

While it may be some time before we can have one cent postage on letters, it may be interesting to compare the American rate with that of Great Britain. The British post office rate is one penny for four ounces or less, with an additional charge of a halfpenny to each additional two ounces. Thus we have the following table for letters, to which we add that for telegrams, which in Great Britain are included in the postal service:

	Ounces.	Great Britain.	United States.
Letters	1 oz.	2 cents.	2 cents.
	2 "	2 "	4 "
	3 "	2 "	6 "
	4 "	2 "	8 "
	6 "	3 "	12 "
Telegrams.....		12 cents for 12 words, address and signature counted.	20 cents to $1 00 for 10 words, address and signature free.
		1 cent for each extra word.	1 to 7 cents for each extra word.

The limit to the size of letters in Great Britain is rather liberal. The letter must not be more than two feet in length, one foot in width, or one foot in depth.

When considering the advice of our Government that the ransom demanded by the abductors of Miss Stone be paid, it should be remembered that all European Governments pay these ransoms. Only three years ago the French Government paid $70,000 to ransom M. Chevalier, in Macedonia, near where Miss Stone has now been abducted. Of course the money was later refunded from the Turkish treasury.

Herr Most has received a needed lesson. He has been condemned to a year's imprisonment for publishing in his anarchist paper an article entitled "Murder Against Murder," directly inciting to the murder of rulers. So it seems we have useful law if we will only apply it.

INSURANCE

Gradually Coming Together

From time to time considerable has been publicly said about a system of investigation of every fire back to its cause, but not enough has been said, for to discover the causes of fire waste is the first step toward lessening it, and agitation must go on until a suitable "fire coroner law" is common on State statute books. It is gratifying to note that several trade organizations have undertaken for themselves to look into the causes of fires in their own particular trade. Thus the drug trade, dissatisfied, as everybody ought to be, with the high cost of insurance, took action by an inquiry from a committee of the New York Drug Exchange, asking of the members information about fires. Dissatisfaction, we say, ought to be general, but instead of spending itself in complaint of the underwriters (who in any large degree are no more responsible for fires than the thermometer is for the temperature) it should direct itself to the fires which cause the high rates. For it cannot be too often pointed out that an insurance company is in essence only a number of separated and unacquainted persons who pool sums into a common fund, which is managed by a corporation, and that corporation, as such, is only tax-collector, pool-holder, and guarantor of the sufficiency of the assessed rate.

It was said at the last annual meeting of the Fire Protection Association that good had clearly come from direct and frank consultation between committees of the association and makers of preventive devices. Why (it was asked) cannot something be done toward ascertaining the cost of fires, as well as their causes, by a coming together of property owner and underwriter? A former president of the association reported that risks on rubber and shoe factories had been changed from unprofitable to profitable (to the guarantors, of course) by means of a study of causes, and at largely reduced rates of premium. He therefore declared as his opinion that "the interest of the companies from a purely selfish standpoint lies in improvement of risks; that profit is made in eliminating the causes of fires, increasing facilities for extinguishing them, and not in advancing rates." This is a sound view, and the annual address which cited it suggested that the line of conduct indicated might be pursued yet further. Why should not the study of fires in certain classes be carried on with the help of the insured, and "why should not the basis rate for a certain class be agreed upon by a committee composed of representatives of the class and the underwriter?"

This is in the direction of what we have repeatedly urged: that friction between underwriter and insured, as well as the constant harassing of insurance by legislatures, is because companies and the public are not in touch, so that the subject is not understood. The initiative toward coming together must necessarily be taken by the underwriters, and hence every sign of recognition of this by them is encouraging.

Speaking Out

A sign of the times is that insurance commissioners are one by one beginning to express themselves decidedly about assessment societies and especially upon the rank injustice and immorality of the favoritism which legislatures have been showing toward them. Thus Commissioner Yates, of Illinois, remarks that half a million citizens of the State have sought insurance protection by becoming members of fraternal societies; they are paying assessments, for the benefit of the families of those who are dying now, and they are clearly entitled to such guaranty as is in the power of the State to give that at the time of their death their dependents will in turn receive like benefit. Such guaranty the State is not furnishing. It has required annual reports of condition from these societies and has enacted some regulations as to their business, "but these laws are inadequate for such measure of supervision as looks to the ability of the society to fulfil its obligations in the future; there is not even a test of present solvency established." The law presents no obstacle to delaying loss settlements and piling up demands until they get beyond the possibility of collecting enough from the membership. No emergency fund is required by the

law, and in many cases the original rates are "so low as to lead one to conclude that the law of mortality was construed as containing an exemption application to fraternal societies." Reluctance to encounter unpleasantness causes delay in attempting to change this situation; meanwhile, unpaid losses accumulate, and the situation grows worse and worse.

This statement is moderate and correct, but not in any particular new. All "cheap" life insurance plans, as we have pointed out so many times, originate in the fact that the demands of mortality experience are at first very low. Therefore a low rate of demand is adopted, for the sake of attractiveness, and it naturally attracts the unthinking, who are repelled by what they call the great costliness of life insurance. Winter will not come if you do not think about it; at least, it isn't here now, and you need not provide for it—such is the reasonless reasoning. No provision for growing demands is made, for that would destroy the cheapness. So the process goes on, repeating itself in successive instances, until the trouble will no longer consent to be deferred.

The Difference

The London *Daily Telegraph* comments on the striking contrast between Great Britain and this country in what may be for convenience called their international or reciprocal insurance relations. Roughly speaking, more than twice as many fire companies are doing business in the State of New York as in the whole of Great Britain, but the number of life offices in New York is less than half that in Great Britain. The British fire offices flourish amazingly and are very powerful; thirty-six offices, chiefly British, have drawn in premiums, since their entry into the United States, $725,000,000, on which the loss ratio averages 61½ per cent. But British life offices do not consider the invasion of the United States to offer a prospect worth contemplating; on the other hand, American fire offices have been singularly unsuccessful in establishing branches in Great Britain, and they in their turn do not contemplate attempting it. The reason mentioned by the *Telegraph* as the commonly accepted one for this latter fact—to wit, that the higher rate of interest here makes insurance shares undesirable—is plainly inadequate. There is more plausibility in the suggestion that this same high rate has made it possible for American life companies to take so commanding a position in Great Britain.

But this is only the smaller reason. In Great Britain, as the *Telegraph* points out, the individual director likes to meddle and bother in the consideration of "proposals," even if he does not go so far as to seek to overrule. Yet it seems to Americans that the real explanation lies in the proposal itself. In Great Britain (the conduct of the Prudential being the notable exception) the office waits for proposals to come; in this country the company goes out by its agents and gets them. We might say that the proposal comes from the individual to the company, which waits until he gets ready, while in this country the company makes the proposal. The point is dignified, old-fashioned and theoretically correct and proper in the highest degree; it ought to be so—but it will not work so in practice. The American waits for an agent to come and work him up to doing his plain duty, and it appears that the European is constituted after the same manner.

In 1900, according to figures collected by the insurance press, nearly 198 millions was paid in death claims by the life companies reporting to the New York Department, in the United States, Canada, and the United States foreign possessions. Adding to this the 22½ millions of dividends, 22 millions of surrender values, 20 millions estimated to have been paid in foreign countries, 5 millions estimated for annuities, and 6 millions estimated as paid by companies not reporting in this State, the grand total is $273,590,876. These figures are an impressive evidence of the reach and magnitude of the work of life insurance, and some of the items have an interest of their own. Alaska called for $16,000, the Philippines for $8,315, and Hawaii for $199,252. The State of Nevada indicated its backward character by calling for only $142,255, and is surpassed by Arizona, Indian Territory, New Mexico and Wyoming, with Oklahoma only a little behind.

FINANCIAL

Sugar Prices and Reciprocity with Cuba

THE war of prices now prevailing in the sugar trade may serve to hasten an alignment of the forces for and against the proposed treaty of reciprocity with Cuba. It is a war between the American Sugar Refining Company (or Trust) and the companies that refine beet sugar in the West. The independent refiners of beet sugar have not a great quantity to sell, for the entire product of raw beet sugar last year was 198,000 tons. They have made a large profit by selling just a shade (one-tenth of a cent a pound) under the Trust's price, thus taking full advantage of the tariff duties on raw and refined, which are virtually a bounty for them, in addition to bounties given by several States. Some time ago the President of the Trust and the President of the Beet Sugar Association came before the public as the contending parties in a sharp controversy as to a reduction of the duties on Cuban sugar. On the 3d inst. the Trust suddenly reduced by about one-third its prices for refined sugar in the region tributary to Kansas City, where the beet refiners have made their market. More recently this reduction has been extended to all the States from Colorado to California. At 3½ cents a pound the Trust loses money, but it continues to make a profit in the East, and in meeting the reduced rates the beet refiners see their profits cut down to nothing.

The Trust and the other refiners in alliance with it will gain nothing by this action. They cannot compel the beet refiners to work with them for a reduction of duties, but will intensify the opposition in Congress to the proposed reduction. One of the refiners who are in agreement with the Trust remarks that the sale of sugar at 3½ cents is an object lesson, showing consumers generally how much they would gain if raw sugar from Cuba should be admitted free of duty. We do not think either the Cubans or the Eastern refiners will better their case in Congress by this attack upon the beet sugar interests, and therefore this movement is to be deplored by all who desire the ratification of a treaty of reciprocity with Cuba.

Those opposing a treaty largely reducing the duty on Cuban raw sugar are the domestic producers of sugar (beet, 198,000 tons; cane, Louisiana, 300,000; cane, Hawaii, 300,000; cane, Porto Rico, 100,000); the domestic producers of tobacco, and the protectionists in sympathy or alliance with them. On the other side are the Cubans, the Trust and other refiners of imported raw sugar; exporters who desire to increase their trade by reciprocity; some who believe that the annexation of Cuba (and free trade with the island) would be hastened by withholding the desired concessions, and many who object to a high protective tariff. The opposition is formidable; probably the force of it has been increased by the ill-advised attack upon the beet sugar interests in the West.

From the commercial and industrial point of view the real question for the opponents of reciprocity with Cuba is whether a reduction of the duty by treaty is to be preferred to the removal of all of it, which would follow annexation. Cuba is suffering by reason of the duty. If we refuse to reduce it we shall be asked in the near future by her people to annex the island. We believe that annexation must come in time, but a treaty of reciprocity fairly satisfactory to the Cubans would delay the coming of it. This view of the situation deserves the careful consideration of the beet sugar growers and refiners, the tobacco growers and all others who are unwilling to make the desired reduction of duties in a commercial agreement with the Cuban people.

Financial Items

THE Government's latest crop report indicates the following totals: Corn, 1,343,385,000 bushels (against 2,105,102,000 last year); wheat, 644,835,000 (522,000,000 in 1900); oats, 660,757,000, or nearly 150,000,000 less than last year's yield.

....Dividends and coupons announced:

United States Steel Corporation (common), 1 per cent, quarterly, payable Dec. 20th.

N. Y. Security & Trust Co. (quarterly), 5 per cent., payable Nov. 1st.

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railway (common), $2.00 per share, payable Dec. 2d.

The Independent

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Survey of the World

The Field of Politics

On Wednesday of last week the President invited Booker T. Washington, the well-known colored man and head of the Tuskegee Institute, to dine with him at his private table in the White House. Mr. Washington was thus entertained in order that the President might consult with him freely and at length concerning his race in the South. It appears that this is the first time a negro has been asked to dine with a President at his home; and the incident has caused a general outburst of indignation in the Democratic press of the Southern States. The following editorial utterances fairly indicate the tone of the protest:

> The most damnable outrage ever perpetrated by any citizen of the United States was committed yesterday by the President when he invited a nigger to dine with him at the White House. He has rudely shattered any expectations that may have arisen from his announced intention to make the Republican party in the South respectable.—*Memphis Scimitar.*
>
> President Roosevelt has committed a blunder that is worse than a crime; and no atonement or future act of his can remove the self-imprinted stigma.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*
>
> At one stroke and by one act he has destroyed the kindly, warm regard and personal affection for him which were growing up fast in the South.—*Richmond News.*
>
> The President's action was little less than a studied insult to the South, adopted at the outset of his administration for the purpose of showing his contempt for the sentiments and prejudices of this section.—*New Orleans States.*

These are the views of many prominent Southern Democrats who have been interviewed on the subject. In the North the President's course is approved by many well-known men. For example, President Eliot points out that Harvard University entertained Mr. Washington at dinner, and gave him on honorary degree; and Bishop Potter's comment is that Mr. Washington has repeatedly been a guest at his own table.—In a speech at the opening of the Ohio campaign, Senator Hanna expressed his confidence in the President, and declared that he did not intend to resign the chairmanship of the National Committee. Henry Watterson is a candidate for the Governorship in Kentucky, and admits that he has in view the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1904. Major Harlow, of the Civil Service Commission, has resigned, and will be transferred to a place in the St. Louis post office. The President has offered the vacant chair in the Commission to William Dudley Foulke, of Indiana, for many years a prominent advocate of civil service reform. The Ship Subsidy bill will be brought forward again at the coming session, with some changes designed to meet the objections heretofore made. It will be opposed by a bill prepared by Republicans of the Middle West, which provides that the bulk of the subsidy shall go to freight-carriers.

The Schley Inquiry

Captain Cook, of the "Brooklyn," was the last of the witnesses called by the Navy Department in the Schley investigation. His testimony was highly favorable to Schley. In his account of the Santiago battle he said that as the Spanish ships emerged from the harbor they seemed to be heading for the "Brooklyn," or for a passage between the "Brooklyn" and the "Texas." The "Brooklyn" and the other American ships were moving toward the Spaniards, as Schley had commanded (by the signaled order to close in), and when the

"Brooklyn" began to turn to the starboard the distance between her and the enemy had been reduced to about 900 yards. The order to turn was his own. "I gave it myself," said Cook, "on my own responsibility." Schley's order or inquiry had come later. If the turn had been made to port the ship might have blanketed the fire of her associates, and it would have been possible for the enemy to ram her. The turn was made quickly, and he never thought of a collision with the "Texas," which was passed at a distance of about 400 yards. "There was never anything between us and the Spanish ships," said Cook. When questioned concerning Schley's conduct and bearing, he replied:

"I have always regarded him as an enthusiastically brave and patriotic officer; never in any other way. I cannot imagine any conduct in battle more admirable than his. He was cool, brave, and enthusiastic from the beginning to the end of the action."

Schley had been rejoicing at Key West, because he expected to catch the Spaniards on the south coast of Cuba. He had not made a circular blockade at the ports because he wanted to draw the Spaniards out for a fight. It was true that the ships' engines were uncoupled, but this was by Sampson's order. There were twenty shot holes in the "Brooklyn" after the battle, and she received forty injuries. During the chase Schley was urging Cook to "edge in on them." Schley was always anxious about the coal supply. When he started back for Key West, not then having positive knowledge that Cervera was at Santiago, he intended to coal at sea if the weather should permit, and return at once to Santiago. He did coal at sea after going a short distance. The start from Cienfuegos was made promptly, but the squadron was delayed by the small ships and by the crippled collier. Lieutenant Commander Sears, flag officer on the "Brooklyn," testified that the ship kept her ram headed for the Spaniards for some time, and began to turn when the approaching "Viscaya" was about 900 yards from her. There was no danger of collision with the "Texas," which was passed at a distance of 600 yards. After the turn the "Brooklyn" was very hotly engaged with the three Spanish ships, all the other American ships being behind her. He had been with Schley in five engagements, and he said:

"His bearing was a model for anybody, worthy of emulation at all times. Under fire his faculties, if that were possible, seemed to be clearer, and he was more in possession of them than at any other time. He was not excited, but absolutely cool and calm. He was always putting himself in exposed positions. I requested him many times not to do so."

With reference to the extraordinary testimony of Templin M. Potts, who said he saw evidence that Schley was a coward at the reconnoissance that disclosed the weakness of the shore batteries, Lieutenant Wells, who stood near Schley at the time, testified that Schley joked about dodging as shells passed over their heads, was thoroughly self-possessed, showed no excitement, was in a natural frame of mind, and never sought shelter in or behind the conning tower. It was shown also that during the Santiago battle he was continually exposed in a position of danger on the fighting side of the ship. Yeoman Ellis's head was taken off while he was standing only fifteen feet from Schley, who prevented the men from throwing the body overboard, telling them to cover it, and saying it should be buried on land. Officers in charge of the batteries spoke of the encouraging reports frequently sent down by Schley to the gunners. Lieutenant McCauley, who proved that Schley gave orders to the "Oregon," testified that the Commodore occasionally said to the men: "Give 'em hell, bullies!" The navigator of the "Oregon" said that during the chase the "Viscaya" changed her course two or three times, apparently with the intention of ramming the "Brooklyn." It appears that Schley had been asked to take his ship to Guantanamo for coal and a day's rest, and had declined to go because he wanted to remain on guard until the Spaniards should come out. Captain Cook testified that Captain Sigsbee gave Schley no information concerning the Spanish ships when he boarded the "Brooklyn" on May 26th, off Santiago; and Ensign Marble, who heard what Sigsbee said, testified that it was as follows: "They are not here. I've been here a week, and if they were here I should know it." This contradicts the testimony of Sigsbee. The Spaniards arrived at Santiago on the 19th, and dispatches giving the news were at once sent

to the scout ships, but did not reach Schley. As to the reconnoissance at the mouth of the harbor, Ensign Macy testified that Schley had told him, the night before, that his purpose was only to ascertain the strength of the batteries, and that the firing would be at long range, because he had orders restraining him from exposing the ships to the risk of serious injury in such a movement.

The Pennsylvania Campaign

The Democratic party in Pennsylvania has completed a fusion with the Independent Republican forces on State offices. Andrew J. Palm, the Democratic candidate for State Treasurer, has withdrawn, and E. A. Coray, Jr., the Independent Republican and Municipal League candidate for the same office, has been substituted for him, Harman Yerkes having been accepted as candidate for Supreme Court Judge. This action very materially increases the prospects of defeating the Republican machine in the coming election. The Republican candidate for State Treasurer was a member of the late Legislature, and supported all its measures on every occasion. Mr. Coray, the anti-machine candidate, was likewise a member, and he represents the aggressive opposition to all the machine measures; so that the issue in Pennsylvania involves the scandalous record of the recent Legislature. The candidates in their own personal records embody the machine and the anti-machine policies. The Republican candidate for the Supreme Court was, until his elevation to the bench, a law partner of Governor Wm. A Stone. The allegation has never satisfactorily been met that he has kept his former partner advised concerning the attitude of the court on important cases, notably the one involving the constitutionality of the Pittsburg Ripper bill. It was Justice Potter's vote that determined the decision of the court on that question. With the Independent Republicans, the Municipal League and the Democrats all heartily united on a State ticket and on a city ticket in Philadelphia—a small faction of the Democrats excepted, which insists upon maintaining a separate ticket —the prospects are highly favorable for rebuking the machine on November 5th. Frank M. Riter, the chairman of the Union party, is authority for the statement that the chances of the success of the fusion candidates are steadily improving, and that the present situation points to their election. The machine, of course, has a very great advantage in its possession of the election machinery, yet public sentiment is setting in strongly for the candidates of the opposition.

A Religious Census

The Federation of Churches in New York City has completed a census of the Twenty-second and Twenty-fourth Assembly Districts in this city. This includes the region lying between Lexington Avenue and the East River and extending from Thirty-seventh to Fifty-Sixth street, making a canvass of 150,000 people. They have obtained reports from each family as to what churches its members were connected with, if any, and whether they were attending. About 2,000 families, or 10,000 individuals, were found without church attachment and were referred to the churches with which they were most likely to be affiliated. The Catholic population, which was 63 per cent. in the Twenty-second and 50 per cent. in the Twenty-fourth District, were nearly all attendants on their local churches. But this was found not to be true of the Protestants. There are three Baptist churches, for example, but Baptist families attend 26 other churches throughout the city, and the same is true of other denominations. The Reformed Dutch had the largest proportion of families that were in attendance upon their church home, being 95 per cent. The Catholics register 90 per cent, the Episcopalians 86, the Methodists 81, thePresbyterians 76, the Baptists and Lutherans 71, while of the Hebrews only 40 per cent. had synagog connection. A multitude of other denominations were found in small numbers, but it is surprising that there were only two families of Spiritualists and two of Christian Scientists. Every block or so had its German Socialists and its Agnostics, but not an avowed anarchist was discovered.

Cuba and Porto Rico

The date of the general election in Cuba has been changed from December 21st to December 31st; the President,

Vice-President and Senators will be elected on February 24th. A Board composed of five members of the Constitutional Convention will receive the returns and transmit a report to General Wood, and after February 24th he will name a date for the assembling of Congress, the inauguration of the President, and the transfer of the Government to the officers thus chosen. Spaniards desiring to become citizens of Cuba will be permitted to register in the manner prescribed for natives. The Prosecutor or Fiscal who has in hand the case of Neely has laid before the court a formidable indictment. Rathbone, formerly Director of Posts, he asserts, is not less guilty than Neely, and he asks that the defendants shall be punished by the following terms of imprisonment: Neely, twenty-five years and six months; Rathbone, twenty-five years; Reeves, twenty-four years and six months. He also recommends that in the cases of Neely and Rathbone a fine of $150,000 shall be added. The defendants now have twenty days to prepare their response to the indictment, and then the court will name a date for the trial.—In Porto Rico the public schools were opened on the 30th ult. There are 940 of them, with 43,000 children in attendance, and the number of schools will be increased to 1,000 by November 1st. In some of them practical instruction in agriculture is given. Under the provisions of bills passed by the House of Delegates fifty boys and girls, selected by the Delegates in their districts, have been sent to this country to be instructed in our schools. The Normal School will be opened in November.

The Philippine Islands

The massacre of nearly fifty soldiers of Company C, Ninth Infantry, at Bolangiga, in Samar, has been followed by further hostilties in that island and some revival of the insurrection elsewhere. On the 16th inst. a detachment of forty-six soldiers belonging to another company of the same regiment was attacked at Bangajon (Samar) by 400 bolomen, who appear to have had the rifles and ammunition lost by our men at Bolongiga. Ten Americans were killed, but after the arrival of reinforcements the insurgents were routed. They left eighty-five of their number dead on the field. Four days later, the slaughter of other soldiers of the Ninth was prevented by the vigilance of Lieutenant Bains, who ascertained that a priest and the Mayor of Carbiga (Samar) had conspired with the insurgents to fill with bolomen a prison where captured Filipinos had been confined, in order that the soldiers in charge might be taken by surprise. The bolomen were to enter by a hole in the wall, through which the prisoners were going back and forth. Other plots have been discovered in Samar, and many arrests have been made. Reinforcements have been sent to the island, and hard fighting is expected. Disquieting news is said to have been received from other places that were supposed to have been pacified. Large quantities of steel wagon springs have been intercepted at Manila, as they were about to be shipped to various districts in Luzon, where the springs were to be made into bolos.—Sixto Lopez, who has represented the insurgents in Europe, recently arrived at Hong Kong in company with Fiske Warren, a prominent Anti-Imperialist, whose home is in Boston, where he is known as a paper manufacturer and a graduate of Harvard. Warren came to Manila last week, and was required to take the oath of allegiance, under the recent order that prevents the landing of persons suspected of being in sympathy with the insurgents until they shall have taken this oath. He protested that he was a loyal American and that he had come as an honest inquirer rather than as an opponent of the Government. But at last he took the oath. Pamphlets and other publications opposing American rule are said to have been found in his baggage.—Major Braganza, the insurgent officer who ordered the execution of 103 Spanish prisoners and took pains to see that his order was obeyed, has been sentenced to be hanged. Additional reports of treachery on the part of the native police have been received. The leaders of the police at Banan (Batangas) have been arrested because they belonged to an insurgent society and were giving information to insurgents in arms. The military force in the archipelago, now about 43,000 men, will not be reduced for some time to come. Recent

events have shown that a smaller number will not suffice. General Corbin says in his annual report that 3,493 soldiers have been killed and 2,888 wounded in the Philippines since the arrival of the first body of troops in June, 1898.

England and Africa

There are rumors from Africa that Botha is captured and De Wet dead, but these are rumors and nothing more. The chief importance of the war just at present is the influence it is having on British public opinion. One conservative paper has even gone so far as to predict that when the conflict is over there will be a large increment of democratic influence in the Government, owing to the present mismanagement of affairs. With the text of Sir Redvers Buller's recent speech at Westminster before us, it is not difficult to understand why it has evoked so much bitter criticism. He said he thought the army deserved nothing but praise for its conduct, and took occasion to blame the press for prolonging the war by its hostile attitude to the administration. Then turning to a correspondent of *The Times,* who was present, he made these pointed remarks:

"*The Times* has attacked me. It has published a letter by 'Reformer.' He may be a penny-a-liner, he may be the greatest man in the world. 'Reformer,' an anonymous scribe in *The Times,* has attacked me, and says I am not fit to be in command of the First Army Corps, and I assert that there is no one in England junior to me who is as fit as I am. I say so. I challenge *The Times* to say who is the man they have in their eye more fit than I am. . . . They attack me, and they say that I wrote a telegram in which I ordered Sir George White to give up Ladysmith, to destroy his books, and so forth. I wrote a good many telegrams, and I wrote one telegram that admits partially of that description. . . . But with regard to this particular telegram I stand absolutely alone. It is I and nobody else, and, therefore, I have not the least objection at all in telling you about it. I attacked Colenso on December 15th. I was unsuccessful; it was a very trying day; I was 36 hours at work; I was 14 hours in the saddle. It was the hottest day we had the whole of the time I was out there, and I had rank bad luck, and I hope to show some day that if I had not had bad luck I had good enough men with me to get in. I attacked Colenso and I failed; and, having failed, I had to consider the people in front of me in Ladysmith. . . . I was in command at Natal, and it was my duty to give my subordinate some assistance, some lead, something that in the event of his determining to surrender he would be able to produce and say, 'Well, Sir Redvers Buller agreed.' I, therefore, spatchcocked into the middle of that telegram a sentence in which I suggested it would be necessary to surrender the garrison, what he should do when he surrendered, and how he should do it. I put it after one question he had to answer, and followed it with another question. I did not like to suggest to a man I believed to be a brave soldier that he should do this, that, or the other; but I put in the sentence in order that if he found he was obliged to surrender it would be some sort of cover for him."

Nothing during the course of the war, perhaps, has created more talk than this unfortunate speech, the undignified tone of Sir Redvers's personal defense being chiefly the cause of criticism. Mr. Kipling, who continues to unite the offices of poet and public censor, publishes in *The Times* a poem, called "The Reformers," which is headed by an extract from a private letter to this effect:

"The men who have been through this South African mill will no longer accept the old outworn explanations. They know too much, and it is to them we must look, when they come back, for the real work of reform in every direction."

The tone of the poem itself may be judged from the opening and closing stanzas, which, after the fashion of Mr. Kipling, are printed in italics for emphasis:

"Not in the camp his victory lies
Or triumph in the market-place,
Who is his nation's sacrifice
To turn the judgment from his race.
* * * * * * * *
"Not in the camp his victory lies—
The world (unheeding his return)
Shall see it in his children's eyes
And from his grandson's lips shall learn!"

The Victory of Calvinism in Holland

The sweeping victory of the Christian parties in the parliamentary elections in Holland a few weeks ago has been celebrated most enthusiastically by processions and special services in the churches, from which Queen Wilhelmina also could not entirely withdraw herself. The leader in the struggle that has ended in the complete overthrow of the liberal party in State and Church is Dr. Abraham Kuyper, professor of theology and rector of the Free University of Amsterdam. He has now become the head of the Ministry, accepting as his portfolio the Department of the Interior, and in his cabinet he will have as co-

adjutors five representatives of the Reformed faith, known as "Anti-Revolutionists," and three Catholics. With the exception of a few cases in the history of the Scandinavian kingdoms, the appointment of a distinctively Christian ministry is a novelty in the records of Protestant countries, and even Catholic princes have only from time to time in the Latin countries made appointments of this kind. In Kuyper's case it is remarkable that he has been entrusted with the political destinies of his country for the very reason that he is a theologian and the leading protagonist of a pronounced Reformed and Calvinistic religious propaganda. During the recent agitation he said to the voters:

"The battle which we fight must be one of principle. We do not contend against persons, but against liberalism in every department of life and thought. The liberal tendency is almost everywhere in Europe in a dying condition, the only possible exception being France. In its origin the liberal party is not from Holland. It is a product of the French revolution. This revolution has produced some good results, but, notwithstanding this, it was nothing but a revolution. In the life of our State the issue at stake is the question, Is there a living God or not; while the principle of the revolution was, There is no God and no Lord."

In a document addressed to the representatives of the "Anti-Revolutionary Party," assembled in Utrecht, he declared that "The issue at stake is the question: Do the Christians constitute the majority of the people of this country." This question has now been answered by a heavy majority in favor of the Christian party. The official party program has not yet been announced. The victory of Kuyper and the Religious Party is the result of years of steady agitation on the part of the Calvinistic hosts. It really signifies a revival of the old Calvinism of Holland that does not forget the spirit of the Synod of Dort. Kuyper has again and again proclaimed the principle of his master, Groen von Prinsterer—namely, the absolute sovereignty of God. In his journal, the *Standard,* he has been for many years contending for these ideas, and as founder of the Anti-Revolutionary party he organized the destruction of liberalism.

Afghanistan The news from Simla and Peshawar is encouraging in regard to the condition of internal affairs in Afghanistan. Apparently Habibullah has been accepted as Ameer by his brothers and all the leading nobles. Several of the Parisian newspapers are publishing quotations from Russia tending to show that Russia will seize this occasion to push her frontier further toward India, and it is still an open question just what position the new Ameer will take toward Russia and England. The English, at least, are congratulating themselves that Lord Curzon, who is at the head of affairs in India, is quite capable of managing British interests in that part of the world; and the new Ameer is said always to have shown perfect courtesy to the English officers who have visited Kabul. As for Habibullah himself, he is now a man nearly thirty years of age, in the prime of life, and has considerable knowledge of the routine of administration. Several times he has acted as his father's representative at the seat of government, while the old Ameer was away. So, for instance, during the campaign against Ayub, Habibullah, altho a mere boy, was left in nominal charge of Kabul while his father was absent, and received the Ameer's praise on his return for courage and ability. Again, in 1888, Habibullah was left in control of affairs during the war with Ishak, and he governed at the capital for two years, while his father remained in Turkistan. Abdurrahman spoke thus of his conduct during these two years of his administration:

"I found that he had governed the country so wisely, cleverly, and so entirely in accordance with my wishes that I conferred two Orders upon him—one for his distinguished services in the administration of the kingdom, the second for having very bravely put a stop to a mutiny which was caused by my own soldiers. He acted most bravely on this occasion, riding alone into the midst of the rebellious soldiers without showing any fear."

After this Habibullah was gradually entrusted with more and more influence in governmental affairs. For some years past Abdurrahman even received all Government reports through Habibullah, and issued his orders to Governors and Generals through him. In 1897 he gave the Prince control over the State Treasury and Exchequer, and appointed him "the Supreme Court of Appeals," all of them offices of supreme importance. The only office which the old Ameer guarded jeal-

ously from his son and every one else was that of foreign affairs.

The Persian Gulf

Just at present the town of Koweit, situated at the head of the Persian Gulf not far from the mouth of the Euphrates and Tigris, is the center of diplomatic anxiety. The interest of the various Powers in this Arabian port may be summarized briefly. Koweit was founded some 500 years ago by a certain Sabbah family, whose descendant, Mubarakh, is to-day reigning Sheikh. Until 1870 Koweit enjoyed perfect independence, but in that year Midhat Pasha, then Governor-General of Bagdad, on an expedition to capture Nejd in Central Arabia persuaded the Sheikh to acknowledge the suzerainty of the Sultan. Since that time the Sheikh has had good reason to distrust the Sultan's policy, and last winter a great battle was fought in Arabia between the Sheikh and Ibu-el-Rashid, instigated by the Sultan. At this moment the Sultan has gathered some 3,000 troops at Busra at the junction of the Euphrates and the Tigris as a threat, it is commonly believed, upon Koweit. England, however, has sent gunboats to the port to prevent bringing the troops by water from Busra to Koweit, while the march overland would be extremely difficult and would take at least fifteen days. England's interest in the matter is easily understood. Back in 1798, when Napoleon was contemplating the seizure of Oman (an Arabian province at the mouth of the Gulf), the ruler of that province sought English protection and made a treaty of alliance with the East India Company. Since that time England has had occasion again and again to send her gunboats into the Gulf to put down the pirates that infest the shores and to suppress the slave trade so far as that was possible. The Persian Gulf promises in the near future to be a shorter route to India than the present passage through the Suez Canal, and for that reason, if for no other, England is bound to maintain her authority there against Turk or Russian. It is, of course, stated that Russia, in her ambition to push toward India and to open ports for herself wherever possible, has instigated the Turk in his present action. A St. Petersburg paper, supposed to be the mouthpiece of M. Witte, declares that ostensibly the conflict at Koweit turns on the question as to whether Sheikh Mubarakh has the right to cede that port to England and whether Turkey is bound by any such agreement between its vassal and Great Britain. The paper maintains, however, that the real question is much more complicated and that its decision rests not with England or Germany or Turkey, but with Russia, whose merchant navy is now in regular communication with the ports of the Persian Gulf; for it was not in order to secure for the British fleet this important strategic point on the shore of the Persian Gulf that Russia has devoted immense capital to the economic revival of Persia and that Russian diplomacy has done so much to emancipate western Persia from British servitude. Another St. Petersburg journal urges Russia to take timely precautions, as the Eastern question is now entering on a new phase and acquiring fresh importance. The interest of France in the dispute is merely that of an ally of Russia; but Germany is more directly concerned, as she is constructing a railway from Bagdad down to the port of Koweit.

Japan

The young son of the Prince Imperial of Japan is said to be strong and healthy, but the anxiety of the nation about him will not be relieved until he has passed his first year, for the age from ten to thirteen months has seemed to be the crucial period for all the children of the Japanese Imperial family in the present generation. To a certain extent the family has departed from the old Oriental customs. The Prince has done away with the habit of having separate dwellings for the husband and wife within the palace. He takes his meals with the Princess and otherwise admits her to an unprecedented share in his daily doings. The young child, however, has not been allowed to live with the imperial family, as this would have been too great a departure from the time-honored etiquet of the court. He has been given to the care of Count Kawamura, an old nobleman who distinguished himself at the time of the restoration in 1867, served afterward for several years

as Minister of the Navy, and is now a "peer of the Musk Chamber." An allowance of $15,000 a year goes with the care of the child, which also confers great distinction. Apart from the recent trial of Iba Sotaro, one of the chief topics of interest in Japan is the "American Maru" incident. On one of the recent trips of this vessel she carried several Japanese female passengers, some in the steerage and some in the cabin, among the latter being the wife of an assistant consul and two young ladies coming to the United States for education. On arriving at Honolulu it was found that a patient in the steerage had symptoms suggesting the pest, altho, as it proved afterward, this was not the case. The medical authorities of the port, however, subjected the Japanese passengers, both of the steerage and the cabin, to an examination of a sort which aroused their indignation and made a great deal of talk in Japan. The hard feeling created was due to the fact that the white passengers were treated entirely different from the Japanese ladies. The Tokyo Government conveyed to Washington a representation that such an incident was incompatible with free and friendly intercourse between the two peoples, and the authorities at Washington promised that no such disagreeable incident should occur in the future.

Commerce on the Pacific

A writer in the *North China Herald* gives some interesting details in regard to the growth of commerce on the Pacific Ocean. Thus forty years ago all the mails between the United States and China went by the English and French mails *via* England. Passengers from China to San Francisco had to go by sailing vessels when they could find one going, which was not often, the first merchant steamer to cross the Pacific from China was a small paddle-wheel, walking-beam boat, the "Oriflamme," which had proved her seaworthiness by riding out a typhoon in the Formosa Channel. The first company to start a line of steamers across the Pacific was the Pacific Mail S. S. Company, the pioneer steamer being a large wooden, walking-beam boat, the "Colorado," whose first visit to Shanghai caused a great sensation. Four other large paddle-wheel steamers of the same type followed the "Colorado." They were too large to come up to Shanghai and plied between San Francisco and Hong Kong, stopping at Yokohama on the way. These large paddle boats used to make the voyage from Yokohama to San Francisco in from twenty-two to forty-two days, and tho, having only one engine, they were very liable to accident, they always got across somehow or other. One of them broke her main shaft in the middle of the Pacific early in 1868, and came into Yokohama with one wheel. Another broke her crank pin, and two of them were burned. They were gradually replaced by screw steamers, one of which, "The City of Peking," built at Chester, Pa., in 1874, is still running. Her sister ship, "The City of Tokyo," was wrecked near Yokohama. Later some of the railway magnates in San Francisco formed The Occidental and Oriental S. S. Company, and, instead of building steamers, chartered them from the White Star Line. Other lines followed slowly. No company that was not connected with the Trans-Continental Railway could hope for success, and so, for example, the Pacific Mail Company worked in conjunction with the Central and Union Pacific Railways. When the Canadian Pacific Railway was built its promoters saw the necessity of having a line of steamers to work in connection with it, and they began with three old Cunarders, all built in 1870. These were subsequently succeeded by the three "Empresses," which are still running. The Japanese, feeling that their interest in the Pacific was as large as that of any other nation, formed a company which built three steamers something like the "Empresses," but much less costly, "The American Maru," "The Hong Kong Maru," and "The Nippon Maru." The same company is now running another fortnightly line between Hong Kong and Seattle in connection with the Great Northern. The Chinese Mutual Company's steamers are also running in connection with the same road, which is building at New London for its trans-Pacific service four 20,000-ton steamers, the largest in the world. Other steamers of large size are building and the Pacific promises soon to become almost as busy as the Atlantic.

Reform—A Business Suggestion

By Josiah Flynt

Author of "The World of Graft," Etc.

At the present moment, in three of our largest cities, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, the public mind is much concerned about the necessity of the reform of the local municipal governments. In New York, as well as in Philadelphia, an election will soon be due, and the agitation in both cities has become a battle between the "machine" on the one side and the reformers, as they are styled, on the other; it is plainly a struggle between the "Ins" and the "Outs." In Philadelphia the aim is to oust the City Hall crowd from office, and put in their places men who have promised to give the citizens better returns for public money expended. In New York, as everybody knows, it is the hope of the "Outs" to defeat Croker and Tammany Hall.

In Chicago no election is due, Mr. Harrison having been retained as Mayor for another term no later than last April. But corruption in high places has been uncovered, and certain energetic citizens are trying to punish the guilty parties and bring to light the truth concerning the management of the city's affairs. I have not been in Chicago recently and am consequently unable to give any evidence for the reformers or against them, but the present agitation appeals to me very strongly because it is not bound up with a coming struggle at the polls. The "kickers," as the gang in Chicago call the reformers, are digging into the "graft" apparently on simple business grounds, and I sincerely hope that they will succeed in "landing" some of the "grafters."

With the present reform enterprises in New York and Philadelphia I am at least on speaking terms, having acted as an investigator in each community. In the Pennsylvania metropolis, in company of an ex-bank robber and some reporters, I did what I could for a newspaper to make plain what a stranger in Philadelphia can find in the shape of "graft" in ten days' time. A more extended inquiry would, of course, have developed the facts more completely, but mine was sufficiently long to convince me and my companions that the Quaker City has but little to boast of in the way of virtue which the New Yorker cannot also talk about and feel proud of.

My knowledge of reform in New York was gained some months ago during a ten weeks' investigation of the police and their collusion with protected crime and vice. It was by no means my first introduction to the police department—we have been acquainted for several years—but it was my maiden experience with a reform movement. My interest in the experience was purely a professional one, my duty being merely to make a report concerning certain matters; but it was very instructive to work under the auspices that I did, and a number of new points of view were revealed to me. The same ex-bank robber who helped me later in Philadelphia was also an assistant in the investigation in New York. When the investigation was finished we had a talk about our finding, and in the course of the conversation I said to him something like this:

"You have looked over this city pretty carefully from two absolutely opposite sides. You used to know it as an expert thief and burglar, and, as you say, you helped to make it crooked and bad. You knew it in Tweed's time, when the situation was considered extremely criminal.

"During the last few weeks you have had a look at it from a new point of view—you have been employed by the reform side. Now, tell me frankly what conclusions have you come to, after both experiences, as to the best way to go to work and stop public officials, policemen, etc., from grafting? The years when you were a known grafter must have given you some ideas on this subject, and our recent work together has probably also suggested things to you."

The old man hesitated a moment before replying, and it was evident that he

was trying to formulate a careful answer. He finally spoke as follows:

"The main thing I find fault with is that reform gets tired out. I've seen it lie down and go to sleep in every city in the United States. As a rule it never wakes up till just before election time. Mind you, that isn't saying that the fellows that go in for reform ain't on the level. I know some of 'em personally, and they're honest men. But they are all so busy with their own private affairs that they ain't got any time to fight graft except when there's a chance of beating the fellows that have got the offices.

"My notion of the right way to hurt graft is that you've got to keep hammering away at it just as hard between elections as when one is on. The grafters don't stop grafting between elections, and why should reform?"

"But it is very difficult to get the necessary money with which to fight the grafters after the reformers have suffered a defeat in an election," I replied.

"That's true; but it don't spoil my notion," the old man continued. "A lot of people say: 'Let the churches, the newspapers, the charitable societies and the priests fight the grafters. It's their job.' That's all poppycock. Since you and I have been working together have we heard a single grafter show any fear of the churches or the priests? Not on your life. They're afraid of men like Jerome in New York, and that young man called Gibboney in Philadelphia. Why? Because these fellows get out and fight 'em right in their own hangouts. If the millionaires of New York and Philadelphia would give a lot of fellows like Jerome and Gibboney enough money to fight the grafters to a standstill, and the grafters knew that the millionaires meant to keep on with the battle, they'd throw up the sponge. I know it because I've been a grafter myself, and also because you and I have heard them talk during this reform hullaballoo. I hope the reformers will get the offices this fall both in New York and Philadelphia, but I'll bet you $50 that the grafters will have the offices again after the next election comes around, unless somebody shells out money on a big enough scale to scare 'em. Crooked politicians and office holders are like professional thieves—they're as bold as bulls until they think you're really on their trail, and then they run like scared cats. You'll never get reform to make 'em run far until you stake it for keeps the way you stake a national bank, or the Standard Oil Company. Put money into it regularly the way you put it into bonds and stocks; put wise guys on the track of the officials you think are crooked; punish 'em hard when you've got 'em dead to rights, no matter whether they're district attorneys or mayors, and you'll clean up New York and Philadelphia in a very short time. You'll never clean 'em up, tho, just scrubbing out a few dirty spots when election time comes and reform happens to win. I'm an old thief, my friend, but I've been honest long enough to know that what I tell you is straight goods."

In the main I believe also that this is "straight goods," and I am moved to offer a suggestion whereby graft and grafters, as they are discovered in public office, can be fought on a business basis. It would be very nice indeed if, as my friend suggested, the millionaires of the country would bear the financial brunt of the battle, but up to date they do not seem inclined to undertake this burden. Universities, hospitals, libraries and charitable organizations are at present the main institutions which our rich men feel moved to endow with their wealth. I have yet to hear of one who has left a million dollars to a city for the purpose of fighting official graft. There are those who have contributed small sums to reform movements, but I know of no movement that has been "staked" with money to the extent that was the graft which the movement was intended to fight. The most active municipal reform organization in Philadelphia—the Law and Order Society—has but $7,000 a year at its disposal, and yet it is struggling with a gang of grafters who have hundreds of thousands to back up their criminal enterprises, and a tacit understanding with the powers that rule to boot. There are a number of organizations in New York also which are combating graft with very inadequate means. Only a few months ago as pugnacious a struggle with grafters as has been undertaken in New York for years was exasperatingly hampered

on account of a lack of funds to continue it, and the same thing has happened in other cities. The men who finance these undertakings at the start either get to quarreling among themselves and become disgusted, or think that not enough is being done as quickly as they had expected, and their contributions stop. I believe also that in many cases they feel that the crusade, or whatever it may be that they are paying for, is not being managed on a business basis. They are business men and naturally think that money which is handed out for reform purposes should be exploited on lines which will appeal to their commercial sense. When they employ the Pinkerton Detective Agency they demand and require that Mr. Pinkerton shall show a *quid pro quo,* and if he fails to do so they hesitate about hiring his men again. When they hear that a set of reformers, to whom they have given money, are using investigators and detectives they not unreasonably ask that the investigators and detectives shall also show a *quid pro quo.* The difficulty with which the reformers always have to contend, however, is to find the right men to do the work for which they have begged funds. There are amateur detectives galore in every city, and they are always on hand when a reform movement promises them a "job," but the expert help required is very hard to find, and for the simple reason that it has already received *steady* employment in other quarters. A good investigator or detective need not look far in this country for a paying position, and he naturally will not give up a regular post for one that is purely temporary. First-class ability of the kind in question, however, can be found and employed if a guarantee is given that the employment is to be lasting; and I venture the assertion that an organization or company, officered by responsible persons who are known to employ trained and trustworthy investigators, conducted on the same business principles as is the Pinkerton Agency, and devoted exclusively to the detection of official graft in American municipalities, would be a remunerative business concern. The millionaires would not patronize it any more than they now endow reform movements, but as long as official graft thrives in this country reform movements are bound to spring up and receive financial backing of some sort, and a Municipal Investigating Company, such as I have indicated, could no more be ignored by the reformers than can the Pinkertons be ignored by the private citizen who has been robbed and is willing to pay to find the thief. It may be suggested in reply to my proposal that there are already organizations which can be called on for the work in question, but I am ignorant of them, if they exist. There are certain societies which have the detection of vice and crime for their official purpose, and some of them are doing a deal of good in their way; but they are philanthropic rather than commercial in their make-up. The organization I have in mind should be as private and as business-like in character as is a detective agency; in fact it must be a detective agency devoted entirely to uncovering crooked municipal officers—"unknown thieves." If properly managed and directed, it will resort to the same methods of detection that are made use of by the agencies that hunt down professional criminals; and I would even advise that the "records" of crooked officials be kept as carefully tabulated and pigeon-holed as are the records of the known criminals in the detective departments of the municipal police. Time is necessary before such an institution can win the confidence of the public, but if ordinary detective agencies can win this confidence there is no reason why the one that I have suggested should fail to do so. To reformers, such as those who are now trying to overturn the grafters in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, it seems to me that it could but prove a boon. Only the other day one of them said to me: "If I could only accomplish something, catch somebody of importance, I believe that all the money that we need would be forthcoming." The Pinkertons could apprehend in a reasonable amount of time any given crooked police official in New York, if they would undertake the task. There is no reason why the projected Municipal Investigating Company should not be equally successful, and it could undertake the investigation even more freely than could a general detective agency; the latter is often too de-

pendent on the good will of the municipal police to risk a possibility of antagonizing them. The Investigating Agency, on the other hand, would frankly advertise its business, and would be prepared to fight the police and crooked officials with their own weapons. These weapons would be "stool-pigeon" for "stool-pigeon," trickery for fraud, "wise" detectives for crooked "fly-cops," and life for life if the struggle became fierce. This is not a gentle procedure, but I am convinced, after over ten years' acquaintance with different manifestations of graft, that gentle procedures are not going to make graft unprofitable in this country. My recent work in the interests of reform in Philadelphia and New York has further convinced me that some such business-like concern as I have indicated would, in the course of time, strike quite as much terror into the hearts of the unknown grafters as have the Pinkertons into the hearts of the known professional thieves. Reform does not mean to-day sitting back in an easy chair and wondering why the world does not grow better of itself; in the United States it means getting out of the easy chair, and, as my bank-robber friend said, "hammering away at graft," whether an election is on or not.

Strikes—Are They Ever Lost?

By Denis A. Hayes

[Mr. Hayes is president of the Glass Bottle Blowers' Association of the United States and Canada and vice-president of the American Federation of Labor. The Glass Bottle Blowers' Association is the most prosperous of all labor organizations in proportion to its membership. Much of its strength lies in its rigid adherence to the system of conference between employers and employees, which is a conspicuous feature among its fundamental principles. Mr. Hayes himself is recognized as one among the labor leaders who has made the closest study of labor's relations with capital and of the economy of American industries. Altho president of an organization which has no direct relation with the interests of iron and steel workers, he was called upon for counsel by the leaders of the recent strike of the Amalgamated Association.—Editor.]

STANDING on the threshold of the twentieth century we have both a retrospective and a prospective view of the labor movement, and both are essential to a clear conception—a composite picture, as it were—of the real strength and status of the movement to-day. Glance backward and we see it in its infancy, trammeled by the swaddling clothes of prejudice, sparsely fed on the milk of human kindness, with an occasional soothing syrup to lull its unrest, yet bravely struggling for existence, refusing to be quieted and, slowly but surely, gaining in strength and proportions and fighting its way onward and upward by reason of its inherent vitality—the God-given spirit of justice from which it sprang—until to-day, grown to full stature, it takes its place among the leading issues of the times. Who that has watched its struggles and progress in the past can doubt its continued growth and progress in the future? And it needs only a better and more general understanding of its principles and motives to make that growth and progress phenomenal. To this end much is being said and written, and as a contribution in the same direction I have selected as a subject the strike—that much criticised factor in the labor movement.

To some part of the reading public this subject—indeed, the labor question in general—is a matter of indifference, or is looked upon as a disturbing element which, while it may affect them indirectly, does not touch them personally. It lacks interest, because the class with which it deals breathes a different social atmosphere, treads a different plane of social existence; and, while they know, of course, that the toiling millions are human beings, created like themselves in the "image and likeness of God," they feel that between this class and their own there is a "great gulf fixed"—the gulf of social inequality—and any attempt to bridge it is looked upon as an infringement, an unwarranted invasion.

Of such readers I would ask: Has it ever occurred to you that the rich and

the poor are born with the same aspirations; that the love of the beautiful is as deeply rooted in the soul of the laborer as of the millionaire; that ambition whispers alluringly to both, and over the cradle in the cottage as in the stately mansion Hope and Love reach forth into the future and gild the pathway childish feet must tread? Once fully realize this and it will not be hard to understand the discontent and bitterness that rankle in the heart of the workingman when he sees around him so much to enjoy, so

DENIS A. HAYES

much to attain, and yet it is not for him nor his children, because the wealth which he produces is held and controlled by others, and of it he is allowed only so much as is found necessary to keep him in good working condition. If, then, his natural feeling under these circumstances is one of restlessness and discontent, what wonder that, in this country especially, where everything tends to accentuate this feeling, it not infrequently culminates in a strike; and who shall say that the responsibility for these outbreaks rests alone upon the workingman? Under the laws of our land he as a child must be sent to school; he is taught that not to love the beautiful in nature and art is almost a crime; the achievements of great men are held up for his emulation, and the inspiring declaration that all men are born free and equal is sounded in his ears continually. In short, everything he imbibes tends to arouse and foster ambition and high ideals, and when he leaves school and goes forth to earn his daily bread he takes these ambitions and ideals with him, believing that the life of toil upon which he is entering is but a stepping stone to their realization. Thus far everything has been done to urge him forward; but now, at the very outset of his career, conditions change. He finds that society teaches one thing but practices another. He has become part of a vast industrial system, where individuality is lost sight of and ability is measured solely by productive capacity. Industrial and social forces seem to conspire against him, tending to drive him backward; and, strive as he may, he finds himself headed off, as it were, before he can get fairly under way. A few years of battling against these combined forces and his ambitions and aspirations, if merely engrafted, wither and die, leaving him a plodding, dispirited workman; but if they are inborn, implanted within him by the hand of his Maker, they are lasting as life itself and opposition but serves to strengthen them.

There are hundreds of such men in the ranks of labor, and it is to their tireless energy and devotion the labor movement owes its growth and inspiration. They look abroad in the world and see thousands upon thousands of their fellow-men toiling for a mere existence, their lives darkened by present hardships and the haunting fear of future want. To the outward eye they may seem an ignorant, unpromising mass of humanity, but by the light of inner consciousness these men see them not as they are but as they might be under happier conditions; and their own pent up aspirations overflow in a desire, a determination, to help them. It is a self-appointed task and the man who undertakes it works as he never worked before and, inevitably, he in time becomes a leader.

Such are the men who are to-day at the head of labor organizations and upon whom it devolves to seek out and put in operation the best methods, the surest means of advancing the cause they represent. They are not seeking to overthrow society nor to antagonize capital; their sole thought and aim is to help their

struggling fellow-men—to gain for them some fairer share of the product of their labors; and if sometimes they have recourse to heroic measures, such as strikes, it is only as a last resort. No one knows better than they the losses and hardships entailed by strikes, and, while in the early days of trades-unionism, when the diffusion of knowledge was less general than now and methods were all untried, the strike was sometimes resorted to unadvisedly, it is safe to say that in recent years and among the well organized trades a strike has never been ordered until every argument had been exhausted, appeals to employers and the public, to and through the Church, had been unheeded and every peaceful method of adjustment had been tried and failed.

And just here I would call attention to the fact that when such strikes have been entered into by organized labor it has rarely been solely in its own behalf, but, almost invariably, has been to secure shorter hours, higher wages or better conditions for unorganized labor—the non-union man, who is powerless to help himself—and altho they have not always attained the full measure of success, they cannot be called failures, because something of good has always resulted. They have called a halt and have thus marked a line beyond which the workingman cannot safely be forced to go, and thus further reductions and impositions have been averted. While such danger signals were of value in the past they are immeasurably so to-day, when vast combinations of capital control entire industries and dividends must be paid to an army of nonproducing stockholders; for should profits decrease, no matter what the cause, the first thought is to reduce wages or lengthen hours, and without organization and the protection which it affords the condition of the workingman would be deplorable indeed. Abraham Lincoln realized this when he uttered the words, "Thank God, we have a system where there can be a strike; whatever the pressure there is a point where the workingman may stop."

I believe that the time is coming when the social and moral forces of this country will array themselves on the side of organized labor and strikes will no longer be necessary. I also believe that the future will show that strikes were an important factor in bringing about this result, and it is upon this belief I base the assertion that they are never lost.

Whether successful or unsuccessful as to the main point at issue, they challenge the attention of the public and bring home to it the fact that injustice is being done some of God's creatures; and there are instances on record where the sympathy thus aroused has been the means of correcting abuses other than those struck against, thus turning defeat into victory. As an instance of this we have the strike at Homestead, where, altho the result aimed at failed of accomplishment, the action of the Carnegie Company in calling in and arming Pinkerton detectives was so strongly condemned by public sentiment that similar methods have not since been resorted to in the conduct of industrial warfare.

The history of the labor movement shows that few reforms have ever been accomplished without strikes, and where they were not active agents it is doubtful whether any signal victory could have been won had not the ability to strike been held as a reserve force; and the progressive thinkers to-day, altho they deplore them, recognize the fact that they are not unwarranted outbreaks, but are the outgrowth of past and present industrial and social conditions, and that the only remedy for them is to remove the causes from which they spring.

To this end some of the greatest minds of the age are studying the labor problem and are taking an active part in the discussion and settlement of the disputes which arise between capital and labor; and it is to be hoped that their example will have the effect of silencing the indiscriminate condemnation of strikes by those who through prejudice or ignorance fail to acquaint themselves with the causes and conditions which lead up to them.

Organized labor welcomes intelligent criticism. It wants to get people to think, for the better the labor question is understood the sooner will it be solved. I believe that in the recent steel strike the spectacle of organized capital arbitrarily refusing to allow the Amalgamated Association to organize all the workmen who were willing to join will so emphasize the injustice of denying

to labor the right of organization that it will do more toward establishing that right than could be accomplished by years of argument and persuasion. It has educated the people, and in this sense the strike has not been lost; and this is, in some degree, true of all other strikes.

I deplore the necessity for this sort of education and, in common with all labor leaders of modern thought of this age, believe that every means should be used to prevent strikes; but when a great evil is impending or a vital principle is at stake and all other means of prevention or preservation have failed, strikes are a necessity and should be carried on with vigor, always, of course, within legal bounds. And when the Church and society shall have become fully aroused to the fact that there is something radically wrong in a system which invites such outbreaks, and, realizing their responsibility in the matter, shall set themselves diligently to work to ascertain the cause, the evil will be unearthed and removed; and as the "sword shall be beaten into plowshares and the spear into pruning hooks," so, I believe, from the strike will come "peace and good will to men." Strikes are never lost.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Cause and Cure of Brigandage

By Prof. J. Irving Manatt

SOMETIME CONSUL OF THE UNITED STATES AT ATHENS

THE abduction of Miss Stone brings home to us as never before the peculiar institution of Southeastern Europe; and, if we are not to recall our missionaries or stand ready to ransom them at $100,000 a head, we must look out for a remedy that goes to the root of the matter. Brigandage in the East is an intermittent fever,—readily driven in, but never yet stamped out. It demands drastic treatment proceeding on a true diagnosis.

Now the word brigand meant originally a foot-soldier, and brigandage is simply war degenerated. It is the offspring of War coupled with Misrule, and the monstrous procreation must go on until that ill-matched pair give way to Peace and Good Government. In the lurid shadow of the Crescent there can be no hope; for, as Freeman observed:

> "The rule of the Turk has never become a government; it has never discharged the duties of a government; it was foreign brigandage five hundred years back, and it remains foreign brigandage still."

If the light that is within thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

We all know how it worked in Greece. Oppression bred the Klepht, of whom our Dr. Howe (in his "Sketch of the Greek Revolution," in which he had himself stood shoulder to shoulder with these irregular patriots) draws this picture:

> "He could not resist the Turks, but he would not bow his neck to the yoke; he sternly retired to Nature's bulwark of liberty, to her mountain fastnesses; and from them carried on continual hostility against the enslaver of his country. The first weight the arm of his infant was taught to raise was that of the pistol; the first words that his lips pronounced were those of liberty and curses upon the Turks; and he knew no masters but his own will or chiefs of his own choosing. . . . . He was a robber, but a robber of midday—a robber of tyrants; glory, and not shame, attached to his profession; he was free and brave; and freedom and courage did not fail to inspire him with noble and manly sentiments. 'Go,' said he to his Turkish prisoners after stripping them, 'go, and get new arms and new equipments that I may again rob you.'"

A flattering portrait, no doubt, but still drawn from the life and in the main features true for that heroic time. How, then, are the vulgar brigands of the new Greek kingdom to be accounted for? By like causes. Greece had won by her heroic struggle nothing but a change of masters, and her nominal freedom under Bavarian misrule upheld by the Powers was little better than the rule of the Turk. Otho began his reign by surrounding his throne with Bavarians and disbanding the irregular troops of the country without any foresight or provi-

sion against their falling back on their old trade. In the then state of Greece at the close of a desolating war, which left even Athens a heap of ruins, this was an invitation to anarchy; and the sack of Arta and the looting of many a village were its natural fruits. At that juncture the English Philhellene Gordon showed the virtue of vigorous measures by clearing North Greece in a thirty days' campaign; but (Finlay remarks) "as about 300 brigands had assembled within Turkish territory and marched along the frontier with military music, it seemed that the difficulty of protecting the country would be greater than that of delivering it." And so it proved, as it does to this day: the Greek brigand, bred by Turkish misrule, thrives under Turkish patronage. Within a year after Gordon's clearance six hundred brigands had re-entered Greece and carried fire and sword through the Spercheios valley.

As if to second the Turk in the brigand breeding business, King Otho and Queen Amalia—both young, sentimental and obstinate—took to patronizing these picturesque outlaws and using them in furtherance of their political intrigues. But it was the crisis of the Crimean War that brought the mischief to a head; the weak King with his weak Cabinet—even more unwisely than their successors in 1897—undertook an invasion of Thessaly and Epirus, conniving at a general jail delivery to strengthen their forces. Of course, they were driven back ingloriously, with nothing to show for the venture but an Anglo-French occupation of the Piræus and the worst eruption of brigandage in the history of the kingdom. Even the road from Athens to Piræus was beset by the outlaws. One evening, about dusk, a band of brigands rushed down from the hills over against Salamis and seized a French officer hard by his own camp. Then from their mountain lair they sent the French Admiral a demand for a ransom of £1,200, to be paid in English sovereigns—"politely adding the request for an English telescope at the same time!" Sir Thomas Wyse, the British Minister, with his French colleague, went straight to the Greek Cabinet and told them they must look to the matter—that the officer must be released at once or the severest measures would be taken. Naturally the Greek Government lost no time in paying the ransom; and I am not sure that a like ultimatum at Constantinople or Sophia would be unwholesome, if tendered by a Power with the guns at hand to back it up. Any way, Otho and his councilors were brought to their senses and there was another clearance: a circular of the Minister of Foreign Affairs soon after declared that "during the first three months of 1856 ninety-nine brigands were brought before the courts, and of these thirty were condemned and executed, nine were condemned to labor for life, twelve to labor for terms of years, and twenty-five to various terms of imprisonment." Yet (observes Finlay) even in this document it is admitted that about thirty brigands continued to ravage Attica and Bœotia in the immediate vicinity of King Otho's palace.

Since King George came to the throne in 1862 Greece has enjoyed fairly good government, considering the unstable equilibrium of factions—parties, properly speaking, there are none—on whom under the constitution he must rely. Only once during his reign has there been a notable outbreak of the old sore, and as this may find a very close parallel in the Bulgarian affair before we see the end of it, we should have the facts fully and clearly in mind—as, no doubt, our State Department has, for our then Minister at Athens, Mr. Charles K. Tuckerman, who has given in his book ("The Greeks of To-day") the most lucid history of the Marathon Massacre (as it is often loosely styled), must have reported the facts still more fully in his dispatches. It is the more desirable to review this affair, inasmuch as every reference to it in connection with Miss Stone's case which has come to my knowledge misses the main point—namely, the demand for amnesty as well as ransom. But to the story.

One April afternoon in 1870 a happy party was driving back from Marathon, when, on approaching the bridge of Pikermi (some twelve miles east of Athens), they were fired upon from a thicket by the roadside. Two gendarmes, riding in front of the two carriages, fell at the first fire severely wounded; and the rest "found themselves surrounded by a band of brigands

in the Albanian costume, armed with revolvers and muskets, and numbering by count twenty-one persons, mostly young and athletic men." They had made a rich haul of "lordies:" there were Lord and Lady Muncaster; Mr. Lloyd, an English barrister, with his wife and child; Mr. Vyner, a young Englishman with high connections, and Mr. Herbert and Count de Boyl, secretaries respectively of the British and Italian Legations. The captives were hurried up the slopes of Pentelicus—at first under fire of pursuing troops; but as the pursuit only endangered the lives of the foreigners it was discontinued and captors and captives gained the mountain top. Thence they sent back the two ladies and the child, with the terms of ransom—viz.: £32,000 sterling, subsequently reduced to £25,000; and they further warned the Government that if they were pursued the foreigners' lives would be in danger. The consternation in Athens can be imagined, and (according to Mr. Tuckerman) King George even expressed to the English Minister a willingness to place his own person as a hostage, if necessary, to save the captives.

There were desperate men to deal with. The band—originally made up of twenty-eight brigands, nearly all of them Wallachs, born in Turkey and living in Thessaly (then Turkish Territory)—under their two chiefs, the brothers Takos and Chrestos Arvanitaki, had crossed the frontier in January, only to be hunted from province to province by flying columns of soldiery, who killed three of their number and captured three more of them, when the rest of the band made good their retreat to the mountains of Megara and were lost sight of until they appeared on the Marathon road. Bearing these facts in mind, we have the key to their final and fatal demand. Lord Muncaster had been paroled and returned to Athens, in order to obtain the ransom money "or a free pardon" for the brigands. The gold was promptly packed in boxes ready at the bank for delivery, when an unexpected turn was given to the affair by a message from the brigand chief to the effect that they would accept nothing less than the money and amnesty—viz., a free pardon for themselves and the previously captured members of the band then in the prison at Athens. To grant this was beyond even the royal prerogative, and it would have been a virtual legalization of brigandage throughout the kingdom. The outlaws were urged to take the ransom, with the guarantee that they should not be interfered with in their retreat to the frontier; or that, if they chose, "a British gun-boat should be placed at their disposal to land them and their ill-gotten gains at Malta or any other point of her Majesty's dominions."

Pending these anxious negotiations the brigands kept their captives moving from place to place over the wild hills behind Pentelicus—a region largely occupied by their Wallach compatriots, with their wattle villages, their savage dogs and their flocks. Of this nomadic captivity, covering ten days (Monday, April 11, to Thursday, April 21), the note-book found on Mr. Lloyd's body best tells in brief touches the pathetic story. I quote characteristic jottings from it here—many of them, doubtless, true to Miss Stone's situation (*mutatis mutandis*) at this moment:

"*Tuesday*, 8 P.M. to 6 A.M.—Left after dark along high road to Kephisia. Halt in plain. Alarm of parties near. Brigands surround us, ready to shoot. Sleep on thorn bush. . . . in pine wood. Very wet and cold. Brigand warms Dormouse (*i. e.*, Vyner) by lying down close to him. Roused at dawn and go to other pine wood, a short way off, for the day.

"*Wednesday*.—Day in pine wood. Heavy rain. Caught two peasants and borrowed their capotes for us. . . . After dark moved off to hut of peasants for the night. De Boyl's servant came with grub.

"*Thursday*.—Rainy and cold. Hut 60 x 20; our end badly closed by pine branches. Fires, but hard to keep warm. Evening came . . . agents from Athens. Scene by night—negotiating at one end, feasting at ours. Warmer at night with my oilcloth from Polly [his wife].

"*Friday*.—Left at 8 A.M. . . . Pass wood of Tatoi; defile. . . . halt almost in sight of guard house to breakfast. By pass of Decelea, 3,000 feet above the sea. Guard house; fraternize with four soldiers. Alarm on descending to plain. A. sent on with Erskine's [English Minister's] note to troops seen below. Peace. Officer lunches with us and brigands. . . . Received by Demarch [at Markopoulo] and general fraternization with Albanian inhabitants. . . . Reached village of Wallach shepherds.

"*Saturday*.—Coraki. Village twenty-five huts; shared one with chief and five brigands; circular, 30 x 20 diameter. . . . Hut pretty warm. Two agents from Athens. Dance of brigands.

"*Sunday*.—Down to church in morning [at

Oropos]. Blessing of palms; had one. Visit to Demarch. . . . Demarch to go to Athens to negotiate.

"*Monday.*—Jumping and throwing stone by brigands very good. Music at night—singing and fluting.

"*Tuesday.*—Afternoon marched over to Oropos; good house room with fire place, and seven brigands. Fine day, and pleasant half hour's walk.

"*Wednesday.*—Very rainy. Colonel Theagenes came to treat; also Noel, who stopped all night. Long discussion as to terms.

"*Thursday.* — Messenger from Athens. Armistice partly withdrawn. Troops *en cordon.* We not to move. Chief says he will go to a place a quarter of an hour off. . . . Know troops are in force; danger impending. Love to I—— and Erskine in worst case."

Danger was, indeed, impending. The outlaws had been promised immunity from attack as long as they remained where they were; but, when they proposed to move toward the frontier unless their terms were granted, a body of troops was dispatched to form a cordon round their encampment and prevent their withdrawal. It seemed a necessary step, but it was a fatal one, as the poor captives foresaw. Young Vyner writes on the eve of their doom:

"The chief has said to Noel that he will keep us safe for three or four months; but, of course, the soldiers being let loose has done away with our security and on the first engagement with the troops we must die, for they will kill us at once. . . . The Government official regards our position as beyond all hope; so that we must trust to God that we may die bravely, as Englishmen should do."

The cordon was attempted; the retreat began, and the line of it was traced afterward by the mangled corpses of the victims—first, Herbert; then, a quarter of a mile further on, Lloyd; again, three miles further still, Vyner and De Boyl. In the pursuit seven of the brigands, including Chrestos Arvanitaki, were killed, and four more captured, some of these being wounded as well. With the remaining nine Takos effected his escape across the border, where he continued his lawless career until he was killed a few years ago. Five of the captured brigands were condemned and guillotined at Athens—a gruesome spectacle to which the foreign residents were bidden.

Let it never be forgotten that the "Marathon Massacre" was not the crime of Greeks: the whole band, with two exceptions, were Wallachs and Turkish subjects, and the remnant that recrossed the border "remained unmolested" under Turkish protection! Nor can the Greek Government be charged, in this instance, with contributory negligence. It may have blundered, but every step taken was either suggested or approved by the two Ministers whose countrymen were in peril. But the best Government on earth cannot extirpate brigandage in Greece as long as the Turk goes on breeding brigands and harboring them upon her borders. Whoever Miss Stone's captors may be, whatever their motive, it is safe to say they got their schooling under the Turk. It was the murder of the Consuls at Salonika that preluded the Bulgarian massacres in 1876 and the dethronement of Abdul Aziz, and it is not impossible that the abduction of our Salonika missionary may prove another factor in hastening the retreat of the Turk from Europe. If so, it will have contributed to the cure of brigandage by removing the cause.

Brown University, Providence, R. I.

Distrust

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

FULL seemed to him the world of sorrow,
And full of weary cark and care,
Without a hope to gild to-morrow,
With only suffering and despair,
With gladness passing like a light
And why, he murmured, should this be,
Flashing across the space of night.
If He who dwells in mystery
Has any love for you and me?

Then, as he heard a hum of weaving,
He saw a child below the loom
Watching the long thread's tireless reeving,
Guessing the figure through the gloom,
And seeing in the shuttle's fling
His father's will accomplishing.
Oh, of such temper let me be!
He cried then; Shall I more than he
From the wrong side the pattern see?

Newburyport Mass.

Is it All for Nothing?

By Rebecca Harding Davis

THERE were two or three singular facts in the great tragedy of September which had a profound significance, yet I have seen no mention of them in any of the countless orations or sermons or newspaper articles which Mr. McKinley's death has called forth.

One was that the murders of our three slaughtered Presidents have all had the same cause—the craving of a weak, vain man for notoriety.

Abraham Lincoln was not the victim of political animosity. It is a foul slander on the South to say it.

Wilkes Booth, as all the friends of his family know, was from his boyhood a half-witted *poseur,* who every moment of his life dressed and spoke and moved with an eye on an imaginary audience. The habit of acting, in which his family had lived for generations, had taken possession of him like a disease. He had a circle of underbred vicious women about him,—women hungry as street curs for excitement, for a noise, for blood-letting, tears and passion. These were his stage managers, his *claqueurs.* He probably cared nothing for the Confederacy and had no grudge against Lincoln. But to play the part of Brutus—to kill the conqueror, to shout, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" with America, with the whole world looking on as audience—that was a great part for the cheap little actor. Hence, he played it.

We all know what Guiteau was—how poor a buffoon, how mad with vanity; too mad and too vain to shudder at the blood on his hands or at the gallows before him. We all can remember, too, with shame how, a week or two after he had murdered President Garfield, he stood in the dock day after day cracking miserable jokes and cutting monkey capers while the country—to its shame—looked on and laughed.

Vanity in Czolgosz takes another form. He professes to have killed the President because he "wished to destroy all government;" but the man whose brain is of too low an order to understand that government lives, no matter how many Humberts or McKinleys die, can hardly be said to act from any mental process at all. He fired the shot that day in Buffalo because he fancied it would make him a hero, a great man, in the eyes of the Goldmans and Mosts and other vaporers and boasters of like kidney with these.

Here is another curious fact worth notice. Nine hundred years ago a monarchy was established in England. During that time but one of her rulers has been put to death, and that was done under at least the semblance of law.

In thirty-six years we have murdered three of our Presidents. It is easy to say that the American race is no more vicious or bloodthirsty than its English root, and that it is not responsible for the deeds of foreign assassins frenzied with vanity and the desire for public notice.

We are responsible for the vanity, for the mad longing for notoriety which has become a national disease. It has been the mission of this country, let us thank God, to offer a chance to every man to make the best of himself in the world. The chance is a noble one, but after all it does tempt the struggling man to selfishness, to boasting, to an insane hunger for public applause. The same vanity and desire for notice which make the weak-minded American, a pert child, a rude salesman, an insolent official, a loud, pretentious tourist, end by producing a Wilkes Booth and a Guiteau. The nation has reached the same stage of development as the young Indian beau when he loves to put on all his beads and feathers and strut before the camp, shouting:

"Look! Look! Big man, me!"

It is not a pleasant view to take, but is it not the true one?

One could not but feel that the nation recognized its guilt in some dumb, uncomprehending fashion on that terrible day in September. When the news flashed over the country that the Presi-

dent was shot there was something more than horror, more than personal feeling for Mr. McKinley in the universal dismay. In the heart of every man and woman not wholly a brute there was that day, I venture to say, a strange sense of guilt, of humiliation. We said to ourselves: "Do we belong to a race of traitors—of assassins?"

Men boldly asked each other, "Is the Republic then a failure? In one hundred years three assassinations, thousands of lynchings and the most stupendous civil war in history!"

"Are not men more sane and is not human life safer under the fixed conditions of a monarchy?"

Others loudly demanded that our rulers should be protected by something of the state and circumstance of other potentates. "A stop should be put to these popular hand shakings and to the constant hail-fellow-well-met association of the President with foreign paupers and anarchists. Let us give the men we choose to rule over us at least a chance for their lives."

The open discussion of these questions for the first time in our history is another significant fact which I ask you to notice.

Still another is the suddenness with which the nation under the blow returned to old-fashioned ideas and habits of thought which it had long left behind. Prosperity during these later years has made us mad. We talk of money. We dream money. We clutch wildly—as a people and as individuals—at show, at position and power. Divorce is a common factor in our daily life; the domestic woman, we think, belongs to a forgotten date back near the flood. The youngest college boy or girl jeers at the Bible and "has doubts" of Christianity. We are Theosophists, Buddhists, Christian Scientists, Agnostics—anything rather than followers of the Nazarene.

And in the fiercest heat and clamor of the day a little bullet is fired by a foolish boy and—"God makes a silence through it all." The nation stood dumb, its hand upon its lips, and its reverence and tears were not so much for the President as for the man. Great parties may have doubted Mr. McKinley's intellectual strength and differed with his policy, but the country knew him as a tender husband, a kind, honest man, a faithful servant of Christ, and so honored and loved him. No man could have died more nobly. In every home in the country it was told how when he was shot his first words were of care for his wife, the second for his enemy, the third for the people around him. There was no thought of himself. When the operation was begun they heard him whispering the Lord's Prayer, and when he was told that he was dying his last words were: "It is God's will, not ours, that must be done. Good-by all."

Why this is the old-fashioned type of man whom we used to know; who was quiet and brave; who loved his wife and his friend and trusted in Jesus Christ to save him. The whole nation bowed before the type and reverenced it as the highest and the best.

We are still sore at heart.

In the history of the country there never has been a more dramatic sight than that glass car in the midst of the long funeral train which carried the dead head of the nation to his last rest. It was brilliantly lighted; in the center of it rested the coffin covered with flowers, at its head and foot stood a soldier and a sailor like statues with gun in rest and drawn sword. It sped on, a point of light through the night, across the mountains and rivers and through great cities, and all the way, in the towns, at the hill stations, or in lonely farm places waited hundreds of thousands of his people to bid him the last good-by. The richest and the poorest, in masses side by side, in the cities; mountaineers with their guns in hand, the old sects of the Amish and Dunkards; thousands of grimy mill-hands; little children—all silent and uncovered. And as the car came near and passed on out of sight they chanted the old hymn that he had tried to sing on his deathbed:

"Nearer, my God, to thee."

Is it for nothing that this people have stood apart for a season and mourned together and gone back to their old beliefs in the homely virtues of a good man and tried with him to stretch out their hands to God?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Old Testament and Recent Assyriological Research

By Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph.D.

Professor of Semitic Languages in the University of Pennsylvania

Conclusion

IN a brief article it is hardly possible to do more than summarize the results of recent researches. Details cannot be discussed, and hence one can do no more than refer to the general aspects of other parallels that exist between Babylonian and Hebrew traditions. The story of Adam and Eve no longer stands alone.[1] In the same Gilgamish epic, which contains the story of the Deluge, there is found an episode of a "wild man of the woods" going about naked who associates with the animals of the field as Adam does (Gen. 2, 19-20) until a more suitable mate is brought to him in the shape of a woman. Attracted by her, he deserts his former associates and clings to the woman. The Babylonian Adam bears the significant name of Ea-bani, *i.e.*, "Ea creates," or "the creation of Ea." The latter being, according to one phase of Babylonian beliefs, the special god of humanity and the creator of mankind, the first man is called his offspring, whereas the Babylonian Eve is called Ukhat, *i.e.*, "woman," just as the mate of Adam, according to one of the biblical versions (Gen. 2, 23), is called Ish-shâ, *i.e.*, "woman." But, again, the same observation is to be made as in the case of the Creation and Deluge stories. The stock whence the biblical and Babylonian tales spring is common, but the development is independent. In consequence, the setting is totally different, important variations occur, and the purpose served by the tales is correspondingly unlike.

The question may be asked why should such tales as the Creation, the Deluge, Adam and Eve and the like have been preserved and told in a compilation like the Pentateuch, which is built upon religious conceptions so totally different from the spiritual environments in which myths and primitive traditions regarding the beginning of nature and of man arose? The answer is simple. "Beginnings" have at all times had a fascination for mankind. The child when it begins to think asks questions regarding the origin of the things it sees on all sides, and the sage, hoary with wisdom, is still found pondering over the same problems which puzzle the child's mind. The Hebrews as monotheists were as irresistibly prompted to begin the account of their own history with a theory of the origin of the universe as were the Hebrews in the earlier stage, when they shared the religious conceptions of their fellow Semites, impelled to produce or adopt myths which conveyed to them a cosmological theory in keeping with their intellectual acquirements. Secondly, a nation, despite the profound changes which it undergoes, never breaks entirely with its past; it cannot do so. Traditions form part of the inheritance of its past. Like Sinbad with the old man fastened tight on his shoulders, so Israel proceeds in its march through the ages—weighed down at times with the burden of the past. People die, kingdoms perish, but stories are immortal, and so the Hebrews when they reach the stage of accepting the ethical and monotheistic teachings of the Prophets meet the new era with a stock of transformed myths, traditions and stories on their backs. The old stories were too popular to be forgotten or cast aside, and so they are taken up and partly by the silent process of popular adaptation to new surroundings and in part by the conscious efforts of religious guides are made to serve as a medium and illustration of the religious ideas and ideals of the new age. The old myth of Creation thus becomes the mighty Pæan of Monotheism—a triumphal chant celebrating the uniqueness of Jehovah's power, emphasizing more effect-

[1] See an article by the writer "Adam and Eve in Babylonian Literature" in the American Journal of Semitic Languages (Vol. XV, 193-214.)

ively than abstruse speculations the theory of a single source of all things and a single control of the universe. An old tale of havoc wrought by the storms of the "rainy" season is utilized to impress upon people an ethical theory of Jehovah's government of the world. The righteous man is saved by divine intervention. Jehovah is no capricious deity; his laws, promulgated after the world has been purged of guilt, are as eternal as the Lord himself. By the transformation of an old tale recalling the low beginnings of human culture, the proper relationships between man and wife and the function of both in the world are set forth in a manner that will appeal to every one.

Other examples could be added to these here given. The Sabbath as a religious institution is far older than the Pentateuchal legislation. It, too, can be traced back to a Babylonian prototype, not, however, as a day of rest from labor, but as a kind of atonement day, when by various rites and by observing certain restricted regulations the anger of the gods could be appeased. On this old institution the Hebrews engrafted their religious ideas and produced the unique institution of a day observed as a respite from the week's toil and which, from being an "inauspicious" occasion, a *dies iræ*, is viewed as a "delight."[2]

It will be found as the general result of recent investigations that the originality of the Old Testament does not lie in the original character of the material it contains, but in the manner in which that material is worked up, transformed and utilized until it assumes its present form. What applies to the primitive traditions and myths is also applicable to another field of comparative study which has quite recently been opened up. I refer to the relationship existing between the Pentateuchal legislation and customs and rites prevailing in Babylonia. It is due to Professor Haupt,[3] of the Johns Hopkins University, to have first raised the question of the Babylonian origin of many of the sacrificial enactments in the Pentateuch. He has made it probable that some of the technical terms used in connection with the sacrificial regulations of the Book of Leviticus are directly taken over from the Babylonian. Many centuries before the appearance of Israel on the stage of history the inspection of animals was carried on by the priest, who officiated in the temples of Babylonia, with a view of forecasting by such inspection future events. Professor Zimmern has recently published some Babylonian texts[4] which show that the same stress was laid by the Babylonian priests as is the case in Leviticus upon the character of the animal to be sacrificed, which must be "without blemish."[5] Similarly, caution was observed by the Babylonians that the priest was to be a man without bodily defects, and when we read in these texts that any who had a defect in his eye, who was lame, whose fingers were deformed or who was suffering from a contagious skin disease was unfit to officiate at a Babylonian altar it is indeed difficult to suppose that such regulations should have been without influence upon the passage in Leviticus (21, 18-21), where it is stated that he that "hath a blemish" . . . a blind man or a lame . . . that is broken footed or broken handed . . . or that hath a blemish in his eyes or is scurvy or scabbed . . . shall not come nigh to offer the offerings of the Lord."

Not merely, however, does the sacrificial ritual of Leviticus present striking parallels to customs prevailing at an early period in Babylonian temples, but stipulations of a secular character, such as the regulation of trade, the restriction of the creditor's power of the debtor, the land laws, laws of inheritance and more the like betray Babylonian influences. There are, however, two sides to this influence. While it thus turns out that Babylonian models were followed in certain respects, it is also manifest that the Pentateuchal legislation is pervaded by a spirit of opposition to Babylonian conditions. Such laws as the prohibition to take interest for money loaned to one in distress (Exodus 22, 24; Lev. 25, 36; compare Ps. 15, 5) is a protest against

[2] Is. 58: 13. See the writer's paper "The Original Character of the Hebrew Sabbath" (*American Journal of Theology*, II, 312-352).

[3] His most recent paper on the subject will be found in the *Journal of Biblical Literature*, Vol. XIX, part I, "Babylonian Influence in the Levitical Ritual."

[4] "Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Babylonischen Religion, II (Leipzig, 1899).

[5] Assyrian *shalmi*; Hebrew *tamim* and *temîmâ* (fem.), which is invariably added (Lev. 1: 3, 10; 3: 1, 6, &c., &c., &c.).

the business of money lending as carried on in Babylonia, where thousands of tablets found beneath the mounds reveal the extent to which this enterprise was developed in the commercial centers of the Euphrates Valley. Of course, without money lending commerce on a large scale cannot be carried on, but this is exactly what the Pentateuch aims to avoid. The ideal which it holds up is not commerce but agriculture. It has no sympathy with commercial expansion; it does not hold out the hope—nay, it distinctly discourages the prospect of the people becoming the rivals of the Babylonians and Phœnicians, the great merchants of antiquity. The progeny of Abraham is to be "as numerous as the sands of the sea," but nowhere is wealth held up either as a goal or even a possibility. The picture which the compilers of the Pentateuchal codes had in mind was that of each man sitting with his family under the shade of his fig-tree. Every *paterfamilias* was to own the land which he cultivated. Country life is given the preference over city life. Hence interest is intentionally tabooed as an effective blow against converting the people into a commercial nation. Such a regulation, again, which prohibits the priests from owning lands—a certain number of cities being merely set aside in order to furnish a revenue [6]—is evidently aimed against Babylonian conditions, where the temples were large landowners and had, in fact, developed into enormous business establishments,[7] lending money, farming lands, engaging in real estate transactions and in manufactures. The spirit of the Pentateuch is utterly opposed against such a development of priestly prerogatives. The priest was to remain poor, obtaining sufficient for his sustenance, but no more, and as for the Levites—the great body of attendants in the temple—they are put in the same category with the widow and orphan as recipients of charity.

In order to determine exactly how far the Babylonian influences on the Pentateuch are of a positive character and how far the Pentateuchal regulations represent a protest against Babylonian conditions, introduced with a view of guarding the people from following in the lines of Babylonian culture, it is necessary to examine separately each of the four larger codes,[8] which scholars now distinguish in the Pentateuch, and within these codes, again, the specific regulations must be studied, their exact scope understood before we can decide how far foreign influences are present. This task, of course, far exceeds the necessary limits of a single article, but the general result of such a study undertaken recently by the writer may here be stated. It is in the later codes and more particularly in the one which was given its final shape at the end of the Babylonian exile, that Babylonian influences become pronounced; but while many features indicate direct borrowing there are more which point to the conscious intention of setting up barriers against the further encroachments of Babylonian ideas and Babylonian conceptions of life. The character of the influence is negative, the enactments representing a conscious opposition to Babylonian laws. In other words, the peculiarly Hebraic spirit pervading the material embodied in these codes so transforms it as to give it a distinctive character and one antagonistic to Babylonian practices. Emerson says in one of his suggestive essays that the true test of originality is the ability to be receptive and to assimilate. This dictum finds a notable illustration in the Pentateuch, which gives to both early traditions—shared by the Hebrews with the Babylonians—and to legal regulations suggested in part by Babylonian prototypes a flavor peculiarly their own. The narratives in Genesis and the legal codes in Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy betray the same influences at work and breathe the same spirit. They are the expression of the religious ideals and standards of conduct set up by these real founders of Judaism and precursors of Christianity—the prophets of the eighth and seventh centuries.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

[6] Numbers Chap. 35, 1-8

[7] See Jastrow "Religion of Babylonia and Assyria," 650 51.

[8] These four codes, with their dates, are:

(1) The Book of the Covenant Exodus 20: 24; 23:19, compiled c. 880 B.C.

(2) The Code of Deuteronomy. Deuteronomy, chapters 12-26, promulgated 628 B.C.

(3) The Law of Holiness. Leviticus, chapters 17-26, compiled after 573 B.C.

(4) The Priestly Code in Exodus, Leviticus and Numbers promulgated by Ezra and Nehemiah 444 B.C.

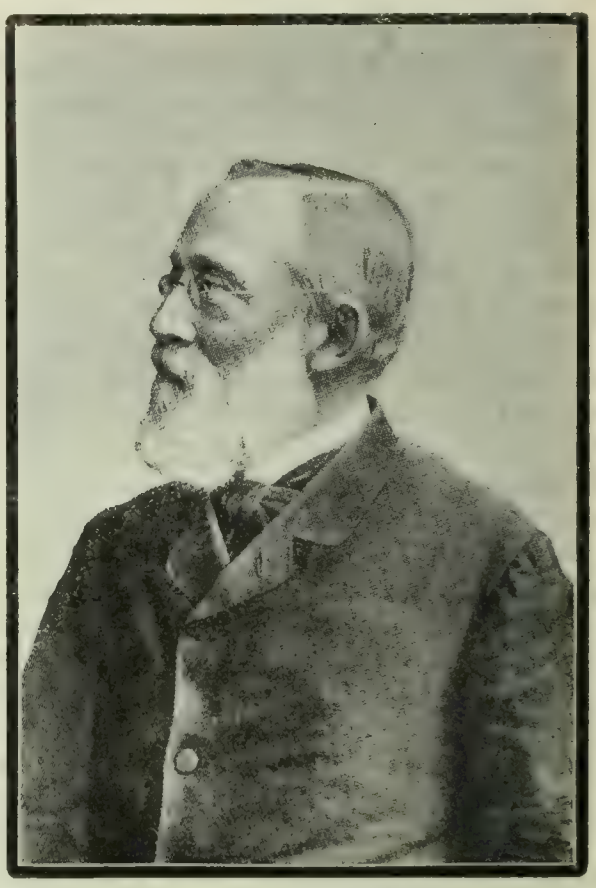
Virchow—the Scientist and the Man

By James J. Walsh, Ph.D., M.D.

ON October 13th the medical world celebrated the eightieth birthday of Prof. Rudolf Virchow, the distinguished German scientist and the acknowledged father of modern pathology. Like many others of the great scientific workers of his German Fatherland, Virchow has attained length of years in the midst of tireless application to many tasks that would seem surely fated to shorten life. To him, as to Humboldt and Helmholtz, work has seemed to be not exhaustive but perennially recreative, and so the man has been able to accomplish what would seem to demand the labor of many. As a result Professor Virchow is to-day the greatest living example of an all around scientist, whose discoveries have affected materially many branches of science and yet who has always kept in touch with the life about him. At the expense of what to him must seem immensely precious time he has done his duty as a citizen, as a legislator, as a brother physician among doctors, as an editor, as a conservative critic in many lines, and as a striking example of what an unselfish man can accomplish in the short space allotted for human life.

Virchow began his great life work early. He graduated as a physician at the University of Berlin when not quite 23 years of age. He did post graduate work for three years and then was made prosector at the Charité Hospital in Berlin. This gave him control of all the immense anatomical material of the institution. He arranged for its proper examination and investigation and began a series of demonstrations that became very popular with the students of the university. The next year he was made a regular lecturer at the University of Berlin. Here he became popular with the students mainly because, instead of asking them to listen to theories of the origin of disease—the favorite occupation of the ordinary pathologist of the time—he taught them to use their eyes for the recognition of the changes produced in organs by various types of disease.

During his first year of teaching in co-operation with Reinhardt he founded the medical periodical, the *Archives of Pathological Anatomy and Physiology*



PROF. RUDOLF VIRCHOW

and of Clinical Medicine. Reinhardt, himself a man of great promise, died in 1852, and since then the *Archives* has been edited solely by Virchow. Under the well-known name, Virchow's *Archives,* this has been the representative medical magazine of the world now for some fifty years. In its pages have appeared most of the important articles that have marked distinct steps in medical progress. The first numbers were largely written by Virchow himself and contain characteristic original work. Some of his articles are classic monographs, to which the modern medical

scientist turns with unfailing interest, not alone for their historic interest, but because they contain in embryo many of the thoughts on important medical subjects that have since become commonplaces in medicine. Tho medical advance has apparently added so much to our knowledge, scientific truth is there valid as ever. Virchow's students, who became professors in the course of time, were always proud to send their original work to Virchow's *Archives* for publication. Hence for half a century it has remained the most consistently progressive yet the most thoroughly conservative of medical publications. The issuance of its 150th volume three years ago was deservedly made the occasion for universal congratulations.

In the first numbers were Virchow's articles on white blood corpuscles and on leukæmia. They are the original essays in cellular pathology, the development of which was to be Virchow's special life work. The new ideas thus introduced were to revolutionize all accepted doctrines as to the underlying causes of disease. Virchow showed that the white blood cells had special tho not well understood functions in the body. Disease in the organs producing these cells could be detected by changes in the number and character of the white cells. These changes formed the essential basis of the disease known as leukæmia or white-bloodedness. This was the first actual observation of changes in cells as the basis of disease.

Virchow's studies then led him to the observation of cellular changes in other diseases. Ten years had not elapsed since Schwann's announcement that all human tissues were composed of cells, yet his discovery was beginning to bear precious fruit. Virchow showed that the changes that took place in diseases of blood vessels and in all inflammatory processes were cellular in nature. There was always a multiplication or destruction of cells in all pathological conditions. The exudation of inflammation was known to contain cells, but these cells up to Virchow's time had always been supposed to originate in the fluid by a process somewhat resembling crystallization in a saturated solution. Even Schwann himself seems to have believed in the possibility of cells originating from the body fluids in this way. Virchow's great contribution to the controversy on spontaneous generation was the demonstration that cells never originated *de novo,* and that *nisus generativus* in inflammatory exudate, supposed to preside at their creation, was a theoretic myth. *Omnis cellula e cellula*—every cell from a preceding cell—became an axiom in biology, announcing that there was no such thing as spontaneous generation even of the smallest particles of living beings; all were derived from direct cell ancestors.

Then came the great development of cellular pathology. Before this time all disease was referred to changes in the body humors. The blood and the bile particularly were supposed to be the active agents in the production of symptoms of disease. As Virchow pointed out last year, this humoral pathology is still flourishing in the popular imagination. Impure blood is still the root of most physical evils to which humanity is liable and the shibboleth by which the quacks lead their followers. Bichat and the French school of pathology at the beginning of the century insisted on the organs as the seat of disease. Virchow went the step further that showed changes in the ultimate constituents of organs as the real basis of disease. He brought out the fact that the human body was a mass of cells having practically independent existence. Health consisted in the harmonious co-operation of all these minute citizens of the republic of the body. There is a constant struggle for existence among them. Some are much more sensitive to deleterious influences than others. The destruction of important members of the federation, as, for instance, the nerve cells, or the liver or kidney cells, encourages the overgrowth of neighboring connective tissue cells, and this originates sclerotic or hardening conditions, with consequent impairment of organic activity.

Some of Virchow's greatest work was done on tumors. Practically all the knowledge we have of these mysterious overgrowths of parts of the body we owe to him. He showed that the malignant tumors, the so-called cancers, are of two essential varieties, carcinoma and sarcoma. Carcinoma is the overgrowth of epithelial cells—that is, of the

cells of which glands are made up. These are the most important cells in the body, since on their secretion depend all the life processes of the animal system. Stomach secretion, liver secretion, intestinal secretion, and to the child practically mammary secretion, are essential for continued existence. When nature is not able to keep these cells within proper limits their excessive multiplication leads to the manufacture of noxious substances that produce the general symptoms of cancer. The other form of malignant tumor, sarcoma, Virchow showed to be an overgrowth of connective tissue cells. These are the lowest form of cells, but when overgrowth begins in them they rapidly disturb the other cells, consume excessive nutrition, and then invade important tissues with an almost inevitably fatal issue. As some one has well said, in the light of cellular pathology cancer becomes a sort of rebellion in the cell republic of the body. Carcinoma is an uprising of the cell aristocracy, sarcoma, a revolution attempted by the proletariat, the bone and sinew of the body republic; and, as in the old fable, the result is necessarily fatal to all concerned.

The application of cellular pathology to all the various forms of disease was Virchow's work for twenty years. While accomplishing it there was scarcely an important question in medicine that he did not illuminate. Questions in gynecology, for instance, that were not to be practically applied for many years after were illustrated by valuable studies early in his career. At a time when their value was little realized he took up the study of public health and State medicine, and his contributions were of great service for the development of these important branches of medical science. Much of our modern advance in these matters is due to the stimulus of his work.

While seemingly so absorbed in medicine, for his investigations required the most patient devotion to his work, Virchow never neglected his duty as a citizen. In 1848 he was sent by the Prussian Government to study the typhus fever which had broken out in Silesia as the result of famine. The sad scenes he witnessed there made him a life-long advocate of popular rights. When the revolutionary spirit of 1848 swept over Europe some of his public expressions at election time drew upon him the wrath of the Ministry and his lecture chair was taken from him. His friends secured it for him once more, but with the understanding that it was to be held at the Minister's pleasure. Meantime Virchow was elected to the lower house of the Prussian legislature, but had to refuse because he was not yet of the legal age. It is not surprising, with such conditions in Berlin, that Virchow in 1849 accepted the offer of the professor's chair in pathology at the University of Wurzburg.

Here he continued his untiring labor in many fields. The Bavarian Government sent him to Spessart to study the famine and its causes. He accepted the editorship of a *Yearly Review* of the progress of medicine in all departments, which still continues to appear under his direction. He edited a Manual of Special Pathology and Therapy, one of the first and best of its kind, but with many subsequent imitators as the best evidence of its usefulness. His discoveries in pathology at this time made him the most prominent figure in German medicine, and so, after seven years, he was called to the Professorship of Pathology in the University of Berlin.

Then began his life work in connection with the great city that has grown up in the center of Germany. He became a member of the lower house of the Prussian legislature and devoted the efforts of what he was pleased to call his leisure to the popular cause. It was feared that his interest in politics would hamper his scientific work, but his friends were agreeably disappointed. He reassured friends and some critics, who hinted at neglect of lectures for politics, as follows:

"The dates of many of my lectures will prove that even on those days on which important matters claimed the attention of Parliament I have attended to my duties as a teacher. To set at rest the anxiety of my friends I will add that the silent and often unnoticed labor of a scientist required more energy and greater effort than the activity of the politician, which is both noisier and more speedily appreciated. The latter avocation has appeared to me often to be rather a recreation."

His political position as a Social Democrat consistently persevered in kept him constantly in opposition to Bismarck.

The great political rewards were all on the other side, but Virchow never swerved. He finally compelled, by his scientific work, the recognition that might easily have been secured early in his career by political complaisance.

When the Franco-German war came he showed his patriotism by extraordinary efforts for the organization of special medical assistance for the army. He personally presided over the equipment of the first sanitary train that went to the field. In Berlin he superintended the erection of the barrack hospitals on the Tempelfelder, and his every energy was devoted to the medical aspects of the war. This led him to the study of our American medical war records, of which he has often expressed himself in the highest praise.

After the war he applied himself to the problem of the water supply and sewage of the new metropolis that rose so rapidly on the level plain of Brandenburg, with no water course large enough to carry off its waste. The solution of this problem he considers the triumph of his life. In an interview with him during the International Congress at Paris last year this was what he was proud of—that for years there had been no cases of infectious disease on the sewage farms outside Berlin, tho thousands of men are engaged in the disposal of excrementitious material. All the details of the health of the men engaged at this work are still under his immediate supervision and he naïvely wondered if any one would be found properly to care for them after his death.

Despite all this work, his attendance at legislative meetings at night, his daily inspection of sewage reports, his immense editorial labors and his own writing, he never fails at his morning lectures. Even now at 80 years of age he sleeps on the average scarcely more than five hours, and used to sleep much less. He is most faithful in his attendance at medical meetings and never lets an opportunity slip by to draw physicians closer and closer together. He is zealous of the good name of the profession, and the strictures oft repeated of so sincere and unselfish a philanthropist on antivivisection should show up some of the errors of its ways.

Medicine and politics have not, however, exhausted Virchow's superabundant energies. He is one of the greatest anthropologists of the world. He is one of the founders and many times president of the German Society of Anthropology, Ethnology and Archæology. In 1879 he went by special invitation to Hissarlik (Troy) with Schliemann, and the two books that resulted, "The Geography of the Troas," and "Trojan Graves and Skulls," are still standard works on these subjects.

This many-sided man is one of the simplest and most approachable. He is a suggestive teacher, a kind friend, a genial talker, a progressive conservative, who has, of course, the tendency allowed to his age of being *laudator temporis acti,* but yet who has ever been ready to welcome genuine advance. It is no wonder that the medical world unites to do him reverence and cordially to wish that he shall yet see many days in the land, for he has been and is one of humanity's great benefactors, a shining example of what one man of humble origin can accomplish for the race.

NEW YORK CITY.

A Song of Giving

By Amos. R. Wells

IN my gifts I travel far
As the needy nations are,—
North and south and east and west;
Givers' travels are the best.

In my gifts I dig a mine
Down where lordliest treasures shine,—
Gratitude of hearts oppressed;
Givers' Klondikes are the best.

In my gifts I mount and rise
Through the reaches of the skies
To a heaven of joy and rest;
Givers' wings are far the best.

BOSTON, MASS.

The Deliberativeness of Doctor Greene

By David Bruce Fitzgerald

IN May, 1892, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church met at Portland, Oregon, and, as some important doctrinal matters were discussed, its proceedings were widely reported. It was the last day of the session, adjournment was expected in an hour, and the commissioners, satchels in hand, were moving about, saying good-by to old or new friends. At the front of the great church the clerk, in a wearied, sing-song voice, was reading unimportant resolutions, such as always encumber the last hours of a legislative body, and they were being passed in a perfunctory way.

At this moment a diminutive messenger boy crept up the aisle and handed a telegram to Doctor Young, the Moderator. The venerable Doctor, who had a waste-basket filled with slips of yellow paper at his elbow, and who was beginning to regard Professor Morse as a personal enemy, took the envelope, tore the end from it bit by bit and glanced at the contents. Instantly his attention became riveted. In a minute he was on his feet.

"Brethren," he cried, bringing his gavel down with a resounding whack, which sent a shiver through the house, "I have an announcement—a most important announcement. I have this moment received the following telegram;" and the Doctor, in his rotund voice, proceeded to read it:

"SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, May 19, 1892.

"To the Moderator of the General Assembly, Portland, Oregon:

"Animated by my love for the Church of my fathers, and by admiration for its imperishable doctrines, I desire to deed to the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, in fee simple, one-half of a tract of land, containing twelve hundred and eighty acres, in the suburbs of Salt Lake City; the Church agreeing to reserve one hundred acres, to erect thereon suitable buildings and to establish a school for the higher Christian education, to be called Westminster University; the remaining interest of the Church in the tract to be disposed of for the benefit of said university and its permanent endowment. If proposition is accepted, send accredited representative to close the transaction.

(Signed) FULTON J. MIDDLETON."

The Moderator lifted his eyes and looked inquiringly at the Assembly, waiting for an expression of its pleasure.

A dozen commissioners sprang to their feet and moved immediate acceptance of the offer, and "Second! Second!" came in sharp explosions from all over the house. A large number of men removed their overcoats, preparatory to saying a few words on a subject which offered a wide field for invective in the denunciation of Mormonism, and the prevailing sentiment was plainly indicated by the sympathetic laughter and applause which followed the fervid declaration of a colored delegate from Maryland that the only way to destroy the Mormon monster was "to jam a Presbyterian University down his throat and ram it home with good hard blows from the Westminster Confession of Faith."

Finally, after some twenty five-minute speeches had been delivered, it was discovered that further talk would be useless, because everybody was on one side; and Doctor Richards, of Indiana, arose with the suggestion that the generous offer of Mr. Middleton be allowed to take the regular course of such business; or, in other words, that it be referred to the Board of Aid for Colleges, an incorporated body especially appointed to supervise the educational work of the Church. He noticed in the Assembly the honored Doctor Benjamin Franklin Greene, of Pennsylvania, who had been a member of the College Board for thirty years, and he would move that Doctor Greene be appointed to proceed to Salt Lake City, confer with Mr. Middleton, examine the property and report to the Board at its next regular meeting in Philadelphia.

As this was obviously the proper course for the matter to take, Doctor Richards's substitute motion was carried with a storm of "Ays." A voice in the rear of the church raised the long meter doxology.

"Sing it standing!" shouted the Moderator, waving his arms.

The commissioners rose to their feet, six hundred deep voices took up the majestic hymn and rolled it out with tremendous enthusiasm, and the Assembly sat down smiling. It was felt that the

Westminster University of Salt Lake City was as good as an accomplished fact.

The Rev. Benjamin Franklin Greene, D.D., LL.D., was a white-haired, sparsely side-whiskered little man, whose shrewd gray eyes beamed out, half humorously, through gold-rimmed glasses. Having made thirty-seven speeches in eight days, he was dreadfully tired and wanted to go home. But he felt that he could not, in such an important matter, disregard the mandate of the Assembly; and accordingly, on the next day but one, Doctor Greene registered at the Colosseum Hotel in Salt Lake City, and dropped a note in the box asking Mr. Fulton J. Middleton for an interview.

The Doctor passed a comfortable night, partook leisurely of a late breakfast and made a short turn about a couple of squares, exercising his mind unavailingly in the task of trying to classify those he met as Mormons or Gentiles. On his return to the hotel he found Mr. Middleton awaiting him in the office.

Mr. Fulton J. Middleton was a large man, with a benignant face, a huge, grizzled mustache, an infectious laugh and a familiar way of slapping people on the shoulder. The clergyman shook hands cordially with the now famous benefactor of the Church, and a moment later began to suspect the orthodoxy of Mr. Middleton's habits. But the good Doctor's notions of intoxication were vague and strictly Scriptural. He regarded it as impossible for a man to acquire a "jag" before the third hour of the day, and it was then not much after nine o'clock. He therefore reconciled his theological convictions with his olfactory perceptions by deciding that Mr. Middleton had been drinking, but was sober, which was precisely the state of the case.

"My dear sir," said Doctor Greene, with the stateliness he could assume on occasion, "the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has commissioned me to express to you personally its deep appreciation of your munificent offer of a tract of land on which to establish a university."

"O, that's all right, Doctor," interrupted the benefactor with great heartiness. "The General Assembly doesn't want a pig in a poke, even as a gift, and the General Assembly is dead right. You are down here to see the land. Well, sir, I'm going to drive you out and show you the land. Fulton J. Middleton isn't a man to go back on the Church of his fathers; and in about fifteen minutes from now you will find that his offer is straight as a string. I have a horse out there that is a horse. It's a good thing you wear glasses. Every man ought to when he sits behind a two-forty nag. They keep the sand out of his eyes."

Doctor Greene, smothering some inward doubts, permitted himself to be led outside and placed in a buggy. Mr. Middleton gathered up the reins over the back of a horse whose merits he had not in the least exaggerated, and they were whirled away. They passed the Opera House, the Tabernacle, the Cosmopolitan Club, the Grand Central Station and the Spanish Cigar Factory. They rattled through the railroad yards at a record clipping gait, and presently Salt Lake City lay one, then two, then three miles behind them.

"Here we are, Doctor," said Mr. Middleton at last, drawing in the horse and waving his hand in a gesture which included the entire horizon. "This road runs through my property; six hundred and forty acres on the right and as many on the left. The street cars will be turning on this spot in less than four months, and that will make the whole tract immensely valuable. It's my notion that you're looking at four millions of dollars."

"And which of these sections of land do you propose to deed to the Church?" inquired the representative of the General Assembly.

"Doctor," replied Mr. Middleton, in a confidential tone, "you are a business man. The very minute I looked at you I knew that, however great a preacher you might be, you were a business man. It's not easy to fool me on a point like that. Now, being a business man, you will understand my idea, as another man might not. My notion is to divide this entire tract of twelve hundred and eighty acres into lots, with a frontage of fifty feet. Each alternate lot will be designated as belonging to the Westminster University. The lots are to be sold only in pairs, and as soon as a sale is made I will deed the University's half to you,

or to your Board, and you will pass it on to the purchaser. I don't think there will be any difficulty about making sales. All the old maids with money to invest, all the rich widows, all the good men with money to burn will want to give the cause of Christian education in Utah a lift. The lots will go off in the West like hot cakes. Well, what then? You take half the money and build your University. I take the other half and do what I please with it. I may use it to help along with the endowment."

Doctor Benjamin Franklin Greene was noted as being the most deliberate thinker in the Presbyterian Church and one of the clearest. The qualities on which his reputation rested now stood him in good stead. From his perch on the seat of the buggy he gazed out on a tract of arid, unpicturesque land, overgrown with sagebush. With every possible allowance for the future growth of the city, it was worth ten dollars an acre. He was invited to embark in a scheme for unloading it, under false representations, on such Eastern investors as might be hoodwinked by their confidence in the integrity of the Presbyterian Church. Another man would have denounced Mr. Fulton J. Middleton on the spot as a rascal. Doctor Greene displayed a considerable and growing interest. He knew the efficacy of waiting for something to turn up—and on his side.

"How does it strike you, Doctor?" inquired Mr. Middleton, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"Well, speaking for myself," replied the clergyman, beaming through his glasses, "I am inclined to think that the value of this land will depend on the extension of the street car lines and the growth of the city in this direction."

"Both of which are assured facts," said his companion confidently.

"I have understood," remarked the Doctor, "that the growth of Salt Lake City is phenomenal."

"Nothing like it anywhere. Doubles its population every ten years. I remember when the ground on which the Opera House now stands was traded for a pair of small mules, and it would bring a million dollars to-day at forced sale. And the peculiar thing about it is that, for the past five years, the extension of the city has been almost entirely in this direction."

"I should regard that as a very promising circumstance," observed the clergyman, looking about him for evidence supporting the statement made by Mr. Middleton, and failing to find it.

"Promising!" cried the benefactor of the Church. "Why, Doctor, it's a certainty. It's what we call a cinch out here."

"I shall take great plasure," said Doctor Greene, after a thorough inspection of the land, "in reporting all the facts in the case to the Board of Aid for Colleges, which I represent, and in making certain recommendations."

"Is the Board composed of Eastern men?" inquired Mr. Middleton, thrown a little off his guard by the feeling that he had hooked his fish.

"Entirely, I think."

"Then all you have to do is to put the case strong enough and they will bite. That is," he continued, hastily correcting himself, "they will see the advantage of closing with my offer. They must be made to understand that it means at least one million and likely two."

"The members of my Board are all very conscientious, conservative men," said Doctor Greene, "and they will, no doubt, consider very seriously a proposition designed to promote the interests of the Church and the cause of religious education here at the headquarters of Mormonism."

Mr. Middleton drove Doctor Greene back to the Colosseum Hotel, and the two lunched together very amicably. In the afternoon the Doctor sought out the pastor and elders of the local Presbyterian Church and made some guarded inquiries. His investigations developed two facts; that Mr. Fulton J. Middleton was a notorious and daring speculator, and that the real owner of the two sections of land he had inspected in the morning was not Mr. Middleton, but Mr. William S. Brownlee. Doctor Greene sought an interview with Mr. Brownlee. He found that gentleman at his office, just taking his hat to go home, and his appearance inspired Doctor Greene with confidence.

"I have learned, Mr. Brownlee," said the clergyman, "that you are the actual owner of a tract of land, lying southwest

of this city, which Mr. Fulton J. Middleton this morning represented to me as his property."

"Hold on a minute, Doctor Greene," replied Mr. Brownlee, glancing at the card he held in his hand. "Middleton came to me about a week ago and secured an option on that land. He had a perfect right to offer it."

"Ah, that alters the case. I beg pardon for my intrusion. You were just going to dinner and I will not detain you."

"May I ask the terms of Middleton's proposition?" inquired Mr. Brownlee, who honestly hoped that this innocent looking investor would not fall into the jaws of the land shark.

Doctor Greene began to tell his story. In two minutes Mr. Brownlee understood the situation and began to regard the clergyman attentively. He was wondering how much common sense lay behind the Doctor's eye-glasses. A moment later he decided that the amount was so small as to be not worth taking into account.

"Are you thinking of taking up the offer?" asked Mr. Brownlee, when the Doctor had finished his recital.

"That," replied the clergyman blandly, "is a question I am not able to answer. I am here in a delegated capacity and must report to my Board. I will say, however, that some features of Mr. Middleton's proposition impress me very strongly." He did not say "favorably," but Brownlee failed to notice the omission.

"Middleton is one of the smartest men in Salt Lake City," flashed out Mr. Brownlee.

"I have no doubt of it," returned the Doctor, apparently losing the significance of the remark. "Would it be right for me to ask the terms on which Mr. Middleton secured the option?"

"I think," answered the business man, now quite assured that any information in Doctor Greene's possession would be absolutely harmless, "that there will be nothing wrong in letting you see the contract. I have it here in my desk."

Doctor Greene took the paper, adjusted his glasses and examined it carefully. It was dated on the seventeenth of May, and it provided that Mr. Middleton might, at any time within three months from that date, purchase the property at a stipulated price. Should he desire to continue the option beyond the seventeenth of August, Mr. Middleton agreed that he would on that date pay to Mr. Brownlee the sum of ten thousand dollars in cash. If at the expiration of another three months Mr. Middleton still wished to hold the option he might do so by paying to Mr. Brownlee on the seventeenth of November an additional ten thousand dollars. There was more of it, but the remainder did not particularly interest Doctor Greene. He returned the paper to its owner, with the remark that Mr. Middleton evidently thought there was money in the scheme. Upon this observation the disgusted Mr. Brownlee made no comments. He was beginning to suspect the existence of a private understanding between the clergyman and the land agent.

Doctor Benjamin Franklin Greene returned to his home, in a suburb of Philadelphia, a deeply humiliated man. It was not that he felt insulted by Mr. Middleton's proposition. His personal grievance was quite overshadowed by the appeal the speculator's scheme made to his sense of humor. But on behalf of the Presbyterian Church—as a representative of that Church—that was a very different matter. The good man's ire, as he thought of it, almost choked him; and in proportion as his anger grew he became reticent and deliberate and inflexible, which was his way.

The regular meetings of the Presbyterian Board of Aid for Colleges are held in the Witherspoon Building on the morning of the fifteenth of each month.

On the afternoon of June the fifteenth Doctor Greene sent a telegram to Mr. Middleton at Salt Lake City: "Board met this morning. Referred business back to me for fuller report." What the Doctor omitted to say was that the Board had taken this action at his own request.

On the fifteenth of July the clergyman dispatched another telegram to the land agent. It read: "Members of Board absent on vacation. No quorum."

On the fifteenth of August the Doctor, from Atlantic City, forwarded a message on which the tolls were unusually heavy. "Daniel Wilson, the Philadelphia capitalist," so it ran, "has assured me that, as soon as the Board of Aid for Colleges

formally accepts your offer, he will take one hundred double lots at fifty thousand dollars cash. Members of Board still away on vacation. Full meeting will be held in September."

There was no imaginable reason why Doctor Greene should lengthen this telegram to say that he and Daniel Wilson were college classmates and fast friends, or that the capitalist had made his offer on the basis of certain assurances which he regarded as perfectly satisfactory. Mr. Middleton acted on the information at his disposal. On the sixteenth he mortgaged some Salt Lake property and the next day drew his check for ten thousand dollars in favor of W. S. Brownlee. He had decided to hold the option.

Providence, on September the fifteenth, interfered to prevent the attendance of Doctor Greene at the meeting of the Board. He was ill, and his devoted wife, alarmed by certain distressing symptoms, declined to permit him to leave the house without the consent of a medical adviser. By the time the physician arrived, told and heard a few stories, recommended a hot lemonade at bedtime, and departed the Board meeting was over. Doctor Greene managed in the afternoon to walk to the telegraph office and communicate the fact of his sickness to Mr. Middleton.

On the morning of the fifteenth of October, at ten o'clock, the Board met, with a quorum, in the Witherspoon Building, and Doctor Greene was present. Some routine business was disposed of; and then it was suggested that the matter of the Westminster University of Salt Lake City be taken up.

"Brethren," said Doctor Greene, assuming his most benignant expression, "I am not quite ready to make my final report. There are some details which require consideration. I ask, therefore, that you grant me another month in which to complete my investigations. At our next meeting I will lay the matter before you in its entirety and in such shape that you can take immediate action."

This request was immediately granted. No one doubted the necessity for delay when Doctor Greene asked for time.

"The Board wishes all the details. Has promised to act at next meeting. See letter to follow." This was the telegram Mr. Middleton received that evening.

And then the venerable Doctor Greene did some things which came near stultifying him in the opinion of his clerical acquaintances. To the pastors of very prominent churches in New York, Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Chicago he addressed letters, outlining the plan for the establishment of Westminster University and asking whether they would accept professorships in the new institution. Copies of some of these letters, with the answers received, he forwarded to Mr. Middleton. These replies invariably spoke of the project of founding such a University in the kindest and most enthusiastic terms. Several of them, indeed, informed Doctor Greene that the writers might, if the way should open, consider his proposal favorably.

On the evening of the fourteenth of November Doctor Greene wired Mr. Middleton that Daniel Wilson had agreed to take, so soon as the Board should act favorably, one hundred thousand dollars' worth of University property, and that Mrs. Hezekiah Jones would, in the same contingency, invest thirty-five thousand. Mrs. Hezekiah Jones was a widowed sister of Doctor Greene's, very rich, very charitable, and very much under the influence of her clerical brother.

Mr. Fulton J. Middleton spent the fifteenth rubbing his hands and waiting for further advices. On the sixteenth he telegraphed Doctor Greene, asking what the Board had done, but received no reply. On the seventeenth he mortgaged his residence, borrowed, not without considerable difficulty, the remainder of the amount and paid Mr. Brownlee ten thousand dollars. On the eighteenth he concluded that Doctor Greene was ill, and on the nineteenth that he was dead; neither of which conjectures was within a mile of the mark.

As a matter of fact the benevolent and thoughtful clergyman was very much alive. He was present at the regular meeting of the College Board on the morning of the fifteenth, and his spirits were unusually excellent.

"Brethren," he said on that occasion, "I am ready to report on the matter of the Westminster University, and I regret

to say that the whole plan is nothing more than the bold attempt of an ingenious swindler to drag the Presbyterian Church into one of his schemes for robbing the public." Then the Doctor, in his inimitable way, related his experiences at Salt Lake City, pictured Mr. Fulton J. Middleton in graphic, if not entirely complimentary, fashion, described in words which conveyed the impression of remoteness and desolation, the property offered to the Church, and finished by recommending that the Board decline to accept Mr. Middleton's offer.

The recommendation was adopted without a dissenting voice.

Doctor Greene was in no hurry to inform Mr. Middleton of this adverse action. He waited for the seventeenth to arrive. Then, in order to make very sure, he waited three days more. On the twentieth he reopened communications with Mr. Middleton. His telegram read: "The Board of Aid for Colleges declines to accept your proposition, on the ground that you are a rascal, an opinion in which I heartily concur."

"In about one hour from now," chuckled Doctor Greene to himself as he wrote this dispatch, "my friend Middleton of Salt Lake City will know what sort of a business man I am."

And Mr. Fulton J. Middleton, about one hour later, became aware that the venerable Doctor Greene was the genuine article. The information cost him twenty thousand dollars.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Venezuela and Colombia

By Harold Martin

[Our readers will remember the articles we printed from Mr. Martin some months ago from Manila, where he was the correspondent of the Associated Press. He is now in Venezuela and Colombia covering the situation for the Associated Press.—EDITOR.]

OF all political disturbances in the northern part of South America of recent years the present trouble between Venezuela and Colombia is probably the most complicated. There are four distinct elements in the situation and each element is working, fighting, intriguing and conspiring for its own ends. These different elements combine when they believe their ends to be, not necessarily identical, but similar, and in the Anglo-Saxon acceptance of the term not one of them can be relied upon. Infuse into this elementary situation an admixture of human passions, such as cupidity and a love of vengeance, the lust of wealth and the desire to kill, political partisan strife and old scores to be wiped out, bravery, determination, cruelty and the sacred fires of patriotism, and there arises ample opportunity for complications and a nebulous state of affairs.

He who would to-day prophesy the result of the Venezuelan-Colombian imbroglio must take long chances, and I do so charily. The study of any situation such as this one brings with it a supposed understanding thereof and an idea of its possible outcome. My deductions are consequently my idea of the result and are based upon two months' study of the complications, which study has led me to Panama, Colon, Bocas del Toro, Puerto Colombia, Baranquilla and Carthegena in Colombia, Puerto Cabello, Valencia, Caracas and La Guayra in Venezuela, and to Curaçao, this hotbed of intrigue, contraband and armed expeditions, situated a few miles off the latter's coast, and I have had many talks with many men of all four political parties.

It should first be borne in mind that Venezuela has been controlled by members of the Liberal Party for over forty years; that Ecuador and Nicaragua are both controlled by representatives of this same party, while the present Colombian administration is in the hands of members of the Conservative Party.

Colombia and Venezuela touch each other; the inhabitants of both countries are closely allied, in many cases united by ties of blood, business and property, and the Liberal and Conservative parties, or their offshoots, have for many years been the principal political divisions

in both so-called republics. In the beginning of this century Simon Bolivar, the gentleman who liberated both Venezuela and Colombia from the yoke of Spain, tried to combine the two countries under a central government, and failed. His plan did not work. On his deathbed Bolivar, with years of active experience behind him, said no good would ever be found in South American politics. To-day certain agitators are hoping and trying to emulate Bolivar and form Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador into one republic, to be called "Gran Colombia," and the gentlemen most active in this work assuredly hope for high honors under the possible new political unit. Rafael Uribe Uribe, Colombian, acknowledges his purpose of "Gran Colombia," while others, supposed to be interested with Uribe Uribe, deny similar intentions. The above conditions, briefly outlined, affect both Colombia and Venezuela, but in different ways. The Conservative Government of Colombia blocks the formation of "Gran Colombia" under Liberal politicians. Further than this general condition the "Gran Colombia" idea does not to-day have any direct bearing on the Venezuelan-Colombian question.

Colombia possesses two of the four elements in the primal situation, and a fair measure of personal troubles. One element is its Conservative Government and the second is a Liberal revolution against the Government, now two years old and at this writing lusty and strong, but lacking in funds. This revolution has been bloody, for Colombian officials tell me forty thousand men have been killed and wounded on both sides since the fighting began. The revolution is well supported and popular on both the Pacific and Atlantic coasts of the country. In these sections, I think, eighty per cent. of the people are with the Liberals as against the Conservative Government; with them in sympathy and hopes, ready to aid them when they can, but not necessarily all willing to take the field and fight with rifle and machete.

MAP OF VENEZUELA AND COLOMBIA

Panama is full of Liberals, who openly express their views in every *café* and gambling house; and along the Atlantic coast of Colombia the army and the civil employees of the Government seem to be about the only real Conservatives to be found. I am told by Government officials that certain big interior provinces of Colombia are strongly Conservative, but I know that traffic on the Magdalena River, which is in the interior, to Honda and Bogota, is practically controlled by the Liberals, who have been attacking and stopping river steamers for two years.

The Isthmus of Panama, that section of the country the sovereignty of which we guaranteed to Colombia by the treaty of 1846, has lately been the scene of Liberal activities. There are plenty of Liberal guerrilla bands in that vicinity and the Chinese storekeepers along the line of the Panama Railroad and the Canal have suffered from their raids. But the Liberals have in no way interrupted traffic over the railroad between Colon and Panama, and knowing the desire of the United States that this be not done, they will probably make no such attempt. I am authoritatively informed by General Vargas-Santos, a well-known leader of the Colombian revolutionists, now sojourning in Curaçao, that the Liberal leaders have issued strict orders that trans-isthmian traffic remain unmolested and that the city of Panama be not attacked unless the necessity for this latter maneuver should become very pressing.

In Colombia all Liberals are eager to inform the inquiring foreigner at length of the many and varied acts of the tyrannical Conservative Government of Bogota, which, in their eyes, amply justify the present revolution, while Government officials are equally certain that no reasons for a revolution exist and that all Liberals are "canalla" and "vagabundos." The actual facts of this case make little difference here; the fact remains that the revolution is active and popular and has been sustained for two years against adverse circumstances.

Concerning Colombia, let me add that the country is in financial straits. The prolonged revolt has been a drain on the treasury; extraordinary measures to raise funds, such as forced loans from the people, have been adopted by the Government, and duties, taxes and imposts have been increased. National bank notes, which are promises to pay issued by the Government, are to-day accepted at the rate of four and five cents in gold on the dollar, and departmental bank notes, which are anybody's promises to pay, are taken at less than three cents on the dollar.

In her extremity Colombia has recently taken one measure which attracts the foreigner's attention. This is an order issued in Bogota, July 18, by which the governors in the various departments or States of the Republic are made responsible for everything occurring in their respective States, and to cope with their increased responsibilities each governor is given unlimited powers to take such measures within his territory as he may deem necessary, and he is not to be held accountable for what he may do. Such decentralization of power and responsibility by the Bogota Government is clearly a sign of weakness.

While Colombian Liberals complain bitterly of the actions of their present Government and are ready to die in droves to see it overthrown there is nothing to prove to the observer who tries to be impartial, and who is certainly not interested one way or the other, that the Liberals, should they come to power, will do one bit better by the country at large than the Conservatives are doing to-day. There are promises to this end without number, but we have heard such promises before, and as I have said, proofs to this end are conspicuously lacking.

This is briefly the state of affairs in Colombia. Colombian conditions to-day have been distinctly affected by the actions of Venezuela in the premises. I will first set forth certain recent happenings in Venezuela and will then relate what this latter country has been doing to Colombia.

Two years ago Cipriano Castro, a cattle raiser from the mountainous province of Los Andes, led a successful revolution against Andrade, the then President of Venezuela. Andrade, beaten, passed from Caracas to La Guayra by night and so by sea off the stage. Castro, at Caracas, declared himself Dictator of Venezuela, changed the constitution of the country better to suit his own desires, and at once began coining sev-

eral million francs in silver, which he profitably floated at a gold valuation. He soon settled down to see what there was in his new employment. He surrounded himself with a few chosen Ministers, who were to find their reward for services rendered in their new positions, and he moved into the beautiful Palace of Miraflores at Caracas.

Now Castro was vastly helped to the Presidential chair of Venezuela by the Liberal Party in Colombia: such debts must be paid, and especially down here, where political plot and counterplot form a great part of State and National politics. Consequently Castro was bound to help the Colombian Liberal revolutionists against the Conservative Government of their country. This he commenced to do, actively and passively, personally and officially.

The Castro Government forms one element in the Venezuelan side of the imbroglio, and the second element therein is the present revolutionary movement against Castro in Venezuela, which calls itself the Nationalist Party. This element showed its head less than a week after Castro had arrived at Caracas, and its leader was the "Mocho" Hernandez. The "Mocho" is now in jail at Fort San Carlos, near Maracaibo, but his movement is to-day very much alive throughout the country, and growing stronger every hour. Here, then, are the four elements, and their surface affiliations are as follows: Castro, or the Government of Venezuela, is allied quite openly with the Liberal revolutionary movement in Colombia, and the common enemy is the Conservative Colombian Government at Bogota. This Conservative Colombian Government is more or less, tho not very openly, allied with the Nationalist revolutionary movement in Venezuela, and the common enemy of these latter is Castro, the Dictator. So we have Colombian Conservatives and Liberals on the one side, and Venezuelan Liberals and Nationalists on the other. The foregoing should make clear why Rangel Garlbiras, Venezuelan Nationalist, on the frontier of the two countries, is supported by Colombian Government troops, while Uribe Uribe, Colombian Liberal on the same frontier, is a commander of Venezuelan Government forces, and also why the two Castillos, Colombian Liberals, are operating with the soldiers of Castro against the forces of the Colombian Conservative Government now in La Hacha, in the Guajira Peninsula.

Castro's aid to Colombian Liberals was substantial and continued and kept the Colombian revolution alive. I believe that were it not for Castro the Colombian Government would have been able to crush the Liberal revolt. Castro's aid to the enemies of Colombia was so harassing and annoying, and the revolution was in consequence so lusty, that Colombia was deeply aggrieved; and, perceiving that much of the rebels' strength and sustenance came from over the Venezuelan frontier, she finally sent armed men to her side of this frontier to put a stop to what was going on there. About this same time General Uribe Uribe, Colombian Liberal, effectively backed by Castro, started to come into Colombia from Venezuela at the head of forces composed of Colombian rebels and Venezuelans. Whether the Venezuelans with Uribe Uribe at this time were Venezuelan Government forces or not, I cannot conclusively learn. In all events Uribe Uribe started for Colombia, met the Colombian forces, was routed by them, and hurried back into Venezuela, to which territory the Colombian Governmental forces pusued him. This was the latter part of last July, and ever since then Venezuela has been crying out that Colombia had invaded her sacred frontier, and massing troops on this same frontier to prevent a repetition of a similar offense. Colombia also massed troops on her side of the frontier to prevent Venezuelan invasion, and, divested of all useless detail, this is the state of affairs to-day, in so far as the international aspect of the question is concerned.

The two armies are stretched along the dividing line between the two countries and are watching each other, while their respective Governments indulge in expletives, and newspaper correspondents try to learn what is really going on.

The recent occurrences in the Guajira Peninsula, around La Hacha, do not particularly alter this situation; down there Venezuela does seem to have invaded Colombia and gotten well punished for doing so. Such an invasion offsets Colombia's invasion of Venezuela when

the former was chasing Uribe Uribe around San Cristobal last July.

Diplomatic relations between the two countries were discontinued during the foregoing developments, and Venezuela declined to accept the kindly offer of the United States to act as mediator in the difficulty.

Castro's attitude toward Colombia during the past two years has not received the support of the Venezuelan people, and as relations between the two countries became more and more strained in recent months, Castro has lost much with his own countrymen. As a result of this the Nationalist movement, always alive, began to grow. The Venezuelan people want no war with Colombia, nor do the Colombians desire hostilities with Venezuela. The people of the latter country desire the overthrow of their Conservative governors, while the people of Venezuela are very generally beginning to desire the overthrow of Castro. Castro realizes the insecurity of his position as Dictator of Venezuela, and in the continuance in power of the Colombian Conservative Government he sees a continued and growing danger to himself, as this Government is in sympathy with and would not hesitate to aid a Venezuelan rebellion against him. Such action would be no more than Castro has done to Colombia. Castro is openly and frankly in speech opposed to the Government of Colombia and does not hesitate to say he desires its downfall. He also says that if, as a result of internal dissensions, or from any other cause, this Government ceased to exist to-morrow, the Venezuela-Colombia difficulty would at once disappear. And if the Nationalist movement in Venezuela triumphed and Castro should sail away from La Guayra for Paris, the international situation would equally disappear. Castro alone has created all the trouble for Colombia, and Castro's avowed purpose is to effect the downfall of the present Colombian administration, and nothing else. In short, the whole international trouble is kept alive by Bogota and Caracas, and Caracas is rapidly growing as unpopular in Venezuela as is Bogota in Colombia. An alliance between all Colombian Liberals and all Venezuelan Nationalists purposing to overthrow the existing Government of each country would not be at all out of the way. The interests of these two elements are fast growing identical.

Venezuela has suffered during these last two years. Payment of interest on the country's foreign and internal indebtedness was long ago suspended, and since Castro became Dictator capital has been most coy and hard to find for Venezuelan enterprises. In recent months financial matters have rapidly grown worse. The two banks in Caracas have turned over all they own to the Government and are almost financial nonentities. Salaries of all Government employees have been reduced by half, and now even this half is unpaid. The money of the country is being diverted to maintain the army for a threatened war which the people distinctly do not want. Caracas itself lives largely upon Government money, and since salaries were cut and then not paid, the city has suffered much. Beggars are increasing daily. Jewelry and all sorts of personal articles are hawked about the city streets. Government hospitals are no longer paid their allotted State moneys, municipal school teachers are requested to work for nothing, and the Government is levying forced loans from merchants under threat of imprisonment and service in the ranks of the army. Business is quite naturally paralyzed; commercial travelers from England, Germany and the United States come down and look over the field only to decide that credit is absolutely impossible and nothing can be done. A majority of the importing houses in the country, excepting those in Ciudad Bolivar, have countermanded all orders for goods to be delivered in Venezuela. Such determinations directly affect the Government's purse through the custom house. In the last two months customs receipts at Maracaibo, Puerto Cabello, La Guayra, etc., have fallen to comparatively insignificant sums and are still daily growing smaller. With this state of affairs, daily increasing in seriousness, the only thing ahead of the Government is generally conceded to be a further recourse to forced loans and the ultimate emission of paper money.

Castro's attitude toward Colombia, which has brought the country to the verge of war and to extreme financial

distress, his alleged maladministration of public affairs and his alleged misbehavior in Caracas, are all working against him throughout the land. The feeling that he must be expelled is growing apace. Garlbiras is in arms against him in the west, and his recent order from Caracas that all Nationalists be arrested forthwith has resulted already in half a dozen armed revolutionary outbreaks in as many different parts of the Republic. The movement against the Dictator is serious and the Dictator himself is beginning to see his danger.

I think, in case war is declared and the two countries actually fight on the frontier, that Colombia will triumph. This would mean the very rapid downfall of Castro at the hands of the Venezuelan revolutionists and most probably an immediate end to international hostilities. If this does not happen, I think Castro will in some way attempt to withdraw from his present difficulty with Colombia and devote his energies to putting down the growing Venezuelan revolution.

CURACAO, VENEZUELA.

Mother Carey's Chickens

By Theodore Roberts

WHEN the drift spins white, and the winds are high,
And the black clouds race in the sullen sky,
The Mother Carey, down in the sea,
Startles her chickens up from her knee.
With shout and laughter she bids them fly.

"Oh, the white foam gleams, and the wave-heads sing,
So up my pretty ones, strong of wing.
There's many a good ship out to-night,
Sheeted with spray and blind with fright:
So follow them close, till the thing is done,
And bring me the dead hearts one by one."

For this is her way when the giant sea
Rages, stark mad, and the stunned ships flee;
She sends her chickens, strong of flight,
Out of the sea and into the night,
To guide dead mariners down to her knee.

They say that her song has a magic ring
To sailormen, weary of journeying;
That brave eyes close in a lotus sleep—
All's well! and never a watch to keep;
And the Joy of Life seems a little thing
When they follow the flash of the dipping wing.

Their brisk sea voices will lift no more
When the anchor is catted for some strange shore.
Heart-ache is done and tears are past,
And the red weeds cling to the broken mast,
And never a lean back springs to the oar.

They say that these swift, brown birds, that flee
And skim in our wake, when the wind is free,
Are the souls of mariners drowned in the sea—
That they guide dead comrades down, far down,
To the swaying streets of a coral town,
Where the Mother sits in her tide-spun gown.

ROE ISLAND, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

LITERATURE

Oxford Lectures on Poetry*

It would not be easy to find a volume which better illustrates both the strength and the weakness of the traditional culture of Oxford than these lectures by the late Professor Courthope, and, like all work of the kind, they are very pleasant to read but hard to criticise. The individual thought of the author is so wrapped about with the drapery of ideas that have been handed down from immemorial times, and this traditional drapery is itself of so illusory a nature that the critical mind is baffled in its attempt to analyze and explain. On the other hand, we are carried along easily and delightfully on the current of this ancient, deep-breathed wisdom. Here is not the mere surmising of one man whose unaided intellect strives painfully to enter into the mysteries of literature, but a wise hoarding up of traditional wisdom and a frank trust in inherited canons. To us at least there is something attractive, something well-bred and beautiful, in this Oxford habit of referring every question of literature to Aristotle or Horace or some other old authority for solution, before attempting to solve it by the cold methods of logical analysis. This does not imply that Professor Courthope, or the school which he represents, is slavish in adherence to his masters; he does not, when occasion arises, hesitate to impeach even the Stagirite of error or inadequacy; it means only that his mind is so steeped in the thought of antiquity that questions inevitably appear to him in a form such as they assumed to the world in the far past and that in this way they lose the sharpness, and also something of the crudeness, of present pressing realities.

As an example of the weakness arising from this absorption in traditional culture might be cited Professor Courthope's use (p. 43) of that famous passage from the "Poetics" of Aristotle: "For poetry the credible but impossible is preferable to the incredible but possible." The passage itself Professor Courthope quotes in a footnote; his own words are these: "All that the poet is required to do is to create a perfect illusion; to produce what Aristotle calls τὸ πιθανόν, the effect of poetic probability; or, in other words, that idea of unity which is the essential condition of organic life." That is very well, and the paragraphs that follow are full of wise thought amply expressed; but somehow, as we read, the conviction begins to creep upon us that the actual question at issue is not one which has come to the author from his own study of poetry, but is rather an echo in his mind of common university ideas, a reminiscence rather than an urgent reality. One who had been troubled in the midst of his own reading by these essential problems of criticism would not have been content to quote so glibly this old elastic phrase of Aristotle's, τὸ πιθανόν, and to pass on. What precisely is this πιθανόν, the credible, the plausible, the specious? What is this illusion (for illusion is at bottom the true meaning of the term) which it is the first office of literature to effect, and whereof does it consist? Tell us that, and you have answered the subtlest problem of criticism.

Better and more definite is his use (p. 86) of a phrase from Horace, which, like many another from the "*Ars Poetica*," is so inclusive as to be vague in meaning.

"What is required of the poet above all things," Professor Courthope says, "is *right conception*—the *res lecta potenter* of Horace—a happy choice of subject-matter which shall at once assimilate readily with the poet's genius, and shall, in Shakespeare's phrase, 'show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.' The poet must be able not only to gauge the extent of his own powers, but to divine the necessities of his audience. He must realize the nature of the subject-matter which, in his generation, most needs expression, and know whether it requires to be expressed in the epic, dramatic, lyric, or satiric form. When the subject has been rightly conceived, then, as Horace says, it will instinctively clothe itself in the right form of expression, according to the laws of art."

* Life in Poetry: Law in Taste. Two series of lectures delivered in Oxford. *By William John Courthope.* New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.00.

It is an admirable little essay on the universal and the individual in style which then follows, ending with an apt illustration from Tennyson.

The peculiar province of the individual and the universal elements in poetry is, indeed, more than any other single question the theme of the book; and the somewhat irreconcilable claims of these elements are drawn out and, so far as possible, harmonized with considerable acumen. Most able of all, as might be anticipated in an English writer, is the discussion of this question when it takes on the form of a conflict between the individual and the State. It is good to read such a book as this. It does not, perhaps, add much to our store of clearly defined ideas, but it tends to make the mind sane and clean, and it teaches us to treat literary arguments largely, with our eyes kept steadily on the great names and great thoughts of the past. It trains us in the forms and customs of what may be called gentlemanlike literature, and smooths down the angularity and crudeness of the intellectual upstart.

The Right of Way *

THIS is the last and the best of Gilbert Parker's French-Canadian stories, and according to some, one of the strongest, most fascinating of the novels which have appeared in recent years.

The absence of creeping daily details adds much to the dramatic skill with which the story is developed. The scene opens in a court of justice, where the hero, a young lawyer, known as "Beauty Steele," distinguishes himself, being "quietly and unnoticeably drunk," by his admirable defense of the murderer, "Joseph Nadeau." And while he hypnotizes the jury with his irresistible personal magnetism, the author covers the whole situation, past and present, with a few sentences that reach this way and that as accurately as the strands of a spider's web. Between the second and third chapters five years elapse. But when the curtain is again raised the long tightening grasp of fate is at once revealed. And we are suddenly caught up, borne along upon the conviction that the man who brings it all to pass is able, has a splendid mastery of his material,—which assurance is comforting after the way the average writer of fiction appeals to the reader's imagination and fails to depend upon his own.

We live the same old problems over and over, here and hereafter. Thus our minds race faster along these familiar routes, where matters for conjecture are of vital interest to us. And if a man has the essential dramatic touch, he needs no new plot for his tale. The question upon which this story hinges is the old one raised long ago by Enoch Arden, and every man will answer it according to the spirit that is in him. To the one whose virtue is a narrow uprightness it will appear to be the duty of the outcast to reveal himself by knocking at the domestic door of his former life, and even to justify himself at the expense of others. For such as these the truth is a spear with which to thrust the sides of unfortunates. The innocent and the guilty suffer alike upon the fanatical points of their fierce righteousness. But there is a wideness in our sense of mercy bearing witness with Tennyson's over the lonely grave of Enoch Arden. And when the brave sinner who is the hero of this novel, suddenly sent "like a stone from the sling" far beyond the golden rim of his former life, persists after the recovery of his reason in a noble silence,—hiding himself from the face of his wife who has innocently married another man, and bearing the shame of her brother's guilt, —something in us stronger than a meager sense of justice approves the sacrifice.

The hero's personality in many a novel has been practically destroyed by the scalpel keenness of the author's analysis, by a sort of clinic exposure of the sacred inner man, showing first one and then another part of him notched into the plot of the tale. But the whole man never goes into action. And the reader has the uneasy sense of beholding a creature whose faculties and instincts have been so divided that they appear to war against each other and to work out a moral confusion that is revolting and destructive.

But genius is tremendously constructive. And it is the supreme test of a writer's creative ability when he can hold things together in the face of all rights

* THE RIGHT OF WAY. *By Gilbert Parker.* New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

and all wrongs and in spite of the scattering influence of evil fates. Gilbert Parker shows some such power in the scheme of this novel. It swings like a whole system of thought around the eternal questions: "Who knows?" and "*Quid refert?*" The hero, "Beauty Steele," is put together so enduringly, erected so daringly in the face of morality and wisdom that he almost steps from the weird page into actual life. There is about him an elemental certainty which inspires confidence, not in his destiny, but in his courage to meet it. His is a continual revelation of integral personality; he projects the whole of himself, good and evil, into every act; and stands at last before the judgment bar of God a sinner, justified somehow through the unwavering integrity of his spirit. Surely such a man is worth remembering, not on account of his vices, nor for the sake of his virtues, but for the questions he asks:

"Who knows," he wrote, being grievously tempted, "which is the real self? A child comes into the world gin begotten, with the instinct for liquor in his brain like the scent of the fox in the nostrils of the hound. And that seems real. But the same child, caught up on the hands of chance, is carried into another atmosphere, is cared for by gin hating minds and hearts; habit fastens upon him—fair, decent and temperate habit. And he grows up like the Curé yonder, a brother of Aaron. Which is the real? Is the instinct for gin killed or covered? Is the habit of good living mere habit or mere acting, in which the real man never lives his real life, or is it the real life?"

God knows! But it is the test that proves the man. In that hour the Curé may fall like a rotten apple and sour upon the fetid ground, while the reprobate, steeped in brothel sin, may stretch his wings like an escaping spirit and rise to the very gates of heaven. For, in spite of much condemnation and many wise opinions, there is that in some men which renders it impossible to damn them,—and there is the root of falsehood in others which causes even virtue to wear the twisted smile of hypocrisy. The old prophecy holds forever, that there are many which are first who shall be last in the Kingdom of Heaven. But the will of God is that every man shall answer his own questions, as did "Beauty Steele," when, in the hour of death, encompassed about by a cloud of witnesses, he surrenderd his query, kissed the cross and gave up the ghost.

Nevertheless we have somewhat against Mr. Parker. Formerly, ministers of the Gospel, whether fox hunting Englishmen or Puritan fanatics, stood upon the sure foundation of courtesy and respect in fiction. But the sentiment upon which it was based no longer exists. In nearly every notable novel nowadays the principal character is agnostical, and there is generally a little lizard-souled divine running along the fence rows of the tale, licking out a scarlet scorpion tongue of damnation at him. Or, as in the case of the "Reverend John Brown" in this novel, we are shown a young bell ram of salvation willing to compromise with all the genteel goats of his acquaintance, holding on feebly with one hand to God's altar. Now when genius condemns a man he is proscribed, if not doomed, and it behooves those who have the gift of it therefore to use their powers discreetly. Gilbert Parker was not so very long ago a divinity student in the University at Toronto. But we are inclined to believe that he must have climbed up into the steeple of it to view the kingdoms of this world, or to challenge the stars with his persistent question, "Who knows?" Certainly the tendency of his mind appears to be against the idea of a revealed religion. The old Curé beside the deathbed of "Beauty Steele" is a medieval type, standing more for tradition than he does for the truth.

A Provençal Poet *

RECENT times have witnessed several attempts to erect again into literary languages idioms which, having once played an important part in the world of letters, were dominated by neighbors more important politically, and finally sank to the state of mere patois. More interesting than the Flemish, Catalonian and Irish movements of this nature, because of the larger degree of success that has thus far attended it, is that which in Southern France has led to the renewed use of Provençal, both in prose and poetry.

* FREDERIC MISTRAL. *By Charles Alfred Downer.* New York: The Columbia University Press; The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Back in the Middle Ages no speech of the Occident was more important than Provençal, that off-shoot of Latin, in which the troubadours of the sunny South of France sang their songs of love, until the crusade led by Simon de Montfort drove them from their home into the adjoining lands, Italy and Spain. In these countries their manner was soon imitated, and early Italian and Spanish poetry was largely an echo of the strains of the troubadours. In Provence composition in the native tongue grew less and less. French, the *langue d'oïl,* prevailed over Provençal, the *langue d'oc,* and became the medium of official and literary expression in the south as in the north of France. This subordination of the speech of the soil continued down into the nineteenth century, until in 1854 a group of seven writers, fired with the purpose of regenerating their native tongue, formed the society of the Felibrige to promote writing in Provençal. Of the Felibrige by all odds the most important member is Frédéric Mistral, with whose life and works Professor Downer deals in the present book.

Interesting studies of Mistral have already appeared in various languages, one of the most meritorious being the essay in French by Gaston Paris, "the master of those who know" in all relating to Romance letters. Professor Downer's book is the most important treatise on the subject that has yet appeared in English, and deserves commendation, not only for its story of the life of Mistral and its detailed examination of the merits and defects of his various compositions, but also for its statement of the chief phonetical, grammatical and prosodical peculiarities of the modern Provençal language.

The main facts of Mistral's life are related in the introduction to the book. Born in 1830, at Maillane in Southern France, he studied law at Avignon. Having completed his course, he returned to his father's estate in his native town, only to renounce the bar immediately and give himself up to the more attractive pursuits of a literary life. Even as a boy he had written in the dialect of Maillane, stimulated thereto by an older friend, Roumanille, who had already gained some repute through his poems in the same patois. After the organization of the Felibrige Mistral redoubled his efforts, and in 1859 he produced his pastoral and mystic *Mirèio,* an excellent narrative poem and the masterpiece of the whole movement. Its success was immediate, and two years later it brought him the chief poetic prize of the French Academy.

The most important of his works since the *Mirèio* are the *Calendau,* another poetical narrative; the *Nerto,* filled with versified legends of the Middle Ages; the *Pouèmo dóu Rose* (The Poem of the Rhone), an epic in glorification of his beloved Rhone; *Lis Isclo d'Or* (The Golden Islets), a collection of short lyrics; and *La Rèino Jano,* a tragedy dealing with Joanna I of Naples. And —a signal proof that philological research is not incompatible with successful literary endeavor—while singing his songs, Mistral has also compiled an elaborate and extremely useful dictionary of the dialects of Southern France, *Lou Tresor dóu Felibrige.*

In conclusion we may repeat Professor Downer's final words on his author:

> "In Provence, and far beyond its borders, he is known and beloved. His activity has not ceased. His voice is still heard, clear, strong, hopeful, inspiring. *Mireille* [the *Mirèio*] is sung in the ruined Roman theatre at Arles, museums are founded to preserve Provençal art and antiquities, the Felibrean feasts continue with unabated enthusiasm. Mistral's life is a successful life; he has revived a language, created a literature, inspired a people. So potent is art to-day in the old land of the Troubadours."

The English Church *

THE first volume of this popular history of the English Church, to be completed in seven volumes, appeared about a year ago and was duly noticed by us. The two hundred years from the Norman conquest in 1066 to the accession of Edward I in 1272, which form the subject matter of the present volume, were a great and brilliant period in the golden days of the medieval Church, an age of great men, great ideals, critical events and great enterprises. The crusades were stirring Europe, and monasticism was in its noonday splendor. The Norman and Early English architecture

* THE ENGLISH CHURCH FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST TO THE ACCESSION OF EDWARD I (1066–1272). *By W. R. W. Stephens, B.D., F.S.A., Dean of Worcester.* New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

reached their perfection in that period. Oxford was rising into fame. There were great scholars in England. The Church in these centuries had among its primates four brilliant men, whose services to England and English liberties will never be forgotten,—Lanfranc, Anselm, Thomas à Becket, and Stephen Langton.

Early in this period Henry I laid the foundation of the chartered liberties of the realm. Henry II, fifty years later, has won from Mr. Freeman the praise of being the greatest lawgiver of the feudal period. These were the Magna Charta years. The great Earl, Simon de Montfort, was in arms and saved the liberties of England by defeating Henry III at Lewes, and lost his own life the next year at Evesham. The functions of the Church lay largely in the public and political field. The rights it was called on to safeguard were there. The encroachments against which it was to raise its voice were there. It was, in short, just such a period as offers the highest attraction to the historian and which the reader is sure to attack with lively interest. Dean Stephens has made the most of his opportunity and presented the Church life and enterprise of the period on the great lines where its main interests were engaged.

He has one chapter on the "Monastic Orders," another on "Bishops, Clergy, Friars," and a third on "Popular Religion, Learning, and Art." The history of the Church as transacted in these centuries was mostly the affair of bishops and archbishops, of popes, legates and princes. It related to tithes, investments, presentations, and had all the objective brilliancy and wordly passion of the secular life. The history moves rapidly and never drops its hold on the reader's attention. We have not found a dull page in the volume. It is crowded with scenes of the highest interest and noble illustrations of the way the English liberties of conscience and the freedom of her Church were secured. The book ends with the imposing figure of Edward I rising above the circumstances of the third Henry's reign, with the great English lesson he had learned in his hand, "*Pactum serva,*" Keep faith.

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With "Bobs" and Krüger. *By Frederick William Unger.* (Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. $2.00.) Mr. Unger's book on the South African campaign resembles in at least one respect that of Mr. A. G. Hales, published some months ago: there is altogether too much about the author. As a mere record of personal adventures and impressions there is, of course, a justification for frequent use of the egotistic pronoun; but in this case the becoming limit, so admirably recognized by Mr. James Barnes in his "Great War Trek," is constantly overleapt. What happened to Mr. Unger,—what he felt, feared, said and underwent,—is doubtless sufficiently interesting to himself; but the rest of the world would prefer to hear more about Lord Roberts and the army. Nevertheless, this is an interesting work and will presumably be widely read. The descriptions are usually excellent, and, when dealing with battles and engagements, are often vivid and stirring. Much more than the author saw or could possibly have seen is incorporated in his account of these actions in the field; he has drawn upon other sources to round out his pictures. This, however, is an advantage to the reader, for the narrow view of what passes under the eyes of a single correspondent can give, when related, but a small notion of the scope and complicated movement of a battle. As for the general character of the conflict, there is not much of novelty in Mr. Unger's record; the story is, in the main, what we have already heard. An exception to this is the author's account of the relief of Kimberley. He is emphatic in declaring that the entrance to the Diamond City was not the result of a brilliant and energetic dash of General French's cavalry. On the contrary, according to Mr. Unger, General French, coming into contact with General Cronje's forces moving along the Modder River, was forced back and took refuge in Kimberley, which the Boer army had left uncovered. The author also appears more kindly disposed toward the British officer than were Mr. Hales and Mr. Archibald; he finds him at all times courteous and obliging.

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The Letters of Cicero. *Translated by Evelyn S. Shuckburgh.* (Bohn's Library. 4 vols. Imported by the Macmillan Co., New York. $1.50 a vol.) Mr. Shuckburgh in his preface says the

object of his book is to give the English-speaking public, in a convenient form, as faithful and readable a copy as the translator was capable of making of a document unique in the literature of antiquity. He has succeeded admirably, for his translation is both faithful and readable to an eminent degree. Partly as a result of Mr. Shuckburgh's easy style, which rarely forces on the attention the fact that the letters were not originally written in English, and partly as a result of something peculiarly modern in Cicero's emotionalism and easy-confessing vanity, there is little resistance in reading through these volumes of correspondence. The notes, too, are well adapted to making clear what might be obscure to any but a trained classical scholar. As for the letters themselves, they are, it need not be said, inimitable. Other correspondents tell the story of their relation to great political movements, and still others pour out their personal thoughts and emotions without restraint. But the letters of Cicero possess the peculiar charm of combining these two qualities into a union of closest intimacy.

THE ADVERSARIES OF THE SCEPTIC. *By Alfred Hodder, Ph.D.* (New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.) This is a rigor and vigor book without being at all rigorous and vigorous. The argument is mainly academic and largely verbal. The opening chapter, on the Dilemma of Skepticism, demands strict proof for all propositions, and then points out that such proof is not forthcoming for the great body of philosophical doctrine. This, which is the most familiar commonplace, is held to warrant another attempt at reconstruction; and this the author proceeds to make with great disregard of his severe demand for proof. Of course every practiced reader knows that all concrete knowledge and all theorizing about matters of fact involve assumptions which make them matters of practical, rather than theoretical, certainty. To reject these assumptions is to condemn one's self to silence and to forbid all cognitive attempts, "reconstructive" or otherwise. In the course of his attempt the author maintains a running criticism of Mr. Bradley and Professor Royce, who, to judge by the quotations, seem to be the chief "adversaries of the skeptic." Much of this is good, and much of it is verbal. The author's chief contention seems to be that there is an ultimate or fundamental knowing which is its own justification and which involves none of the elements and presuppositions affirmed by current philosophy. This intelligible claim is nowhere clearly expressed, but is darkened by a terminology, ambitious of novelty and vivacity, which results in giving us as the undeniable fact "the specious present," which has no relation to time, and a knowing which is a knowledge by nobody. Plainly the stern skepticism with which the author set out transformed itself in the journey into an able-bodied faith, not to say credulity.

TENNESSEE SKETCHES. *By Louisa Preston Looney.* (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.00.) This author follows the beaten track of all romancing in the South. For forty years, wherever the scene is laid in that region, the same characters move through it,—women who give the impression of being as helpless as if they had been born without legs, and men who cavort about and threaten the very author with damnation. If we are to trust these literary people, every other man in Tennessee, for instance, marries his neighbor's sweetheart, or carries "concealed weapons" all his life for the villain who married his own. They fight over ladies far gone in the sixties, without any sense of the eternal fitness of things, only because in her youth she happened to kiss one or the other of them. Really, it is getting tiresome. We could find it possible to be grateful to any writer who would incorporate a strong, healthy, homely woman or a mild-mannered, commonplace gentleman in a Southern story.

PAGES FROM A JOURNAL. *By Mark Rutherford.* (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6 shillings.) Those who have enjoyed "Clara Hopgood" and "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford" will welcome this medley of critical notes, descriptive passages and stories. The concluding tale, "Mrs. Fairfax," written with something of the delicacy of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," is in a style not often seen to-day. There is something restful in its quiet humor and pathos.

Literary Notes

LITTLE, BROWN & Co. published on October 12th a new series of Charles Lever's Novels of Foreign Life, consisting of eleven volumes, which completes the new Library Edition of Lever's works.

....Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. have ready a book on the history of tobacco, called "The Soverane Herbe," which undertakes to relate the chronicles of that pleasant poison more elaborately than ever before.

....What is said to be Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's most ambitious story begins in the November *Scribner's*. It deals with the career of a young artist who comes to New York to seek fame in his profession.

....Miss Agnes Repplier calls her book on cats "The Fireside Sphinx." The story of the cat from the ancient Nile to the present day is a theme which ought to give Miss Repplier opportunity for some of her cleverest writing.

....A correspondent has sent to the London *Athenæum* a copy of two stanzas from a poem written by Walter Savage Landor on the first yacht race in 1851, when the "America" won the famous cup at Cowes. The verses were originally published in the *Examiner* for November 15 of that year, and are not printed in the edition of Landor's collected works:

"To teach the mistress of the sea
What beam and mast and sail should be,
To teach her how to walk the wave
With graceful step, is such a lore
As never had been taught before—
Dumb are the wise, aghast the brave.

"To strike the neck of Athos through
Was children's play; man's work they do
Who draw together distant seas,
On Andes raise the starry throne,
Subdue tumultuous Amazon,
And piece the world of pale Chinese."

....The principal Buddhist sect in Japan has just placed in its splendid temple, Hongwan-ji, in Kyoto, a most interesting object—namely, the Scripture of Lamaism. This great *sutra*, probably the biggest book in the world, was printed in the Wanlieh era of the Ming dynasty from wooden blocks which were subsequently destroyed by fire. It lay for over three centuries at the Lama temple in Peking, where some Japanese Buddhists who accompanied the military expedition of last autumn had an opportunity of seeing it. Their natural desire to remove the precious volumes to Japan was not approved by General Yamaguchi, who commanded the Japanese forces, but by some means the treasure was carried back to Japan as loot. It is a scripture of huge dimensions. The volumes number some thousands and weigh about thirteen tons. Each tome measures one foot by three, and is magnificently bound in gold brocade having a finely-painted religious picture on the cover. With the *sutra* came also two lecterns of red sandalwood, elaborately carved in a design of dragons and vine-scrolls. One lectern measures eighteen feet in length by three feet in width and four feet in hight.

Pebbles

"THEY tell me you broke three ribs coming across the field. How did it happen?" "I was beating off the bulldog with my umbrella."—*Chicago News.*

....A dispatch from Antwerp says Richard Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" will be produced for the first time in the United States this winter. In order to make it realistic they ought to get "Fighting Bob" as a member of the chorus.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

...."Children," said the teacher, while instructing the class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy, but simply be yourselves and write what is in you. Do not imitate any other person's writings or draw inspiration from outside sources." As a result of this advice Johnny Wise turned in the following composition: "We should not attempt any flites of fancy, but rite what is in us. In me thare is my stummick, lungs, hart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick lemon candy and my dinner."—*Baltimore American.*

....When the young minister of High Church tendencies was called to preside over a congregation that abhorred Ritualism, and was a stickler for the simplest of services, he called on Bishop Potter to ask what would be the result if he went in for Ritualism just a bit. "Suppose I should burn a pastille or two during the service; what do you think would happen, bishop, for I dearly wish to try the experiment?" "Your congregation would be incensed, your vestrymen would fume, and you would go out in smoke," quickly replied the bishop.—*Times.*

An impudent fellow in Hawarden
Inquired, without asking his pawarden,
Of the learned Colquhoun if the man in the mouhoun
Always lodged in some nobleman's gawarden?
Whereupon the fire-eating Lord Cholmondeley,
Overhearing the words, remarked grolmondeley,
To an awe-stricken neighbor, unsheathing his seighbor,
That the question was beastly uncolmondeley.
—*Life.*

....A good story is told of one of the dignitaries of the Scottish Church. Before he became known to fame he was minister of a remote country parish, and was not considered a particularly attractive preacher. At his suggestion extensive alterations were made in the transept of his church, and these had the effect of sweeping away considerable seating accommodation. One day after the alterations had been effected he visited the church to see how it looked. "What do you think of the improvements, John?" he asked of the beadle. "Improvements?" exclaimed John, in disdain, "they're no improvements at a'. Whaur are ye goin' to put the folk?" "Oh," said the minister, "we have abundance of room, John, considering the size of the congregation." "That's a' very weel the noo," retorted the beadle, "but what will we do when we get a popular meenister?"—*London Tit-Bits.*

EDITORIALS

The Yale Bicentennial

THE country, in a milder way, and the graduates with all enthusiasm, congratulate Yale University on the occasion of its bicentennial. But the country does not know what it owes to its oldest colleges. We may say that the destiny of the country was fixed by the men who established Harvard College in 1626 and Yale in 1701. Their educational policy, supplying leaders of fine education, settled it that this was to be an intelligent and progressive nation. This was not determined in Virginia, which was settled by men of the same race before Massachusetts and Connecticut, nor in New York or Pennsylvania or New Jersey, but in New England, by the farmers and preachers of the Massachusetts and Connecticut colonies. They are the creators of our great Republic; they gave it its character. Their ideals have become the ideals of the nation. If Harvard claims the first honor, Yale rightly claims the second, and almost equal honors. Nor has she been behind in scholarship, public spirit, or steadiness of sound purpose. There is about Yale a certain fixedness and solidity of character, an ethical strength and a religious breadth, an earnestness of will, and a patriotic fervor which make it very dear to its graduates, and which have also made it the model for most of the colleges of the country. We give our meed of honor to Yale University, to its illustrious President and faculty, and to its ten thousands of worthy sons who represent its culture and its ideals.

What has given its special character to Yale University is the fact that it has suffered no relapse from the scholarly and reverent spirit of its founders, and primarily of the eighty ministers, more than half of them graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, who came to New England before 1640, and who, said Professor Fisher in his admirable commemorative address last Sunday, beyond any other service of influence made New England to be what it became. Harvard veered over into a less stringent path, but Yale through all its history has maintained its continuity of Christian belief and principle. It has been the school of the great Edwards and of all his succession in the study of theology and philosophy, ever broadening, but never losing the spirit of courageous and liberal thinking inspired by Jonathan Edwards. With it has grown the love of pure literature and the search for the truths of science revealed or hid in nature. The sciences of geology, chemistry and astronomy had their best cradle at Yale, and Yale competed with Harvard in its devotion to the classical languages, while it was Yale that introduced the study of Sanskrit and philology to our learned world. It is fitting that the program of this anniversary should contain a long Doric Greek ode, sung in praise of the ancient University, which celebrates its ethical and religious character, and in the epode does honor to its sea and its autumn tints, its East and West Rock.

So it is fitting that thirty foreign colleges or universities and a hundred and twenty American institutions and the whole cycle of our learned societies should unite, by delegates, in this great celebration. Yale represents the very best in American character and scholarship and faith. She shows no age, only renewed and more potent youth. May President Hadley's long administration more than maintain the strength and growth shown in the years of Dwight and Woolsey and make the University an even greater blessing to the nation and strength to the Christian Church.

Liberty, Not Anarchy

NICE discrimination and poise of judgment are not easy to attain or to maintain in times of public danger. Whenever the people are deeply stirred by calamity or by great wrong they express extreme opinions, and too often they adopt extreme measures. The supreme test of high civilization is popular self-command. A people that can struggle against the evils that arouse indignation, and that can face grave danger without losing its head, is a people that can be truly

described as not only enlightened, but as also disciplined and ennobled by all the experiences of time.

In commenting upon the danger of anarchism THE INDEPENDENT has been careful to say no word that might be inimical to that true liberty for which the American nation has stood proudly before the world for more than a hundred years. For freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences; for freedom to speak their thoughts subject only to the restraints of public opinion and the laws of slander; for freedom also to criticise the forms and the methods of human government, to call to account men in high places of authority, our forefathers sacrificed all that men hold dear, even to the giving up of life. We should be recreant children indeed if we held lightly the priceless possession which they bequeathed.

We have therefore been sincerely sorry to see in many quarters a disposition to deal with the problem of anarchism as if it were insoluble by other means than a relapse into the paternalism, not to say the absolutism, of European political systems. Ill-considered talk about "too much liberty" is quite as bad in its way as irresponsible talk about some purely imaginary "tyranny." The experiment of popular government must indeed have been a sorry failure if the fundamental guarantees of the Bill of Rights must now be abandoned in order to save the ship of State from anarchistic mutineers.

This ill-considered talk about "too much liberty" and the necessity of going back to "more stringent modes of government" is unhappily only one phase of a widespread reaction of thought which, we believe, it is time to expose and to oppose. No man in his senses will for an instant hesitate to support any measure that may in reality be necessary to suppress criminal anarchism. But criminal anarchism is not the only danger that threatens the American nation. Our institutions, our happiness, our intellectual life, our morality itself—these are threatened by certain forms of irresponsible power, by the arrogance of great wealth which does not acknowledge its indebtedness to society or admit its obligations to humanity. It is a contemptible sort of a man who gets red in the face as he denounces hair-brained wretches like Czolgosz, Emma Goldman and Herr Most, while carefully concealing his opinion of great corporate interests and of men in high places whose assaults upon the integrity of society have been quite as ruthless, and far more effective than the ravings of the anarchistic mob.

It is a temptation that strongly besets the business mind to regard every question of social order, of human interest, from the standpoint of dollars and cents. The more thoroughly absorbed in business a man is the less likely is he to care much about any kind of idealism, and the more likely is he to forget that idealism has been the kindly goddess whose gracious care has brought him and the community in which he lives to a state of advancement in which he can make money like a gentleman instead of eating raw fish like a savage. It is for this reason, we think, that many business men just now are permitting themselves to talk loosely about "outgrowing" democracy, and "the mistake" of universal suffrage. Democracy is far enough from perfection as a form of the State, and universal suffrage has many mistakes, not to say wrongs, to answer for. But none the less we should like to have the critics of popular government point out the nation that, under a monarchical organization or a restricted suffrage, has more magnificently prospered than has the United States under democratic institutions, or in which human life and all the most sacred interests of humanity have been on the whole more efficiently safeguarded than they have been in this land of free speech and free enterprise.

Between a return to the monarchical or aristocratic forms of government, on the one hand, and anarchistic criminality on the other hand, there is a wide zone in which the principles of sound republicanism, of personal liberty, of justice and morality, have flourished for a century, and in which they will continue to flourish if broadmindedness and cool headedness are not to be submerged by selfish greed or political hysteria. Republicanism can draw a safe and practical line between that criticism of government which is good for the State as it is for all individuals who live within the State, and that criminal incitement to murder or rapine as a means of re-

dressing fancied wrongs which should never be dignified with the name of political agitation. With patience and determination the evils that survive in even the best of political systems may be diminished through intellectual warfare far more certainly than by a resort to physical force. The contest over slavery was the most magnificent demonstration in all history that popular suffrage is not a weak agency for devising and maintaining lawful government. Lincoln's superb faith in the people has in every crisis of our history been abundantly vindicated. At the ballot box every great issue of human welfare must sooner or later be decided.

The great truth, then, which every American citizen should try to grasp and to hold dear, is that of the absolute safety and the sufficiency of liberty within the forms of law and subject to no other limitations than those of the common morality of civilized men. Within this liberty there is abundant opportunity for the sharpest criticism, the most indignant arraignment of governmental forms and administrative activities that are inimical to the common weal. Within this liberty there is no license for men who would substitute bombs for discussion or daggers for the ballot.

The Religious Convocations

October is a great month for religious conventions. The Presbyterians hold their annual Assembly and the Methodists their quadrennial Conference in May, but the Episcopalians and the Congregationalists hold their triennial gatherings in October, not to mention a host of subsidiary missionary and benevolent convocations, such as the Mohonk Indian Conference, which has again this last week urged that half a score of useless Indian agencies be discontinued.

The Episcopal Convention has dissolved after a useful session. It has approved a revised constitution, which is of interest to its clerical members. It has defeated, we hope, for a long time, the effort to impose on its clergy a rule against the marriage of divorced persons, even the innocent of wrong, a rule against which the conscience of the people and of the laity of the Church, its judges and lawyers, protested. It has made the way clear, by more close votes than one, for the accomplishment, at the next Convention, of Dr. Huntington's pet desire, the passage of a rule which will allow bishops to take under their charge such non-Episcopal churches as will accept the Lambeth Quadrilateral. There may be such churches—they are few—but it is desirable that the Church should be consistent, and that, after having solemnly pronounced its devotion to that plan of Church union, it should provide for its operation by authorizing the bishops to take oversight of any such churches. The opposition to Dr. Huntington's proposition shows how little heart many had in what they regarded as an iridescent bubble. Yet there may be good ecclesiastical politics in Dr. Huntington's scheme, if it is well followed up; for we recall that half the New School Presbyterian Church was made up of churches that were in just this way brought over from another denomination by being put under the charge of presbyteries.

No one expected that this Convention would change the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church, or that it would adopt a provincial system, altho propositions were brought before it, and the drift, and we think the right drift, is in these directions. There is nothing catholic about the name *Episcopal* or *Protestant;* both are divisive. And so is *Presbyterian* or *Congregational,* all unbiblical and disruptive. The believers were called Christians first at Antioch.

The Congregational National Council meets, like the Episcopal Convention, once in three years, but it is a very different sort of a meeting. It can adopt no canons; it can bind no church and no member, and so really can do nothing but edify and give advice. The principal subject before the Council, apart from a multitude of miscellaneous papers, was the report of a committee on the benevolent societies, which was substantially adopted. It advises—not directs—that these benevolent societies have a limited representative voting membership, which shall elect the trustees or executive committees, and that these latter shall elect the paid officials, secretaries and treasurers. It was also voted to recommend that there be held each October a joint meeting of the

five home societies, and also in another section of this country a foreign missionary meeting of the American Board, but that the publications of all six societies be united into one. This is not an ideal plan, and so it was understood; but so long as the American Board will not join with the other societies in one great meeting for the denomination, two meetings are an unfortunate necessity. It is not clear what the representative limited membership of the societies will mean. It looks like the plan of the American Board, with its corporate members, now nominated by State bodies, which has generally been thought a relic of past unfaith in the churches.

The divorce question had to come before the Congregational National Council also. It was the reported recrudescence of polygamy in Mormondom that led to the adoption of a resolution asking Congress to consider the wisdom of providing for the submission to the States of an amendment to the Constitution forbidding polygamy. This is not at all radical, for it does not even approve of such an amendment; but we may be sure that Congress will not consider it, and therefore it was not wise to ask Congress to do so. If we give the control of polygamy to Congress and the national courts, we take it from the States; and if we take one offense against marriage from the States we had better take all offenses, and put the whole matter of marriage and divorce into an amendment to the United States Constiution. But we may be perfectly sure that the States will not give up this function of theirs. They will prefer to try their own bigamists, and to make their own laws regulating marriage and divorce. An amendment would do no good in Utah, so long as the trials for bigamy would have to be held before juries.

Two subjects that have occupied much time in previous sessions of the Council, in this scarcely were mentioned. In Alabama the colored churches have their own State and local associations, and the white churches, which came over later in a mass from another denomination, have also their State and local conferences. The Council received delegates from the local bodies on both sides, and refused to recognize either State body until they should unite. During the last three years nothing had been done on union or federation with other denominations, and the Council referred the matter to a committee with instructions to press the subject.

After all, it is not the machinery of a Church that does its work, but the harvestmen in the field, the missionaries, the pastors, the Sunday school teachers. This was understood at the meeting of the American Board at Hartford, when Dr. Ament was given such a rousing welcome, in Mark Twain's own city, that it was long before he could be heard. It was recognized in the magnificent response to the appeal to wipe out the debt of $102,000, for which the largest gift of $25,000 was made anonymously, but we doubt not from Willis James, who has made such gifts to the Board before, altho he is a Presbyterian and his gifts might have gone to the Presbyterian Board but for the heresy trials in that Church.

The Physicians' Official Report

For those who hoped for something quite definite as to the cause of the late President's death, the publication of the official report of the surgeons in attendance and the pathologists who made the autopsy is a complete disappointment. At the meeting of the Medical Society of the State of New York during last week there was a preliminary report and expression of opinion on the part of the chief surgeons in the case. Their frank exposition of views to a body of men for whom candor and sincerity must of necessity be the only qualities to assure a favorable reception, showed that if the late President's case had to be treated over again the method of treatment employed, tho with unfortunately fatal issue, could not be modified in the least with any assurance of better results. Now that all the circumstances of the case are thoroughly understood, the medical profession of the country is a unit in approving all the measures adopted by the late President's medical attendants. Some of the over hasty criticisms in medical journals during the first few days after the death have been withdrawn, others have been followed by an undignified but presumably repentant silence.

What, then, was the cause of the Presi-

dent's death? What elements in the case deceived the medical attendants into raising false hopes, with regard to the prognosis, and so giving occasion for such bitter disappointment? These are the very natural questions to which non-medical minds demand answers. Needless to say, the answers are not easy to give. One of the chief attending surgeons said at the medical meeting to the assembled doctors of New York State:

"If you ask me what was the direct cause of Mr. McKinley's death, I must say candidly I do not know. There are circumstances connected with the case the consideration of which enables me to construct a rationally probable theory of causation, but not a completely satisfactory explanation. The case is, in my experience and in my knowledge of medical literature, unique."

This statement is worthy of the simple, straightforward sincerity of the true medical scientist. While popular opinion supposes the physician practically omniscient, the limitations of medical knowledge are well recognized. Frank confession of lack of knowledge is the surest index of a promising state of science, since it stimulates inquiry.

There are, however, certain features of the pathological conditions found that are at once significant, and point a precious lesson. Distinct fatty degeneration of the muscle fibers of the heart was found. Fat had, to a certain extent, replaced the muscular substance to the serious detriment of the heart's power. Besides, there was extensive fatty infiltration—that is to say, fat occurred between the muscle fibers and so hampered their normal action. These conditions were the results of Mr. McKinley's very sedentary life for years. Another marked feature was the presence of brown pigment in the muscle fibers. This deposition of pigment always disturbs cardiac nutrition and the fibers become shriveled. Brown atrophy of the heart, as it is called, is a well-known characteristic senile change. Tho the late President was only 58 years of age, this pigmentary degeneration was that of a much older man. All through his active congressional life, and especially in the later years of his political career, Mr. McKinley had lived an intensely trying life. He had exhausted much of his vital energy. The sign of this was his well-known tendency to rapid pulse. In some people this is not an abnormal condition. In the late President's case it was significant; but because of its existence for several years it deceived his medical attendants into considering his persistently high pulse as not serious, when it was really the most important feature of the case.

The bacteriological examination showed that the operation, tho done under cramped and far from ideal conditions, had been accomplished without a surgical error of any kind. Absolutely no bacteria were found in the abdomen or the wounded tissues. The openings in the stomach walls had been effectually closed and without undue tension. An unfortunate constitutional weakness, mainly due to unhygienic habits of life, made good surgery futile; but no responsibility for this can rest on the medical attendants in the case. The American medical profession can submit without hesitation the course of the surgeons in the case to the criticism of their colleagues all over the world. There is nothing to palliate or excuse. The American people have suffered a severe loss, but can rest assured that no skill could have averted the blow and no wisdom delayed longer what was inevitable.

The Way Cleared for an Isthmus Canal

One of the most memorable achievements of Mr. McKinley's administration was the negotiation of the original Hay-Pauncefote Canal Treaty, an agreement of ideal excellence. But while the underlying principle of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was preserved and embodied in its provisions for a broad neutrality, this old agreement was not superseded by the new one. For this reason, and because the Senate believed that the construction of the proposed canal by this country alone should give to the United States certain powers in relation to it that were not conceded in the new compact, amendments were attached that the British Government declined to accept. The first was a blunt declaration that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty "is hereby superseded." By the second it was provided that the stipulations in certain sections relating to the use of the canal and the preservation of the neutrality of it in time of war,

should not apply to measures which the United States might find it necessary to take for securing by its own forces the defense of the nation and the maintenance of order. The third rejected or cut out the requirement that all the great Powers should be invited to adhere to the treaty and thus unite in a general guaranty of the neutrality which the two contracting Powers were bound to enforce.

We thought that the original treaty ought to be ratified. But it was conclusively shown that the Senate would accept no treaty that should not embody the substance of these amendments. While no authoritative statement of the provisions of the new agreement has been made, we understand that the substance of the Senate's additions is included in them. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of fifty years ago is superseded. It was to the manner in which the old treaty was laid aside, rather than to the repeal of the treaty, that the British Government made objection. The abrogation of such a compact, it was thought in London, should follow diplomatic negotiations, and not be bluntly declared by one of the contracting parties without consultation with the other. That was a reasonable view of the matter. There has now been such consultation and negotiation, and the old treaty is repealed by mutual consent. In the new one its principle of neutrality is upheld. The other provisions of the old agreement, concerning the acquisition of territory and the exercise of sovereignty in Central America, are no longer required. The United States, building and controlling the canal, should not and will not be restrained by any European Power from exercising in the neighborhood of the canal route such sovereignty as may be needed for the protection of its interests and be granted by the republics in whose territory the route lies. As for the taking of lands or the exercise of sovereignty there by any Power on the other side of the Atlantic, the world knows that this will be prevented by the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine.

The United States is able without assistance to assume and perform the duty of guaranteeing the neutrality which the treaty demands. Joint construction might reasonably have called for a joint guaranty. We have thought that the general guaranty originally proposed would be a desirable safeguard for the protection of the world's commerce in times of great disturbance; but the Senate would not accept it. As makers and owners of the canal, the American people prefer to bear all the responsibility involved. We believe they will be continuously faithful to the obligation, within the limits prescribed by the amendment concerning the use of their own forces for the defense of the nation.

Not until the words of the treaty are disclosed can we know how much is permitted by the changes that were suggested by the Davis amendment. That amendment did not affect the clause (in the first treaty) that forbade the erection of fortifications; but we are told that in the new treaty this prohibition is omitted. The truth is that the Senate's amendment touching this matter was sentimental rather than practical. If we should be engaged in war, an open and absolutely neutral canal would be of immense value to us, provided that we could safely pass our ships through it from one coast to the other. The closing of it would be more injurious to us than to the enemy. A hostile power would never permit one of its war ships to enter a canal controlled by the United States, even if we should keep the waterway open. The erection of elaborate fortifications on the route would probably be a waste of money. But if there could be no treaty, and no friendly settlement of the controversy, without these conditions as to the use of the forces of the United States, then let us be thankful for the concessions that the British Government has made, under the intelligent persuasion of Lord Pauncefote, and as a tribute to Mr. Hay's high purposes and skill in diplomacy.

Such a treaty as has been described should be accepted promptly by the Senate; and thus the way should be cleared at an early day in the coming session for the needed legislation and for the beginning of work on the canal. The route is still to be selected, altho Congress undoubtedly prefers the one in Nicaragua. All the facts concerning this route and the unfinished canal of the Panama Company will be reported by the Canal Commission. The Panama Company desires to sell its property and rights. This is not surprising, for that property and

those rights will have no value after the United States shall have begun to dig on the Nicaragua route. The company has made, or is about to make, a definite offer. This will deserve careful consideration in Congress, where the cost and comparative merits of the two routes should be taken into account. But an early decision and the necessary legislation must not be prevented by a prolonged controversy over the two lines.

Now that diplomacy has removed all obstacles of an international character, we must get at the work of making the great canal. No influence exerted by railroad companies or the Panama Canal Company can be permitted to cause delay; and obstructionists, if there shall be any, will have to face the just anger of the American people.

Divorce and Remarriage

WHETHER marriage should be called a sacrament or not is wholly a matter of words. Calling it a sacrament makes it no more sacred, and multitudes who deny that it is a sacrament hold it as sacred as do those that include it in the seven. Calling or making it a sacrament makes it no more indissoluble, for there is no other sacrament whose virtues the Church has not again and again claimed to annul and dissolve for good reason, unless it be extreme unction. The sacramental theory properly has nothing to do with the discussion of the question so vigorously discussed in the Episcopal Convention—the question whether all remarriage of persons divorced, whether innocent or guilty, should be forbidden to the clergy of that Church.

Fortunately the laymen defeated the proposed rule. The legal or the ethical argument is all against it. The argument in its favor is that it puts a stigma upon divorces, and so discourages them. It would forbid them absolutely. But this it does not really do, for what it forbids to its clergy it allows to other clergy or officers of the State. It forbids its clergy to marry even an innocent divorced person; but if such person has been married by a Methodist parson or by a justice of the peace it allows him or her to partake at the sacrament of the Lord's supper. That is, what it sonorously forbids with one tone of the voice, it gently permits with another. Its treatment of the subject is quite inconsistent.

Not only so, but the rule is, as more than one speaker showed, stricter than that laid down by our Lord. He made one distinct exception to his rule forbidding such divorce as was frequent with the Jews, an exception which involves other parallel exceptions. Adultery, our Lord specifies, breaks up marriage; but persistent cruelty, or, as Paul says, desertion, does the same equally. Now it is a very serious thing for a Christian Church to forbid what our Lord allows. We do not say that this may not properly be done, and we well know that there have been cases in which Churches have forbidden practices, like drinking of intoxicating liquors and slavery, which our Lord tolerated. The fact that our Lord in his day allowed divorce and remarriage for one cause is not a final reason why we should allow it now; it only offers a very serious presumption in favor of allowing such divorces now. But if the Episcopal Church holds that what was wise and right then is so no longer; if it holds that for prudential reasons, or to give more honor to marriage, it is well now to annul the exception and allow no divorce, then it has the perfect right thus to fence the law and improve on our Lord's instruction.

But we firmly hold that such a rule is not wise for any prudential reason. On the other hand, the prudential reason draws the other way. "Marriage is profitable for all;" it is the normal relation in which men and women should live. It is the protection of purity, the preservative of chastity. To forbid marriage to those who through no fault of their own are made single is to put a premium on illegal and immoral relations. Dr. Nevin, rector of the Episcopal Church in Rome, gave valuable testimony on this subject, showing how rules against marriage had multiplied illegitimacy. South Carolina is the only State in the Union that refuses divorce for any cause, and it is the only State which needs a law limiting the amount of property which a man may leave to his concubine.

Institutions are very important, and, in a way, sacred. But their sacredness and all their value attaches to the concrete persons that are affected by them, and not to the abstract institutions themselves. What is true of the Sabbath is true also of marriage—marriage was made for men and women, not men and women for marriage. We have about as much faith in the State as we have in the Church as to what annuls marriage. An experienced jurist has as much wisdom on the subject as a priest or bishop, and is likely to take as sound a view. The occasions for divorce allowed by the legal commissions that are trying to secure uniform legislation seem to us rightly determined. We have on this subject, it appears to us, learned nothing beyond what is involved in our Lord's teaching on the subject. The permanence of the marriage relation is the rule. To break the bond of marriage "for any cause" is very wrong; but there are causes that do break it, and when such cases occur the fact should be recognized, as it is, and remarriage allowed.

Small Talk

It amuses us here, in these unbenighted regions, that such a pother should be made elsewhere by some antediluvians, who seem to have escaped the Flood, over the invitation to dinner given to Mr. Booker T. Washington by President Roosevelt. Leading newspapers in the South denounce the President as having committed an unpardonable social offense, as if he had insulted half the country. The Governor of South Carolina is astonished that he should have made such a blunder. No representative citizen of the South, he says, however much he may admire Mr. Washington, would ask him to dine at the family table. This act, he declares, will hurt the negro, and will injure Mr. Washington's influence, as he ought to have known better than to accept the invitation. The President of Hampden-Sydney College, in Virginia, Dr. Richard McIlwaine, is quoted after this style:

"If Roosevelt or any other kind of Velt wishes to live with niggers, I can't help it. If he is built that way, he can't help it. But he's got no business, as President, to be guilty of any such criminal folly. It's an outrage on official decency. It's contemptible. If he prefers niggers, nothing I could say would help him. I'm a white man, you know."

We are unwilling to believe that these men and these papers represent the general sentiment of the better South. Mr. Rufus A. Ayres, a former Attorney-General of Virginia, and a member of the Constitutional Convention, says he can see no reason for all this excitement. The white people, he says, respect Mr. Washington, and the President is compelled to receive and entertain the representatives of Liberia and Hayti and other black people not as deserving as is Booker T. Washington.

But just consider the impudence of this criticism. What business is it of the Memphis, Atlanta and New Orleans papers whom the President wishes to entertain in a private way at his table? We do not find fault with the social customs and company of the Governor of South Carolina. He may eat with a pitchfork, if he pleases, or with Benjamin R. Tillman, and we do not complain. Equally allow us, and allow the President, to sit down and talk and eat with a gentleman like Booker T. Washington if the fancy takes us or him. That is the way that the best gentlemen in the North do. We use our discretion; we choose those to associate with whom we respect. The President did not imagine that he was doing anything bizarre or strange. We laugh at the idea that any one should try to control our social relations, and forbid us to associate with certain gentlemen of our choice, because of the shade of their complexion, while themselves associating with men whom we would prefer to avoid.

Mr. Booker T. Washington is the accepted representative man among ten million of our fellow citizens. We do not say that he is the most cultivated or the ablest among them, for there are many who are his equals, if not his superiors, in scholarship and intellectual power. But for the combination of shrewd common sense, fine executive ability, ready speech, genial acceptance of conditions, optimistic faith in the future of his race and self-sacrificing zeal in their behalf, he stands easily the first among the ten million. He has built up a great trade school in Alabama for which he has collected many hundreds of thousands of dollars in the North, while

managing, because it is a trade school, to secure the approval of the Southern whites. He is a man fit to associate with President Roosevelt, quite as fit as is the Governor of South Carolina or the President of Hampden-Sidney College, and a better known and more useful man than either, and quite as true a gentleman.

But it must not be understood that all this noise represents real feeling. It does not. The politicians are frightened. They think they see the coming of a white Republican party in the South. They imagine that President Roosevelt is appointing a judge in Mississippi and a committeeman in South Carolina with special view to the bulding up of that white Republican party. That would break the solid South, and any brick is good enough to throw at the man who is breaking up their long dominion. Here they have a fine chance to appeal to the old color prejudice, and they make the most of it. To be sure Mr. Roosevelt is doing no more than we presume every President has done since Lincoln, but now the noise is wanted, for there is politics in it. It will amount to nothing. The sensible white people who are inclined to support the Republican party because they like its record in finance and expansion will think better rather than worse of the President, and the others are past reformation. The men who talk and feel as do the Governor of South Carolina and the President of Hampden-Sidney—another Flood would not cleanse them, a whole Standard Oil Company could not refine them.

This is a very small matter for so much talk. "Then why," we are asked, "do you add to the words?" Because it is agreeable to us, now and then, to rest ourselves with insignificant matters. We cannot discuss education and labor and religion and the Schley investigation all the time. There must be space for gossip of the dinner table and small talk, or we will get wearied and wearisome. This attack on the President is the silly talk of moth eaten prejudice. It hardly provokes us, it amuses us; and we are sure it amuses and surprises him.

Developing the Navy

It is not the policy of this country to be a military nation. The industries of the country should go into the comfort and culture of the people, rather than into engines of destruction. This is a bare commonplace expression of what we want, and what we have done in the past. But it will be our wise policy, now more than ever, to be prepared for war, such as may be forced upon us once in forty or fifty years. Fortunately we need no serious expense for maintaining an army, for there is no country that can march its troops across our border. We need an army only to police our own territory, and it is wise simply to maintain a military school for a plentiful supply of men who would be competent to command an army in time of war, or build a bridge in time of peace. But a reasonably strong navy we ought to have, and can afford to have. A navy must be our watch dog—it need not bite, so long as it shows its teeth to a possible burglar. It is not for us to say just how many or how large battle ships, cruisers and gun boats we ought to have. The Secretary of the Navy asks Congress for a larger appropriation than ever before in time of peace. He wants three new battle ships of the largest size, four armored cruisers and twelve gun boats; these, and all the estimates for maintenance and repairs, and for new naval stations in our new possessions, calling for $94,000,000. It is a very large sum, and Congress, which generally cuts down estimates, will probably do so this time; but, if we are to have a real navy, if we do not call it unchristian to protect ourselves and police the world, we are not sure that it is too much. We must leave that to our best experts, and we know that great study has been given the past year to the plans for the new vessels. Until we accept the Tolstoi doctrine of non-resistance we shall hold to a strong navy and a small army.

Personal Registration

One of the most important matters upon which the people of Pennsylvania will have to pass at the coming November election is the proposed Amendment to the Constitution in the interest of personal registration. While there is no apparent opposition to the Amendment, this very fact may work to its disadvantage, in that few of the people seem aware that the Amendment is before them for adoption. The Regis-

tration Amendment was introduced in and passed by the Legislatures of 1899 and 1901, as provided by the Constitution. Before it will become operative, however, it must receive the approval of a popular vote. In itself it works no immediate change in the election laws of the State. Its effect merely is to prepare the way for succeeding sessions of the Legislature to enact laws providing for personal registration of the voters. It is simply permissive of personal registration without being mandatory. The Amendment was supported in the Legislature by the "Union Committee for the Promotion of Ballot Reform in Pennsylvania" and other reform organizations. It is considered by these bodies to be a positive movement in the direction of election reforms and a means to prevent the fraudulent methods for which Pennsylvania is notorious in connection with its elections. The Democratic Party likewise has endorsed the Registration Amendment, which also has been made a plank in the platform of the Independent Party in the State. Altho many of the prominent Republican leaders have declared themselves in its favor, the advocates of the Amendment fear secret opposition on the part of the dominant party to compass its defeat. It is to meet and guard against this possible contingency that the friends of the Amendment are making a tireless and energetic campaign in its behalf.

Professor Silliman's Prayers

Mr. T. S. Gold, of West Cornwall, Conn., Yale '38, adds his tribute to that paid by the Hon. Frederick J. Kingsbury to the elder Silliman and the elder Dana. He says in a letter to us:

During my course at Yale, from 1834 to 1841, Professor Silliman was in manhood's full prime, covering the period of the most important discoveries in galvanism, the telegraph, the liquefaction and solidification of gases, fully warranting the enthusiasm which he showed and communicated to his students to study these deep things of nature. Professor Dana was at that time Professor Silliman's assistant. I showed my faith in them later as educators, that I did not hesitate to send them one of my pupils who by his diligence and ability made him a worthy student and successor to these men in his favorite life study, mineralogy—Professor George J. Brush, of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University.

Every student of that day could add to the stories given by Mr. Kingsbury, but one from me must suffice. Professor Silliman conducted evening prayers at the College Chapel Sunday evening. He always prayed with his eyes wide open; no trifling that was not arrested by his flashing eye. Being asked why he did this he replied, "The Bible calls us to watch and pray."

It is a matter for great satisfaction that the dispute over the will of the late Mr. Rogers has been amicably settled, and that five million dollars will go to the Metropolitan Museum for the enrichment of its collections. This means that the annual fund for purchases will be increased by $150,000 or a little more. The danger is that the larger part of this will be spent for pictures or other objects of art and luxury, while the less showy objects which help scholarship and learning will suffer. What has given the British Museum its chief power and value is the fact that its collections have made it the center for students of history of the civilization of the ancient world.

In the Episcopal House of Bishops the diocese of New York, with 72,000 members, has one bishop and one vote. The diocese of Fond du Lac, with 4,200 members, has two bishops and two votes, and the two dioceses vote against each other. Even in the House of Deputies the two dioceses have an equal vote. The contributions in Fond du Lac amounted to $42,000; in New York to $4,500,000.

At last the enthusiastic inventor, M. Santos-Dumont, has actually put an engine under a balloon and driven it where he pleased, going around the Eiffel Tower, and, we hope, winning the Deutsch prize. But the useful airship will have no balloon to buoy and bother it.

We are asked to give the correct pronunciation of President Roosevelt's name. We stated long before he was President, on his own authority, that the name is to be pronounced in three syllables, with the *oo* in the first syllable pronounced as in in *door, floor.*

INSURANCE

Indemnity

Not very long ago, the State Auditor of Mississippi made the suggestion that the valued-policy law should be amended in a very peculiar manner. [A valued-policy law, it may be well to explain for the benefit of some readers, is one providing that when a building is completely destroyed by fire the insurance on it shall be taken as its true value and collectable as such, and that no evidence that the real value was less shall be admitted.] His suggestion was that unless the real market value is below the sum insured the latter shall still be paid, but the excess shall be turned into the State School Fund. Waiving any considerations of practical difficulty in carrying this idea out, it is plain that one presumptive effect would be to lessen the incendiary risk, because if a man understands that he will not be allowed to profit by a fire he will not desire to have one. Yet what right has the State, even for a school fund, to overthrow the principle that insurance is properly for indemnity only, not for profit? It never was, and never is, intended that any person shall get a money advantage by collecting an insurance claim. We say this broadly, notwithstanding the cases in which an estate collects $1,000 of life insurance for which, say, $50 has been paid. Were this fact of contrast the whole case it would be monstrous; the money value of the extinguished life has to be considered, and is the thing paid for in the insurance. A man who earns $5,000 a year cannot honestly have an insurance of $50,000, and if an idle man of no money value to anybody could be insured heavily by his relatives the transaction would be illegitimate speculation. Under all insurance lies "insurable interest." Any statute which makes opportunity for an individual gain by a fire is vicious and wrong—just as much so as if it were only now proposed for the first time—and for a State to try to divert to itself, from the individual property-owner, a profit which has no right to exist, would be only a transfer of the money.

The New President of the Travelers Insurance Company

Sylvester Clark Dunham, since January, 1899, Vice-President, has been elected President of the Travelers Insurance Company of Hartford, to succeed the late James G. Batterson. Mr. Dunham was born in Mansfield, Conn., in 1846. He studied law with Chas. E. Mitchell in New Britain, and became a member of the Hartford County bar in 1871. Soon afterward he entered the office of Henry C. Robinson in Hartford, with whom he remained about twelve years. In 1885 Mr. Dunham was appointed counsel for the company, and since that time his relations with the company have been of a most confidential nature, and in the discharge of his duties he has acquired a familiarity with all branches of the company's business. Among other responsibilities he had the general oversight of the company's interests in Colorado, and has contributed to the solution of many difficult problems with which the company was confronted when it was compelled to assume control of 50,000 acres of land and five large irrigation enterprises by foreclosure. In the transaction of this business Mr. Dunham visited Colorado no less than twenty-two times. He has also been sent to all parts of the United States and to Mexico upon commissions of importance, all of which he has executed with fidelity and success. His conspicuous ability as a man and as an executive and his intimate acquaintance with the company's varied interests made him Vice-President and President. The Travelers Insurance Company has total assets of over $32,000,000 and has paid to policyholders since 1864 over $44,500,000, and has total insurance in force of $500,000,000. During the past six months it has received from premiums, interest and rents more than $4,500,000. Its paid-up capital is $1,000,-

000. The Travelers was chartered in 1863 and is known in every section of the country. It does life, accident and employers' liability insurance.

MISSISSIPPI is one State which is not yet provided with the worrying machine known as a regular department of insurance supervision, and so the State Auditor (who performs the supervision) recommends that one be established. He proposes a flat scale of licenses, instead of one according to the volume of business done, and he would have it range from $50 for a live stock to $200 for a fire and $250 for a life company, but he advises a two per cent. tax on the gross premiums. Such a tax is not at all without precedent, but we again point out the unfairness of the levying, in the solitary case of insurance, an income tax upon gross sales instead of profits. That more than one-half of fire premiums is consumed in fires, that quite one-half the remainder is consumed in expenses, and that a considerable percentage of the total is returned on policies canceled by either company or policyholder—such facts are not considered. The old fatuous notion that taxes and burdens of all sorts laid upon insurance are a profit to the State still hangs on. It is no more true than that any man may get rich by starving himself or feed himself fat upon his own body—but it is a superficial notion, and pleasant withal, because the discovery of some place to apply taxation without having anybody feel it is always a darling one. Indeed, this notion has been harbored in the United States for a century past; have we not been taught to regard a "direct" tax as the last resort of necessity and something characteristic of despotism, and have we not been accustomed to hug the pretty delusion that we fortunate Americans live in a tax-free country?

....A firm of life insurance agents, representing an old and high-class company whose officers were ignorant of their conduct in this particular and promptly rebuked it, have been sending out a circular letter in which they warn the recipient that he ought to pay especial heed to the payment of his renewal premiums at present, because there are reports that one or two companies are in a precarious position. They add that perhaps their facilities and knowledge, which they place at his service if he will favor them with an interview, may be of timely value to the person addressed. This procedure is known as "twisting," and is attempted in the belief that rapine of old business is easier than the creating of new. The thorough twister places a line of insurance in a company and then, having transferred himself to another, counts upon turning back upon himself by transferring his customers also. How far this practice is attempted and how far successful there are no data to show, but it is thoroughly detestable, and whoever receives any communication of such character will do well to make a memorandum of avoidance against the names of the authors.

....There is an adage that happy is the nation whose annals are short. Applying the spirit of this to the institution of life insurance, one may congratulate the Provident Savings upon the brevity of the reports of two examinations of it recently made by Texas and Tennessee. The company is found sound and strong, with a surplus relatively large. The last annual statement has been verified and the figures have been brought down to the end of June. To cover any possible shrinkage $110,000 has been marked off the assets. This, it may be well to explain, does not mean that any defective spots have been found and it alters no fact; it simply takes off the assumed value of the company's property a margin to allow for any unfavorable contingencies which possibly may arise hereafter. In the construction and valuation of the Provident's renewable term policy the two States, per Actuary Walter C. Wright, properly follow the lines of the memorable decision of the Vermont Supreme Court, which may be popularly paraphrased as a determination to treat life insurance contracts as just what they are, in contrast to the rather perverse attempt of the present Massachusetts Commissioner to make them out something which they are not, but which he conceives they might be or should be. It only remains to say that the Provident Savings is a thoroughly good and vigorous company, and in more than one sense a "going" one.

Serious Depression in Germany

THE extreme financial and industrial depression in Germany deserves more attention than has been given to it in other countries. Several years of prosperity have been followed by a disastrous reaction. The decline of the prices of securities began in April of last year, and altho the fall has been very great, the bottom does not appear to have been reached. In the latter part of the season of prosperity the promoters of industrial companies were encouraged to indulge in the wildest inflation. The reaction has brought down to ruin not only many of the companies that were over-capitalized and recklessly managed, but also a large number of banks and similar institutions, whose resources were poured out to sustain the inflated industrial undertakings. These failures have disclosed much disgraceful mismanagement in the corporations and an extraordinary amount of moral rottenness. Nothing like these revelations of dishonesty and breach of trust has ever before been known in Germany. They have been accompanied by the suicides of many financiers who were irretrievably disgraced by them.

Those industrial companies that have not gone into bankruptcy have, as a rule, passed or largely reduced their dividends. In the iron industry depression is especially noticeable. Dividends that ranged last year from 10 to 20 per cent. have been reduced to nothing or to 2 or 4 per cent. One company that paid 35 per cent. last year pays nothing now. The manufacturers of machinery have suffered severely. In the textile industry the situation is very bad. Many companies have failed, others have cut down wages and output. No direct effect of all this depression upon other countries is yet reported, except with respect to Austria, where the failures in the adjoining empire are beginning to be felt. Business in Austria is also disturbed because the new tariff proposed in Germany threatens to decrease Austrian exports. It should be borne in mind, however, that the entire civilized world must eventually be affected in some measure by such a depression of industries and trade in one of the world's great nations that are prominent in manufactures and international finance.

It seems almost incredible that the absurd agrarian tariff bill should still be supported in Germany. The Empire was never so poorly equipped for a commercial war, but such a war would be caused by the enactment of this extraordinary bill. There could be no greater folly than to enact at the present time a bill that would surely reduce wages, increase the cost of living, and decrease exports. But the Emperor's sympathies are with the agrarian aristocracy rather than with modern industrial and commercial Germany, and he clings to a policy that clearly involves not only industrial loss but also political disturbance. Recent elections in the cities have shown large gains for the Socialists.

Financial Items

FOR the year ending on September 30th the State of New York received $4,966,680 under the corporation tax law, and $4,084,606 in inheritance taxes.

....Sir Charles Elliott, Special Commissioner for Cape Colony, recently bought in Pittsburg 10,000 tons of rails and 29 locomotives for railways in South Africa. Other purchases soon to be made will increase his expenditures here for railway material to $5,000,000.

....The West Australian Government has ordered 320 freight cars of a company in this country; 100 cars have been ordered for the Paris-Orleans Railway in France, and contracts have been made for a considerable number to be shipped to Mexico, South America and North China.

....Charles W. Morse, who recently bought a controlling interest in the Broadway National Bank, has purchased control of the four principal steamship lines doing business between Boston and Maine, and also of the Maine Steamship Company, whose boats ply between Portland and New York.

....Dividends and coupons announced:

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railway (stamped adj mort. No. 10), 2 per cent., payable Nov. 1st.

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railway (adj. mort. No. 5), 4 per cent, payable Nov. 1st.

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Survey of the World

Yale's Bicentennial Anniversary

The two hundredth anniversary of the founding of Yale College was celebrated during four days of the most delightful weather. It was on Sunday, the 20th, that the long program was begun in the morning with a retrospective sermon by the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, in the college chapel, and special services, with sermons, in the churches on the Green. These exercises were followed in the afternoon by an address in which Professor Fisher reviewed the history of Yale's relation to Theology and Missions. At the early service the Psalm sung at the opening of the first college building erected in New Haven, in 1718, was heard again; and the sermon was followed by the hymn, "I love Thy kingdom, Lord," written by Dr. Dwight, who was President of the college a hundred years ago. An organ recital in the evening closed the first day's program. Already a majority of the invited guests and of the delegates from institutions of learning at home and abroad were in the city. Those who came Monday morning saw thousands of graduates in the streets and on the campus, while everywhere, in flags and elaborate decorations, Yale blue met the eye. That morning the new gateway—a memorial to Cheney and Ives, who gave up their lives in the war with Spain—was dedicated, and in the chapel there were addresses, largely historical, by Thomas Thacher (class of '71), on Yale in its relation to Law, and by Professor Welch ('70), of Johns Hopkins University, on the relation of Yale to Medicine. At these exercises were sung Dr. Leonard Bacon's hymn, "O God, beneath Thy guiding hand," and Finch's "Gather ye smiles from ocean isles," which had been written for the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. In the afternoon the guests were formally welcomed by President Hadley, and among those responding were Dr. Williams, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford; Professor Martens, of the University of St. Petersburg; President Harper, of Chicago, and President Eliot, of Harvard. For the night's torchlight procession great preparations had been made. The old Green was brilliantly illuminated. More than 7,000 were in line, and 6,000 of these were Yale men, displaying an interesting variety of costume and enjoying themselves in a jolly way. For two miles they marched along, passing through crowded and brightly lighted streets. On Tuesday large audiences heard the address of President Northrop ('57), of Minnesota University, on Yale in its relation to the Development of the Country, and of President Gilman ('52), of Johns Hopkins, on the relation of the college to Science and Letters. A game of football drew many to Yale Field in the afternoon, and at a later hour the lovers of music enjoyed Professor Parker's oratorio, "Hora Novissima," in the theater across the street from Vanderbilt Hall. That night, under a benign October moon, 9,000 graduates and undergraduates assembled in a huge amphitheater on the inclosed campus before a temporary stage to witness a series of brief dramatic performances representing events in the life of the college, from the founding by the ten ministers in Branford, to the inspection of Yale's volunteers by Washington, and the execution of Nathan Hale, and finally to exhibitions of the social customs of recent years. As the hours

of the mild October night passed by, old college songs were sung by the great assembly, class answered class across the great open-air auditorium, old customs and cries were revived, and it seemed that no more successful and enjoyable a meeting of college men could ever be held.

Honorary Degrees Conferred

The fourth and last day had been reserved for the commemoration exercises and the conferring of honorary degrees, in Hyperion Theater. Early in the morning the streets around the campus or quadrangle were crowded with people. President Roosevelt was soon to arrive from Farmington, where he had passed a day or two with his sister. A little later, great crowds greeted him at the railway station, and accompanied him as he passed through the streets, under military escort, and entered the college quadrangle, where he put on the gown of his degree and took his place at the head of the procession, by the side of President Hadley. Following the two young Presidents were Governor McLean, ex-President Dwight, the Fellows and Professors of the University, a host of delegates from foreign and American institutions, and the long line of graduates. Black gowns and crimson, Padua and Chile, Tokio and Oxford, Peking and Sydney, were side by side in the remarkable group of delegates from foreign universities. The theater was crowded to its full capacity before the marching classes of recent years could reach the doors. On the stage, where President Roosevelt sat at the right hand of President Hadley, there could be seen among those who were to receive degrees Chief Justice Fuller, Bishop Potter, Archbishop Ireland, Secretary Hay, Ambassador Choate, Seth Low, "Mark Twain," Admiral Sampson, John La Farge, William Dean Howells and the Marquis Ito. Mr. Stedman's poem was warmly applauded. The subject of Justice Brewer's oration was "Yale's Relation to Public Service." Hearty cheers greeted his remark that Yale was a place where men were taught to recognize a Washington "whether his name be George or Booker." The eminent colored educator was among the honored guests in the orchestra chairs. The ceremony of conferring honorary degrees, in the course of which President Hadley's brief and very apt references to the candidates' achievements repeatedly excited the admiration of the critical, was watched with deep interest by the audience. More than sixty eminent men were thus honored, among those who are most widely known being Chief Justice Fuller, Archbishop Ireland, Secretary Hay, Bishop Potter, Admiral Sampson, Ambassador Choate, ex-Secretary Olney, the Marquis Ito and the following presidents of universities or colleges: Low, of Columbia; Patton, of Princeton; Harper, of Chicago; Carter, of Williams; Remsen, of Johns Hopkins; Schurman, of Cornell; Angell, of Michigan; Wheeler, of California. These were made Doctors of Laws, and the same degree was given to John La Farge, the eminent artist, Whitelaw Reid and Principal Frissell, of Hampton Institute. Among those from abroad who received degrees were Professor Waldeyer, of Berlin; Professor Biles, of Glasgow; Professor Finlay, of Aberdeen; Bishop Von Scheele, of Sweden, and Professor Hatoyama, of Tokio. The Doctors of Divinity included President Raymond, of Wesleyan; President Smith, of Trinity, and President Harris, of Amherst. The Doctors of Literature were eight—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, George W. Cable, "Mark Twain," R. W. Gilder, William Dean Howells, Thomas Nelson Page, Woodrow Wilson and Brander Matthews. "There yet remains one name," said President Hadley at the end of the list; and after long-continued cheering he conferred upon President Roosevelt (a graduate of Harvard) the degree of Doctor of Laws. Rising and coming forward on the stage, the President spoke as follows, uttering the words with intense earnestness:

"President Hadley: I have never yet worked at a task worth doing that I did not find myself working shoulder to shoulder with some son of Yale. I have never yet been in a struggle for righteousness and decency that there were not men of Yale to aid me and give me strength and courage. As we walked hither this morning we passed by a gateway which was raised to the memory of a young Yale lad who was hurt to death beside me as he and a great many others like us marched against the gun fire from the hights; and with those memories quick in my mind I thank you from my heart for the honor you have done me, and I thank you doubly, for you planned to do me that honor while I was yet a private citizen."

These exercises closed a few minutes later with the benediction by ex-President Dwight. But little of the program then remained. Woodbridge Hall was dedicated, and the venerable Donald G. Mitchell made an address in it. The end came with a reception Wednesday evening in the great Dining Hall, one of the new bicentennial buildings, where President Roosevelt assisted President and Mrs. Hadley, and at their suggestion refrained from shaking hands. The celebration was notably successful and enjoyable from the beginning to the close.

Admiral Schley Testifies

The proceedings of the Schley court were enlivened last week by the testimony of Rear-Admiral Schley himself, who was on the stand for the better part of two days. He told his story without the least exhibition of excitement, showing no bitterness of spirit, and speaking kindly of those who had given testimony to his disadvantage. We can touch upon only a few points in his narrative. At Key West he found Sampson worn with anxiety by reason of his great responsibility. His assurance of loyalty to the commander had been commended by Captain Chadwick. Both Sampson and himself thought the Spanish ships were at Cienfuegos. The story of the squadron's stay at that port was in accord with that which Schley's subordinates had told. The secret code of signals had not been given to him. He started promptly for Santiago after McCalla's use of the code had shown that the Spaniards were not at Cienfuegos. The squadron moved slowly because of the smaller vessels and the partly disabled colliers; he was determined that all should go together as a unit. His plan for battle provided that the squadron should attack the head of the enemy's column, and not the center or rear. This plan would prevent the escape of any ships. When the scout boats were encountered, May 26th, Sigsbee assured him that the Spaniards were not at Santiago. In this Schley was corroborated by Mr. Graham, Associated Press agent, who heard and took part in the conversation, and by other press men, who were induced by Sigsbee's report to return to Key West. Schley denied that he had disobeyed orders, pointing to the words of his dispatch (which were changed in the cipher), and explaining how necessary it seemed to be that the ships should have sufficient coal. The retrograde movement continued for only a few miles, and then, the weather moderating, he was able to coal at sea and to return to Santiago, where, on May 29th, he discovered the Spanish ships. The dispatch giving him positive information as to them was not received until two weeks later. On the night before the battle he sent word to Sampson that there were indications that Cervera was preparing to come out. At the beginning of the battle there could be no doubt as to the purpose of the Spanish ships to ram, but he ordered the "Brooklyn" to go directly for them. The loop was not begun until the Spaniards had sheered off. Cook gave the order, but he also would have given it. He desired to avoid torpedo attack and was unwilling to sacrifice the fastest ship in the fleet, which was needed for the pursuit. The turn was made rapidly, and the ship was never less than 600 yards from the "Texas." The colloquy reported by Hodgson (including the words "Damn the 'Texas,'") had never taken place. Hodgson was too good an officer to attempt such a colloquy, and he himself would not have permitted it. For a time the "Brooklyn" was apparently alone, and engaged with all four of the Spanish ships. Schley told Cook the "Brooklyn" must stay with them, but he did not expect to escape destruction and would not have escaped if the Spaniards had known how to shoot. Then the "Oregon" came up to help, and both these American ships were sheets of flame, owing to their continuous firing at the enemy. The story of Ellis's death, ten feet from the Commodore, was told again, and of the order to save the body for Christian burial. "The officers and men engaged in that struggle," said Schley, "fulfilled in the very highest and noblest degree the traditions of the American Navy." Taylor was wrong in testifying the "Brooklyn" went southward a mile and a half in the loop, and had previously reported that the distance was only 800 yards. Proof that the blockade at Cienfuegos and Santiago had been sufficient was shown in the fact that no vessel entered or es-

caped. The reconnoisance of May 31st was intended to develop the Santiago batteries; Schley thought it would be folly to risk the ships on that occasion. As to Potts's story about his fright, Schley quietly remarked that it was not true that he had sought shelter. Potts had been ordered to take the ship to a point 7,000 yards from the forts, but he really took it to a point 12,000 yards from them. Schley described the meeting at which he turned over the command to Sampson. "Admiral Sampson's relations with me," he said, "were always cordial. I never had any difference with him." The most interesting testimony before that of Schley was a vivid story of the battle by Chief Boatswain Hill, an old sailor, who said that "many of us ducked" as the "Vizcaya's" shells passed over the "Brooklyn," but that "Commodore Schley's head was never bent." This caused much applause, which was renewed when Hill described Schley's anxiety when it seemed that the "Colon" might get away, and reported the following remark of the Commodore: "I'll get him yet, damn him, if I have to follow him to Spain!" Press agent Graham testified that he heard Captain Evans, two days after the battle, say to Schley in the latter's cabin: "Did you see Jack Philip turn around with the 'Texas' and run away?" To which Schley replied that no one saw Philip do this, because the "Texas" was in the fight all the time; and then informed Evans that the ship he had seen was the "Brooklyn" making the loop. Admiral Dewey has resigned the office of President of the Metropolitan Club, in Washington, and some newspapers say he did this because naval and military officers in the club have criticised the court, alleging that its rulings have been in favor of Schley.

Cuba and Porto Rico

Many signatures have recently been attached to a petition prepared by business men in Havana and some of the planters, asking for the annexation of Cuba to the United States. Prominent advocates of annexation, however, think that the time is not ripe for such a movement. Bishop Sbarretti, who is reported to have "settled the questions relating to church property," has been appointed Delegate Extraordinary to the Philippines. Upon his departure Archbishop Barnada, of Santiago, will become Administrator of the Diocese of Havana. The report of Major Gorgas, Chief Sanitary Officer, shows that the death rate in Havana for September was only 15.64. There were only two deaths from yellow fever, and there has been none from smallpox for a year. The condition of the city with respect to yellow fever has not been equaled for more than a century. The sanitary authorities are confident that the problem of controlling and stamping out this disease has been solved by the discovery that mosquitoes are the agents of infection. Bids for sewering and paving Havana have been opened. M. J. Dady's is the highest ($11,485,000), and the lowest ($10,393,000) comes from contractors in Jersey City.—Eighteen delegates from Porto Rico, appointed by Governor Hunt, and representing the business interests of the island, arrived at New York, last week, intending to visit the chief cities of the United States. They were entertained by the merchants and bankers of New York at a reception and a banquet. To an address of welcome delivered by John G. Carlisle, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, response was made by Mr. Degetau, the island's Delegate at Washington. The visitors then went to Boston, where they were guests of the Chamber of Commerce. They say that the island needs banking institutions and agencies for the extension of credit to planters. Some recent investment of American capital is reported. A sugar company, with a capital of $3,000,000, has bought 4,000 acres near Guanica, and will set up machinery for the manufacture of 16,000 tons of sugar a year. The Commissioner of Education has received from Andrew Carnegie a letter offering $100,000 for a library in San Juan, upon condition that the city appropriates $6,000 (and the island $2,000) annually for the maintenance of it. The appropriations will be made, and the building is to stand in the Plaza Colon.

England

Sir Redvers Buller's ill-considered speech at Westminster has resulted, as was to be expected, in that officer's retirement on half pay from

his position as commander of the First Army Corps. In the official announcement the War Office says that the Commander-in-Chief, "after full consideration of all the circumstances and the explanations furnished," recommended that General Buller be relieved. The story goes that after his speech General Buller received a personal letter from King Edward disapproving of his words and intimating that His Majesty would be pleased if General Buller would resign. Later Mr. Brodrick, the War Secretary, summoned the General, and demanded his resignation point blank. There was a stormy scene ending in a flat refusal on the part of General Buller. Mr. Brodrick then went straight to King Edward, in Scotland, and as result the recalcitrant officer was retired. General French has been appointed to succeed as commander of the First Army Corps, the appointment to become effective when his services are no longer required in South Africa. In the meanwhile General Hildyard assumes command. With two or three unimportant exceptions, the press of London supports the War Office in its action; but there is a strong popular party, both within and without the army, which thinks Sir Redvers has been made the scapegoat for the sins of others. Feeling runs very high on the subject.—Mr. Chamberlain has been attacking the Irish question vigorously. His proposed method of breaking the Irish Obstruction in Parliament is to cut down the country's representation. In his recent speech at Edinburgh he said:

"The present representation of Ireland is an abuse and a scandal. No alteration can be made, except in immediate anticipation of a general dissolution, and we are not contemplating that. But when we get nearer to the time we shall ask you whether you think Irish representation is so precious to you, is so valuable to the national interests, that it is desirable to continue it on a scale which gives the Irish a representation enormously exceeding the proportionate representation of Scotland and England."

He then pointed out that on the basis of population Ireland had thirty members more than her share. As regards Home Rule, he said:

"If these gentlemen who now openly shout for the Mahdi and pray for the Boers; if they had a Parliament of their own; if all the strings of Irish government had been in their hands; if they had had the power, is it not certain that they would have refused to pay their contribution to the war, and that they would have placed us in a position of embarrassment?"

Another topic of interest is the proposed Australian flag. The judges appointed by the Government of the Commonwealth have made their selection from some thirty thousand designs submitted in competition. The flag decided on has the Union Jack in the top left hand corner, with a six-pointed star immediately beneath it, emblematic of the six federated States, while the other half of the flag is devoted to depicting the Southern Cross. The notion of raising a distinctive flag for Australia, even tho the Union Jack is the most conspicuous part of it, has aroused a good deal of bitter comment in England.

Parliamentary Acts

Out of some 300 Bills submitted in the past session to Parliament only 40 have received the royal assent, a much smaller number than during any year in living memory. The average number of Acts passed for the last ten years was 62. It will be interesting to review in brief a few of the more important of these bills. The Civil List Act opens with the recital —which originated with the Act of George III—that His Majesty, the King, "had been graciously pleased to signify to his faithful commons that His Majesty placed unreservedly at their disposal those hereditary revenues which were so placed by his predecessors;" and then went on to say that His Majesty was desirous of making "competent provision for the honorable support and maintenance of the various members of his family." By an Act of 1837 all the hereditary income of the sovereign, with the exception of two items, was made a part of the Consolidated Fund, and this provision is now repeated by the present Civil List Act. The Act provides that

"There shall, during the present reign and a period of six months afterward, be paid for the King's Civil List the yearly sum of £470,000."

The two items not included in this Act are the income from the Duchy of Lancaster lands, which descend to the King not as sovereign, but as Duke of Lancaster, and the hereditary beer duties, which

are excluded from the revenues surrendered because they were made payable under one of the earlier Acts of the Restoration to Charles II and his heirs and successors forever. The Duchy lands descend from John of Gaunt, the fourth son of Edward III, and the revenues from them have increased from £13,000 at Queen Victoria's accession to about £60,000 at the present day. They are not comprised in the surrender, but will continue to be paid to the King. The beer duties have not been surrendered to the Consolidated Fund of the Kingdom, but, by an Act of 1837, have been for the time being abolished. They, by this Act, may be resumed by the ruling sovereign whenever he "shall signify his royal will and pleasure to resume the possession of the several hereditary revenues of the Crown." In a past issue of THE INDEPENDENT it was explained in what manner the £470,000 granted to the King are distributed to his privy purse and other expenses. Another part of the Civil List Act pertains to pensions to scientific, literary, artistic or other deserving persons. These pensions have been granted yearly to the amount of £1,200, and as each pension continues through the life of the recipient the aggregate amount actually paid by the public varies from year to year. In May last it amounted to £23,840. Mr. Labouchere proposed, when the Act was passed, that the pensions should henceforth be subject to review by the House of Commons annually, but his amendment was rejected by 221 to 71 votes. The £23,840 now payable is distributed among 313 persons, the smallest pension being £20 and the largest £500. They are all given in consideration of past services, and are absolutely unconditional. Another important Act is the Royal Titles Act, which was presented to the House of Lords by Lord Salisbury, and permitted the King to make such additions to the style and titles of the Crown as he should wish. In presenting the bill Lord Salisbury observed that he understood the form to be assumed by the King would be

"Edward VII., by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of all the British Dominions beyond the Seas King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India."

Religious Movements in France

The agitation of the "Former Priests," headed by the Abbé Bourrier, is not the only anti-Catholic propaganda in the national Church of France. Side by side with this movement, which has been largely confined to the younger priests, there is a popular Away from Rome tendency, which has originated among the people themselves, and in kind and character, altho not in origin exactly, bears a close relation to the agitation in the Austrian Empire. Some interesting details of this French popular crusade toward Protestantism are furnished by the Paris correspondent of the well informed Augsburg *Abendzeitung*, who gives facts and figures not generally known to outsiders. According to this source this movement has had its beginnings as far back as twenty-five years ago, and originated in the desire of the people for a more evangelical type of Christianity, but in connection with a more or less pronounced anti-clerical spirit. It has spread slowly but steadily, and in six departments it is now calculated that within the last quarter of a century no fewer than one hundred thousand Catholics have accepted evangelical doctrines. Just at present the movement is most pronounced in the department of Lot. This has been a stronghold of radical Catholicism all along, and in 1878, in a population of 276,000, there were only 36 Protestants, and these were all State officials. In 1878 the Protestant movement began in the village of Concorès, where the people refused to build a new church as directed by the Church authorities, but instead called a Protestant pastor and opened a Protestant chapel in that same year. This example did not find any imitators in the immediate neighborhood until 1890, when the movement spread to the neighboring congregations of Saint Cirq and Grojelac, where chapels were opened, the places of which were taken by regular Protestant churches in 1899. In 1894 a Protestant congregation was organized in Nerac, and this was followed soon by similar organizations in Merillas and Lamothe-Fenelon, which, notwithstanding the determined opposition of priests and prominent faculties, spread and are now under

the charge of Protestant pastors. In Merillas the corner-stone of a Protestant church was laid in the spring of 1900, and the whole church completed in 65 days by the joint labors of the new converts. Soon afterward Protestant services were begun in the neighboring village of Lupiac, and about the same time a petition from Sonillac, signed by about a hundred workingmen and women, was received, asking for the establishment of Protestant worship, and the Protestant Consistory has complied. The exact number who have gone over from the Catholic to the Protestant Church in these places cannot be determined exactly, as no religious census is taken in France, and the Protestant Church authorities have not made official reports as is done in Austria. For reasons satisfactory to themselves the Clericals, Nationalists and Monarchists have been ignoring this movement, and the Republicans and Liberals have not given it great encouragement for fear of compromising their reputation as "free-thinkers."

Austria-Hungary

The Austrian Parliament has recently assembled, and the estimates for 1902, introduced by the Minister of Finance, differ little from those of last year. The total expenditure is put down at 1,685,117,000 crowns, which is about 44,000,000 more than in 1901. The total revenue is estimated at 1,685,966,000 crowns, which means an income corresponding closely to the rise in the expenditure. The increase of revenue is chiefly from the tax on limited liability companies, which are being formed in large numbers, and from the personal income-tax. The Prime Minister, Dr. von Körber, made a statement calculated to strengthen his position both in Austria and Hungary. He said that the Government still considered that it should not side with any of the different parties as long as the nationality questions were not settled. In this country there might be nationality parties, but there must be no nationality Government. It was only when peace among the nationalities had been restored and the various national parties had assumed a more political character that the Government itself could take up its position among them. Naturally Austria is watching with great anxiety the course of the proposed new German tariff which is being forced on that country by the Agrarian party supported by the Emperor. It is now a full month since the Hungarian Prime Minister, M. Szell, in agreement with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Goluchowski, and the Austrian Government, intimated to the German Government that no treaty of commerce could be concluded with the German Empire on the basis of the projected tariff. The tariff would do too much injury to Hungary by shutting out her exports from Germany. M. Szell, at the same time, called to attention of the German Government to the fact that the closing of the Hungarian frontier would result in bringing the Balkan States within the sphere of the economic interests of England and France. Furthermore, the ground hitherto gained by German commerce in the Balkan Peninsula would be lost if the Dual Monarchy placed difficulties in the way of the transit of German goods through Austro-Hungarian territory. The economic dangers resulting from the proposed German customs tariff might also easily extend to the sphere of politics and might imperil the general peace. Germany is not the only country now watched with anxiety by Austria-Hungary. At Vienna on October 23d the Association of Austrian Manufacturers, together with the leading agriculturists, held a meeting to discuss the American danger. The assembly included many members of the Reichsrath, and each Austrian Ministry sent an Under Secretary in addition to the departmental chiefs. The principal paper was read by Dr. von Peez, who has been busy for years endeavoring to promote an international alliance against the advances of American trade. Dr. von Peez reviewed the growth of American commerce, starting with agricultural products, then taking up coal, and now beginning to predominate in machinery and bridge work. The remedy he proposed was a raising of the customs, so as to secure the home markets for domestic products. After general discussion a resolution was adopted by the assembly recommending, first, a complete revision of the Austro-Hungarian customs on the lines laid

down by Germany; second, that reciprocity arrangements be substituted for the general application of the most-favored-nation clause; third, that while long-termed commercial treaties should be concluded with other nations protecting native productions, those with the United States and the Argentine Republic should be for short terms, and, fourth, the central European States should enter into an agreement for mutual protection against transatlantic competition. The meeting has caused much comment in Austria, and is taken very seriously there.

Chinese Affairs

A new convention has been formed between China and Russia regarding Manchuria, which, if rumor is correct, agrees in character with the convention withdrawn last April, but is more cleverly worded so as to "save the face" of the Chinese. It was negotiated by M. Lassar (Russian Minister at Peking) and Li Hung Chang, who has all along favored Russia. The terms of the treaty are not divulged. Even Prince Ching has been kept in ignorance, and professes indignation over the matter; both the Yangtse Viceroys have also protested against the negotiations, but to no avail. Furthermore, a correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* declares on the authority of Count Lamsdorff "that the relations between Russia and Japan are quite amicable, and that the Korean question will not cause a rupture, because Russia and Japan recently arrived at a compromise, which makes Korea a sort of buffer State, both agreeing to respect her territorial integrity."—An Imperial decree, abolishing the literary essay examinations and introducing radical reforms in education, has taken effect in Su-Chow. As the results of this edict will afford a practical text of China's sincerity in reform, they are awaited with interest.—Prince Ching, one of the Chinese Plenipotentiaries, has left Peking for Kaifeng-fu, the next stopping place of the court on its way back to the capital. The Emperor and Empress Dowager will be urged to continue their return journey as rapidly as possible. It is also expected that a new heir to the throne will be appointed when the Dowager meets Prince Ching. The present heir, now about seventeen years old, is Pu-Chun, son of Prince Tuan, who is a grandson of the Emperor Taouk-Wang, who died in 1850. Prince Tuan, it will be remembeered, was banished for his share in the Boxer uprising, and was last reported as being in Turkestan. In 1885 Prince Tuan, who had become very influential with the Dowager Empress, received the honor of having his son named by the Emperor, and later when the Emperor was deprived of power it was announced that Pu-Chun had been selected as heir apparent to the throne. The young Prince, however, has proved to be dissipated and uncontrollable, and, besides that, his father's status as exile makes his succession contrary to Chinese tradition. The new candidate now in favor with the Empress is said to be Pei-Tze, a nephew of Prince Tuan, who is intellectually weak and so more acceptable to the ruling power. He also took part in the Boxer movement, and led a charge in person against the French Cathedral. For this reason the reform party in the Empire is opposed to his selection, but it is supposed that the Empress will have her way.—T. S. Sharratt, a member of the Board of General Appraisers of New York, who was appointed by President Roosevelt as American representative on the International Board to revise the Chinese tariff, has given an outline of his work in a speech before the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. He said in part:

"To-day the United States stands among the nations as a competitor for the trade and commerce of the world, and with the open door and equal rights in China the products of our mills and factories will be marketed side by side with those of all Europe. I am empowered by the President to demand for the merchants of our country the same rights accorded to the tradesmen of other nations.

"Flour is entitled to free entry into China under the terms of the protocol signed by the allied Powers, and flour will be on the free list of the revised Chinese tariff when I have completed my labors. Canned fruits and jellies are the next most important articles exported from the Pacific Coast.

"After I have concluded my labors on the commission of Chinese tariff, reducing it to a specific basis instead of ad valorem, I have been notified by the President and State Department I will probably be called upon in conjunction with Minister Conger to negotiate a new commercial treaty with China. In this connection, I would be glad to receive suggestions in the near future from merchants in the United States regarding such changes as in their opinion will prove beneficial."

Commercialism in Politics

By Hon. Bird S. Coler

Comptroller of the City of New York

II.

COMMERCIALISM in politics provides no place in public life for a man who tries to be courageously honest. The system demands of those who serve it, or act as its agents in public office, a show of outward honesty of the ostentatious, rather than the aggressive, order. There must be no looting of the treasury, no squandering of funds in the open where detection is certain. A Tweed or a "Tweed Ring" would be as grotesque and impossible in the New York or Philadelphia of to-day as stage coaches in Broadway. "Boodleism," by the old method, and "buses" passed together out of the political and material life of the city to return no more.

Commerce in the great benefits of power in politics has grown from a business of blundering force to an exact science by means of which public opinion, always suspicious, is so swayed and divided that it remains merely suspicious, never positive. The public mind has been made less inquisitive, the official conscience more elastic, by the skillful cloaking of political corruption into the outward form of honesty and respectability. Commercial transactions in politics, at least all those of magnitude, now bear the label of public benefits, or municipal development.

The system of using public offices and political power for private gain, which is the plain English of commercialism in politics, has been so perfected during the past ten years, in the larger cities and States of the Union, that its greatest beneficiaries are undoubtedly sincere when they say that they are honest and public spirited citizens. They have not filched any money from a public strong box by the exact method of the thief or burglar; in fact, they would not do so if the opportunity offered. They are honest, according to their own standard of honesty. The degree of their honesty is a matter of opinion or viewpoint. Their system teaches that the spoils of politics are legitimate, and they practice the politics that provide spoils. If they were engaged in trade or finance they would live up to their present standard of honesty. They would not steal from a customer, not in the broad or vulgar meaning of the word—they would merely ascertain his needs and necessities, then corner the material to supply them, and take the lion's share of the profits. That is business—business of sharp practice the moralist may say, but those who succeed at it have no fear of prison or other punishment; therefore they are honest in their own conscience. The moral code of such men is that where there is no punishment there can be no crime.

In every urban community there is always a minority, not in politics, who are disposed to be watchful at all times, and often suspicious of the conduct of the public business. When they see a man in politics rise in ten years or less from pleading poverty to wealth so great that it is flouted with reckless and apparently premeditated ostentation, they are naturally curious to know how and where it was obtained. When the individuals so fortunate as to set aside, or defy, all natural laws of economics are able to say under oath that they never received one dishonest dollar, and yet are working all the time for their own pockets, the mystery, to the uninitiated, is intensified. There is in reality no mystery in such a situation. The fortunate individuals who may appear to defy all natural laws have merely been successful in the commerce of politics, and their oath that they never received one dishonest dollar is not perjury; not from their viewpoint of what is honest and what is not.

This style of politics to succeed requires an appearance of intense partisanship and thorough organization. There must be parties, factions and leaders, out

wardly opposed and antagonistic at all times, but secretly understanding one another and working in harmony toward certain definite ends. The chances of success of such a combination are always increased and preliminary expenses reduced when one leader in the name of his party controls a State, and the opposing leader, in the name of his organization, controls a great city or other subdivision of that State. Then corporate and industrial interests not in politics must "do business"—that is, arrange for legislation and official favor with both leaders or parties. Under such conditions secret understandings are not only possible, they constitute the working capital of commerce in politics.

In other days, under the crude, almost stupid ways of Tweed and kindred spirits, the merchants of politics had to make contracts without regard to even the outward forms of competition and arrange a division of profits with the contractors. They took reckless, even desperate, chances with the credit of municipalities and then purchased legislation to legally cloak their rascality. The new and scientific commerce takes no chances. The credit of a contributing municipality is now preserved inviolate as a sop to suspicious public opinion. In the making of contracts the outward forms of competition and fairness are always observed, because it is so much safer and simpler to get control of the competing bidders. The men who are in politics for business purposes and have favors to bestow always find commercial opportunities. Capital, skill and industry are all willing to offer partnership interests for political and official favors. The man who knows in advance when and where new streets are to be opened, new parks to be laid out, new lines of transportation to be created, can always buy on easy terms a large share of the real estate to be improved and benefited. If the same man, through the kindness of those he placed in public office, secures advance information of the kind of material to be used in public buildings, or bridges, the offer of stock in corporations that may be interested is certain to be made to him or his near relatives or friends.

When it is settled for a period of time that one party or faction is to control the government of a city or State, and that such party or faction is in turn controlled by one man, many business arrangements may be made, which, seeming fair and honest, yet yield large profits to all concerned. It is a trivial contract, indeed, in the business of a great municipal corporation, which, if based on skillful specifications, will not yield in extra profit the price of a bulldog or a race horse. The outside man, the merchant of politics, may supply almost every article purchased by a municipality, from steel and wire for a great bridge to fire proof ceiling for a school house. He may, with show of honest reason, contend that such methods are legitimate. They are, if the commerce of politics is to be accepted as something permanent, a condition that cannot be bettered or destroyed. Somebody must sell goods to a city. Some one must build its bridges, school houses and public buildings. Material for such work must be bought. Why not buy it from those who have advance information of specifications and requirements? That is the theory; the moral code of the commercial spirit in politics and the working out of the process supplies the answer to the query, "Where did they get it?"

To round out and complete the commercial system, to make it secure and always profitable, complete party organization and strong party feeling is essential. The business is also stimulated and better protected when there is division of party control in a State. If one commercial interest in politics controls legislation and another controls local administration, certain divisions of sinecures may be arranged to the satisfaction of all concerned, which will obviate much confusion and conflict of authority. It is now a simple and safe matter to arrange the most complicated and far reaching corporate or business interests through the medium of stock certificates and bonds sold without public bidding. Worthless indeed is that business interest or social influence that cannot obtain a charter right or privilege where the spirit of commercialism dominates legislation. Such rights obtained, prospective values, contingent upon further political favors, may be converted into immensely valuable and important assets by a wide and judicious distribution of stock and bonds. The laws of most States

that affect corporate interests are well adapted to the requirements of commercialism in politics. There is no system of State inspection, practically no legal regulation, and stock may be placed, not where it brings a cash return, but the more valuable consideration of political favor and legislative protection.

Public officers may not legally become interested in any form of contract or business interest with the State or municipality under which they hold office, but they are in no way prohibited from helping outsiders to secure valuable contracts by reason of special requirements or specifications. This is one of the reasons why great political leaders alive to the material interests of themselves and their near relations do not seek or accept public office. They put into places of power and responsibility men who will do their bidding, or at least men who are expected to obey orders. The higher the personal reputation of the man elevated to office the better for the interests of the representatives of commercialism in politics, provided always that he does not prove to be aggressively honest. The man favored by such interests to the extent of election to office is expected to be personally and outwardly honest, above suspicion. He must keep his own hands clean, but it is also expected of him that his honesty will be confined to the passive or negative state. If he proves honest to that degree of positiveness or aggressiveness that causes him to block commercial schemes, he at once passes out of favor and becomes a marked man, one to be hounded and, if possible, destroyed. When he reaches that stage the fight against him will not be confined to his own party or faction, but it will be made by every party, faction and individual interested in the commerce of politics.

Through the medium of corporate interests, which are financial interests, political interests apparently violently antagonistic meet on common ground and establish a community of self interests in the stockholders' meeting. Such ramifications of personal, political and financial interests and aims are protected and promoted by political division. It seems to be easier to command capital for the exploitation of these semi-political corporations when the financial world is assured that the great leaders of both parties are directly or indirectly concerned. Then the further promotion of the enterprise is less likely to arouse public suspicion and investigation if the franchises are granted by one party in control of the State and contracts made through the medium of another party in control of one of the subdivisions of the State.

This system promotes, in fact compels, a combination between leaders or rulers of opposing factions or parties, because their commercial interests in politics are identical. The courageously honest and independent man in public office is equally dangerous to the two. The name of the party to which he professes allegiance is a detail. If he is determined to protect the public interests to the extent of blocking speculation in the commerce of politics and public office he at once becomes a common enemy to the speculators and the backers of those who speculate. This community of interests has grown and extended in the course of the development of the commercial spirit in politics until its tentacles reach every social, professional and moral influence, as well as all elements in business and political life. It is a marvelous system and dangerous not only to public interests, but to the moral standards of the community. Division of power and combinations of personal and commercial interests have brought the great political parties of the country to a condition, in some States, where a leader of one may say to the membership of the other party, in a great subdivision of the commonwealth, remote from his home, "This man you may employ in your public service; that man you shall not!" Not only has such a command been issued, it has been obeyed, and obeyed because the commercial interests of opposing factions were identical and could not brook independent and aggressive honesty in public office.

There is a moral danger in this spirit of arrogant contempt for official honesty that is more to be feared than the constantly increasing expenses of providing from taxation the profits of commercialism in politics. To discourage true honesty in public life is a serious matter, but it is blunting the moral sense of the rising generation to blazon to the world

the lesson that the public officer who bars the sluice from the public treasury to the private pocket is a marked man, doomed to suffer defamation for daring to do right. Such is the principle, such the methods of commercialism in politics. Isolated cases need not be cited. The system is general, the methods the same everywhere. Indiscriminate denunciation of the Napoleons of political commerce is often a short road to their favorable consideration. No amount of personal abuse or campaign villification can penetrate the calloused epidermis of their sensibilities, but one official blocking of a profitable contract or franchise is a sin they cannot forgive.

The commercial spirit in politics is now in the ascendant. It is bold and aggressive because it seems to be sustained by public opinion. But in reality the opinion that sustains or excuses the system is based upon misinformation or ignorant indifference. There is in existence, and fortunately it is rapidly growing, a sound and intelligent public opinion and understanding of public affairs that in time will brook no subterfuge, no deception of trick and falsehood, but will compel the transaction of public business in the open, and the expenditure of public funds for the benefit of all the people, leaving no percentage of profit for the daring and dishonest speculators in commercial politics.

William Woodville Rockhill

AN APPRECIATION

By the Hon. John Barrett

Former United States Minister to Siam

THE return to the United States of William Woodville Rockhill, Special Commissioner to China, should not be allowed to pass without worthy recognition of his successful conclusion of arduous and delicate labors. The importance to the missionary and commercial interests of the United States of the work in his charge, the remarkable conditions under which he started for China, the intricate and complicated nature of the negotiations at Peking, and finally his personal influence in accomplishing the desired end—namely, that of signing a protocol that would bring the Imperial Court back to Peking, permit the re-establishment of order and government, and subserve the best practical good of China and of foreign Powers alike for the future, entitle him to special credit in the recent diplomatic history of the United States.

Mr. Rockhill left Washington for Peking in July, 1900, under most peculiar and yet responsible conditions. The reports were then repeatedly confirmed that Minister Conger and all the diplomatic and foreign residents had been massacred. President McKinley and Secretary Hay could learn nothing definite from our diplomatic and consular officers who were within cable reach, despite the best endeavors of these representatives. Consul-General Goodnow at Shanghai, Consul Fowler at Chefoo, and Consul Ragsdale at Tientsin were doing all in their power to secure definite and reliable information, but the Government was groping in the dark as far as real facts and conditions were concerned. In this embarrassment it was determined to send some man immediately to China to report on the situation and take whatever steps he deemed wise or were in accordance with instructions he might receive on reaching Shanghai and Peking.

The qualifications for such a high commission demanded a man in whom the President and Secretary of State had implicit confidence, who was familiar with Chinese political conditions and understood Chinese character, who had been trained in diplomacy, and who could perform the duties of Minister if Mr. Conger had been killed. There was not a moment to be lost after the determination was reached to send such a Commissioner. Only two or three men in the United States seemed available. Of these Mr. Rockhill was selected as the best qualified in every respect. Secretary Hay, without hestitation, recommended him for this grave responsibility. With only a few hours' notice he began prepa-

rations for his long journey and for work which then seemed fraught with considerable peril. But his former diplomatic experience, his early military training, and his hazardous journey into Thibet, taught him to accept and to obey without quibble as to the future. He gave up the most agreeable environment which surrounded his position as Director of the Bureau of American Republics, and an extended trip to Mexico and South America to

WILLLIAM WOODVILLE ROCKHILL

make arrangements for the Pan-American Congress in Mexico.

While he was crossing the Pacific the news came that the Ministers were safe. Peking was soon after relieved. But this situation did not lessen the work before him. There was chaos at Peking; cosmos must be evolved where the conditions were most discouraging. Minister Conger was entitled to come home after the trying ordeal of the siege. Altho he remained sufficiently long to engage prominently in the long continued negotiations for a considerable period, it remained for Mr. Rockhill to take up the discussion for the United States, and to secure after innumerable delays and embarrassments the embodiment to a large measure, in the various agreements reached and the final protocol signed, of the wishes of the United States and such terms as would best conserve the rights both of China and the foreign Powers. Reports from Peking tell us that Mr. Rockhill was at once recognized by the Ministers of the European Powers, and by the Chinese statesmen at the capital representing the Dowager Empress and the young Emperor, as a well equipped and competent representative of the United States. His fluent command of French enabled him to participate in all arguments of the Ministerial Council, while his knowledge of Chinese, possessed by none of his colleagues, gave him special influence with the Chinese plenipotentiaries of the throne. His protracted former diplomatic service in China had made him familiar with America's real interests, missionary, commercial and political, in China.

Going to Peking in July, 1900, with the expectation of returning within three months to the United States to report to the President and Secretary of State, and then resume his far more congenial duties as Director of the Bureau of American Republics, he now comes back to America in October, 1901, after fifteen months' absence, barely in time to proceed to Mexico and assist in the deliberations of the International American Conference.

In conclusion I would note that Mr. Rockhill's work and career are the best possible proofs of the immeasurable advantage to the United States of having thoroughly trained men in the diplomatic service who may be ready for such emergencies and crises as that in China. Nowhere in the foreign world had the United States more at stake commercially and morally than in China.

If Mr. Rockhill had failed in his mission, or if he had been less qualified for every phase of the negotiations, the integrity of the Chinese Empire might have been practically destroyed in the terms of the protocol, the outlook for the extension of our large moral and material interests permanently darkened, and the so-called "open door" swung home forever on its rusty hinges in the very face of American diplomacy and might.

Reforms in China—A New Council of State

By W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D.

President of the Imperial University in Peking

A DOCUMENT emanating from the court and announcing the formation of a new Council of State is now going the rounds of the native newspapers. As an index of the present attitude of the Government toward the "cause of reform" nothing of equal importance has come to light in the course of the past year. It contains much that would not be of world-wide interest, but the more significant passages I propose to translate for the benefit of your readers:

PREAMBLE.

"Hitherto all affairs of state, civil and military, have been centered in the Grand Council. We now establish a special Council of State, under the presidency of the Grand Council, but with princes and ministers of its own.

"Its object is the introduction of reforms into the laws and administration. The scope of such reforms is outlined in an imperial edict of last February. If China and her foreign neighbors could with one mind seek after the right and true, wealth and power would then take the place of poverty and weakness.

"But if reforms are entered on without due discrimination no good result is to be looked for. Witness the ill-starred efforts of the Sung Dynasty, and the blunders of the so-called reformers three years ago. In adopting new methods we shall neither disregard the wishes of the people nor allow ourselves to be controlled by them.

"1. The secretaries and scribes in the new Council are to be chosen from the most eminent scholars of the empire. They are to have freedom of speech, and to be treated by the Ministers with more consideration than in other tribunals.

"2. The aim of the Council is to promote good and to remove abuses.

"3. The Committee on Legal Reform will in some degree follow the example of Wong Ngonshih of the Sung Dynasty.

"4. Educational interests, including treaties and international law, to be referred to a special bureau.

"5. Where native methods come short, Western methods are to be used to supplement them. With a view to this the translations of foreign books are to be collected and compared, and our Ministers to Japan and other countries are to be called on for reports on the state and progress of those nations. For us the example of Japan is of special interest—not only as belonging to Asia, but for having in a short time risen to a place of power and influence.

"6. China's only hope of emerging from her present state of poverty and weakness is in the opening of new resources and in retrenchment of useless waste.

"7. An edict of last year forbids the formation of political parties under the designation of old and new. The advocates of a new policy are forever appealing to the success of Japan without reflecting that it was easy for a small country to make great changes, and that for Japan to imitate Western nations was like one of our provinces taking a hint from another. To succeed in Western methods you must be likeminded with Western people. Now, the men of the West have public spirit, while our people are wrapped up in self. Men of the West keep good faith, the men of China are addicted to falsehood. In the West reforms are solid, in China they are hollow.

"8. The new Council begins the correction of abuses by renouncing for its members the rewards and distinctions which are made the main object in other tribunals.

"9. For the more important reforms it will be necessary to wait the return of the Court to Peking; but those that do not admit delay may at any time be made by special decree at the request of the Council.

"10. The success of any policy depends on its agents. It is hoped that all concerned in the new Council will give themselves heart and soul to their great task."

The value of these ten articles suffers a serious discount when we consider the bane of officialism in China. The demand for reform is fully recognized, but it must be lawfully kept under Mandarin supervision. Whether with a view to nurture or to infanticide, it may not be easy to determine.

Even the Dowager, when she dethroned the Emperor three years ago, did not venture to declare herself opposed to reforms. She merely objected to having them crammed down the throat without time to cool. "It does not follow," she said, "that because we have been choked we should stop eating."

In these articles one discovers the same dread of hasty changes. There can be no doubt, in fact, that the object in the creation of the new Council of State is to minimize the amount of change. Revolutionary as it seems, it is essentially conservative. Hence the prohibition of dividing into two camps—new and old. The leading advisers now at court

are known to be intensely conservative. Hence, too, the denunciation of the reforming mania of three years ago.

Foreigners would have taken it as a good sign if the prospectus of this Board of Reform had begun by declaring that China would cease to kill ambassadors and murder foreign residents. As it professes to adopt international law, this much may perhaps be taken for granted. One way of postponing reform is for the court to delay its return—now adjourned until next spring—but no expedient could be fraught with greater danger.

PEKING, CHINA.

Our Ideal Battle Ship

By Park Benjamin

IN December next it is required by law that there shall be submitted to Congress plans and specifications of the most powerful battle ship which this country can devise: in other words, of the ideal battle ship.

For the last year the Navy Department has been grappling with the problem, and in July last the Board of Construction (consisting of the Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, the Chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering, the Chief of the Bureau of Equipment, the Chief Constructor of the Navy, and the Chief Intelligence Officer) succeeded in reducing the various schemes and plans proposed to two; but upon neither one of them found itself able unanimously to agree. With the highest official authorities of the Navy thus at variance, it became a question who should decide. Technically, of course, the Secretary of the Navy is the final and responsible arbiter. But where doctors of such eminence as those above noted differ Mr. Long has naturally availed himself of further assistance in the difficult task imposed upon him.

He has therefore submitted the question of choice between the rival plans virtually to the Navy at large by addressing communications directly to a number of naval officers who have achieved reputation as experts in ordnance, and requiring from each advice in the matter. Up to the present writing sixty reports have been received from the various navy yards and squadrons, of which thirty-five favor one plan and twenty-four the other, and one officer is "in doubt." The Asiatic station has not yet been heard from. Unless, therefore, the Secretary finds reason for setting aside the views of the majority, it is altogether probable the plan which it has approved will be adopted.

The whole country, therefore, is interested in knowing what this plan is, and how it was developed.

It is necessary at the outset to review briefly the characteristics of the first-class battle ships which we already have either in service or in the course of construction. We began with the "Indiana," "Massachusetts" and "Oregon." Each of these vessels is 348 feet long and of 69 feet 3 inches beam. The displacement of the "Indiana" and "Massachusetts," with all stores and normal coal supply on board, is 10,810 tons, and of the "Oregon" 11,000 tons. Each can carry 1,597 tons of coal. Their indicated horse-power increases from 9,738 for the "Indiana" to 11,111 for the "Oregon," and their speed is, for the "Indiana" 15.5, for the "Massachusetts" 16.2, and for the "Oregon" 16.79 knots per hour. They all have 18-inch armor on the sides, and from 15 to 17 inches in thickness on the turrets and barbettes. The main battery of each consists of four 13-inch breech loading rifles, placed in two turrets, eight 8-inch breech loading rifles, placed in four turrets arranged in a quadrilateral, and four 6-inch rapid fire guns. In each, the secondary battery contains two 6-pounder rapid fire guns, with numerous guns of smaller caliber.

Following these came the "Iowa," a larger vessel, having a displacement of 11,340 tons, speed of 17 knots, carrying 200 tons more coal, and with a similar arrangement of battery, in which six 4-inch rapid fire guns replaced the four 6-inch guns.

Then followed the "Kearsarge" and "Kentucky," still larger ships of 11,522 tons displacement, of 16.8 knots speed and somewhat smaller coal capacity, but characterized by the presence of the much discussed two-story turrets. That is, instead of having two turrets each containing two 8-inch guns disposed in the waist of the vessel, these turrets are placed on top of the large turrets which contain the four 13-inch guns.

A notable increase was also made in the number of smaller guns belonging to the main battery, fourteen 5-inch guns being substituted for the six 4-inch guns of the "Iowa."

Contemporaneously with these we have also built the "Alabama," the "Illinois" and "Wisconsin," the last two having just been put in commission. These vessels have a somewhat greater displacement than the "Kearsarge" and "Kentucky," a smaller coal bunker capacity, and a speed of 17 knots for the "Alabama" and of 16 for the "Illinois" and "Wisconsin." They differ radically from the "Kearsarge" and "Kentucky" in that they omit the 8-inch guns and the superposed turrets of the "Kearsarge," and have but the two single story turrets in which the four 13-inch guns are placed. Each vessel, however, carries fourteen 6-inch rapid fire guns disposed in broadside.

These two groups of battle ships therefore represent essentially different types, the "Kearsarge" being typical of the turret system, which has its prototype in the Ericsson monitor, and the "Alabama" mainly representing the casemate or broadside system, which is older, and, in fact, existed in the monitor's antagonist, the "Merrimac."

We have at the present time projected or building eight more battle ships—namely, the "Maine," "Missouri," "Ohio," "Pennsylvania," "New Jersey," "Georgia," "Virginia" and "Rhode Island." The first three are commonly grouped in one class, known as the "Maine" class, and the remainder in the so-called "Virginia" class. The vessels of the "Maine" class have a displacement of 12,300 tons and 16,000 horse-power, 18 knots speed and bunker capacity of 2,000 tons, and, like the "Alabama," are constructed on the broadside system, their main armament being four 12-inch guns disposed in two turrets, and sixteen 6-inch guns otherwise arranged.

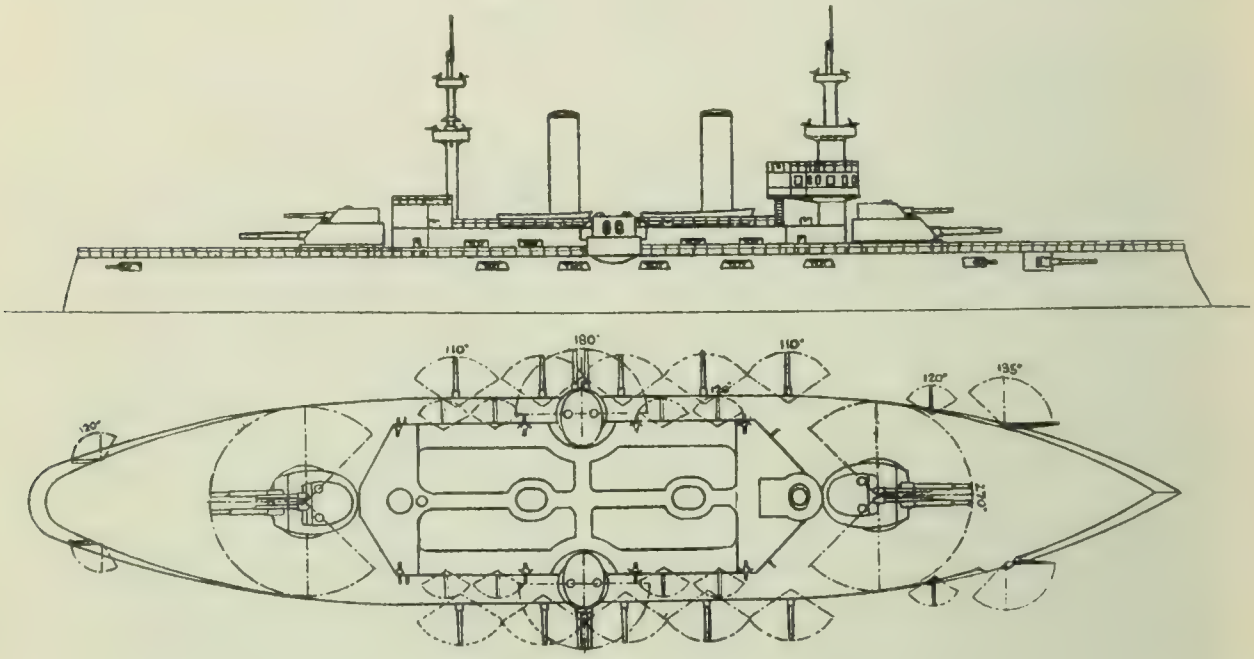

Fig. 1. The "Virginia" Class

The battle ships of the "Virginia" class, as projected, are already the most powerful in the world. Without waiting for them to be surpassed we are ourselves going beyond even their great capacities. They are each 435 feet in length, of over 15,000 tons displacement, over 19,000 horse-power, and their estimated speed is 19 knots. They carry 1,900 tons of coal in their bunkers.

The vessels of the "Indiana" class,

as has been already noted, have 18 inches of armor on their sides. The "Iowa" has 14 inches, and the ships of the "Kearsarge" and "Alabama" classes have 16½ inches. But such has been the improvement in the resisting quality of armor plate that in both of the new classes of battle ships the maximum thickness of side and turret armor has been reduced to 11 inches. The batteries of the vessels of the "Virginia" class are the heaviest afloat, each ship having four 12-inch and eight 8-inch breech loading rifles and twelve 6-inch rapid fire guns, besides powerful secondary batteries, including twelve 14-pounder rapid fires, and some thirty guns of smaller caliber. The arrangement of the battery is shown in the accompanying drawing, Fig. 1, from which it will be seen that, like the "Kearsarge" and "Kentucky," the ship has superposed turrets, each containing in the upper story two 8-inch guns, and, in addition, two turrets placed in the waist of the vessel, in which pairs of 8-inch guns are also located, while the twelve 6-inch rapid fire guns are disposed in broadside.

This type was decided upon only after long discussion. The Board of Construction first pronounced squarely against this arrangement of battery in favor of two single story turrets for the 12-inch guns, and four smaller turrets in the waist for the 8-inch guns. Then a new board of thirteen officers (including the Construction Board) was assembled, and that decided in favor of two ships of the last mentioned type and three of the adopted type. Then still another plan was proposed which had only two two-

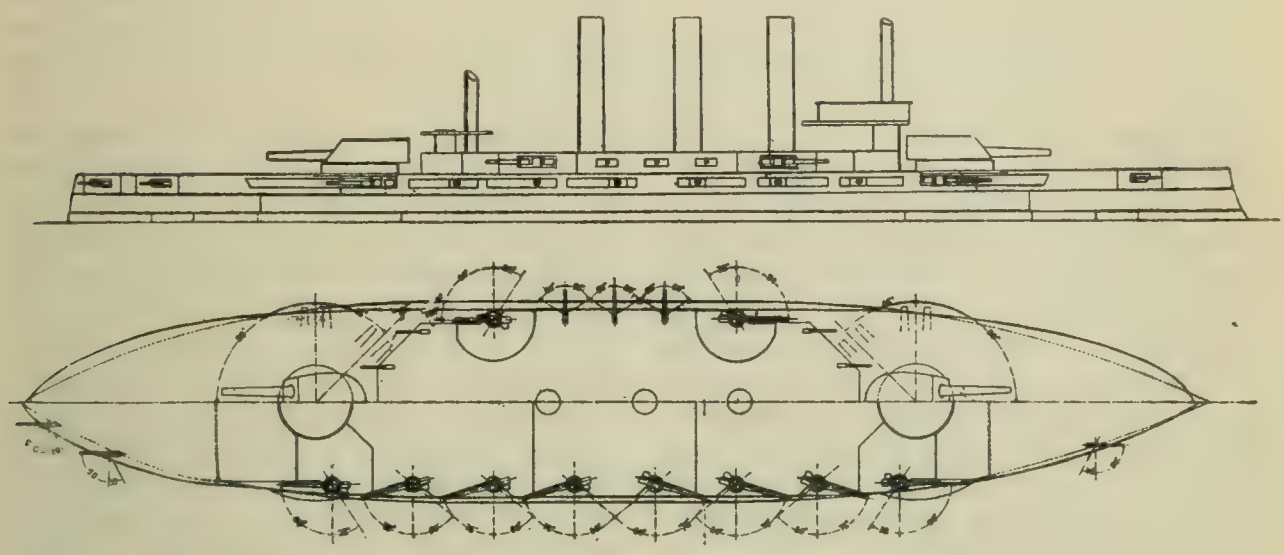

Fig. 2. The Proposed Casemate Plans

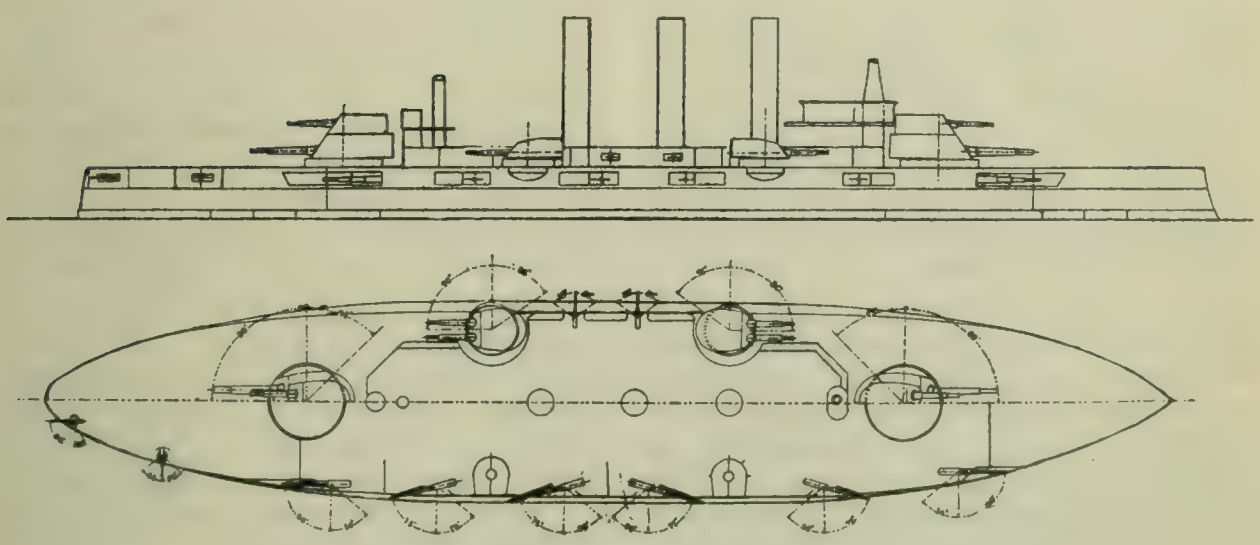

Fig. 3. The Proposed Turret Plans

story turrets, the rest of the battery (sixteen 6-inch guns) being in broadside. After considering this, the decision to build all five ships of the "Virginia" class according to the plan shown in Fig. 1 was reached. I mention this to indicate how thoroughly and elaborately and, in fact, how often, these plans are discussed and rediscussed in the Navy Department.

So with the final decision with regard to the "Virginia" class, it might be supposed we had reached the highest possible type of battle ship. We had not only given it the heaviest battery ever devised, increased the speed and coal endurance, but we had added various other novel and important features, such as inclined armor at the forward end of the redoubt, an arrangement of casemate armor which permits the broadside battery to be snugly housed without dismounting, and the substitution of water tube for the conventional Scotch boilers. We had applied the lightest and strongest armor yet made. Now, as has been said, we are going ahead of even this; and so we come to the rival plans which have recently been developed. The reader has them before him in Figs. 2 and 3.

The essential difference between the two ships lies in the character and disposition of their armament. They are to be 450 feet in length, or about a hundred feet longer than the "Oregon," and of 16,900 tons displacement. They are to have a total coal capacity of about 2,000 tons, an indicated horse-power of 20,000, and a speed of 19 knots per hour. Again, the thickness of the armor plates is reduced, this time to a maximum of ten inches at the belt and on the turrets for the 12-inch guns. These features having been decided upon by the Board of Construction, that body divided, as I have said, on the question of armament and disposition. The majority of the Board pronounced in favor of the design shown in Fig. 2. This has four 12-inch guns in two armor turrets. There are no other turrets; the rest of the main battery is made up of twenty 7-inch guns in casemate or broadside, and the principal feature of the secondary battery is twenty 14-pounder (or 3-inch) guns.

It will be seen that in this vessel the casemate system is predominant, and that turret protection is reduced to the minimum, and this in single story turrets.

The plan shown in Fig. 3 is that approved by the minority of the Board, and it goes almost to the extreme of turret protection. It provides for four 12-inch guns in two turrets, twelve 8-inch guns in six turrets, two of which are superposed on the 12-inch turrets, and four located in the waist, besides twelve 6-inch guns in casemates and eight 14-pounder guns in the secondary battery. It resembles the adopted arrangement of the "Virginia" class, with two more turrets. It is this plan which, tho indorsed only by the minority of the Board of Construction, has now received the approval of the majority of the naval officers to whom it has been submitted, and which, as I said in the beginning, is apparently the one which will be adopted.

While it is not possible in a paper such as this, intended for non-technical readers, to enter into the reasons which the differing members of the Board of Construction have given in support of their differences, certain considerations may be noted.

The issue is mainly between the turret system and the casemate system, and involves the question which is the best disposition for the greatest number of guns on board ship in order to secure the heaviest all-around fire. "All-around fire" means everywhere around the circle of which the ship is the center, in contradistinction to over certain and limited arcs of that circle. The vessel which can train most of her guns upon any point around the horizon has a great tactical advantage over one which can direct only part of them over a certain arc and part over another arc. Ships constructed on the turret plan, and particularly with the superposed or two-story system with its very great possibilities of train, can fight effectively in any fleet formation—that is, in line ahead, abreast, and so on. A fleet of broadside ships, however, compels the admiral to keep to certain formations and notably the single file line, so as to bring the guns to bear. So far as actual capacity of the two types under consideration is concerned, Rear-Admiral Bradford, Chief of the Bureau of Equipment, and the foremost advocate of the approved plan, has shown that in the turret plan, Fig. 3,

the battery is able to deliver in one minute an energy of fire represented by 253,170 foot tons over an arc of 90 degrees, as against 230,620 foot tons over an arc of 64 degrees for the broadside plan, the vessels being engaged on one side only. In common with other leading naval tacticians he believes that naval engagements of the future will present few, if any, instances of a single ship being engaged on both sides; since if two ships are pitted against one it is much more advantageous for those two to be on one side, and so prevent their single enemy from using all her guns.

A serious objection to the casemate system, or indeed to any system in which the greater part of the battery is disposed like that of the old-fashioned frigates on one deck, or in a large compartment, is based on the danger of bursting shells containing lyddite or other high explosives penetrating the casemate armor and putting all or most of the guns out of action at once.

The English not long ago subjected a completely equipped coast defense ship, the "Bellisle," to experiments upon the effects of gun fire. They took her out to sea in perfect order—that is, with steam up in her boilers, all her equipments in place, even to the boats hanging at the davits and the smaller arms in their racks, and replaced her crew with wooden mannikins distributed at the proper stations for battle. Her main battery was all on an open gun deck. The battle ship "Majestic" was then set to firing at her. Within two minutes the lyddite shells exploding in the "Bellisle" made her look as if she were on fire, and within about fifteen minutes the destruction was complete. Of the 83 wooden mannikins not a piece remained as large as one's hand. All but two of the guns were totally displaced, some of them being bent and twisted in a manner almost inconceivable, and one literally blown up through the deck above by a shell bursting under it. The report says:

"The beams, decks, bulkheads, etc., were so completely scarred and cut by flying fragments that it seemed as tho the superstructure must have been filled with them. The deck was strewn with a great quantity of metal splinters. The marks of small fire shells were literally everywhere."

The necessity for individual gun protection, or, in other words, for arranging guns in armored compartments, so that the destruction of the guns in one compartment shall not necessarily involve the destruction of the guns in another, seems to have been demonstrated; or, perhaps more correctly, redemonstrated, for that principle was as fully known to Ericsson nearly fifty years ago as it is to-day, despite all the advances in guns and explosives.

If, therefore, it is necessary to box the guns, so to speak, the question is in what kind of boxes, fixed or movable. A fixed box is an armored casemate; a movable or rotary box becomes a turret. The great advantage of the turret is obviously the large angle of train and the possibility of training two or more heavy guns at once by machinery. For guns as large as 12 or 13 inch caliber the turret is a conceded necessity and appears in both plans. The objections to the turret system have been summed up as follows:

"(1). The turret must be brought back to its train on the object after each discharge of each gun.

"(2). The limitations of the sighting hood interfere largely with accuracy and quickness of aim.

"(3). The fact that all the guns (whether two or four) being pointed by the same individual, the element of personal error of one man, whether due to lack of skill, nervousness or temporary physical condition, thereby enters too disproportionately into the effective power of the ship's battery."

These criticisms (attributed to Admiral Dewey) are, however, based upon experience with the turrets of the "Olympia," an unfortunate selection because the 8-inch gun-mounts, sights and training mechanism of that vessel are all obsolete, have been so for years past, and are now being changed at the Boston Navy Yard. The quick moving modern turret, operated and controlled by electricity, has replaced the slow moving turret hitherto actuated by steam. It is not brought back to its train on the object after each discharge of the gun; but, on the contrary, the guns can be loaded while the turret is being trained on the target. In the old steam turret accuracy of placing was impossible. It was a mere hit or miss approximation. With the electrical control the position of the turret can be adjusted to minute fractions of an inch by the simple manipulation of

a handle in charge of a single operator. The turret will literally follow the handle, both in point of speed and in point of direction, and it is safe to say can be placed in a new position ten times within an arc of its turning circle not greater than an inch in length.

With regard to the limitations and difficulty of sighting guns in a turret, these also have been almost wholly overcome. It is quite true that where guns were directly sighted through the narrow spaces in the turret ports not filled by the gun itself the difficulties were great. The people in the turret very soon lost all idea of where the target was, for it was brought out of the range of their vision by a comparatively small movement of either the turret or the ship. Furthermore, they were subjected to all the mental confusion incident to what might be called double rotation of themselves. They were in a turning turret on a turning deck. They had no way of adjusting themselves or their comprehension to the effects of the double movement. All this is now obviated by the use of the telescopic sight, which is located in the turret at a point distant from the guns—altho connected to them—and which the person governing the turret keeps always directed on the target by turning the turret itself. Thus the men at the guns find them always properly pointed, and all they have to do is to load and elevate them at the ranges directed.

The matter of personal error affecting two or more guns is, of course, always with us, and will never be eliminated until evolution produces, if it ever does, a perfect race of gun-pointers. There is no subject, however, to which the Navy gives greater care and attention at the present day than this. No other nation subjects the men who aim its guns to more rigorous education and narrower selection, or gives them greater facilities for practice. If there was one thing which characterized President Roosevelt's administration of the office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy it was his insistence upon spending money freely for target practice. That has always been our policy, in fact, *the* distinguishing policy of our Navy as contrasted with foreign navies, and it is perfectly safe to believe that there will be no retrogression from it. Besides it may be questioned whether the personal equation is not better eliminated by reducing, instead of increasing, the number of men charged with gun pointing. It at least seems possible that less error may be found among, say, six men aiming as many pairs of guns as among twelve men each directing a single gun.

It is interesting to note that the Messrs. Cramp have just completed for Russia a great battle ship, the "Retvisan." She has 75 feet less length than our ideal vessel, and is of nearly four thousand tons less displacement. She is one knot per hour slower, and hardly comparable in offensive power, for, altho she has four 12-inch guns in two turrets, and twelve 6-inch in broadside, she lacks the twelve 8-inch guns of Admiral Bradford's ideal ship, which, with this advantage, not to mention any others, would make very short work of her.

Meanwhile it will not do to forget that there is a skeleton at this feast. It is not wise to be too proud of our future "terror of the sea." France is building submarine torpedo boats by the dozen—so is Germany—and even Italy. England has at least awakened to what they may do—and now that the foreigners have started in a practical way, we can be discovered in the rear of the procession. We are building six.

New York City.

A Retrospect of the General Convention

By Daniel Dulany Addison, D.D.

THE questions that came before the General Convention of the Episcopal Church in San Francisco are by no means peculiar to that Church. They are the same ethical, social and religious questions which have been felt everywhere in American Christianity. Tho technically a revision of the Constitution and Canons of the Church was the special subject for legislation, and this might seem like a simple denominational tinkering of the Canons, the proposed amendments and changes involve ideas of the utmost importance to the religious life of the nation. Such social and ethical problems as marriage and divorce, and the relations between capital and labor; such ecclesiastical questions as the reorganization of the Church for broader and more effective work; such religious questions as the spread and support of missions have occupied the attention of the House of Bishops and the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies during the sessions of the Convention just held in California. The well-known differences of opinion in the Episcopal Church on all these subjects were emphasized by the debates and the resolutions that were passed. There is no Church in America which is more comprehensive than the Episcopal Church, in that it contains within the same religious body men of the most radical differences of views, and most outspoken hostility of opinion with regard to doctrine, discipline and worship.

The Canon on Marriage and Divorce was the most important legislation that came before the Convention. It provides that no minister shall solemnize a marriage between two persons "unless nor until by inquiry he shall have satisfied himself that neither person is the husband or wife of any other person then living, unless the former marriage was annulled by a decree of some civil court of competent jurisdiction, for cause existing before such marriage." The present law of the Church permits the innocent person in a divorce granted on the ground of adultery to be married again. The proposed Canon practically forbids the clergy of the Episcopal Church from officiating at the marriage of any divorced person, and further provides that the sacraments of the Church may be withheld from those who have been divorced. There were three distinct groups of opinion concerning the wisdom of enacting such a law. There were those who felt that the Church should not pass any disciplinary legislation on the subject at all, because it has no power of enforcement, preferring that the Christian conception of marriage should be held up as an ideal which in time might educate the people. There were those who believed that Christ had sanctioned divorce for the cause of unfaithfulness, and that a prohibition to marry again would not only be unscriptural, but would cause great suffering to those whose life had been wrecked by union with an adulterer. Dr. William R. Huntington was the leader of those who held this second view, and worked to amend the proposed Canon in accordance with the present law of the Church. Those in favor of the Canon felt that the increase in the number of divorces and the divergent laws of the several States have created a social condition in America which needs the most radical measures. The home, the foundation of civilized society, being in danger, many who did not accept the exegesis of the New Testament passages usually quoted to sustain the Canon still felt that there was no way in which to deal with the conditions in this country but to go beyond the words of Christ and legislate for an emergency, thus making it impossible, so far as the sanction of the Church was concerned, for divorced persons to marry again. Bishop Doane, principally for Scriptural and ecclesiastical reasons, was an advocate for the total prohibition of remarriage after divorce. Men like Bishop Potter and Dr. David H. Greer believed in the new Canon on grounds of expediency, and also because they thought that the Church should take the

lead in counteracting the evils so scandalous in many American States.

In the discussions no one denied that the frequency of divorce, the spread of social vice, and the dulled moral sense of the people, because of inefficient State laws, have produced a crisis in the social life of the American people. That some corrective was needed was apparent to all, but it was equally evident that drastic and extreme legislaton, brought about by an alarmed and panic-stricken state of feeling, was not the wisest way to deal with the problem. The House of Bishops passed the Canon, and the House of Deputies, in Committee of the Whole, adopted it, but when the final vote was taken in the House of Deputies, voting by dioceses, the Canon was defeated. When the gravity of committing the Church to such extreme legislation is considered, it is a matter of satisfaction to many that three more years must pass before any changes in the present law can be made. Time will be given for further study before the new attitude of the Episcopal Church upon the subject of divorce can be announced.

It is curious to note, in all the discussions in the Convention on the subject of marriage and divorce, how little reference was made to the right of men and women to dissolve the marriage bond for other causes than that of unfaithfulness. When so much progress has been made in securing important rights for women, and the ideal of marriage as a spiritual union of mind and soul rather than a physical union has gained such recognition, it is strange that no argument was presented for recognizing more than one cause as a legitimate ground for divorce.

There was a brilliant debate in the Convention over what was known as the "Huntington Amendment." This amendment makes provision "for the temporary use of other forms and directories of worship by congregations not already in union with this Church who are willing to accept the spiritual oversight of the Bishop of the Diocese." The immediate object to be attained in this proposal was to enable Swedish congregations to use their own liturgy and still have connection with the Church. The principle involved was a broad one, looking in the direction of Christian unity. The Church, by the adoption of this amendment, would have waived the use of the Book of Common Prayer, and given a larger liberty to those who, while willing to accept the spiritual oversight of a Bishop, are not ready to give up their special forms of worship. There are many congregations who on these terms would be willing to join in closer fellowship with the Episcopal Church. This proposition was opposed violently by those who desire to make the Church a sharply defined and compact body, ready enough to absorb completely all other Christians, but refusing to make any sacrifices themselves. On the other hand, the amendment was urged by the growing number of Churchmen who desire to make the way easy for other congregations to unite with the Church without giving up all that they hold dear. The two movements of thought in the Church, one with a passion for uniformity, and the other with a desire for unity without uniformity, were clearly emphasized in the debates. Dr. William R. Huntington has labored for many years to have this principle of hospitality to other churches introduced into the law of the Church, and it must have been a great disappointment to him when the amendment was defeated. The vote was very close, so that the amendment will be pressed again in the future. It is distinctly a principle of brotherhood and Christian fellowship.

The attempt was made again to change the name of the Church. A committee was appointed to report upon the whole subject of the change of name at the next Convention. The parishes of the Church of England in America after the Revolution adopted the title Protestant Episcopal, and this Church has borne the name ever since. There are Churchmen who feel that the name is not descriptive of the character of the Church. It is too negative, they think. Tho there are now associations connected with it, they are willing to change it in order to have a more suitable one. Another source of discontent, and this is the strongest, is that the name does not claim the catholic character of the Church. Frankly, it must be said that those who are most eager for the change look upon their Church as the only true Church, the American Church, and would exclude as irregular all the great religious bodies except perhaps the Roman Catholic. They

want a title that will set forth these claims. Such names have been proposed as "The Church in America," "The Holy Catholic Church in the United States," and others of a similar import. When the change of name was first broached, the possibility of its being actually accomplished caused alarm, and some men of the Broad Church type threatened to leave the Church if the name were changed. There was much feeling aroused. Phillips Brooks said in public: "If the Episcopal Church did indeed possess such an exclusive commission then she would have the right to the name 'The Church in the United States,' or 'The American Church.'" "Upon this he remarked," says Dr. Allen in his biography of Phillips Brooks, "that there was not a line in the Prayer Book which declared such a theory. It was simply a theory held by individuals, a theory which many of both clergy and laity did not believe. He avowed for himself that he would not consent to it for a single day. If this movement in behalf of a change of name were not checked, and the change were accomplished, he did not see how he or any one who did not believe in Apostolic Succession could remain in the Episcopal Church." While many oppose to-day as strongly as ever the change of name, it is not likely the threat of secession will be heard again. The matter is not of such importance to the life of the Church as has been asserted. Both sides have been too extreme in their claim as to the effect upon the Church of a new name being given to it. The difficulty is in finding a name that is an improvement over the present one and a name which a future Convention will accept.

For some time past the need for greater centralized power has been apparent in the organization of the Church. The Presiding Bishop, occupying the office by right of seniority of consecration, has usually been such an old man that he has not been able to perform the duties assigned to him. It is now proposed to make the office elective, and to grant more power to the Presiding Bishop. This proposition meets with general favor. Another proposal for which the Church is not yet ready is that of setting up a provincial system, which will divide up the dioceses into provinces with a Primate at the head. There will be a Provincial Synod, which will have powers not now assigned to the General Convention or the Diocesan Conventions. It is contended that this system will consolidate the interests of the Church and strengthen the several groups of dioceses which may belong to a province. Bishop Potter's words on this proposition represent the thoughts of many Churchmen. "It will only develop," he said, "increasingly the provincial mind, which is the partial, fragmentary, local judgment, whether of men or of things, whether of doctrine or of practice, . . . and is admirably adapted to invade the autonomy of the diocese and the limitation of its corporate responsibilities." Fear of imitating English methods and a desire to maintain present freedom are at the basis of the opposition to the provincial system. Whatever system may be adopted, the statesmen of the Church believe that a greater centralization of power is demanded.

It was a sign of encouragement to those who have at heart the missionary work of Christianity to note the earnestness of the San Francisco Convention in setting apart new missionary jurisdictions. Tho the Board of Missions reported a deficit of over a hundred thousand dollars, there was no desire to retrench, but rather a desire to grasp the opportunities presented in our new American possessions. Bishops were elected for the Philippines, Porto Rico, the new Diocese of Hankow, in China, and provision was made for the future election of a Bishop for Hawaii. The problem how to reach the large number of parishes that do not contribute to the mission work of the Church was discussed, and it seems as if some practical plan will be tried. The recent difficulties in China have undoubtedly caused much question in the minds of the people as to the permanent value of foreign missionary work. Such doubts are partially responsible for the decrease in contributions, but it is believed that they will prove only temporary obstacles. There was a fine spirit displayed in the determination to push forward and extend the work for missions. The men selected to be missionary Bishops are without exception well fitted for the work. In every case they have good records for efficiency in the fields where they have previously labored.

Among the other questions that arose in the Convention of more or less general interest were: The establishment of a court of appeals; the permission to use in the public service of the Church the Revised Version, and the marginal readings adopted by the American Committee; and a Commission to investigate the relations of capital and labor and to arbitrate whenever requested to do so.

At first sight it may seem as if the Convention did not accomplish much in the direction of positive legislation. It spent a good deal of time in defeating proposed Canons. But the defeat of these Canons indicates a conservatism, in no sense partisan, which demands more time for judgment before committing the Episcopal Church in America to radical methods of organization or policy. The discussions were of great educational value, and will not be forgotten during the three years before the next meeting of the Convention in Boston, when many of the same problems will be dealt with. The Episcopal Church, having in it so much variety and complexity of opinion, necessarily moves slowly when considering changes in its polity or worship. This is the penalty paid for its comprehensiveness. To many it seems much better to move slowly than to sacrifice one atom of the Church's inclusiveness and its tolerance of the most singular and even distracting views.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

Sympathy

By Ernest Neal Lyon

AS we mourn in our midnight of sorrow,
Alone in our crying and fears,
As the pitiless face of To-morrow
Appalls—with its vista of years,

As we shrink from the toil it discloses—
The unequal battle alone,
The thorns—where we waited for roses—
The music that ended in moan,

As we kneel with a heart that is broken
For loneliness, longing and dread,
And press in a passion unspoken,
The answerless lips of our dead,

The Father in pity surprises
Our sight with a luminous star
That slowly and sweetly uprises
And beacons this hope from afar,

That hearts which affliction hath blended,
Illumined by heavenly light,
Their discord and darkness have ended
And Brotherhood shineth in might.

So even our midnight of sorrow
Foretokens a joy from above—
A promise of beauty to-morrow,
When earth may be lighted by Love!

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.

Aunt Chilly

By E. C. S. Marsh

MY first remembrance of our old Aunt Chilly was when, as housekeeper at my grandmother's, she sailed about through the hall and library in a bright dress and snowy apron, with an energetic fling to her brilliant turban, arranging flowers and dusting china; or when she stood in the great kitchen with one hand raised to her cheek and "bossed de niggahs." We children had such wholesome awe of her that if we were planning mischief the cry, "Aunt Chilly's coming," was a signal for rapid rout.

Tho I feared her twitching mouth and scornful eyes about as much as I feared sin and Satan, still there was a strange fascination about her, and I would often stand in the kitchen doorway for an hour at a time to see her scold brown Tilly, and cuff black Randolph, and occasionally mutter strange things about my grandmother which it was hard to understand. Sometimes it was: "Mrs. Gray got no business to ruin dem debilish chillen wid cakes," or "Pity 'bout Mrs. Gray. She had better mind how she asks folks to breakfast 'dout tellin' me."

Only at meal time did she throw off her habitual grimness. Then, seated at the head of a long table surrounded by wooly heads, some turbaned and some bristling with pig-tails, she would brandish a chicken-bone and tell of her adventures in the great world—what she had seen in New York—when visiting my mother, how she had traveled in elevated cars, and had been to the hippodrome, and seen a lion and tiger, and cooked in a basement kitchen, and ridden in an elevator. Her motions were so dramatic and her language so vivid that I wondered why I had not heard before what a realm of wonders I had lived in, and how superior we were to the other grandchildren who had not ridden in elevated cars and did not have basement kitchens. Sometimes a loud "Haw, haw," would ring round the table, and rows of white teeth glisten, and sometimes strange queries came from the listeners. "Aunt Chilly," said small Margaret Ann, her eyes glistening with eagerness, "is it nicer out der den what it is in yere?" Aunt Chilly eyed the questioner contemptuously, and, not wishing to commit herself, bit a corn muffin in silence. Then the conversation changed to "Punch and Judy," and still she took the lead. With her head cocked on one side she squeaked "Judy's" song till the laughter woke the echoes.

When she had her fill of applause, and the chicken bones were picked, she would commence again to sail about, and frown and mutter and whack.

On Sunday afternoons, when we children and Aunt Chilly were locked up in the nursery to be kept quiet, she would condescend to tell us tales of former glory, of our uncles and father's "reed bird suppers." "Marse George was so fussy, wouldn't hab nobody cook his supper but me."

"Do you remember Colonel Rombey who died in the war?" I once asked.

"I 'member Colonel Rombey," said Aunt Chilly wrathfully. "Reckon I knows de las' time he was to our house. Had muffins and terrapin for tea. Said I cooked 'em better'n Delmonico. Mrs. Cornelius Lockton, she said nobody nebbah cooked canvas ducks like me, and she's been to Boston." Then followed a long string of compliments which she had treasured, and which were familiar to us all.

Sometimes we begged her to "'spound de scriptures," and she would talk about "bein' clothed wid de sun, and de moon under der feet," and tell how Satan coquetted wid Job." But her religious moods did not last long and were generally followed by a gloomy silence, more ominous than threats.

Once and only once did I try to conquer Aunt Chilly. I wished a certain receipt, and tho I had heard my grandmother say that it would be easier to wriggle a secret from Talleyrand than a direct answer from Chilly, in my boundless conceit I determined to wring it from

her. Accordingly I went boldly into the kitchen, pen and ink in hand. As I sat breezily down I told Aunt Chilly how delicious Mrs. Jones thought her cold-slaw dressing, and how she had begged me for the receipt. Aunt Chilly sniffed danger from afar. She gave me one withering glance, and stirred more violently the batter she was mixing.

"Now, Aunt Chilly," I said, as I wrote *Cold Slaw Dressing* at the top of the page. "What do you make it of?"

"Miss Betty," said Aunt Chilly solemnly, "I don't know nuffin' 'bout it."

This being a usual form of response, I answered quite cheerfully, "Oh yes, Aunt Chilly, we had it yesterday, you know. There is vinegar in it, isn't there?"

"I reckon so," was the sullen answer.

"Come, Aunt Chilly," I said, getting a little excited, "I saw you mixing it on the stove. You must know what was in it."

Aunt Chilly stirred in gloomy silence.

"Vinegar?" I persisted sweetly, as I wrote down the *V*.

"Nebah heard of cold slaw dressin' widout winegah," was the answer given with a contemptuous sniff.

I finished the word triumphantly, and then in the most insinuating tones inquired how much.

"'Cordin' as how much you's makin'." Aunt Chilly dropped the batter complacently.

"How much did you put in yesterday?" I asked sternly.

"I disremembah," was the calm reply.

Tactics had to be changed. "Isn't it about half a cupful?" I suggested innocently. Aunt Chilly looked up in scorn.

"Laws a massy! Miss Betty; you's not a makin' sauer kraut!"

"What do you measure it in?"

"'Cordin' to what you has by you," with a toss of the head.

"How many teaspoonfuls would you take?"

"La, chile! Ain't you seed me measure it wid a tablespoon?" She turned her back.

"Two tablespoonfuls?"

"If it ain't too sour."

Tremblingly I wrote down "two tablespoonfuls" opposite "Vinegar."

"Now, Aunt Chilly, tell me the other things. There is salt and pepper and mustard and sugar."

"Mustard in cold slaw dressin'! My glory! Who'd eat it." Aunt Chilly seldom laughed.

"How much sugar did you say, Aunt Chilly?"

"I didn't say."

"Come, Aunt Chilly," I cried, getting wrathy; "I have no time to waste this morning. How much sugar do you generally put in?"

"Miss Betty, you jest bother me to deaf," she cried half whimperingly. "I don't know nuffin' 'bout it. It's 'cording as how much eggs and butter I puts in."

"Eggs and butter," I said, aghast. "Why didn't you tell me before? Do you beat the eggs?"

"Sometimes I does, and sometimes I doesn't," with a self-complacent smile.

"The whites and yolks separately?"

"My goody, Miss Betty! You's not makin' cake."

"How many eggs do you use, three?"

"You'd ruin it wid three eggs," said Chilly, rolling ginger dough in grim satisfaction.

"Two eggs, then?"

"Ef it ain't too much."

"One egg?"

"One egg ain't always enough."

"Good gracious, Aunt Chilly!" I cried in despair; "is it one egg and a half?"

"Nebah heerd tell of half an egg." Aunt Chilly looked out the window.

I wrote down "One large egg or two small ones."

"Now for the butter. How much butter do you use?"

"Miss Betty, don't ax me nuffin' 'bout de buttah. I nebah take no count how much buttah I uses."

"Well, it is not as much as a cupful?" I suggested, coaxingly.

"I reckon not."

"About a teaspoonful?"

"Nebah heerd of measurin' buttah by de teaspoonful."

"About the size of a walnut?"

"P'raps so. 'Cordin' as how it looks when it's melted."

"Do you melt the butter?" I asked in surprise.

"How could you make de dressin' widout meltin' de buttah?" She waved her bony finger.

"You know, of course," I answered

meekly; "but do you melt the butter before you mix the eggs and vinegar?"

"Ef you wants to." She was rolling dough again.

"How long do you cook it, Aunt Chilly?"

"Tell it gets done." Carefully she cut the finished roll.

"And how soon may that be?"

"'Cordin' as how hot de fire is."

"Aunt Chilly!" I said, as I tore up the paper, "I don't believe we shall try this receipt."

Chilly did not raise her eyes, but when I reached the door she said composedly, "Bettah come back in half an hour, Miss Betty; de ginger cakes will be done."

This was our first and last tussle. Never since then, tho she had confided many things to me, have I attempted to sound her through direct questions.

Sometimes she will talk of her childhood, her far-away childhood, so dim and unreal to me, each year more vivid and real to her. As she sits in my room, after I have gone to bed, and gazes into the fire, I often suggest that she is thinking how she loves me. A faint smile brightens her face, and she shakes her head.

"No, I was studyin' 'bout de times I had when I was little." Then she talks of the funny, dreamy slave days—pathetic in their happiness—and the wrinkles smooth away and she looks young again.

Then, when she sits in the window, and the setting sun flares on her bandanna turban, and I wonder what she is up to, the answer always comes, "Studyin'."

New York City.

Cuba Demands Reciprocity

By General Emilio Nunez

Civil Governor of Havana

NEXT to the elections, which are scheduled for the coming spring, the subject in which the people of Cuba are most deeply interested is reciprocity. Once the life dream of self-government has been realized, there will be less poetic but very practical considerations of finance and trade to absorb the attention of the makers of the new Cuba. The United States looms large in every prospect which they now outline.

President Roosevelt has declared that he will follow the policy of his predecessor in all its details. The last address made by President McKinley gave expression to views which were welcomed warmly by Cuba. The establishment of reciprocal trade relations with other countries was almost foreshadowed in the promise which his words conveyed. President Roosevelt has done more than give mere utterance to his intention of following Mr. McKinley's plans. He has said that from the standpoint of progress and practicability he is thoroughly convinced that reciprocity is the thing which conditions and the times demand. If, then, reciprocity is to be the policy of the United States, who can lay better claim to a share of its benefits than Cuba?

The commercial interests of both countries would largely gain by its institution; the less material, but no less real, ties which should make the political propinquity of the two as evident as their physical, would be strengthened, and individual enterprise and national prosperity would be furthered to an encouraging degree.

Beyond these important considerations much depends upon the action which the United States may take on the question during the next few months. It must be patent that Cuba's prosperity cannot fail to be reflected, to some extent at least, in American markets and financial centers. And Cuba's prosperity depends so much upon the granting of reciprocity that without it there is nothing short of a temporary panic to look forward to.

To-day the great hope of the island is the speedy reduction of duties on Cuban tobacco and sugar. A cut of 50 per cent. is looked for. Its immediate effect will be the relief of a congested market. The energy of the planters has been sufficient

to overcome the havoc wrought during the Spanish War, and the soil gives promise of becoming more productive during the next few seasons than it has ever been before. But, unless there be a demand for the crops thus harvested, what does it signify? Already the output beyond the American continent is as great as can be expected, while the fundamental law of commerce remains that the nation which sells to another shall be

EMILIO NUNEZ

a purchaser as well. The greater portion of Cuba's purchases are made in the United States. In the extension of sales in the United States, therefore, are comprised the island's commercial expectations.

Selling more to the neighboring country will mean buying more. If sugar and tobacco go into the United States in the quantities which would result from the reduced tariff, a direct reciprocal return would at once manifest itself. There would be another development. The American consumers would be the gainer. Sugar would sell for two, or at the most, three cents a pound. Cigars would be lessened in price, and bettered in quality. There would be a general brisking up of trade.

I have often been asked the question—one commonly put to Cuban cane growers: "How does the Sugar Trust view the proposition to cut in half the duty on sugar?"

I answer, for myself and others: "From what can be learned, with favor."

I am not at all acquainted with the business affairs of the corporation, or with its policy, save in the broad sense that its aim is to increase its sales so far as possible, and to maintain the average of profits. But I do believe that the Trust agrees with the Cuban growers that the importation of more raw material, at a lower rate, would not only tend to an increase in the consumption of sugar, but would have absolutely no effect on the preservation of the profit standard.

So far as the tobacco interests of the United States are concerned, economists largely agree that the open-door policy of trade can be nothing but beneficial. Those inclined to doubt need not rely solely on the theoretical demonstrations of figures. Let them consult, as I have done, the practical tobacco men of the United States—the growers, jobbers, importers, and manufacturers. The majority unite in the belief that the increased importation of Havana tobacco would lead to larger sales and bigger profits, while exerting absolutely no harmful influence upon the domestic product. There are several reasons for their confidence.

The cheapening of the Havana product would supply a better grade of filler for five-cent cigars, and would encourage their sales. On these, and the more expensive cigar, any domestic wrapper would be good if the Havana filler were employed with little adulteration. This would lead to a greater demand than ever for Virginia, Connecticut and Pennsylvania tobacco. A Havana filled cigar with a domestic wrapper would be far better, at the same price, or less, than the cigar sold to-day with a Sumatra wrapper. This is the practical, business side of the proposition.

In Cuba the cold, calculating way of looking at the condition is confined to the bankers and big exporters. The planters, large and small, the clerks, merchants, laborers, artisans—the people, in fact—

as a nation view reciprocity with the United States as an abstract thing that is on a par with their coveted independence. The less educated classes may not call it reciprocity. They know that it is a something which will give Cuba the chance to grow, and themselves to live and prosper. But, high and low, they all look to the United States for the action which will assure to the country a real industrial and commercial future.

Unless the barrier of a prohibitive tariff be removed by Congress, conditions here will undeniably become very discouraging. Labor in Cuba is well paid. Men demand and receive fair wages. The operation of a sugar plantation is expensive in all its details. But, worse than this, the majority of planters owe heavy sums, and must struggle under the restrictive burden of high interest. Money lenders are more than exacting in Cuba. The devastation created throughout the island by the Spanish war impoverished many formerly wealthy property owners. Capitalists who supplied them with the funds to rebuild and replant required extraordinary reimbursement. Nor could they, in most cases, justly be charged with extortion. Sugar cane is a risky investment. It burns easily, and once a fire breaks out on a plantation it is almost impossible to check it. It will be seen that with these disadvantages to contend against, the planter has had a hard time of it.

But this is not all. To grow sugar successfully a man must be wealthy, or be able to command great financial backing. The smaller sugar plantations represent investments of half a million dollars each. The largest are valued at five millions. To pay high interest on such principals requires the income from immense sales. If the cane growers cannot market their product they must reduce their operations to a degree which will effect a universal shrinkage of values.

If reciprocity be not granted by the United States those who own much of the ground now growing sugar and tobacco will be forced to turn to other crops. It is the fear that this radical change may have to be made that is today forcing the country toward a financial crisis.

But with reciprocity money will pour into the country for the development of its natural resources, which are great—far greater, indeed, than the people of the United States imagine. Before the war, when the country was in its highest state of cultivation, the annual production of sugar was one million tons. The removal of the tariff embargo will send the production, in five or six years, up to two million tons. By next year it will have progressed so far as to equal the highest output of former times of peace. All the other industries and natural resources of the country will keep pace in development. New opportunities for energy and capital will be opened, and an extraordinary period of activity and growth will be inaugurated. I do not think the view is too optimistic. If it is, the entire nation, practically, has fallen into error.

It is the general opinion that, once started on its way, Cuba will become one of the wealthiest countries of the Western world.

Much has been heard in Cuba and the United States for and against annexation. It is a subject which does not call for discussion here. But I may say that, in favoring one phase of this policy, the people of Cuba are united as a man—the annexation of Cuba's commercial interests to those of the United States would be hailed with entire satisfaction.

Most of Cuba's far-seeing men agree that reciprocity would be good—is necessary in fact; but that free trade would be better. The abolition of custom house restrictions of all sorts between the United States and Cuba is the ultimate hope of those who believe that mutual prosperity can thus best abide. They argue that between the two countries there should be no greater barriers than those which exist between any two States of the American commonwealth.

Let this superlative growth of reciprocity in its truest sense once be attained, Cuba will have little left to wish for. It will comprehend the complete scheme of regeneration that has been the nation's dream, and it will mean the quickening of a long oppressed and discouraged people into a race revitalized and capable of transmitting fresh vigor to the veins of the Western world.

HAVANA, CUBA.

Women's Problems

By Miss. C. S. Parrish

Professor of Philosophy in Randolph-Macon Woman's College

THERE is one great problem involving a host of minor ones which women must, in the nature of things, help to solve. It is a mistake to call it motherhood. The complete problem is parenthood and demands the soundest thought and best energies of both men and women. The relatively minor, but still most important, problems of motherhood are so interwoven with those of fatherhood that the former cannot be solved satisfactorily without a parallel solution of the latter. It is a fatal mistake to assume that women, in dealing with the problems of parenthood, will need only the gentler virtues. Here men and women must meet on the same plane and work side by side. With all strength on the one side and all softness on the other evil and not good will be the inevitable result. In contemplating the union of mind and heart, the "chaste bridals" which, as our civilization develops, we hope will supersede the financial partnerships and the legalized vice which now sometimes pass under the name of marriage, Tennyson sees as a necessary prerequisite that

> "Thro the long years, liker must they grow."

He believes that the perfect union is not accomplished

> "Until, at last, she set herself to man,
> Like perfect music unto noble words."

The poet has well expressed a great truth, but music is not perfect if it is made up entirely of the softer strains. When a man's life is capable of being expressed in noble words the music to which these words should be set is more like that found in the stirring arias of a grand oratorio than that of a sentimental love song. For the distinctive duties of motherhood there is not a quality which we find in any of the higher types of human individuality which will not make a woman so much the better prepared for her work. In view of the utter inefficiency of much of the motherhood of to-day, we feel inclined perforce to the doctrine of a special providence when the average boy or girl escapes utter shipwreck. But the trouble does not lie in a too great progressiveness on the part of the mother. It is a well-known fact that the women whom we sometimes hear called "mannish" by people unwilling or unable to discriminate between womanly strength and efficiency and "mannishness," have made eminently successful mothers. The unsuccessful ones are nearly always to be found among the ignorant, the ultra-feminine, the hysterical, the fashionable or the extremely gentle ones—those who are too gentle to resist. There are transition periods in a child's life when the profoundest knowledge, the keenest insight, the most unconquerable firmness, the most indomitable courage and perseverance, as well as the most delicate sympathy, the noblest self-sacrifice and the most unwearied patience are all required on the part of the mother if she would make sure that the transition shall be into a higher life, instead of into a lower one. In the "storm and stress" period of a boy's life the judiciousness of his mother's treatment will probably be in inverse proportion to her "emotionality," but the lack of strong, helpful sympathy which is so apt to go along with imperturbable sweetness will be no less hurtful. George Eliot wonders whether the Madonnas of Raphael with the blond faces and somewhat stupid expression kept their placidity undisturbed when their strong limbed, strong willed boys got a little too old to do without clothes. She thinks they must have been given to feeble remonstrances, getting more and more feeble as they grew less and less effectual. One may well wonder now, in view of some of the advice our girls are having lavished upon them, whether the mother who has relied upon "beauty, sympathy, winsomeness and soft, refined blandishments" will go on with her "blandishments" when her young son begins to treat them with amused contempt, and whether the

accusing ghost of lost opportunities will not haunt her when he rushes madly down the quickly sloping path of vice.

As mothers come to understand better and better the higher meanings of marriage, the function of the family in the promotion of righteousness, and the mission of the home as a center whence shall emanate all pure and beautiful influences, they will probably do less and less husband-hunting for their daughters, and more and more intelligent and faithful work in the way of preparing them for the privileges and duties of wifehood and motherhood. They will teach them that nobility of soul is far more to be desired than "winsomeness" of manner; that sincerity is a far more worthy trait than "coyness;" that self-control needs to be cultivated more than "emotionality;" that gentleness should be tempered by firmness, modesty by an abiding consciousness of personal worth, tenderness by personal dignity, and sweetness by zeal for righteousness.

There are two methods of frightening women away from whatever we do not like to have them do, which have, so far, been successful for the most part. One is the statement that the Bible forbids it, the other the threat that men will not marry women who do that. Not long ago a distinguished professor in a theological seminary, writing for a religious newspaper, gravely argued that women should not speak in public because Eve was first in the transgression. That Christ and his disciples taught "chastity, modesty and charity" for women is undeniable. But that they sought to impress the necessity for these virtues upon men also is equally true. That they meant to limit "feminine virtues" to these qualities is absurd. The women who followed Jesus to the cross, when all the male disciples except one had fled, must have had some courage. The early Christian women and girls who were torn in pieces by wild beasts before assembled multitudes in the Roman amphitheater, and the young women, who, standing with the symbols of the worship of Diana on one side and the executioner on the other, turned unhesitatingly to the latter, must have been animated by something more than "chastity and modesty" or by "gentleness, sweetness and innocence" in their hour of trial.

That men will not wish to marry a woman who follows a profession or who selects this or that profession is a statement somewhat more inclusive than the facts seem to warrant. Different men like different sorts of women, and the number of men who like strong rather than weak women is rapidly increasing. A very large majority of the women who have led in what is ordinarily termed the "woman movement" have been married. But, granting the truth of the statement, there would still be a question to settle. Instead of forbidding women the exercise of natural activities, the interests of society might be advanced by a more general and a better education of men.

It is entirely beyond the scope of this article to make out or even suggest a complete list of the problems which women will help to solve. Many of them will, undoubtedly, relate to the home. But the family is a social unit and an important factor in social progress. Hence it is certain that women must and will assist in the solution of certain social problems. They have worked and are working most efficiently, in spite of sporadic excesses and occasional mistakes, with the great problem of intemperance. Social purity is engaging their attention. In all educational reform, especially in such phases as concern the uplifting of the masses and the better treatment of little children, they are potent factors. Just what means they will need to use and will succeed in using for the furtherance of these and other enterprises cannot now be posited without the sheerest dogmatism. There is one thing in this connection, however, which cannot be too much emphasized and that is the right of a woman in common with all other human beings to determine what problems she will undertake and what methods of solution she will use without undue regard to the likes and dislikes of people not immediately concerned. If women are to retain their dignity of character or their fitness to be wives and mothers of the better sort, they will resent the idea so often unblushingly expressed that their main purpose in life should be to make themselves attractive

to men. If a woman can only be wise enough to hold herself as too sacred a thing to be lowered to suit the fancy of any man, she will do much toward the stimulation of a higher type of manhood than is common—a type far too noble to demand that she shall dwarf and distort herself into the shape of an "enchantress." It is, unquestionably, the duty of every human being to be as pleasing to others as is compatible with personal worth and dignity. A woman should not neglect this duty, but it is also her duty to actualize her highest potentialities, and if the effort to do so makes her displeasing to a few people whose tastes are in harmony with the ideals of life which prevailed before the "rending of ancient bonds," one might, while regretting the necessity of displeasing any one, yet question the moral right of the woman to give up an important work in order to become a mere source of pleasure to a few people, especially when the transformation necessary to make her pleasant to some would make her an object of contempt to others.

There is a very real evil involved in some of the conceptions of a woman as a means to an end. In the higher ethical and religious teaching of the day there is no more emphatic protest than that against the moral wrong which underlies the "artful caress," the "flattering attention," "cajolery" and all "endearments" not prompted by sincere affection. A woman who consciously uses the sex instinct to attain her ends, who uses "soft blandishments" to move a man to her purpose, however worthy this purpose might otherwise be, is making a dangerous approximation to the methods of women to whom neither modesty nor innocence could be imputed. The woman, who, in her social contact with men, has the difference of sex always in the foreground of consciousness deserves our compassion, and the man who associates with her needs it almost as much. One of the best results of the higher education of women is to free them from this consciousness and enable them to meet men upon an intellectual basis.

Marriage is a problem in the solution of which women must assist, but the main question for them is not how to attract husbands, but how to fit themselves for its responsibilities. A woman may live honorably and happily out of wedlock. She cannot live honorably and happily in it if she enters it from unworthy motives or accepts its privileges without the fulfilment of its duties. There is, perhaps, no mental attitude so destructive of all that is pure and womanly as that which sets a girl on edge with anxiety for the advent of a lover. The men and women who are contending so vigorously against "mannishness" would render girlhood a far more valuable service if they would turn their batteries for a while against the "man*ward*ness" which is so much more prevalent than "man*nish*ness." The writer well remembers the time when, struggling with the frivolity and sexual tendencies of a misguided girl under her care, she looked forward to the coming of an influential young minister, hoping and praying that he might give that particular girl just the impulse she needed toward a higher life. He came and preached a sermon of solemn warning against "mannishness," of which not a trace could be found in any of his hearers. The poor, frivolous girl who had paused for a while in her career took heed, and in her care not to be "mannish," returned to her very immodest devices for making herself attractive to men. Year after year commencement sermons are preached and addresses made before young women who never thought of being "mannish," but who have thought much of blondining their hair, painting their faces, and making an immodest display of unclothed flesh; girls who are bartering their souls for admiration, who are burdening already overburdened fathers and adding other toil to the lives of toilworn mothers that they may obtain the dress which is to make them attractive; girls whose highest conception of education is that it will enable them to attract a wealthy husband; girls who are willing to undertake no serious study and who are absolutely innocent of any more earnest purpose than that of wearing finery and of getting married as quickly as possible. The speaker usually exhorts these girls to make themselves attractive, assures them that marriage is indispensable for them and solemnly warns them against wanting to do "man's work" or being "mannish" in any way.

When our girls have learned that their greatest attraction should be that of noble character, that their best adornment is that of good works, that their symmetrical development as individuals is far more important than increase of effeminacy, that for them, as for their brothers, the capability of self-support is necessary to self-respect, that God has given them no high intellectual potentiality which they should not actualize, that marriage is the holiest or the foulest thing in the world according to their attitude toward it, that motherhood, when efficient, is the crown of a woman's existence, but when inefficient is her greatest disgrace, then they will be in a position to face the problems of life and prepare for their solution.

LYNCHBURG, VA.

Ruskin and Milner at Oxford

By an Undergraduate Who Knew Them There

RUSKIN'S is a name to conjure with where men aim at an ideal form of society; and Sir Alfred Milner has been chosen to cement the conquered Transvaal to the English empire.

I am not aware that the two men ever met. But an account of a slight episode of indirect contact between the two—and when you come to think of it, indirect contact is much more frequent and pervading in its effect than direct contact—may not be uninteresting.

When Ruskin was appointed Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford he had already entered on his career of a social reformer, and his coming aroused the interest not only of those who furnished their rooms esthetically and who read "Modern Painters," but also of those who felt the desire for social betterment, then even more chaotic in its expression than now.

Ruskin, coming to the ancient seat of learning with an inspiration derived from such widely different sources, did not wish his influence to effervesce in his public discourses, incomparably brilliant tho they were, but placed much more importance on the school of art which he founded and endowed and on his informal contact with the younger members of the university. He adopted the university custom of giving breakfasts. The cook of Merton College furnished the traditional viands, toast and steaks, tea and marmalade, while, undimmed by these prosaic messes, Ruskin shone forth, brilliant, impulsive, revealing a whole world of wonder and of worship lying strangely athwart the usual acceptation of things, clothing all in his own gracious subtilty of language.

There was something too much of the love of paradox in him, something at times too much of the air of a daring child proposing a novel thesis to graver ears, to allow him to exercise the fullness of influence which a more authoritative manner would have given him. Ruskin talked, he did not preach. And much of his "Fors Clavigera" must be read with that suspension of final judgment which he himself claimed by a subtle innuendo in his most brilliant moments.

Naturally enough, the men were inquisitive as to Ruskin's attitude toward machinery. They looked on his denunciations of it with an amused and skeptical wonder, and it did not conduce to a receptive attitude when they heard that he bore witness to his sincerity by driving from London to Oxford, instead of making the journey by train.

"Do you really mean, Mr. Ruskin, that you would try to do without machinery?" asked one of his friends.

Ruskin put down his cup of tea, and fixing his interlocutor, a boy with ruddy cheeks and light hair, who, in his clear eyes and vigorous frame, seemed to possess the gift of perennial youth, said, taking him as a representative of the remote future and as one who would be living when all the rest of us had passed away:

"I cannot explain it to you now or to any of those others here. But some day, when I have passed away and all those here after me, you will find in the city

you live in that everything which human hands and arms are able and willing to do of pushing, pulling, carrying, making and cleaning is done by machinery; then you will come clearly to understand what I have never yet been able to beat with any amount of verbal hammering into any of my friends' heads—that as long as living breath engines and their glorious souls and muscles stand idle in the streets, to dig coal out of pits to drive dead steam engines is an absurdity, waste and wickedness, for which I am bankrupt in terms of contempt. So I will, more politely than is usual with prophets, end by saying, 'My brethren, these things ought not so to be.'"

Then the men began to attack him from one point of view and another, and he went swimming off in his wonderful system of political economy, in which no one was subtle enough to grapple with him.

At last some one said: "Come, Mr. Ruskin, we know that everything that exists has its purpose. All this vast mass of machinery cannot simply be put on one side. To be practical, if you had full power to decree what was to be done, what would you do with it? What, for instance, would you do with the great ironclad rams?"

"Why," said Ruskin, "I should send them into the North Atlantic to break up the icebergs, to make the passage safe for sailing ships and to provide the material for cooling our drinks in the summer." His deep set eyes scintillated. One saw the humorous pleasure he took in the thought of those colossal masses of machinery being sent on so meek a task.

"But," came the observation, "machinery is necessary. Just as, when we learn a language, first of all the attention is directed to the words; afterward the use of them becomes automatic, and the attention is set free for the thought to be expressed; so in society, operations which once required intelligence and conscious design are continually becoming matters of course, and are done by machinery or by labor of the machine order."

"It is precisely the crime of looking on ordinary labor as merely mechanical and thinking it insignificant and mean compared with the finding out of new things that I fight against," said Ruskin. "That is the root of many evils. The other day I was approaching the bridge at Abingdon—that wonderful bridge on whose absolutely beautiful lines Chaucer's eyes have rested with the same delight that yours may do to-day. Over the middle arch I saw a lad, a farmer's boy, leaning against the parapet and looking intently down. I wondered what beautiful plant or strange fern he was gazing at with such eager curiosity. As I approached him I thought that it must be a wild bird that he was watching, for he suddenly darted from one side of the bridge to the other, and looked down as intently as before. When I came up to him I found that he had run from one side of the bridge to the other in order that, from both sides, on a boat that was passing below, he might spit. Now do you suppose that that plowboy had ever been taught the dignity of his labor? The age has gone after the worship of false gods, and those that protect the home and man's daily labor are abandoned, while devils creep in and pervert everything. Art brings the lesson that we need, for art is hand labor. If in this age art could immolate itself and no great work be produced, but the spirit of it come into our daily labor, it would have done a more noble work than in any other epoch. Every man, for his mental and physical health, ought habitually to perform some task of manual labor."

One of the men said: "We find that true enough. In one way or another we all find that we have to take exercise. But we generally adopt some form of athletics."

"It would be better far," said Ruskin, "if instead of the fashionable vanities of competitive gymnastics, you learned common forge work, or to plane and saw well, so as to be able to put your hand to anything that is useful."

At Ruskin's remarks several of the men warmed up and agreed that they took a very languid interest in athletics for their own parts. They liked to see their boat at the head of the river, but they themselves would very much prefer doing something with a useful purpose in it to rowing or cricket.

One of those present ventured the assertion that there were a number of men

who would willingly devote a few hours a day to some form of manual labor, if they had the opportunity.

Ruskin remarked that he had had no idea of how nearly their sentiments coincided with his own, and he offered, if the men came forward, to find them something to do.

One of the speakers took the somewhat fugitive proposal seriously. He spoke to several of his friends and they mustered about twenty men who were ready to employ their spare time on some form of manual labor.

Some of them felt a reaction against "competitive gymnastics," which are the be-all and end-all of English public school boys. Others, not so much as a matter of economy as a matter of taste, disliked the expense and display of the drags to the cricket field and the boating establishments on the river. Several wished to protest in a personal way against the stamp of inferiority which any useful manual occupation was supposed to confer on the laborer. Others wanted to learn a useful proficiency in some kind of mechanical trade.

The last were somewhat disappointed when Ruskin picked out a few cottages lying some rods from a ferry and proposed the task of connecting these dwelling to civilization by a good, solid macadamized road across the quagmire which separated them from the highway. A good old gardener of Ruskin's, named Downs, came from Coniston to superintend the work. Pickaxes and shovels were bought and a beginning was made.

The men who joined were not exactly scatter-brains, tho, as may be easily conjectured, there were but few of any wide influence. Such men are generally absorbed in doing conspicuously well what the majority try to do to the best of their ability.

Toynbee was one of the diggers; more, I believe, because he saw no reason why he should not join than because he saw a reason for joining. He afterward found an occupation more to his liking in reanimating the moribund volunteer corps of the university. Every one whom he knew went drilling and manœuvring. The only occasion on which I saw him unrestrainedly angry was one day when I argued that an artist or a skillful doctor, or any one with a rare degree of skill, ought not to expose himself to the enemy's bullets, but should contribute financially to his country's defense, and let less valuable persons take their place in the fighting line. He said things in reply to my very rational arguments which were difficult to forgive.

It became obvious to the participants in the road making project that some degree of ridicule was likely to attend their efforts, for at a university ridicule attends anything out of the way, and more especially such schemes as may be supposed to tend to indicate a possible assumption of a superiority of motive on the part of their adherents over the aims and objects of their fellows. The anticipation was not unfounded. The diggers were portrayed more or less ludicrously in the illustrated press. And the cottagers themselves compared them to a lot of hens pecking about in the mud. At this conjuncture some of the diggers thought that Toynbee's friend, Alfred Milner, might be induced to join and give them the weight of his participation. Now Alfred Milner might be taken for a typical pupil of Jowett's.

In America, where everything is conducted on so much larger a scale than in England, a college president is absorbed in his administrative duties. At Oxford, where there are dozens of presidents for the work which on American lines would be allotted to one, Jowett, with the directness and simplicity of genius, created a new rôle for the supernumerous college president—the introduction of young men into life.

On the one hand he possessed an extraordinarily wide acquaintance with men of affairs, and on the other he made a minute and careful study of the undergraduates of his college.

The interviews, full of mutual reticences, to which he summoned his undergraduates, when he invited them individually to take wine with him after dinner, have often been described. To one undergraduate, after a long period of silence, the master said, having sat blinking over the fire for the better part of an hour with that expression of his, partly like an owl, partly like a cherub, with the air of an English country gentleman over all, "You had better go in for the geology prize," in his shrill, quick voice.

The undergraduate in question could

have asserted that he had not spoken a single word. But the master had tasted the silence, discerned that it was metaphysical and dilettante. By dilettante I mean that a man shapes his course by motives which in him are secondary and inefficient, instead of taking those which will drive him with energy. The undergraduate wanted to find out the principles according to which the universe must be, and would have wished to put away any other motives save those of the pure love of truth. To be told to learn what men had observed about the surface of the earth for the sake of a reward, instead of discovering the principles of existence for no reward, came as a shock to him. But it was precisely the advice he would have done well to folow. The master had flavored his silence, found it metaphysical, and gave him advice, the appositeness of which needed the perspective of time to be fully realized.

At another time he heard in gossip—the master was fond of gossip; he liked the winds and turns of human motive—that one of his most brilliant graduates had taken up his quarters over a stable in a mews near London, with the intention, as near as Jowett's informant had heard it, "of hymning the eternal stars." He had desired, perhaps, like Carlyle, to fathom the eternities and the immensities, giving as little heed as possible to the wherewithal he should be fed and clothed. A few days later a white haired gentleman might have been seen delicately threading his way between the stable heaps and mounting to the loft of the hymner of the eternal stars. No record has been kept of the conversation which ensued. But it came about shortly afterward that the ex-scholar was called to the parliamentary bar and was soon in the way of becoming a recipient of the by no means inconsiderable emoluments which fall to the share of the drafters of bills for companies and corporations.

As Milner himself said, the secret of the master's influence lay in his extraordinary worldly wisdom—not for himself.

Now the master's generalizations were mostly negative. It was only in special cases that he was assertive. And to sum up the effect of his teaching on the negative side, one may put down the aphorism, "Never call on the imagination till you have got to the end of common sense; ditto with enthusiasm."

And in Milner was a man who, with no lack of imagination or of enthusiasm, certainly went by common sense and the commonplace to the very last limits where they would guide him before he called on either imagination or enthusiasm.

He had but a scant appreciation of an uncalled for effort of the imagination. On one occasion he came into my room and my books happening to catch his eye, asked why I kept one of a couple of volumes upside down. "Because," I answered, "there is nothing in the second volume that there is not in the first, only in a different order." He took down the volumes in question. "Why, you have not cut them!" he exclaimed, in a disgusted tone. No doubt many an Egyptian pasha has felt his plausible explanations collapse as did my pretentious reason for the disorder of my book shelf before Milner's simple habit of reference to ascertainable facts.

Two or three of those interested in the road making met Milner and explained to him their somewhat divergent purposes. He listened with cordiality and expressed the opinion that the road was as well chosen a piece of work as any that they could hope to find for a beginning. It was in the open air, did not require any great degree of skill, and was not obviously useless. For his own part he politely, but decidedly, refused to join in it.

"You are afraid of being laughed at," said one.

"No," he replied, "that wouldn't prevent me. But I have come here to read and I do not intend to let anything interfere with that. For my own part I find rowing more exhilarating than digging. But," he added, with the dominant air that came over him when he was roused, "the road making is all right. It's a good thing, and when you have all left off I'll go down and finish it."

The deputation retired in indignation.

At one time and another about forty men took part in the work at the ferry, cutting away the earth, putting down fagots for a basis in the slime, and wheeling the granite for the surface. Ruskin occasionally visited the scene of

labor. He idealized in trivial things as well as in great ones. A certain mathematical scholar had introduced among the severe furniture of his room a basket of living ferns of the kind women are supposed to admire. When the visitors in whose honor they had been obtained had left, he found himself inexpressibly annoyed by the absolute want of regularity, order, system, law, in the fronds and tendrils of these ferns. Their ill regulated vitality was too great for them to be simply thrown away, but at the same time he was unwilling to inflict them on any well regulated mind. In this dilemma it struck him that they would be less incongruous amid the sloping walls, ill set corners, thatched roofs and general dilapidation of the cottages at the ferry than anywhere else. So there they were sent. Ruskin seeing them was at first delighted with the appreciation of the beautiful on the part of the owner of the cottage, and afterward, learning that they had been given her, grew quite warm toward the unknown donor, whom he supposed to be a participant of his zeal for beautifying the cottages of old England, idealizing thus the extreme weariness of the mathematician.

The conversation of this mathematician, whose sole test of the beauty of an object was whether he could discern order and regularity in it, was not likely to be a source of pleasure to a fellow digger who found the expression of Botticelli's virgins adorable, and the esthete in his turn was apt to be repellant to the serious-minded socialist. In short, the body of men whom Ruskin had attracted together was too heterogeneous to be welded into any unity of spirit. First of all, those self interested mortals who had joined with the hope of learning a useful accomplishment became irregular and dropped off. Then those who reveled in old prints and who cherished dubious masterpieces in the curtained recesses of their rooms came no more. Those who were attracted by the social aspect of the work remained longer, but even these became fewer and fewer. At last a single individual, looking for a companion of his labor, found no one ready to go with him. He was about to relinquish his purpose, when he recalled Milner's words.

He went to his room and told him that the time had come for him to fufil his promise, for all the workers had abandoned the road. Milner went down to the ferry, and together the two finished the road, thus saving Ruskin's project from the fiasco of being completed by hired labor.

Ruskin was concerned with ideals, many of them fallacious, many fugitive; but some of them, after all, have a place in the broadening life of his country. Sir Alfred Milner, in his task of making the Transvaal content to share the life of England, instead of remaining in its isoloted independence, may find it no detriment that he appreciated the ideas and even defended the vagary of a master like Ruskin.

Predestination

By Sophia A. Walker

HEIGHO! Had I my youth
I would be wise in truth;
I'd hold the balanced mean
Of rev'rence, nor careen
Neath blasts of childish scorn
For wisdom old when I was born!

By ordered little things
I'd guard the hidden springs
Of life,—the quiet hours,
Nor be the thing that cowers
To work haste-marred, that so
Stings like the barb of hidden foe!

I'd ask no larger field,
But till mine well to yield
Its fullest tilth; and then,
As deafened not by men,
Nor roving in unrest,
I'd hear an upward, new behest.

Heigho! I'd not be I,
But lost identity!
Perchance Whom man reveres,
Rebalancing the spheres,
Would then put in the space
Another failure in my place!

NEW YORK CITY.

LITERATURE

Ridgeway's "Early Age of Greece."*

By J. Irving Manatt, Ph.D., LL.D.,
Professor in Brown University.

"So I have found my hero!" Dr. Schliemann is said to have exclaimed as the gold-masked mummy of his Agamemnon revisted the glimpses of the sun on the opening of the fourth grave in the Royal Cemetery at Mycenæ. When a little later the historian Freeman gazed upon the imperial skeleton, he said: "The man is near of kin to us." And now comes a Quarterly Reviewer with the startling declaration: "We are suddenly at home among the long-haired Achæans because they are ourselves."

From the child-like faith of Schliemann to the robust and reasoned faith of Ridgeway 'tis a far cry: but the wheel has only come full circle and the old German delver and the Cambridge professor stand face to face. Only what a pity Schliemann never dreamed that (on his own theory) he was digging up as genuine Germans as himself! For he finished his course long before Ridgeway arrived with the epoch-making demonstrations which the reader may find worked out in the volume now under review. These are: (1) the so-called Mycenæan culture is the work of the Pelasgians; (2) the Homeric Achæans were red Celts from the German forests. Such are the main propositions, but there are corollaries hardly less surprising. Mr. Ridgeway's Pelasgians speak good Æolic, invent the hexameter, and in that speech and measure produce the Homeric poems. And, again, his Celto-Achæans, ousted from their Mycenæan estate, are indemnified by ousting in turn the Dorian and taking over the Dipylon culture as their own.

Stated thus bluntly, our author's theses appear as wild as any quest of the Lost Tribes of Israel among the Redskins of the new world; but he is not the man to blurt out his message. He may have jumped to his own conclusions, but it is by slow (even painfully slow) approaches that he seeks to lure us to the same goal. The form is severely logical, indeed, and the adversary will not readily find the joints in his armor. As much can hardly be said of the arrangement of his chapters, for these first took shape as papers to be read before learned societies, and in gathering them—after much elaboration, to be sure—into a volume he has at times put the cart before the horse. For all that, the book is one of first-rate importance, and it clearly marks a new stage in Mycenæan studies. Let us look at the problems presented and the solutions now offered.

When Schliemann startled the world with his brilliant discoveries at Mycenæ just a quarter century ago he was no less sure that he had disentombed Homer's Achæan princes and with them the cunning work of their Achæan craftsmen than that he had uncovered "Priam's Treasure" at Troy two years earlier. He had broken into Homer's world and found himself face to face with Homer's Achæans. But other claimants of this unique treasure-trove came forward—Carian, Dorian, Phœnician, Hittite, even Goth and Byzantine, each by his eager and cock-sure advocate—until last of all, five years ago, before the British Association, Mr. Ridgeway filed his brief for the Pelasgian. Most of these claimants were easily bowled over; and, as Ridgeway admits, "scholars are now practically unanimous in regarding the civilization of the Mycenæan age as the product of that Achæan race, whose deathless glories are enshrined in the Iliad and the Odyssey." Still, no one—not even Schliemann—could fail to note serious discrepancies between the actual culture revealed by Schliemann's spade and the ideal culture of Homer's Achæans; and with every advance of critical method in the study of the poems and of Mycenæan archeology these discrepancies have grown more irritating. The time was ripe for a new harmony, and the Achæan

* The Early Age of Greece. *By William Ridgeway, M.A., Disney Professor of Archæology in the University of Cambridge, etc.* In two volumes. Volume I. Pp. xvi, 648, with 154 illustrations. Cambridge: The University Press. 1901. $5.

incumbent must show his tokens or get out. He must reconcile these glaring contradictions:

(1) He burns his dead, whereas the Mycenæan buries the body intact.

(2) He "uses iron for all the ordinary purposes of life," whereas the Mycenæan lives in an age of bronze and "is ignorant of the use of iron."

(3) He bears a round shield and wears breastplate and greaves of bronze, whereas the Mycenæan bears an oblong figure-8 shield and knows neither breastplate nor greaves.

(4) He fastens his garments with brooches, whereas the brooch is conspicuous by its total absence from the earlier Mycenæan deposits and only appears at the close of the Mycenæan age; and, *per contra,*

(5) He is innocent of seal rings, whereas the Mycenæan revels in them.

With all due allowance for overstatement (and in this digest I have extenuated nothing of Ridgeway's thoroughness), these merely external misfits make a strong case; and, if our Achæan were seeking to prove an alibi on the strength of it, he would probably succeed. As it is, if it fails to justify a judgment of ouster, it does warrant further proceedings to determine the true heir. In this quest, Mr. Ridgeway's method is to canvass all regions revealing Mycenæan remains and to sift the testimony of ancient writers regarding the races that occupied them. Obviously, the quest must begin "in a region or regions where (1) Mycenæan remains are found in great abundance, and (2) where we can show from the Greek writers that no great number of separate races ever dwelt." These conditions hold specially in Peloponnesus and Crete. Homer (Odyssey xix, 173-5) "gives us a complete ethnology of Crete;" and some one of the five races named by him—Achæans, Eteocretes, Cydones, Dorians, Pelasgians—must have produced the Mycenæan remains found in that island. Two of them may be ruled out at once: Eteocretes and Cydones, unheard of elsewhere, could not have been the masters of the wide Mycenæan world; and three races (Achæans, Dorians, Pelasgians) are left in the field. Turning now to the Peloponnese (and I am here inverting Ridgeway's order), we find it—as the consensus of Greek writers attests—"mainly occupied by three races, two of whom (the Achæans and Dorians) came in successive waves;" while the third race is "found surviving in the Helots of Laconia and the aboriginal inhabitants of Arcadia. Who were these people?" The Pelasgians, to be sure, Mr. Ridgeway avows in the full courage of his conviction "that a man may believe in the historical reality of the Pelasgi, and may with safety still be allowed to mix with his neighbors"—as Niebuhr, Thirlwall, Grote and Ernst Curtius believed and were spared. Even those of us who have always taken the Pelasgian (Limited) seriously must feel the shock of this bold and sweeping equation; but to deny that the Pelasgian was there—be it in the quality of Helot and under the pig-skin of the acorn-eating Arcadian or not—is to impeach a goodly array of ancient witnesses.

Their testimony is summed up by Strabo (c. 221), who undertakes to prove out of the mouths of Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, Euripides, Ephorus, Anticleides, and the Atthidographers that "the Pelasgians were an ancient tribe holding a leading position all over Hellas," and that they originated in Arcadia; and, indeed, Acusilaus in the sixth century and Herodotus in the fifth inform us that "Greece was anciently called Pelasgia"—a statement which Ephorus (quoted by Strabo) reaffirms of Peloponnesus.

Thus in Peloponnesus as in Crete we find three races, one of which "must have been the creator of the Mycenæan remains" in both regions; and, granting this, "there is a high probability that the same kind of remains, no matter where they are found, is the product of one of these three races." Of these three claimants the Dorian comes latest. He holds the field in the classical age of Greece, while behind him stands the Achæan remnant yet to flash out again in the Achæan League. "Between Dorian and Achæan then must be the first combat, whilst the Pelasgian waits in the dark background of Greek history as *ephedros* to fight the victor of the first bout."

The Dorian is easily downed; in the Mycenæan palæstra, indeed, he never had a leg to stand on; and now comes the real

tug—the duel between the Achæan winner and the Pelasgian *ephedros*. And while they are stripping we may look at the rules of the game, as laid down by our author:

"We want a race

"(1). Who can be shown by Greek history and legend to have from the earliest period occupied the various localities in which Mycenæan remains have been found;

"(2). Whose civilization as set forth in the ancient writers coincides with that unveiled at Mycenæ, or, at least, does not differ from it;

"(3). Who used a form of pictographic writing in Crete, Attica and Peloponnesus similar to that in use on the so-called Hittite seals found in Asia Minor and to the Cyprian syllabary."

If, now,

"we find Mycenæan remains in any area which the unanimous witness of antiquity declares was never occupied by the one race, but was occupied by the other, the latter race has a superior claim. If we find this taking place not in one, but in two or more areas, the claim becomes irresistible."

And, again,

"if the civilization of the Achæans, as exhibited by Homer, is found to differ materially from that of prehistoric Mycenæ, the latter must be regarded as belonging to the older race."

With these measuring rods in hand, Mr. Ridgeway now makes the round of the Mycenæan world; wherever beehive tomb or *buegelkanne* or any other Mycenæan token has turned up, there he cites his ancient witnesses to prove the presence of the Pelasgian and (if God will) an Achæan *alibi*. This new *periodos* fills a chapter of 212 solid pages ("Who were the Makers?") and, of course, establishes the Pelasgian wherever he is wanted: in Argolis (at Mycenæ, Tiryns, Nauplia, the Heræum and Midea, Epidaurus, Asine, Corinth); in Laconia, Messenia, Arcadia, Cephallenia, Attica, Ægina, Calauria, Megaris, Phocis, Bœotia and Thessaly; in the Troad; in Scythia; in the islands of the Ægean; in Rhodes, Crete and Cyprus; in Lycia; in Egypt and Libya; in Italy (Latium, Campania and Magna Græcia) and Sicily; and, finally, in Sardinia. The outcome of thus confronting the widespread Mycenæan monuments with the traditional evidence regarding the races occupying the regions in question is to show that "whilst there is no tradition of an Achæan occupation of Attica and other prominent seats of the Bronze Age culture, in every instance we could point to legends which connected the monuments with the Pelasgians." To this race, then, "must be ascribed the culture revealed at Mycenæ and on similar sites."

Now there is nothing new in this Pelasgian hunt: Niebuhr, for one, anticipated it early in the last century, and "standing at the goal" of his sweeping survey, he declares: "It is not as a hypothesis, but with full historical conviction, that I say, there was a time when the Pelasgians, then perhaps the most widely spread people in Europe, dwelt from the Po and the Arno to the Rhyndacus [in Mysia]; only the continuous line of their possessions was broken in Thrace, so that the northern islands of the Ægean kept up the chain between the Tyrrhenians of Asia and the Pelasgian Argos" (History of Rome, i. 43). So much of our author's work was cut out for him, had he chosen to draw on Niebuhr; but it was left for Mr. Ridgeway alone to bring home to the ubiquitous Pelasgian and father upon him this waif of a long lost civilization. Granting that he has found the true heir and restored him to his magnificent heritage, then our author has achieved the most marvelous race-rehabilitation on record.

What now of the evidence on which the vague and shadowy Pelasgian is raised to this proud and substantial estate? We cannot here cross-examine the whole array of witnesses or test link by link the "double chain of tradition and archeology" which Mr. Ridgeway has forged. But we must confess to a feeling that the legends, of which every little Greek community had a practically inexhaustible store, are taken too seriously and worked too hard. Out of their abundance and variety it would scarcely be safe to say that anything could not be proven. Grote had taken stock of Greek tradition pretty thoroughly when he declared:

"If any man is inclined to call the unknown ante-Hellenic period by the name of Pelasgic, it is open to him to do so. But this is a name carrying with it no assured predicates, no way enlarging our insight into real history. . . . No attested facts are now present to us—none were present to Herodotus and Thucydides even in their age—on which to build trustworthy affirmations respecting the ante-Hellenic Pelasgians."

That is as true as ever, unless the Mycenæan predicates are to be handed over to them, which is just the point at issue. Holm, rightly refusing to "allow writers of the fifth century B. C. to rank as authorities for the twentieth or fifteenth," can find no proof that "a people called Pelasgians were ever of importance in the earlier ages of Greece." Pelasgians there were in Asia and Europe; but "that most of the early Greeks were really called Pelasgians . . . is neither demonstrable nor even probable."

Very different are our author's historical canons. On the ground mainly of the unbroken succession of the priestly line of the Butadæ he accepts Erechtheus as a real personage, and declares:

"Thucydides then relied on no mere idle fables when . . . he speaks of Cecrops, as well as Theseus, as historical personages."

And then, as if Butadæ and Iamidæ, with historical pedigrees ascending in both cases to Poseidon, were not a sufficient strain upon our faith, he offers (p. 154) as a parallel and "an admirable proof of the unbroken tradition respecting priestly families" the case of the Cohens, who enjoy a certain precedence in the synagog, which (he thinks) they could not have acquired at any time since the dispersion of the Jews.

"It must therefore go back to the days before the destruction of Jerusalem. But there is good evidence that the priesthood had been hereditary from at least the time when the Hebrews conquered Canaan; thus the Cohens of to-day are the genuine descendants of a family that held the priesthood of Jehovah in the second millennium, B. C."

That affirmation takes a Gentile's breath away, leaving barely enough to gasp, "*Credat Judæus!*" In contrast with the Cohens, who are even as the Smiths for multitude, thus reading their quadrimillenial title clear as lineal descendants of Aaron, the Butads of Thucydides' day are poor parvenues. But if our author is to use the greater miracle in proof of the less, it should be because the former is unquestioned; and yet, on referring the matter to a most competent Jewish authority, we are assured that

"there is not the slightest historical evidence of value to prove that Jewish families bearing the name of Cohen (or any of the variations of that name) are descendants of the old Jewish priesthood."

Whatever we may think of *some* Cohens being *possibly* descended from the priests (Kohanim) of Maccabean times, it is a very different thing to trace all Cohens a thousand years further back and straight to Aaron's loins. And it is just this burden Mr. Ridgeway lays on the little word "thus." So he does again in this logical leap (p. 102):

"The Heræum records must have existed for many generations before Hellanicus compiled his work in the fifth century B. C., and they would *thus* extend back . . . to the days of Proetus of Tiryns."

We do not deny that the Pelasgians were all that our author's fancy paints them, and we would be the first to give them the glad hand. But, considering the quality of the witnesses and the method of the counsel, we must for the present bring in the Scotch verdict—Not proven.

And now, briefly, for the Achæan. With the Pelasgian bulking big enough to fill the whole foreground of Greek history, provision must, of course, be made for the poor fellow who has been in chancery "for his country and his property to boot" (as an Athenian pleader would put it) and has lost both. As already intimated, our author has found him a new fatherland in the German forests. Strangely enough, it is a cattle trail that leads us back to the old home—ours as well as his. For, whereas in Mycenæan art the cow with the crumpled horn has the byre to herself, the Achæan of Homer keeps straight-horned kine as well. These are the shorthorns of the Swiss Lake dwellings, whose "descendants still survive in the mountains of that country;" and, as they first appear with the Achæans—that is, to be sure, "the result of a downward movement from the Alps of peoples who brought with them into Greece their own breed of cattle."

Of course, the shorthorn argument is "subsidiary"—only the first scent, so to speak; and, after just indicating it, the author sets out on his quest of an actual culture which shall tally with the Achæan as pictured in Homer. Wanted, an Iron Age people, whose graves

"disclose the practice of cremation, round shields with bosses, helmets and greaves of bronze, brooches for fastening on the garments, beads of amber and blue glass, but no engraved gems, nor any sign of advanced skill in . . . painting and pottery."

That is a definite aim; but, instead of going straight to the point, we are again treated to a long course of myth, legend and tradition (seventy pages of it), as tending to establish a high probability "that it was from the head of the Adriatic and from the great fair-haired communities of central Europe that the Homeric Achæans made their way." For example, the Læstrygones in the Land of the Midnight Sun and the sunless Cimmerians of the Odyssey are but Achæan reminiscences of their own far northern habitat; and Herakles' quest of the Hind with the Golden Horns (a reindeer, to be sure) has a like flavor, tho the mighty hunter is himself a Pelasgian. The southward movements of the Keltoi, as the ancients designated "all the fair-haired people of upper Europe," are reviewed at large and more to the purpose.

For it is on the very ground where these Northmen usually come into our ken that we find a prehistoric culture tallying point by point with the Homeric Achæan's. "In the heart of the Austrian Alps, in the ancient land of the Taurisci, lies the little lake of Hallstatt," near which during 1847-1864 some 1,000 graves of the late Bronze and early Iron ages were opened and over 6,000 objects obtained, including "bronze helmets, bronze concave plates for breastplates, girdles, arrowheads, iron swords, iron spears and lances," together with bosses of shields so disposed as to indicate that the shield was circular. "The equipment of the warriors coincides with that of the Achæans of Homer" in every point but one; no greaves are found at Hallstatt. But at Glasinatz, in Bosnia, several examples have turned up—in one instance the greaves of beaten bronze still adhering to the leg bones. Brooches and beads of amber and blue glass abound. At Hallstatt 525 of the graves contained unburned skeletons, in 455 the dead had been burned; at Glasinatz inhumation led cremation by two to one—the former assumed to be of the older Illyrian stock, the latter Celtic.

"The characteristic objects of the Hallstatt culture were almost always found in graves containing the cremated remains of the dead. But cremation was one of the distinctive characteristics of the Achæans of Homer."

By tracing this culture through Styria, Carniola, Bosnia to Epirus, whence the Achæan has already been traced into Peloponnesus, our author now closes the circuit of his Kelto-Achæan. All we now require is to find traces of the same culture on the soil of Greece, and Dodona (Herodotus' threshold of Greece) affords the missing link. It is the miniature ax of the peculiar Hallstatt type—probably used in both places as token money; and, with this little token, "the bridge between the land of the Celts and Greece itself is now complete." To sum it all up:

"The warrior of Glasinatz . . . wore a helmet exactly corresponding to that of the Homeric Achæan; he carried a round shield with a large central boss; he wore a haubeck, sometimes formed by hollow plates of bronze, sometimes by a number of studs stitched on to a leathern tunic; he protected his legs by greaves of sheet bronze."

He wielded a long spear shod with a butt-piece, like Homer's δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος, carried several javelins; wore a large bronze or iron sword with a grip one half larger than the old swords of Mycenæ, as became the giants of the North; employed single and double axes; and on occasion sported a bronze belt, like Menelaus' παναίολος ζώστηρ and he drove a chariot with eight-spoked wheels. He, as well as his dames and damsels, wore linen *chiton* and woolen *chlaina,* which they fastened with brooches; and the brooches sometimes took the shape of animals (horses or dogs), recalling Odysseus' brooch in the form of a dog throttling a fawn; while their ornaments were confined to gold and bronze, with amber and blue glass beads—engraved gems being quite unknown to them.

Not content with bringing out these cumulative coincidences, of which it may be said in passing the evidence is sometimes very meager, Mr. Ridgeway proceeds to meet the objection that all these "distinctive features of the Hallstatt area have traveled upward from Greece, instead of descending into that country." In successive chapters he takes up the Round Shield; Inhumation, Cremation, and the Soul; the Brooch; and Iron—thus seeking laboriously to establish the priority of Hallstatt over the Ægean area in all the inventions and customs concerned. Cremation (he concludes) must have originated in a well-wooded region; and Central Europe is a country

of vast forests. (In this connection we are reminded "that the Homeric Achæans always roasted their meat, a fact which in itself is sufficient to show that they had long dwelt in well-wooded countries." Query: Was their discovery of roast beef of a piece with the Chinese discovery of roast pig?) The fashion of the shield is derived from central Europe, tho its "technic discloses the native Mycenæan craftsman employing for his Achæan lords the method seen in the Mycenæan daggers." So the brooch is found to be "not indigenous in the Ægean, but evolved in central or upper Europe;" and the beginnings of iron work are traced in the same direction. Thus round shield, cremation, brooch, use of iron—

"all have decended into Greece from central Europe; but as they all appear in Greece along with the Achæans, it follows that the fair-haired Achæans had come from that region, the home of the xanthochrous races."

The Achæan has arrived, then, our own kith and kin—no remote Aryan cousin, but our cousin German! We cannot (with Mr. Ridgeway) follow him further as he masters the fair southern land, adopts the tongue of his new subjects (Chapter X on "The Homeric Dialect" is a rare plum for the philologist), and retains their minstrels to "sing the praises of their new lords not in Achæan speech, but in their old language, which was becoming that of the newcomers." Hence Iliad and Odyssey arise on the Greek mainland, not later than 1000 B. C. —"both the language and the meter . . . being that of the older race, who were conquered by the Achæans."

This Pelasgo-Æolic theory of the poems is indeed fascinating, but we must wait for more light from the tablets of Knossos. Meantime we recall Pelasgian Prœtus' letter to his royal Lycian father-in-law—written within an hour's walk of Nauplia, where Pelasgian Palamedes invented writing; and we know that "Arcadian (in the inner keep of the Pelasgian race) and her daughter Cypriote have, of all Greek dialects, by far the greatest number of Homeric words and forms."

Our author's bewildering reconstructions may throw new light on many an old story. Thus Agamemnon and Menelaus wed daughters of the old Pelasgic dynasty: hence Clytemnæstra's vengeance is ethnic and (as the Trojans are Pelasgi) Helen only runs away from her conqueror with her cousin! Again, the radiant palace of Helen is her father's, and thus Pelasgian; whereas Odysseus has to rear his own Achæan pile, and his olive-tree bed-chamber may be a reminiscence of the wigwams built round big trees in which certain North European tribes once wintered.

Mr. Ridgeway has broken new ground and given a new direction to Mycenæan studies. He has grappled with great problems and labored out bold and original solutions. If these are not final it is because of still hidden factors which may or may not yet come to light. His work is in the nature of the case speculative and tentative, but none the less valuable. For it puts a new emphasis on the human side of archeological research and goes further than any preceding attempt to bridge the gap between the Mycenæan world and the familiar world of Homer. In this view, we must keenly regret Mr. Ridgeway's woful disregard of literary form. With the like grasp of subject matter, Arthur Evans, or Percy Gardner, or Sir Richard Jebb would have written a book which one could not choose but read; no one, save the most devoted archeologist, could wade through the book as it is. If our historical writers deserved the dressing down Mr. Charles Francis Adams has recently administered, certainly our Grecians (and Mr. Ridgeway is primarily a Grecian) ought to keep their sweetness and light on speaking terms when they address the public. Once (page 397) in this ponderous volume we catch the charm of style, a sudden bugle note on the hot and dusty march; and we would fain hail it as an omen of better literary workmanship in the forthcoming second volume, which is to deal chiefly with institutions and religion.

WALL AND WATER GARDENS. The Country Life Library. *By Gertrude Jekyll.* Rubricated Title Page. Illustrated. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.) This handsome book is intended as a guide to amateurs in a specified portion only of horticulture. Simple but pleasing ways of introducing certain of the many charming forms of

the mountain flora, and of bringing certain marsh and water plants into gardens, is the object of the work. It is soon evident as one reads that the making of a garden is not so simple a matter as might be supposed. And, moreover, when the gardener is restricted in his choice to a limited class of plants his difficulties are increased, and he is glad to get just such a manual as the present volume. The treatment of the dry-walled terrace garden is first considered by Miss Jekyll, and its possibilities set forth. Then follow chapters on the infinite variety of rock forms that may be laid out, and on the treatment of aquatic plants. The variety of gardens presented for consideration is large and to the general reader almost bewildering. He must occasionally shut his eyes and not look further. It is also clear that there are times when art can add nothing to nature, in gardens; even a touch would sometimes be a profanation, as is strikingly set forth in the illustration facing page 65. Lists of plants that are particularly desirable for various reasons are given throughout the book, and these will serve admirably to guide the amateur gardener in his early work. The volume is especially adapted for English use, but as much that applies horticulturally to England is likewise applicable to the United States, the book will be welcome to any one interested in gardening and in garden making.

IRISH PASTORALS. *By Shan F. Bullock.* (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.) Here is another evidence of what might be called a revival in Irish literature. The book smacks very strongly of the soil, as might be expected of a series of sketches entitled "The Planters," "The Turf Cutters," "The Mowers," "The Haymakers," "The Reapers," and "The Diggers." One is inclined to question whether this be not an artificial method of designating incidents in which the same characters are repeated. The author shrinks so little from the coarse and crude that the reader is occasionally forced to do so. Perhaps the perfection with which Miss Crottie's "Neighbors" portrays Irish character makes us hard to please, and tempts to invidious comparisons. Hers, too, was a book of peasant life, but it left us with an impression of the individuals, rather than of their environment chiefly. We joyed and sorrowed with them, keenly relishing their humor and sharing their triumph in extracting a little comfort even from the most sad-colored existence. We should feel a profound sympathy for these hapless creatures of Mr. Bullock's book, born to wrestle with harsh winds and a stubborn soil, to be fed with potatoes and buttermilk, or to starve for the lack of them, could we but realize them as living persons a little more perfectly. "Spotty" is the most vivid of all. The picture of the farmer sitting in the ring of lantern light watching the agony of his favorite heifer, whom he will not leave to die alone, is one of unusual power and pathos.

OUR LADY VANITY. *By Ellen Olney Kirk.* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.) This is a fine, strong story, manifestly not the work of a novice. One feels that the author has real insight into human nature, and is also acquainted with the idiosyncrasies of these particular specimens—a circle of New Yorkers who conceive of the universe as having been created for their set especially, and incidentally for others. Joan Milbank has been striving for years, according to her own confession, for "society supremacy and a good marriage." Her creed is a simple one. That which she desires is good. The cup she does not wish to drain she can dash down. But the problem of happiness becomes perplexed—despite the simplicity of such a creed—when one's desire is inclined to an object that belongs rightly to another—one's sister. The contrast between Joan, who lives for herself, and Gwen, who lives for Joan, is indicated with great art. Joan has achieved her "success" at last, but at a cost that she dares not stop to consider. She finds no escape from the consciousness of having done a wrong,—not even in suspecting others of having wronged her,—and the weapon that she uses in retaliation is a two-edged sword. The fluttering consternation of the aristocratic family circle at sight of a scandalous paragraph concerning her is comical in the extreme. It is only bluff old Ezra Kidder, the father-in-law, who has hard sense enough to cope with the situation. And for the first time in her life Joan

feels her puny will snapped asunder before some nameless Titanic force. So she drains the cup of trembling, and there is another cup waiting for her lips that may not be dashed down.

WILDERSMOOR. *By C. L. Antrobus.* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.) The contrast between the winter desert of frozen moorland, shrouded in fog, where the scene of this story is laid, and the bright green world of a fairy spring, in which we meet the people of "Quality Corner," a recent novel by the same author, is sharp and distinct. The author has made a study of Macbeth's theory of remorse, so that it has become a part of her mental furnishing. She dips like a sorry demon into the very depths of Shakespeare's hell and comes up with fiery serpents squirming in each hand. Then, by way of contrast, she dashes the clouds from her sky, sets all the stars to shining like pin points of an invisible glory, lights a candle in every cottage window, and fills the crisp winter evening with a thousand cheerful sounds. But the difficulty is that she never creates men great enough to take the Macbethian part which she assigns to them. She works heroically, but like a man too small for the task she sets out to accomplish, her conceptions are beyond her capacity to deliver. In this particular story she is dominated by the quagmire of her own imagination far into the concluding chapters, when suddenly she gathers herself together, calls upon God, and ascends out of the very depths like an angel who has suddenly escaped from the dark depths of a human heart. But the transition from the ignoble to the noble in the hero is too sudden. Our expectations of him are not turned in that direction, and we mistrust his capacity for so fine a sacrifice. But Mrs. Antrobus is able to stretch herself, and we predict still better things of her. The scenery in *Wildersmoor* is not so good, but the plot is better than in "Quality Corner."

THE INHERITORS. *By Joseph Conrad and Ford M. Hueffer.* (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.) The mysterious heroine of this novel, the scenes of which are located in London and Paris, professes to come from the "Fourth Dimension," a nightmare region the overflow from which find their way to this earth as "superseders." And they not only contemplate the overthrow of the present moral structure of society, but are supposed actually to succeed in establishing a new order in which there is diabolical shrewdness without honor, seduction without love, and where treachery takes the place of fidelity. The effect is so monstrous that the hero, who is one of the principal victims of the scheme, appears to walk like a somnambulist through the story, quaking with terror and seeing his awful destiny, yet still unable to escape his doom. As a matter of fact the political and financial fraud with which so much destruction is wrought is too small and insignificant to be commensurate with the disastrous results demanded by the "superseders." The combined imagination of the two authors has created an ingenious farce which is too gruesome indeed to suggest comedy, but falls far short of the huge and bloody shoulders of real tragedy.

AGUINALDO. *A Narrative of Filipino Ambitions. By Edwin Wildman.* (Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.20 net.) This is an excellent record of Filipino history from the insurrection of 1896 to the submission of Aguinaldo to the United States Government. It is written by a man who knows the country and the people and who furthermore knows how to relate his information and his impressions clearly and entertainingly. The author has his own point of view, upholds stanchly the mission of the United States in the islands; but his treatment of all questions and happenings is judicial and fair. In his own words, he is "full of sympathy for the vanquished, impartial toward the victors, and unprejudiced by racial conditions, political considerations or personal ambitions." The sketch of Aguinaldo's character is well drawn and carries conviction with it. The former dictator is neither the ignorant charlatan and self-seeking demagog which some have pictured him, nor the Washingtonian figure he is represented to be in Brookline and Springfield, Mass. "Aguinaldo is wise among his people; ignorant

among Europeans. He is not a Napoleon or a Washington; neither is he a Tecumseh or a Sitting Bull. His name suggests no metaphor." As to the much-bruited pledges of alliance given to Aguinaldo by Consul-General Rounsevelle Wildman and Admiral Dewey, these are disposed of by the declaration that only one pledge was given, and that was by Aguinaldo, who promised faithfully that if he were returned to the islands he "would hold himself absolutely under the orders of the American commanders should they so desire." It is unfortunate that the book is marred by a number of errors, some of them in spelling and a number in dates.

A New Greek History. *By Evelyn S. Shuckburgh.* (Cambridge University Press. $1.10.) Of making new histories of Greece there would seem to be no end, and here is one with a happy title. If it recalls John Richard Green's brilliant work in another field, it is not like that of an epoch-maker. It is simply one more fairly good telling of the great story—far less readable than Oman, by no means so critical and pedagogically excellent as Botsford. Of a new Greek history we may fairly demand some serious account of the Greek foretime on which recent archeological research has thrown a flood of light; but, quite ignoring this, Mr. Shuckburgh tells us: "Greek history must begin with Homer." Of this historian, as a translator of Polybius, we had a right to expect a strong handling of the later phases of the history, particularly of the Ætolian and Achæan Leagues. In this we are disappointed. The writer's conservatism makes him adhere to 612 B. C. as Cylon's date against the new light of Aristotle's *Ath. Pol.;* and he sends Simonides (instead of his nephew Bacchylides) into Peloponnesus as an exile.

Forest Folk. *By James Prior.* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.) The scene of this story is Sherwood Forest, England, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the British peasantry was making its last stand against steam and machinery. And it is a tale of stirring interest, full of midnight adventures, rude intrigues, and with a little Puck dabbling love down indiscriminately upon any heart he happens to fancy. The hero comes from "somewhere up'ards" and shows it in his gentle manner. He rides into the story from a long journey and finds the heroine in the first chapter, a fierce little torchlight soul, who flares up anywhere afterward, night or day, stinging the page with her rancorous wit, always dauntless and always right,—the mettlesome kind of woman whom a common man passes with a glance, but who invariably appeals to the warrior spirit of the higher type and stirs within him the desire for a mate of his own kind, a creature of fire and blood, heroically unconscious of her absurdities, stepping lightly up through all conditions and making for herself a right of way into his heart of hearts. We have read few tales lately that were better told or more sweetly finished.

The Mysterious Burglar. *By George E. Walsh.* (New York: F. M. Buckles & Co.) The hero of this interesting story has the glamour of a noble ancestry behind him, and is himself an elegant young man with a cold, white face and a frosty manner. But while under the hypnotic influence of a French doctor he commits the most vulgarly commonplace burglaries in the orthodox burglar fashion. The book is a sort of mechanical exposition of the "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" theory. The author shows ingenuity rather than genius, and a facility of expression without the power to create and vitalize. His characters move through the darkness of the extraordinary number of nights recorded in the tale like marionettes, as if they had the predestination of a mathematical hypnotism to contend with. Thus the miracles of the "graft" are worked out too automatically to excite admiration; while the rogues lack that dexterity of wickedness which makes the study of such characters so interesting to the average reader. Evidently Mr. Walsh is an honest man who can theorize concerning the effects of a criminal influence more easily than he can enter into the consciousness of thieves, else these latter would not turn out to be such blameless gentlemen as he represents them to be.

Literary Notes

Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, whose "John Inglesaunt" opened a new field in fiction, is seriously ill. He suffers severely from muscular rheumatism and from an internal trouble. Mr. Shorthouse is sixty-seven.

....The unpublished MSS. of the Goncourt Brothers, including their correspondence and journals, from 1851 to 1896, have been deposited in the Bibliotèque Nationale. They are not to be opened for twenty years.

....We have heard this story of Mr. George Lynch's new book on the China War. Longmans, Green & Co., the staid and famous publishers, asked the author for a Chinese motto to be imprinted on the cover; whereon he wrote out for them the characters which are good Chinese for sending "the foreign devils" to perdition, and the motto appears on the book and looks very innocent.

....We have received Moody's "Manual of Corporation Securities" for 1901. The new issue contains over 400 pages more than the 1900 edition, and not only covers the industrial investment field, but also embraces sections devoted to reports on practically all the important gas, electric light, street railway and steam roalroad corporations of the country. These improvements increase the scope of the "Manual" materially and make it a more valuable reference book to investors.

....There is a newspaper of Buenos Ayres, *La Prensa,* which is printed in a palace borrowed from "The Arabian Nights." In the October *Era* you may read the story of its various marvels, as, for example: "There is also a splendid library, containing a collection of useful and valuable books; a billiard room, a *sala* for fencing, all furnished in a magnificent style. The smoking room, upholstered in smoke-colored velvet and finished in hard wood, is a popular rendezvous when leisure permits such indulgences."

....Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady has come to the rescue of old General Braddock, whom we have always used as a mere foil to make our Washington's virtues "stick fiery off." We quote from Mr. Brady's new book, "Colonial Fights and Fighters:" "Nothing defeats like defeat, and poor Braddock has been overwhelmed with unmerited censure, his character and career made the subject of heartless jest, his misfortune emphasized by undeserved obloquy, his reputation destroyed by insinuation and innuendo, and his good qualities—which were many—have been almost totally lost sight of."

....The Field Columbian Museum is doing a very fine work in the collection and publication of material in American archeology. The two last publications issued are numbered 55 and 56, and give us *The Oraibi Soyal Ceremony* and *Investigations on the Island of La Plata, Ecuador.* The ceremony described in the first pamphlet is performed in the villages of our Hopi Indians and is illustrated most fully with an abundance of plates. The explorations of the Island of La Plata are illustrated with equal care and bring to light objects in gold, silver, bronze, stone and earthenware used in religious rites by the native races before the discovery of America. The startling resemblance in some of these images to the attitude under which the naked Oriental Venus, or Ishtar, was represented, holding her breasts, illustrates not any community of origin, but the fact that the same simple conventions naturally occur to the most widely separated barbarous people.

Pebbles

PROSTRATED.

First Fly: "Come quick, mother! Sister has been drinking some of that poison they tried to fool us with." *Second Fly:* "Oh! Where is she?" "She's on the ceiling in a dead faint."—*Life.*

....The porter at an Arkansas railroad eating house began to ring a large gong when the train stopped. The porter had heard some forcible expressions as to the quality of the food from those who had eaten on previous occasions. He kept on ringing, and, as you know, a gong is worse than a church bell to set a dog howling, and this gong was working with telling effect on a lean, lank hound standing on the platform. The porter stopped long enough to say, "What you howling for, dawg, you don't have to eat here."—*Current Anecdotes.*

....Charles Frederick Goss, author of the Redemption of David Carson, told the two following stories recently: A young man with an impediment in his speech went to a stammerer's institute and asked for a course of treatment. The professor, with an eye on the main chance, asked him if he wanted a full or a partial course. "A p-p-par-t-t-ial course," was the reply. "How much of a partial course," was the reply. (Readers may supply the stuttering; we are short of dashes; but this was his reply): "I want enough of a partial course so that when I go to the florist's and ask for a c-c-c-chrys-s-s-an-the- (whistle here) mum, that the blamed thing won't wilt before he finds out what I want."—*Current Anecdotes.*

....An amusing story is told of Queen Wilhelmina when she was quite a little child. Her majesty was not allowed to share dinner with the elder members of the royal household, but was permitted to make her appearance at dessert and place herself beside some particular favorite. One day she sat by a courtly old general, and after eating some fruit the little girl turned and gazed up at him. Presently she exclaimed: "I wonder you're not afraid to sit next to me." Everybody in the room turned at the sound of the childish treble. "On the contrary, I am but too pleased and honored to sit next to my future queen," replied the old general. "But why should I be afraid?" Assuming a woebegone expression the little queen replied: "Because all my dolls have the measles—they're all of them down with it!"—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

EDITORIALS

The Campaign in New York

THE nomination of Mr. Shepard for Mayor by Boss Croker and his tools has caused an unforeseen and extraordinary political situation in New York. Why was Mr. Shepard taken? The Boss and all his followers who are with him in the conspiracy for the looting of the great city well knew that no typical and representative Tammany man could be elected to the chief office. By the continuous disclosure of the methods of this organization of tax-eaters and paid protectors of vice and crime during the last four years, the success of one of Croker's kind at the head of the ticket had surely been made impossible. If Van Wyck had been renominated, or if any other tool of Tammany had been put up for the office that Van Wyck has disgraced, the result of the election could have been predicted with absolute certainty. Before the united forces of decency and good government the Tammany nominee for Mayor and all associated with him on the ticket would have gone down, "in one red burial blent." We do not by any means admit that Mr. Low is in danger of defeat because Mr. Shepard has been put up against him; but the nomination of a representative Tammany man for the highest place would have pointed clearly from the beginning to a great victory at the polls for decency and honesty.

What were the Boss and his organization to do? Their rôle was to mislead a considerable number of people by putting up for Mayor some man of keen intellect heretofore known as a reformer, if such a man could be induced to stand with them; and to fill all the other offices with men whom Tammany could trust. Mr. Shepard consented to be the shield behind which they could plot and work for retaining control of the government. He was willing to stand on a platform commending the corruption, the extravagance and the unspeakable infamies of Tammany rule in the last four years, and to appeal for votes by the side of the typical political brigands whose names are found in nearly all the other places on Croker's ticket.

If the reform nominees are really in danger by reason of this trick of Tammany—and we are not ready to concede that they are—the danger arises from the failure of some honest men to perceive the meaning of the other nominations associated with that of Mr. Shepard, and to see how little Mr. Shepard could do for reform, with all these men in office, if he should be elected, and if he should thereafter be loyal to his old ideals. Probably his election would be accompanied by the election of all these others. Even Van Wyck, whom the Bar Association has denounced, might go to the bench in the Supreme Court for fourteen years with all the scandals of his term of service thick upon him. With respect to control of the city's vast revenues, Mr. Shepard would be easily outvoted and overridden in the Board of Estimate and Apportionment by Croker's elected agents. The very important office of Comptroller—in which Mr. Coler fought so persistently against Tammany jobs—would be held by one whose record is that of a deputy for Croker and a clerk for Van Wyck.

Turning to the domain of morals and to the official machinery for the prosecution of criminals, the deceived admirer of Mr. Shepard should think for a moment of the inevitable effect of the election of Unger to the office of District-Attorney—Unger, dismissed from a subordinate place by the present honest District-Attorney, who, by appointment, represents the reformers; Unger, defender of the convicted wardman, Bissert, and denounced openly by Judge Jerome as the candidate of the gambling ring. How much could Mr. Shepard do for reform against the influence and opposition of such associates? He could not even serve the interests of his own ambition for higher office, an ambition that led him to seek partisan "regularity" by going from the Gold camp to preside over a Bryan mass meeting, and appears now to have drawn him into Tammany in order that he may reform that organization from the inside.

Some voters may also be drawn from the reform ticket by Mr. Shepard's plea that the Democratic party, as represented

by himself and his associates, should have their support. Some appear to have yielded to persuasion on this ground, because the candidacy of Mr. Shepard and his series of very skillful speeches have diverted their attention from the ravenous and greedy tiger that crouches behind him. But they ought to know that New York's Tammany is not the Democratic party. It is a gang of freebooters. Questions of fealty to a national party should have no place in this struggle for the reclamation of a great city from the control of what Mr. Shepard not long ago called "a grinding tyranny of blackmail;" but if party lines must be considered by some to whom this plea has been addressed, they should not forget that nearly every man nominated on the reform ticket is a Democrat, like Judge Jerome, the fearless candidate for District-Attorney.

Undoubtedly, the nomination of Mr. Shepard has made the task of the reformers more difficult than it would have been if he had not consented to hold up the honorable record of his past service in the cause of reform as a shield between a considerable number of honest voters and his associates on the Croker ticket. He has drawn over to the Croker lines some who had been standing with the reformers, and who ought to have remained with them. He has misled some, and probably has deceived himself, by his promises of effective reforming activity and loyalty to high ideals in the office which he seeks. Some have come to his support because of his arguments for loyalty to party, believing that he would be a good Mayor, and overlooking the restrictions to which he would be subjected and the character of those whom Croker has nominated with him.

But it does not follow that the Tammany government will not be overthrown. It seems incredible that at the polls it should survive the shocking revelations of its foul and infamous acts. That there should now be any room for doubt, however, as to the result of this fight, is due to what is virtually the enlistment in the service of "the powers that prey" of a fine intellect devoted in the past with energy to the promotion of honesty and decency in politics, and employed in the scathing denunciation of such nominations as those by the side of which Mr. Shepard's name now stands.

Yale's Pageant

Last week saw the most magnificent scholastic pageant ever produced in this country. Yale celebrated her bicentennial with a grandeur and glory unparalleled by any similar anniversary at Harvard or Princeton or Columbia. We have been learning how to celebrate centennials, and during these late years there has grown up a new appreciation of color and form and beauty and dignity in the belongings of both learning and religion, such as would surprise an earlier generation, but does not seem to quench the piety or the scholarship which it adorns. All this brought its esthetic garniture to the celebration of the achievements of the college in the simpler days of Clap and the elder Dwight and Woolsey.

The weather was ideal. The days were October's fairest and the nights were mild and bright with the full moon. Six thousand graduates and four thousand students and a host of distinguished visitors praised the admirable manner in which Prof. John C. Schwab as chief marshal directed and carried out the exercises. The scheme of them, from Sunday to Wednesday, was admirably designed and was performed without a flaw.

Central to all was the thought of Yale. Everything bent to her honor. Every address was about Yale, in the nation, in the Church, in learning, in power. Of course the presence of President Roosevelt made him the central personage, but the bestowal on him of the degree and the doctor's hood was made by him the occasion to offer his own fine tribute to the Yale men who had supported him in every emergency of war or peace. Of the sixty-two men on whom degrees were conferred he only responded, at the call of the assembled multitude, turning not to the President of the university, but to the people, and speaking with a sharp emphasis that cut the distance to the distinct and startled hearing of every person present. To this distinguished audience he represented the grief and the grandeur of the nation, and

they recognized in him its worthiest character and purpose.

President Hadley won golden opinions. He is competent to his place, a young President, worthy to follow a great line, and fit to stand equal with the older men who have won fame at Harvard and Johns Hopkins and Columbia and Michigan and Chicago, and who were present to add their praise. Every one remarked the peculiarly fitting way in which, in a sentence, he expressed the learned world's appreciation of the achievements of each laureate. And when, in an occasion not on the program, a Swedish scholar presented in sonorous Latin the congratulations of King Oscar, President Hadley was ready with an impromptu Latin response. We are glad we have one university President who could do it.

The addresses were worthy of the occasion. Archbishop Ireland, one of those honored with a doctorate of laws, himself an orator, describes them as "of the highest type of thought and oratory." If we only mention Professor Fisher's scholarly account of the services of Yale to theology and religion, and Justice Brewer's commemorative oration, and President Gilman's fine survey of how Yale has served the world of science and letters, and President Northrop's story of what Yale has meant for the development of the country, it is because we have space to do no more. Of the poems we speak elsewhere.

Only in one respect did Yale seem to have failed, as the illustrious names of her graduates were repeated, of her full share of glory. President Gilman was compelled to confess that in pure literature Yale could present no such long and brilliant list of historians and poets as could Harvard, and he suggested that this may be due to the fact that Yale training has tended to the development of strength rather than of grace. This may be a partial explanation. Read the list of Yale's poets, Hillhouse, Percival, N. P. Willis, John Pierpont, Ray Palmer, Edward R. Sill—there is no Emerson or Lowell or Holmes among them. And historians, Stiles, Benjamin Trumbull—we have to turn to ecclesiastical history and nominate Fisher, to find one to follow Harvard's line of Bancrofts and Prescotts. The explanation is found in part in the persistence with which Yale has held to the purpose expressed in her first charter, "for public employment both in Church and State." Yale has held to her students the idea of culture, or, still more, of learning, only for service. The students have felt that they must be doing something for the world. So they have been great teachers, great statesmen, great jurists, great preachers, but hardly great in the fields that record the doings of other men. They have had, perhaps, too much of the thought of Alexander, that it were better to be Achilles than Homer. Then the religious break in the history of Harvard tended to substitute the gospel of self-culture for the gospel of service. Men began to learn for learning's sake, for self-development, rather than for the work they might do for the world. But there has been a change. A new spirit has since come over Harvard with the greater emphasis put on the sciences and the less emphasis on the esthetic arts. Among the degrees given at Yale to fifty graduates of American institutions Harvard received seven; of other colleges only Brown, with four, received more than two; but of the seven to Harvard, not one was given for literary excellence. There were eight doctorates of letters bestowed; on Aldrich, Cable, Clemens, Gilder, Howells, Brander Matthews, Thomas Nelson Page and Woodrow Wilson; the five first not college graduates; the three others from Columbia, Washington and Lee, and Princeton, but not one from Harvard. Such a failure would have seemed incredible thirty years ago. If Yale has not been producing poets and historians, she has been the mother of institutions. It is out of Yale that the impulse has gone to sprinkle the country with colleges, and that has come largely out of her religious purpose to serve the nation. When Harvard lost her religious intensity she lost also the power of reproducing herself. Hardly a college can be mentioned these seventy-five years that is the daughter of Harvard; scores are the children of Yale.

"Brain and brawn—Hadley and Cook" was the legend on one class banner. "Yale grit" has won many victories. If we can judge from the grace and beauty of this bicentennial celebration, Yale will in her third century compete with Harvard and the younger uni-

versities in the humanities and the peramenities of literature, as well as in the tasks of statesmanship and religion, while Roosevelt sets the example of strenuousness to fair Harvard and the nation.

Can Farmers Combine?

Some recent efforts of Western farmers to solve the long complained of problem of the middleman's profit in the handling of agricultural products present a new phase of this widely discussed matter. To a large extent the West has believed that too much of the receipts from crop production went to the transportation companies and dealers. It has been argued that there existed a combination among grain buyers, millers and railroad companies by which the farmer was compelled to sell his grain with too large a margin between the legitimate market price and the local figure. Agitation, radical legislation and stringent plans of various kinds have been proposed and tried without much effect. The latest phase tends toward co-operation, and the workings of the newest application of this method are attracting much attention in the grain growing section.

Fifty farmers near the town of Solomon, in Gentral Kansas, embracing men of all political parties, last summer formed a co-operative grain buying company. Their number included 90 per cent. of the wheat raisers of that section, some producing as much as 20,000 bushels and most of them having at least 5,000 bushels as the season's yield. Their investigations showed that the local buyers were paying 14 cents a bushel less than the Kansas City market, while 8 cents margin would meet the expenses. Their company had but $2,500 capital; each member had but one vote; the officers elected included a banker, a former member of the legislature, and, as manager, a practical grain buyer and miller. They bought a small elevator, instructed the manager to pay within 8 cents of the market, this margin meeting the transportation charges, and began business. As was to be expected, the rival buyers sought to take away the business by paying more than the farmers' company, and did so for several weeks. Here was where the farmers met the situation. Under their agreement whenever more was paid elsewhere the members were instructed to sell in that market, but for every bushel sold thus one cent was paid to the co-operative company. As a result the farmers' elevator stood still but the treasury was kept full and the members gained six to seven cents a bushel on their wheat. One day a railroad blockaded their elevator with coal cars. They made no complaint, but transferred their shipments to another road. The cars were soon moved and since then plenty of transportation has been furnished. As the rival buyers ceased high figures the elevator began business and during the summer and early fall has purchased 80 per cent. of the wheat marketed at that point. The profits have been enough to pay dividends amounting to about fifty per cent. on the original investment of the members. The success of the plan has resulted in the organization of many other similar companies.

The plan of these farmers is purely individualistic and sane. It is nothing more than co-operative bargaining, and differs from the usual co-operative effort of farmers in that it is managed by experienced business men. The same collective impulse that has been the basis of manufacturing combinations or "trusts" is here applied to the farmers' affairs and furnishes an example of what can be accomplished when there is at the bottom, not politics or revenge, but business. The vagaries of some radical political methods and advice in the West in past years have given false impressions of possibilities in farmers' combinations. Hundreds of Grange stores have met with failure because they were political in their nature rather than businesslike. Farmers have sought to limit the product of fields by agreement or have attempted to obey the injunctions of "hold your wheat" circulars in a haphazard, formless manner, resulting in nothing practical or effective. It has usually been found in the end that they were being used by speculators for personal gain.

Doubtless the farmer has been considerably better off than he realized in being free from the insistent cares and risks of incursions into the field of trade. He was, at least, his own master, and if he did

not wish to accept the offers of the business world he could put his product in the granary and wait his pleasure. This, by reason of his advancing prosperity during the past few years, has been becoming more feasible and common. If, however, conditions make it advisable that he attempt the syndicate method, it is evident that, as in the instance noted, he must bring to bear on his plans the broadest business judgment and intelligent co-operation utterly divorced from politics. He then meets his business associates on the level of trade relations and is prepared to reap whatever advantages they may enjoy.

The farmers' combination, to be successful, must not be paternal, political or sectional; it must be first and wholly businesslike and practical.

Schley and Maclay

THE court presided over by Admiral Dewey, called, not to try Admiral Schley, but to investigate charges made against him, evidently by certain officers in the Navy, and formulated in Maclay's "History of the Navy," Vol. III, and apparently believed by the Navy Department at Washington, has now completed its evidence and we await the decision of the court, which cannot be very long delayed. Whatever may be thought of Admiral Schley's good or bad judgment in the performance of his duty on the Cuban coast, it is beyond all question that the charges of cowardice and disobedience accepted by Mr. Maclay have fallen to the ground. Their value depended upon the indorsement of them which he claimed to have received. He states at the beginning of the introduction to Volume III that "as a further safeguard nearly every commanding officer concerned has read and corrected proof sheets dealing with actions in which each figured." A list is given in the preface of those who appear to have been thus consulted. Among them are the following "commanding officers:"

Rear-Admiral Frederick Rodgers.
Rear-Admiral A. S. Barker.
Rear-Admiral E. M. Shepard
Captain P. H. Cooper.
Captain C. C. Todd.
Commander R. M. Clover.

The above officers were not with Schley in the engagements referred to. The following officers were with Schley during the battle of Santiago, or at other times included within the period covered by the precepts:

Rear-Admiral F. J. Higginson.
Rear-Admiral John W. Philip.
Rear-Admiral W. T. Sampson.
Captain F. A. Cook, Schley's flag captain.
Captain C. D. Sigsbee.
Captain C. M. Chester.
Captain Charles E. Clark.
Captain C. T. Goodrich.
Captain B. H. McCalla.
Captain F. E. Chadwick.
Captain H. W. Lyon.
Lieutenant-Commander W. H. H. Southerland.
Lieutenant-Commander C. McR. Winslow.
Lieutenant-Commander A. Sharp, Jr.
Lieutenant S. S. Wood.

Of these Rear-Admiral Philip is dead; Rear-Admiral Sampson has denied that he approved the statements made, and Captain Chadwick has also repudiated ever having seen Maclay's proof page and hence any such approval, in a letter, as yet unpublished, addressed to Admiral Erben. This leaves twelve commanding officers, on some of whom it would appear Mr. Maclay had depended to indorse his statements. THE INDEPENDENT sent a representative to him asking him the following questions, and received the following answers:

Question.—"Mr. Maclay, which of these officers read and approved the attack upon Admiral Schley?"

Answer.—"I deem it my duty to the service not to discuss the matter."

Q.—"But you have made specific statements which apparently have been flatly contradicted by Admiral Sampson, among others."

A.—"I don't so understand it."

Q.—"Did you not say that Admiral Sampson read and approved what you said concerning Schley?"

A.—"I did not say 'approved.'"

Q.—"But you do state that certain naval officers are responsible for your reflections upon Schley. Is that true?"

A.—"Yes, sir."

Q.—"Can you prove that?"

A.—"I have their letters."

Q.—"Can I see them?"

A.—"Not at this time."

Q.—"Will you tell me the names of those officers?"

A.—"Not now."

Q.—"When will you defend yourself against the attacks which have been made upon you?"

A.—"I will deal with the whole matter in the preface of the new volume I am about to issue."

Q.—"Will you in that preface withdraw the charges you have made against Admiral Schley?"

A.—"Before answering that I would have to read the findings of the Court now sitting."

Q.—"Do you still think that Admiral Schley is a coward?"

A.—"That, also, I must decline to answer."

It will be seen that Mr. Maclay now declines to give the information which ought to have been brought out, it seems to us, in the inquiry at Washington. The officers who made the terrible charges of lying and cowardice can rest assured that they will not be permitted to forget they did so, nor allowed to obscure in the public mind this issue of their own seeking. You cannot charge a man with grave crime and then seek to evade the responsibility, still less to secure your own justification, by trying to show that he might differently have performed public duties which in fact resulted in unequivocal success.

The public has a right to demand, and does demand, of Mr. Maclay on whose authority he charged Admiral Schley with disobedience of orders and cowardice. He says he has the letters. Those letters the Navy and the public want to see. Let them be brought forward.

The Yale Poems

THAT Mr. Stedman's commemorative ode will stand an equal by the side of Longfellow's "*Morituri Salutamus*" at Bowdoin and Lowell's commemorative ode at Harvard we do not now claim; time must settle that. Dr. Van Dyke's "The Builders," at the Princeton Centennial, is a nearer parallel. Lowell's Ode was recited at the Harvard commemoration, July 21, 1865, only a few weeks after the assassination of Lincoln, as Stedman's Ode followed the death of McKinley. Thus Lowell wrote, in the Ode meant rather to celebrate the heroes Harvard had sent to the war than Harvard herself:

"Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World molds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, stedfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity! . . .
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

So Stedman has, in briefer space, as was fitting to his scholastic theme, laid his laurel on the bier, but then twitched his mantle to pass on to the fresh woods and new pastures of national achievement:

"Time's drama speeds; albeit, alas! its chief
Protagonist, augmentor of the State,
Fell as the Prompter turned that unread leaf,—
And, oh! what tragic grief
Just when consummate towered the action great.

"To strong, brave hands the rule, the large intent
Have passed. Nor tears alone that some far plan
Required the master's life-blood interblent—
To point his monument
And leave once more the likeness of a man."

Perhaps Mr. Stedman's verse lacks the easy flow of Longfellow, and the full flush of Lowell, but it is strong and fine. Take these lines:

"Strong Mother! thou who from the doorways of old,
Or housed anew in beauty renovate,
Hast spread thine heritage a hundred fold—
Hast wrought us to thy mold,
Whether the bread of ease or toil we ate;

"Thou who has made thy sons coequal all,
The least one of thy progeny a peer,
Wearing for worth, not birth, his coronal,—
The watchman on thy wall
Wax proud this sun dawn of thy cyclic year."

The Greek hymn was no insignificant part of the great celebration. It was composed in good Pindaric meter by T. D. Goodell, who proved that, if he is our best authority on Greek metric, he does not lack the Greek lyric spirit. We are glad to know that we have scholars who can do such work. The old classic learning still holds its never-losing rivalry with the learning which haunts the laboratories. As a specimen of what the long poem was, we venture to turn into English meter the closing epode:

"Mother of Fame, by God's good grace
Seated of old by the sounding sea,

The sea which the sun and the tempests love,
And the old Twin Rocks o'ershadow thee,
Once Vulcan's forge, where dewy springs
Through wooded glens breathe cool delight,
Mother of Fame, in our praise rejoice.
And as these oaks, sublime in their might,
Hold changeless prime through centuries,
Yet yearly with more royal dye
They clothe the foliage of the wood;
So flourish thou in power high,
In virtue of thy worthy sons.
Our Queen, triumphant over fears,
May God, our fathers' God, sustain
And bless thee through unending years."

We might almost call parts of Justice Brewer's oration a poem. His sentences often have a rhythmic flow, which his utterance accentuates, so that, as he begins to speak one who listens is not sure but he is hearing blank verse. There is an iambic and anapestic beat about the lines which we might almost print as verse. Thus the oration began:

"A bicentennial—the hour when two hundred years that have been,
Clasp hands with unnumbered years that are to be;
When history stands face to face with prophecy.

"At such an hour the earnest soul
Calls for no mere boasting tale of things achieved;
No fancy picture in light or shade
Of glory or doom yet to be made.
The loyal sons of Yale behold with loving pride
Their alma mater erect in queenly glory."

And to this prose poem and to the Odes, Greek and English, we add our *Io triumphe*, and the Aristophanean cheer which all Yale men know.

Mrs Piper

THE recently published declaration of Mrs. Piper that she is not a spiritualist and that she "has never heard of anything being said by herself while in a trance state that might not have been latent in her own mind or the mind of some other living person," must be somewhat disappointing to those investigators who have been convinced of the reality of spirit communication through her trance phenomena. It must try the temper even of a scientist to have used "a human telephone to the spirit land" for fifteen years and then to hear the telephone itself declare that it was short circuited, and that the other end of the wire instead of connecting with the other world had been grounded in our own earth all the time. However, Mrs. Piper's statement is not in the least a confession of trickery like that of the Fox sisters, and it practically leaves the matter just as it was. Her hits are just as astonishing and her misses just as perplexing as before; for telepathy is no more of an explanation than spiritism. It is first necessary to decide whether there is anything in the Piper manifestations requiring other explanation than that of chance coincidence. We cannot explain unproved phenomena by referring them to unknown causes.

In any case the Piper reports will maintain their value as the most complete and careful study of the development of secondary personalities yet made. It is extremely interesting to watch the progress from "Phinuit," the quack doctor, to "Pelham," the literary man, and finally to "Imperator," the demi-god. Certainly Mrs. Piper's subliminal has improved astonishingly under the tuition of Dr. Hodgson and his friends of the Society for Psychological Research. The only case comparable to this is that of Mlle. "Helene Smith," of Geneva, who, not content with impersonating a Hindu princess and a French queen, has developed into a Martian and even shows symptoms of passing on to one of the minor planets. She is younger than Mrs. Piper and has the whole solar system yet before her; so it is perhaps wise in Mrs. Piper to retire from business before she is still further distanced by her more venturesome rival. Mlle. Smith shows such a remarkable knowledge of ancient history that the evidence forces one to adopt one of two hypotheses; first, that she has clairvoyant powers; or, second, that she has read a certain book in the Genevan library. That a shop girl should read anything but novels from the public library seems so improbable to those who are interested in her that they unhesitatingly accept the first theory. Mrs. Piper does not seem to know so much about history or astronomy, but possesses an unlimited fund of personal gossip and can tell you all about the habits and looks and diseases of your friends and ancestors. Whether this striking difference between the two mediums is personal or whether it is merely because one lives in Geneva and the other in Boston, the Society for Psychical Research has yet to determine.

A Parcels Post

THE subject of a "parcels post" has been discussed from time to time in the United States, and two years ago Mr. Bromwell, of Ohio, introduced a bill in Congress, providing for a parcels post, under the head of war revenue. Mr. Mahlon A. Winter, of Washington, has recently sent out a monograph on the subject. America closed the nineteenth century thoroughly converted to commercial expansion—or, rather, reconverted to that doctrine. In fact, it was for freedom of trade throughout all the world that our Revolution was fought. The doctrine of home protection was a later appendix to the general principle. But from 1855 our foreign shipping decreased, until in 1895 the Republic had fewer ships in the harbors of the world than it had in 1795. The tide, however, was already turning. Agriculture began to demand a share in the world's markets, and it bravely pushed its way out of the United States, and captured what it needed. In 1896 it gave us a trade balance so large that manufactures saw the necessity of following on the same principles. Now the Republic sends its steel rails to Siberia, its engines to South Africa, and builds bridges in Burmah. Its apples and corn have recently doubled their export every two years, and we fairly claim that we can successfully compete in all the markets of the globe.

The object of a parcels post is to make it possible to send or receive merchandise, in small packages, and of moderate weight, through the mails; enabling this to be done at a minimum cost for transportation, and with the same reliability of service as our letters are carried. That the people of this country need both a domestic and a foreign parcels post we believe cannot be denied. At present our domestic service allows a package, not exceeding four pounds in weight, to be carried, but at a high rate of postage—16c. per pound. There are millions of people in the United States who live so far from an express office that the service can be of very little value to them. A small package may require three or four trips to an office ten or more miles distant from the farm. A domestic parcels post would either bring the package to the post office of the consignee, or deliver it directly at the door, through the free mail delivery system. The saving to the people would be a very large amount both in time and in money cost. Some one computes that the enormous sum of $90,000,000 is spent annually by those people who reside in remote districts, owing to a lack of proper facilities for transporting small packages.

A foreign parcels post is a growing necessity to the manufacturers of the United States. At present the regulations of the postal service reject any packet of samples of merchandise having a salable value. No complete article can be sent as a sample; only one glove of a pair, or one shoe. The postage rate amounts to $1.60 for a pound package, or $16.00 for ten pounds. Mr. Winter reports the case of a company, which received a small order from a correspondent in the Argentine Republic. The packet weighed only three pounds, but the express charges were $6.30. The British Postal Guide shows that, under the British flag, this package could have been sent to the same party for 57c. Another case was that of an English merchant, who ordered a bill of goods from an American house in Minneapolis. The purchase price was $9.30, the transportation charges $14.35. "Need any one wonder then that the American control of the foreign markets of the world is slow, when such obstacles as these are to be met?" At present we are not able to reach the interior towns of South America by any means at our command. In other words, we must send our goods to a town on the coast; and the consignee, in the interior, must send to the coast to get them. This is practical prohibition of all trade between the two countries, in small packages. Give us a foreign parcels post, similar to that enjoyed by our European competitors, and we can rapidly enlarge our trade with South America.

The Postmaster-General, by and with the consent of the President, has power to negotiate a parcels post convention with any foreign government at his own discretion. We have negotiated such conventions with Mexico and some of the Republics of Central America, and the West Indies. There is also in operation a treaty with Germany, involving a parcels post; very much to the advantage, however, of Germany. The treaty is so

framed that, for parcels weighing less than five pounds, it costs the American less to ship such a package to Germany than it costs the German to send one to the United States; but for packages cels post, very much to the advantage, is the other way. England, on the other hand, has not neglected this important branch of public service, neither has Germany. They have commercial teraties covering the parcels post with all foreign governments. The British authorities report that a parcels post convention with a foreign country immediately increases the exchange with that country about 17 per cent. The annual import into the United Kingdom from this source amounts to $5,000,000, and the annual export reaches $20,000,000. The United States is the only important nation with whom Great Britain has no parcels post treaty. Of course, the exporter of articles of bulk, such as steam engines and farming implements, is not seriously affected by this parcels post question, for he charters his own vessel, or makes yearly contracts to cover transportation. It is the exporter of articles of small bulk, who cannot make such transport regulations, who is seriously affected. When Mr. Wanamaker was Postmaster-General, in one of his annual reports, he said:

"Nearly every country has established a parcels post, and managed it successfully, to the great satisfaction of the people. The conditions of commerce are much the same all over the world, and if there are no objections from business people in the old countries, after years of experience of the parcels post, there would not be objections here after it was fairly tried. It can only be a question of time before it will be undertaken."

Postmaster-General Bissell said:

"The desirability of the enlargement of the parcels post, so as to have it apply to European countries, and to Great Britain, seems to me to be of most importance."

Very recently the Superintendent of Foreign Mails, in his annual report, says:

"The great public convenience afforded by the parcels post is at once apparent."

It has been urged that the need of a domestic parcels post is demonstrated by the fact that the Post Office Department has forbidden carriers on free mail delivery routes carrying or delivering packages. This carrying of packages grew rapidly into a business, rivaling that of mail delivery. It plainly illustrated the requirements of the people. The parcels post undoubtedly would be of more importance to people remote from towns than the mail delivery itself. Germany reports that her postal system is on a paying basis. It meets its own expenses, including that of a parcels post. Why cannot the United States do as well?

Theological Students

The fact that Andover Theological Seminary has but twelve students to six professors (or is it nine?) is not to be taken as an evidence that there is a serious falling off in the number of candidates for the Christian ministry. The Methodist School of Theology connected with Boston University has nearly two hundred students, a larger number than ever before. Simply, students are not going to Andover; and Professor George F. Moore, the Dean of the Seminary, has accepted a call to the theological department of Harvard University. A great error was committed by the trustees of Andover Seminary when they rejected the proposition to move to Cambridge, where the Episcopalians have, much to their advantage, a prosperous and independent seminary. It is interesting to see that the theological department of Harvard is no longer distinctively Unitarian. Professor Lyon is an active member in a Baptist church, and Professor Thayer and Professor Moore are well-known as Congregationalists. There seems to be no scarcity as yet of candidates for vacant churches, and a Methodist pastor with the best means of information tells us that within a dozen years the quality of the candidates for admission to conference in this vicinity has advanced twenty per cent. To us the most surprising and discouraging fact in this connection is that the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has found it difficult to find candidates for foreign mission fields of the desired qualifications, and it has sent a special appeal to the seminaries.

Marquis Ito

The great Japanese statesman has made a very brief stay with us. He has received a Yale doctorate, and has hastened away to Europe. We have received one serious pro-

test, from Japan, against speaking of him as the Japanese Washington, because, altho he deserves all honor for his creation of the Japanese constitution, his own character is not modeled on Christian ideals. We are well aware that Marquis Ito does not claim to represent Christian social morality any more than Christian faith. But one of the older Japanese must not be judged by the standards which Young Japan is now learning. No question is now giving Japan more concern than her relation to the personal morals of honesty and purity. Marquis Ito is, we believe, an Agnostic, certainly not a Christian by any manner of profession, tho he has always tried to do the right thing, especially toward Americans and foreigners, and has been a generous patron of benevolent institutions, whether Christian or otherwise. His political enemies call him an opportunist. It would not be fair to expect him to speak before a religious body and there express anything but good wishes and polite words in a general way. He is certainly not active in any kind of formal religious work, nor is he a warm friend toward those who engineer religious movements, but he has always been opposed to militant paganism and a good deal of the sort of Christianity that the Japanese have had to experience. His personal character is probably no worse than that of Jacob and his sons.

Not long ago we spoke of the Society of Friends as holding doctrines not anarchistic and yet "very closely approaching to the denial of the rightfulness of human government." We have received, as might be expected, a number of protests against this statement. The Friends must be distinguished from the Ranters, who were at one time in English history confounded with them. Their doctrine is now pretty thoroughly clarified. In 1887 a large committee of both British and American Friends drew up what is called the Richmond Declaration, which says:

"Civil government is a divine ordinance, instituted to promote the best welfare of man; hence magistrates are to be regarded as God's ministers, who should be a terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well. Therefore it is with us a matter of conscience to render them respect and obedience in the exercise of their proper functions."

Accordingly Friends become magistrates and legislators, but they limit the "proper functions" of government when it comes to war, and they declare that taxes should not be levied for war purposes. It is only in this respect that they approach the denial of the rightfulness of human government.

However bad conditions are in this city it is not true, as reported by the New York correspondent of the London *Times* and copied over Europe, that a reign of terror exists here. He declares that it is no exaggeration to say that New York is now as unsafe as a mining town a generation ago; that criminals of every class, from the petty thief to the highwayman, are pressed into political service and promised immunity from punishment; that an incredible wave of crime is sweeping over the city; that shopkeepers are in a state bordering on panic, and that citizens walk the secluded streets at night literally at the risk of their lives. Now this is a shocking exaggeration. One would think that Mr. Smalley had gone insane.

It added somewhat of magnificence to the bestowal of the degrees upon the honored guests at Yale that with the degree there was placed by two attendants the doctor's blue hood upon the candidate's shoulders. Many of these candidates, of course, had received similar honors from other institutions, and their hoods were replaced for the time by that of Yale. It is told of Dr. Murray, the famous editor of the Oxford Dictionary, that when at the Glasgow centennial he received the doctor's degree, in order to give it special honor he wore five hoods of different institutions on his shoulders, to cover them all with the color of Glasgow.

Czolgosz is executed; and before his execution he asked to see a priest of his father's Church. We would have no gibes at deathbed repentance. One who sneers at it forgets that a robber and assassin was the first trophy of the cross.

INSURANCE

The Equalizing Scheme

LIFE insurance might be defined as a scheme for equalizing inequalities; indeed, while the scheme, mathematically speaking, is placed on a uniform and impregnably firm foundation, it is placed, morally speaking, upon inequalities. By this we mean that its idea and sole motive force is the fact that as to duration of individual life the victory does not certainly lie with the strong; inequality and uncertainty are converted, by the combination called insurance, into equality and certainty.

This is the theory. This, and this alone, is the underlying practice. This also is the result in practice. For without being troubled by any involved problems of predestination and foreordination, we may correctly assume that the date of every person's death is fixed. If this date were only known, persons of early date would unanimously desire insurance, but could not get it, because those of late date would hold aloof, properly enough, so that the case would be one of "total loss," for the early ones and insurance would be impossible. The unfortunate early-dying would be obliged to insure themselves, as everybody does whose premiums equal his insurance, and this, by the by, is exactly the situation of the procrastinator so long as he remains such. But when the early-dying, the late-dying and the middle-dying, none of whom can tell in which class he belongs, are combined in an insurance scheme the inequalities are evened. The man who dies very soon is no longer unfortunate (speaking, of course, mathematically), for his estate receives the maximum of return from the smallest outlay. The man who lives longest and pays most makes up the deficit, necessarily, yet he also is not unfortunate, for he has had whatever advantage pertains to longevity, in its opportunities for enjoyment and accumulation, and, moreover, he has had insurance meanwhile. Some appreciate this at its true value, but many do not. Perhaps the point may be made somewhat clearer by likening insurance to an option, which in substance it really is. All men understand that options are considered, in business, valuable considerations and worth paying for. He who agrees to sell or to buy a piece of property at a given price within a given time parts with his own freedom by putting it under contract; the other may or may not exercise the right of option, but this right is worth paying for if worth having, and accordingly options are always sold. Well, a life insurance policy is an option in being a contract on call. That the call is not in the holder's control does not matter. The option costs the company, for insurance costs what those who have died have caused to be withdrawn beyond their own contributions, plus working expenses.

The early-dying thus receive the largest return against the smallest self-insurance. The longest-living reverse this, yet against this fact must be set the insurance meanwhile. The scheme is equable. The scheme is as practical and as compensatory as if devised in the original plan of creation. Such, indeed, we may believe it was.

Effect and Cause

ADDRESSES of presiding officers are usually rather set and perfunctory, and when the speaker is just assuming a place which is more than social, and has a considerable length of time he is expected to utter some harmless generalities about "reform," that ideal being always in order, even in the Tammany professions in this present year. But Auditor Hart, who does the insurance supervising for Indiana, delivered some generalities that might be called particulars, when recently assuming the presidency of the National Association of Insurance Commissioners. He promised to use whatever influence he has toward attainment of a uniform code of insurance law in all the States. "Insurance is costing too much (he said), and I think this can be very materially reduced in the enactment

of proper laws that will strike at fire causes, and by the creation of non-partisan fire marshal bureaus." The companies, he added, have a right to complain of the tribute which has been repeatedly levied under the guise of examination, and "when the people realize that every dollar of taxation levied upon the insurance companies is a tax upon the insuring public, the pendulum will swing back."

This is correctly spoken. These abuses and extortions exist because of public apathy, and this apathy exists solely because insurance buyers do not follow effect back to cause and realize who it is that bears the burdens. The matter is so extremely simple and obvious that it escapes notice for that very reason, just as the largest names extended across an open atlas page are seen last. The consumer pays all expenses—necessarily so, because the consumer pays all. Every impost and burden must be laid upon the funds which come in, there being no other place to lay them; the premium-payers supply the funds, hence the premium-payers bear all the loads. The trouble is that loads are viewed (and complained of) as a mass, and very little attempt is ever made to analyze them.

The convention proceedings of assembled bankers are not popular reading, and therefore are likely to receive slight attention, except in special journals, but a statement made by the chairman on fidelity insurance at the recent meeting of the Bankers' Association is perhaps an exception to the rule. The subject is one phase of insurance which interests bankers as such, and the statement that 61 per cent. of losses reported in 1900 were resisted by the companies is quite liable to get into the current of floating items, because it is an intelligible statement and near to the line of sensational news. But is the statement correct? One official of a surety company queries its correctness positively, pointing out that it is in keeping with the report of the same committee a year ago, and saying that the former report proved to be conspicuously inaccurate. Another surety officer (and a very prominent one) seems inclined to account for the large ratio rather than dispute its correctness. The disposition to play a sharp game in settling with claimants he inclines to consider an inevitable result of the rate-cutting indulged in of late years. The subject ought to be dispassionately investigated, and the fact should be noted that fidelity insurance is still too young to have the advantage of a very large body of experience, for in this field time is the great factor in average and geographical distribution of smaller account. Surety insurance is also in some sense a form of liability insurance, and in the latter there has been some very wild and disastrous work done in bidding low for the sake of large contracts.

....Persons interested in the Mutual Reserve Fund Life may be assumed to remember, if others do not, the recent exclusion of that company from Minnesota and Wisconsin. The latter State has now readmitted it, Commissioner Giljohann having become satisfied with the report of an examination made by Iowa. This is the statement made by "Insurance," whose statements regarding the Mutual Reserve are always to be taken as authorized by the company. On the contrary, however, the *Insurance Post,* of Chicago, prints a letter from Commissioner Dearth, of Minnesota, which says that the writer has been informed by the Wisconsin Commissioner that the report from Iowa had no influence in moving him to readmit the Mutual Reserve, but that the readmission was granted only for the remainder of 1901, and on the distinct understanding that Wisconsin shall take part in an examination to be made very soon. Inquiries come to this office regarding the Mutual Reserve and its prospects, the inquirers desiring to know whether it is expedient for them to continue their membership. To these requests for information we are reluctantly obliged to reply, that we do not possess any—we may surmise, but we do not really know the actual condition, and are not sure that anybody does. A genuine, competent and conclusive examination of this much-examined organization is therefore very desirable—not an examination to make it not insolvent, or one to whitewash it, but one whose findings shall establish the facts.

Taxation of Franchise Values

THE prices of certain securities—those of the company controlling the gas supply in Chicago, for example—were affected last week by the decision of the Illinois Supreme Court concerning the valuation and assessment of corporations' property for taxation. This is an important decision, not only on account of its effect upon corporations in Chicago and throughout the State of Illinois, but also because it will stimulate the movement elsewhere for the taxation of the franchises of public-service companies. The suit was brought by two young women, Mary Haley and Catherine Goggin, teachers in the Chicago public schools and representatives of the Chicago Teachers' Federation, who demanded that the State Board of Equalization should be compelled to assess for taxation the capital stock, including franchises, of twenty-three Chicago corporations, which control the street railways, the telephone service, and the supplies of gas and electric light. The decision of the court, from which there is no appeal, awards a writ of mandamus against the Board, to compel the assessment demanded.

The cash value of the franchises of the companies directly affected—or of the capital stock, after the value of the tangible property has been deducted—is said to be $235,000,000. In refusing to provide for the taxation of this property the Board has been guilty, the court says, of evading its duty. It has violated and arbitrarily disregarded every well-known rule for the valuation of the stock. It has declined to consider protests against its course and has rejected information laid before it in the interest of the people. Therefore fraud has been established, and the Board may be coerced by writ. The decision, according to the estimate of the Mayor of Chicago, adds $8,000,000 to the annual receipts of the State, and $2,000,000 to the funds of the county in which that city is situated. The full effect of it is not yet clearly seen. By logical inference the property of steam railroad companies and all other corporations in the State is subject to the rule. The failure of the Board in past years to provide for the taxation of the franchise values has excited much popular discontent. "By this decision," says the counsel for the teachers, "anarchy in Illinois is deprived of its only excuse."

The lesson to be learned by corporations and the holders of corporation securities from this action of the Illinois court and from recent legislation or projects of legislation in other States, is that public sentiment demands increased taxation of corporation privileges and property, and especially of the valuable franchises controlled by railway, gas, telephone and electric light companies in cities. The Ford Franchise Tax Act in this State, to secure the passage of which Governor Roosevelt exerted so much influence, was an indication of a general tendency in legislation.

Financial Items

COPPER deposits of great extent have been discovered in Peru, and Americans are to invest $10,000,000 in developing them. The project involves the construction of eighty miles of railroad.

....A community of control has been established over the First National Bank and the Chase National Bank, of this city, the Morgan and Baker interests in the First National having acquired stock in the Chase Bank, while stock in the First National has been sold to the Hill and Payne interests in the other institution. The First National recently increased its capital to $10,000,000 and absorbed the National Bank of the Republic.

....The many friends and stockholders of the American Exchange National Bank, of which Dumont Clarke is President, will be pleased to learn that the semi-annual dividend, which for many years has remained at 3½ per cent., has been increased to 4 per cent., payable November 1st. The capital is $5,000,000 and the surplus and undivided profits are $3,411,153, while the total resources amount to $49,926,489.

....Dividends announced:

American Exchange National Bank (semi-annual), 4 per cent., payable Nov. 1st

Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co. (quarterly), 1¾ per cent., payable Nov. 15th.

Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R. (coupons), 5 per cent., payable Nov. 1st.

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Survey of the World

National Affairs

In his proclamation, designating Thursday, the 28th inst., as a day of general thanksgiving, the President thus refers to the death of his predecessor:

"This Thanksgiving finds the people still bowed with sorrow for the death of a great and good President. We mourn President McKinley because we so loved and honored him; and the manner of his death should awaken in the breasts of our people a keen anxiety for the country, and at the same time a resolute purpose not to be driven by any calamity from the path of strong, orderly, popular liberty, which, as a nation, we have thus far safely trod. Yet, in spite of this great disaster, it is nevertheless true that no people on earth have such abundant cause for thanksgiving as we have."

Protests against the recent appointment of George R. Koester to be Collector of Internal Revenue in South Carolina have been received from that State. Koester is a Gold Democrat, appointed at the suggestion of Senator McLaurin, the candidate of the Republicans having been rejected. He has boasted, it is said, that he fired the first shot at a negro who was lynched near Columbia some years ago. His friends do not deny that he did fire the first shot; but they assert that he did it to save the negro from the torture of burning at the stake. The negro had been bound to a tree by the lynchers, who intended to burn him. Koester protested, threatened to shoot him, and did so. There has been some comment upon the removal of Thomas W. Cridler from the office of Third Assistant Secretary of State, and the predicted appointment in his place of Herbert H. D. Pierce, Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, and a relative of Senator Lodge by marriage. The resignation of Cridler was called for because of his injudicious and embarrassing acts in office; but some who saw that he was not well fitted for the work of the State Department procured for him the office of European agent of the St. Louis Exposition. Senator Scott, of West Virginia, opposed the removal of Cridler for the reason that "he kept West Virginians in touch with State Department openings, and for this reason our people will have reason to regret his being displaced." In a farewell letter, Secretary Hay bears testimony to Cridler's "zeal, ability, and industry," in the Department, where he has been employed for twenty-six years. General Miles, in his annual report, says that the law against the canteen has been "in the main beneficial." He deplores the centralization of military power in the staff departments at Washington. The Naval Board of Construction recommends that the coming fiscal year's addition to the navy shall be three battle ships (16,000 tons), two armored cruisers (14,500 tons), eighteen gunboats, two colliers, six training ships, one repair ship, four picket boats, and four tugs. It is expected that Secretary Long will approve nearly all of this list. The Postal Service estimates ($135,885,000) include $500,000 for pneumatic tubes and $6,250,000 (an increase of $2,750,000) for rural free delivery. The President has been in consultation with Senator Aldrich and others concerning the reciprocity treaties and currency legislation. No attempt will be made, it is said, to procure action on the Argentina treaty, which involves a reduction of the duty on wool. The other treaties will again be opposed, and the domestic raw sugar interests have planned a campaign against concessions

on sugar in the proposed treaty with Cuba.

Admiral Schley Cross-examined

After the close of Admiral Schley's direct testimony he was cross-examined for nearly three days by the representatives of the Navy Department, a majority of their questions having been supplied on type-written slips from the Bureau of Navigation by a young Lieutenant (Henry H. Ward), who appeared to be the Bureau's agent. The greater part of this long cross-examination was very tiresome, dealing with small incidents and details. Throughout the ordeal the Admiral was cool, self-possessed, and courteous, never losing his temper. Just before the end of it was reached, the Judge Advocate and the young officer from the Bureau unexpectedly drew out the fact that Sampson had declined to accept Schley's first report of the Santiago battle because it gave no credit to his absent flagship, the "New York." Having received this original report, in which his command of the fleet was repeatedly recognized, Sampson sent for Schley and handed it back to him, saying that he (Sampson) was Commander-in-Chief, and that Schley had omitted a very important detail in failing to show the presence of the "New York." Whereupon Schley wrote another report. "I felt then," said he, "that the victory was big enough for us all; and I made this second report out of generosity, and because I knew that if the 'New York' had been present she would have done as good work as any of the ships." This second report says that the "Oregon" and "Brooklyn," together with the "Texas," and "another vessel which proved to be your flagship, continued westward in pursuit of the 'Colon.'" But Sampson's flagship, returning from the visit to Guantanamo, really took no part in the battle and did not arrive in the vicinity of the "Colon" until more than an hour after that ship had surrendered. The Department had not intended to bring out the history of the two reports. A majority of its almost innumerable questions were designed to show that almost every action of Schley could have been done in a better way—that he moved too slowly from Key West to Cienfuegos; that he ought to have given his captains plans in writing of possible battles to be fought; that he did not strictly obey all the naval regulations about signals and other matters; that the squadron ought to have moved in some form differing from the one he used; that when he heard guns at Cienfuegos he was really forty miles, instead of thirty miles, from that port, etc., etc. He was asked what he would have done if he had met Cervera's ships entering or coming out of Cienfuegos, and he replied: "I would have knocked them out." The Department even attempted to show that the wind was not "fresh" at a time when he had reported that it was. Testifying as to the reconnoissance at Santiago, he referred to the Department's restraining order and said he would not have been justified in risking then the loss or the crippling of a ship, because his squadron was small and might thus have been made numerically inferior to Cervera's, so that the Spaniards could have come out and attacked him, possibly with disastrous results. The "Brooklyn's" loop he regarded as "the movement that decided the events of that day." He took full responsibility for it. It was made for several reasons. One was that the ship might avoid getting into the crossfire of the battle ships, then so much needed; another was that the "Brooklyn" might continue in the fight. "She had to take a very important lead, and if she had been sacrificed at the beginning we might have lost the battle." Reference was made to the Spanish captain's testimony that it was the purpose of the Spaniards to concentrate their fire on the "Brooklyn," because of her speed, and to ram her with the "Viscaya." It was also recalled that at least 36 per cent. of the shots that struck the Spaniards came from the "Brooklyn," which was hit by 70 per cent. of all the effective shots from the Spanish ships. The reasons for the brief retrograde movement from Santiago were given clearly. The ships must have coal; Sigsbee had reported that Cervera, in all probability, was not at Santiago; Pilot Nunez had said the Spanish ships could not safely pass up the harbor channel; and, in these circumstances, the proper strategical movement, if movement there must be, was westward. But he returned after going only

a few miles. A long series of questions was asked by the Court. Some of them were sharply critical, and did not indicate any bias in Schley's favor. The Department's counsel grasped an opportunity to complain because some had called the proceedings a "prosecution," and said that everything devised by law "to screen an accused person" had been allowed. At the end of last week the taking of testimony was practically ended and the Court began to prepare for the arguments on each side.

Execution of Czolgosz

Leon Czolgosz, the anarchist assassin, was executed by electric shock in Auburn prison on the morning of the 29th ult., in the presence of twenty-six witnesses. As the guards were taking him from his cell (near at hand) to the death chair, he said: "I killed the President because he was an enemy of the good people—of the working people." After a pause he added: "I am not sorry for my crime;" and his last words, uttered just before the electric shock was applied, were: "I am awfully sorry I could not see my father." A careful and thorough autopsy was made by several physicians, one of them being Dr. Carlos F. McDonald, a prominent alienist. The skull was of normal thickness, and the brain of a little more than normal weight and size. "The examination," says the physicians' report, "revealed a perfectly healthy state of all the organs, including the brain." Relatives of Czolgosz had waived all claims to the body, and it was promptly interred in the prison cemetery with quicklime and acids that were expected to consume it within twelve hours. The assassin's clothing and other personal effects were burned. Before his death he had been kept in seclusion, and had been permited to talk with no one except his brother Waldeck and a Polish priest. More than fifteen hundred letters and packages addressed to him had come to the prison by post, but he was not allowed to receive any of them. Three weeks before the execution he said to the Superintendent that he had killed President McKinley because the latter would not give him work. "I asked him in Canton once," said Czolgosz, "and he turned me down." At the same time he denied that at Buffalo he had used a handkerchief to conceal his pistol. The priest could make no impression upon him. Czolgosz denounced religion and the Church, and demanded that there should be no religious services at his death or at the burial of his body. He was described by the priest as sullen and stupid. The autopsy, disclosing a brain in good condition, confirmed the conclusions of the physicians who examined the assassin before and after his trial. These have just been published and they are that Czolgosz was sane both when he planned the crime and when he committed it; that he had false beliefs, which were the result of false teaching, and not of any disease of the brain. The examiners learned by repeated interviews that up to the age of twenty-one he had been sober, industrious and law-abiding. Thereafter he fell under the influence of anarchists and came to believe that the killing of rulers was a duty. For some days he talked freely with these physicians, explaining his beliefs, and saying he was willing to take the consequences of his crime because he had well understood what he was doing and what the penalty would be. Afterward he became uncommunicative, and remained so during his confinement at Auburn.

Race Conflict in Louisiana

The race conflict at Balltown, La., on the night of the 27th ult., during which three whites and eleven negroes were killed, appears to have been due to the recent lynching of a negro, William Morris, in the same town. Morris was burned at the stake for having made an assault upon the wife of a local merchant, and the white lynchers compelled a negro to apply the match to the fagots. On the 27th the negroes were holding a camp meeting near their church building in the outskirts of the town, which is situated near the Mississippi line. It is said that several hundred came to this meeting from the neighboring turpentine and lumber camps. A sermon was preached by the Rev. John Connelly, who denounced the burning of Morris. One story—and all the published accounts come from white sources—says that the negroes sought to kill the man

of their race who had been compelled to start the fire by which Morris was burned to death. The reports agree, however, in saying that a posse of thirty or forty well-armed whites, led by a sheriff's deputy, went to the camp ground and attempted to arrest one Crea Lott, who had a restaurant in a small building near the church and was said to be selling beer without a license. Lott declined to surrender, and a battle ensued. One story asserts that the first shots were fired by the posse; another says that Lott fired from a window upon the whites as they were approaching. At all events three members of the posse were killed by Lott and his companions, and at least eleven negroes lost their lives. Lott was killed, and the preacher, Connelly, was shot down as he came from the house with a gun in his hand The whites set fire to the building, and the wife and children of Lott died in it, either by fire or from gunshot wounds. At the same time the church, near at hand, was the object of a fusillade. Several negroes were killed in that building or while trying to escape from it. Among the slain negroes were three women. On the following day the sheriff called upon the Governor for troops, but before night he saw that they were not needed. All the negroes had fled into the woods for safety and quiet had been restored.

Cuba and Porto Rico

Those who expected that General Maso would accept the office of Vice-President of Cuba from the supporters of Señor Palma have been surprised by his manifesto declaring that he is a candidate for the Presidency. His aim is to control the votes of the Autonomists, the Spaniards and the negroes. The Autonomists, he says, must be associated with the new republic because their leaders have knowledge of the country's needs and exhibited good judgment in the work of their party for Cuba under Spanish rule. They have unwisely been ignored by the military government. The negroes, he adds, are "an essential factor in our social existence," have been an orderly element of the population, and should be permitted to "participate in our political personality." The Spaniards also, "the nerve of our existence," must be included. Referring to the Platt Amendment, he remarks that the meaning and scope of the restrictions should be ascertained; the Cuban people must make it clear that their purpose is not to give up their sovereignty and independence whenever the definite establishment of the same is possible. They should be grateful to the Americans, but local institutions must not be subjected to illegitimate demands or unjust servitude. Trade concessions from the United States should be obtained in the treaty to be negotiated; they are due in strict justice, if only for the reason that this country by using Cuba has solved an important international problem. It is thought that he will have the support of the Autonomists, of Gualberto Gomez, and of many negroes who oppose the Cuban element that holds the offices. All of the bids for sewering and paving Havana have been rejected because the municipality has not the money needed for the work. The body of Admiral Villamil, commander of the Spanish torpedo destroyers at the battle of Santiago, has been shipped to Spain. Villamil reached the shore, but died of his wounds as the Americans were carrying him in a chair to a boat. His body was left in a cave, from which it was removed some months later by General Wood to the arsenal in Santiago. A salute was fired from the harbor forts last week when it was borne away to cross the Atlantic.—The merchants and bankers of Porto Rico who are now visiting the chief cities of this country will lay before the President a long petition in behalf of the coffee industry on the island. The planters, after suffering from the ravages of war and from the great hurricane, find their chief markets abroad—in Spain, France, and Germany—almost closed to them by new and high tariff duties; and the duty in Cuba, where the sales were formerly $3,500,000 per annum, has been increased to nearly six cents a pound. The petition asks that the products of the island shall be protected by the national flag and shall share in the advantage gained by the United States in treaties of reciprocity. It also asks that for five years there shall be a bounty of five cents a pound on exported Porto Rican coffee, and a duty of five cents on coffee imported into the island, with favorable dis-

crimination in the coming treaty of reciprocity with Cuba.

The Pan-American Congress

The Pan-American Congress has now been in session at Mexico City for over a week, but little more than preliminary work has as yet been done. Señor Raigosa, of Mexico, has been elected permanent President, and probably Brazil will get the first Vice-Presidency, as the United States declines to have one of its members occupy the second highest office. The various committees have already been assigned. That on arbitration is, of course, the most important, and it will probably be composed of the President of each delegation. The other committees are: Water Transportation, Commerce and Reciprocity, Pan-American Tribunal of Equity and Claims, Pan-American Railroad, Reorganization of Bureau of American Republics, International Law, Extradition and Protection Against Anarchy, Pan-American Banking and Monetary Exchanges, Pan-American Sanitary Measures, Patents and Trademarks and Weights and Measures, Practice of the Learned Professions and Literary Relations, Resources and Statistics, Interoceanic Canal, Agriculture and Commerce, Rules and Credentials, Future Pan-American Conferences, and General Welfare, including discussion of Louisiana Purchase Exposition. When the Congress first met it passed appropriate resolutions concerning the death of President McKinley, and later passed a resolution expressing the hope that the differences now existing between Venezuela and Colombia would be amicably adjusted. These two resolutions and the assigning of the committees is all that has been done up to the present. Reports differ as to the probable temper of the Conference when it gets to the discussion of the vital subject of Arbitration, for there are almost sure to be remarks made about the Monroe Doctrine and the Chilean-Bolivian dispute.

England

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall have reached London in their journey around the world, and the British royal family is again united. The "Ophir," which bore the returning voyagers, was escorted into Portsmouth harbor, November 1st, by the royal yacht "Victoria and Albert" and the Admiralty yachts through a squadron of battle ships and cruisers. At the dinner that evening on board the "Victoria and Albert" King Edward concluded his toast to the Duke and Duchess with these words, which tell very clearly the purpose of the voyage:

> "In all the colonies thus visited they fulfilled their mission, expressing the gratitude of the mother country for the aid generously accorded her in the hour of need, and they were everywhere received with a cordiality of loyal enthusiasm which could not have been surpassed. The accounts of these receptions have touched me deeply; and I trust the practical results will be to draw closer the strong ties of mutual affection which bind together the old motherland and her numerous thriving offspring."

The next day the royal party reached London, where they drove from the Victoria Station to Marlborough House in something like a triumphal procession. The route had been elaborately decorated with Venetian masts clothed in crimson, with ropes of red, white and blue roses and with innumerable flags of every description. The crowd was enthusiastic in their cheering, but their applause was broken by the shrill voices of newsboys crying, "Terrible disaster in South Africa," and it was remarked that the Boers had a disagreeable habit of creating bad news for England at the most inopportune times.—*The Lancet,* the most authoritative medical journal of London, announces that the rumors in regard to the King's ill health are entirely without foundation. King Edward seems to have given rise to these rumors himself by his exaggerated fear of cancer, the disease being inherited in the family.—The retirement of General Buller still causes infinite talk. *The National Review,* being challenged by General Buller, has published the alleged essential terms of the "spatch-cocked" dispatch to General George White, who was in command of the beleaguered garrison at Ladysmith. The message is given as follows:

> "I have been repulsed. You will burn your ciphers and destroy all your ammunition. You will then make the best terms you can with the Boers after I have fortified myself on the Tugela."

The editor of *The National Review* de-

clares that he obtained the dispatch from a civilian who was in Ladysmith at the time and who said there was nothing secret about it. The War Office does not publish the actual dispatch, and it is generally supposed that the version given by *The National Review* is substantially but not verbally correct. General Buller himself has said, "This is not my dispatch." Meanwhile the popularity of General Buller in certain quarters does not diminish.

South Africa The telegraphic reports from South Africa continue to bring news of various minor engagements. October 28th Rimington's column surprised the laager of General Botha, the Boer Commander-in-Chief, who succeeded in making his escape a few hundred yards in advance of Rimington's men, leaving his hat and revolver behind. His papers also were secured. Lord Kitchener, in confirming this report, states that during the preceding week seventy-four Boers were killed, sixteen wounded, 352 captured, and that there were forty-five surrenders. To offset these Boer reverses there came the news on November 2d of a disaster to the British. Lord Kitchener's first dispatch was as follows:

"I have just heard of a severe attack made on the rear guard of Colonel Benson's column when about twenty miles northwest of Bethel, near Brakenlaagte, during a thick mist. The strength of the enemy is reported to have been a thousand. They rushed two guns with the rear guard, but it is uncertain whether they were able to remove them. I fear our casualties were heavy. Colonel Benson was wounded, but not severely. A relieving column will reach him this morning."

Meanwhile the dispute continues in England over the concentration camps in South Africa. A correspondent of the *Spectator* gives the latest statistics, as follows: During September 2,411 persons, mostly women and children, died in the camps, making the death rate of 264 in the thousand per annum. Of these 1,964 were children under the age of twelve, making a death rate for the children of 433 in the thousand per annum. The conditions, according to this correspondent, continue to grow worse. The death rate in June was only 109 in the thousand per annum, whereas in September it increased to 264 in the thousand per annum. These figures are appalling when it is considered that the death rate for London in September, in spite of its slums, was only 15 in the thousand per annum. Nevertheless letters from various persons in South Africa maintain that the condition in these concentration camps is the best possible and that the prisoners in them suffer less than they would if allowed to go unrestrained. The correspondent of the Guild of Loyal Women received a letter from Johannesburg which declares that in these camps both tents and rooms were in good order and that the authorities enforce cleanliness and tidiness; coal and wood lie outside the tents in bundles and the wood is the very best kind for burning; water of the best quality is given out three times daily. The following rations are allowed: For each person over 12 years of age (per week), 7 pounds of flour, 6 ounces of coffee, 12 ounces of sugar, 4 ounces of salt, 3½ pounds of meat, 14 pounds of coal, 7 pounds of wood. Children under 12 years of age get half these quantities, except in regard to sugar, of which they get the same weight as an adult; also children over six years of age get 3½ pounds extra weight in flour. There is a large store in the camp where everything can be bought, and the people are free to buy what they please. Many of the prisoners have money to pay for small comforts and extras, and most of them could earn money in one way or another if they chose to work. The invariable answer to the question, "Why don't you work?" is, "Why should we so long as we get enough to eat?" There is a doctor in charge of each camp, and he has under him a hospital staff consisting of two English nurses and four Dutch assistants, besides the camp dispensary staff. The general health of the camp at Johannesburg is shown by the fact that there were only eight women in the hospital on the day of the correspondent's visit, no men at all, and only seven or eight convalescent children. The correspondent of the London *Times* confirms the excellent state of affairs in these concentration camps and declares that everything possible is done to make the prisoners comfortable. In like manner a correspondent from Puna in India, where

a number of Boers have been taken, gives the same favorable report. It is hard to get at the exact state of affairs in the camps.

Parliamentary Acts

Among the other Bills passed in the last session of Parliament, one of the most important was that regulating factories and workshops. The history of the Bill is not without interest. It gathers up into itself a number of provisions made by Parliament, beginning back in 1802, when the Peel Act was passed to preserve the health and morals of apprentices and others employed in cotton and other mills and factories, by which it was enacted that the walls of the rooms were to be washed with quicklime and water twice a year, and that the hours of work should be limited to twelve. In 1833 this Act was amended by the reforms associated with the name of Lord Ashley, limiting the working hours of children under thirteen to eight hours a day, and of boys and girls under eighteen to twelve hours a day. In 1844 further amendments prohibited the employment of children under eight years, and in 1847 the working time for women and young persons was limited to ten hours a day. As the Bill now stands it is divided into ten heads, relating to (1) "Health and Safety," (2) "Employment," (3) "Education of Children," (4) "Dangerous and Unhealthy Industries," (5) "Special Modifications and Extensions," (6) "Home Work," (7) "Particulars of Work and Wages," (8) "Administration," (9) "Legal Proceedings," and (10) "Supplementary." As regards "Health and Safety," a factory must be kept clean and not overcrowded; the inside walls, if not painted once in seven years, must be lime-washed once in every fourteen months; and, if so painted, must be washed in hot water and soap once within every fourteen months. Other provisions, of like nature, provide for workshops. The provisions in regard to "Employment" apply only to women, young persons and children. Both in factories and in workshops Sunday employment is forbidden. No child under twelve may be employed. Minute regulations are laid down for the time of work, for holidays, for the noon hours and the like. As to "Education," the parent of any child employed in either factory or workshop must cause the child to attend some recognized efficient school on each work day for at least one attendance; or, if the employment be on the alternate-day system, on each work day preceding each day of employment for at least two attendances. When a child of thirteen has obtained a certificate of proficiency in reading, writing and arithmetic, that child becomes a "young person." Rules are laid down for the inspection of factories where there is danger of poison from lead, phosphorus, or other materials. "Special Modifications and Extensions" also deal with the health of the employees. Home-work receives certain restrictions; such that, for instance, occupiers of factories or workshops are not to allow clothes to be made or cleaned in any dwelling house where there is scarlet fever or smallpox. The seventh regulation, dealing with work and wages, provides that trade secrets shall not be divulged by the workers under pain of a ten-pound fine. Inspectors are appointed by the Home Office to have full power to enter and examine buildings at all reasonable times by day and night and to question, either alone or in the presence of any other person, any person found therein. The ninth part provides various fines which may be charged if a factory or workshop is not kept in conformity with the act. The tenth part adds certain modifications and limitations to the preceding regulations.

France and Turkey

The old dispute between France and Turkey has broken out once more, and for a while things looked very black. On October 30 the entire French Mediterranean squadron put out from Toulon. Part of the fleet returned to Les Salins but the other part (consisting of the battle ships "Gaulois" and "Charlemagne," the cruisers "Admiral Pothuan," "Chanzy," and "Galilée," and two torpedo-boat destroyers), under Admiral Caillard, sailed to the Levant to make a demonstration at some Turkish port. The decision to make this naval demonstration against Turkey was reached at a meeting of the Cabinet on Tuesday, October 29th, when M. Delcassé, Minister of Foreign Affairs, set forth the Sul-

tan's procrastination in regard to the French demands. The officials of the Foreign Office admit that the fleet has sailed to the Levant under sealed orders. One official is reported to have said:

"The squadron sailed under sealed orders, and proceeds first to a Greek port, the Island of Syra, I think, where the Admiral will receive definite instructions as to carrying out his sealed orders. I am not at liberty to say what the sealed orders are, but the seizure of the customs at Smyrna would probably be a very effective way of convincing the Sultan that France's patience is exhausted, and that we have decided to enforce an immediate execution of the Turkish Government's engagements. However, we are very hopeful that the Sultain will not compel us to go to that extreme. Our squadron will not reach the Greek port before Sunday. The Turkish Government has thus still three days' grace, and we trust, in the meantime, to receive complete satisfaction."

These drastic measures have apparently brought the Sultan to terms. November 2d the French Foreign Office received a telegram from M. Bapst, Councillor of the French Legation at Constantinople, announcing that the Sultan had sent a message accepting all the French claims, including the Lorando claim. A telegram also came directly from the Porte stating that an irade had been signed accepting the figure fixed by France for the payment. France, however, is now not satisfied with this admission, but demands compensation for the moral injury caused by the Sultan's conduct during the last three months. This compensation will be an adjustment of the French protectorate over the Catholics in the Orient and guaranties for safeguarding the French schools in Turkish domains. Meanwhile all the officers and men of the Toulon garrison now on leave of absence have been ordered to rejoin their commands forthwith. Three transports are preparing to carry troops to the Levant if necessary.

New Finds in Babylon

One of the most interesting archeological finds ever made in the Bible lands is reported by Dr. Koldewey, who has been at the head of the German expedition that for nearly two years has been digging on the site of ancient Babylon. This is the famous throne room of Nebuchadnezzar, a magnificent structure, 18 meters in width and 52 meters in length, and directly opposite the entrance is found the niche where at one time stood the throne of that mighty ruler. On both sides of the niche are still seen the remnants and remains of the former splendor of the room, magnificently colored decorations on the walls that are of great importance for the history of art. In addition to this work in the old castle, or *Kasr,* and along the old processional street of Marduk, the Germans have been unearthing the treasures of the city proper, near the modern village of Jimjima, and in a comparatively short time have found an abundance of new tablets with important inscriptions, which, according to Dr. Weissbach, the Assyriologist of the expedition, contain letters, psalms, contracts, word lists, etc., all documents that appeal to the interests of wide circles and will directly or indirectly add to the material that can be used for the interpretation of the Old Testament, both historically and linguistically. In the near future the work is to be extended to the hill, called Amram-bar-Ali, and the excavation of this unique Pantheon of the Babylonian metropolis, which lies so deeply embedded in the ruins of centuries, promises rich returns. The work of the expedition is not to be restricted to Babylon, as the managers have secured the right to make diggings in the neighboring hills of Fara and Abu Hatab, which, in all probability, belong to the so-called pre-Sargon period, dating from the fourth millennium before Christ, and will doubtless furnish data for the very earliest history of mankind. These two hills are found not far from Nippur, where the Americans have been so successful. In addition to the work of the expedition as such, individual members have been publishing the results of their own investigations, chief of these being a *brochure,* entitled "*Von Babylon nach den Ruinen von Hira und Huarnaq,*" by Bruno Meissner, on the historic ground of ancient Chaldea. In this connection it should be added that Koldewey's report shows that the accounts published in New York papers to the effect that the banquet hall of Belteshazzar had been discovered by the Germans, with the picture of the Lion of Babylon, and even with the words Mene, Mene, Tekel in large letters, were the product of a vivid imagination.

Prospects in England

By Justin McCarthy

THE political atmosphere in England is filled somehow with gloomy forebodings just at present. Perhaps the manner in which the war is dragging on, with no greater apparent likelihood of its coming to an end than there seemed at any time during the last year and a half, might alone be enough to account for the general feeling of depression. The question now arises whether the English Government will be able to retain Cape Colony itself in peaceful possession or whether the conquest of the whole of South Africa has not yet to be undertaken or absolutely given up. But, whatever the causes may be, it is certain that even the most cautious newspapers are beginning to exhibit the temperament of gloomy foreboding which is made manifest so much in private conversation everywhere.

KING EDWARD VII
(From a Photograph Just Taken)

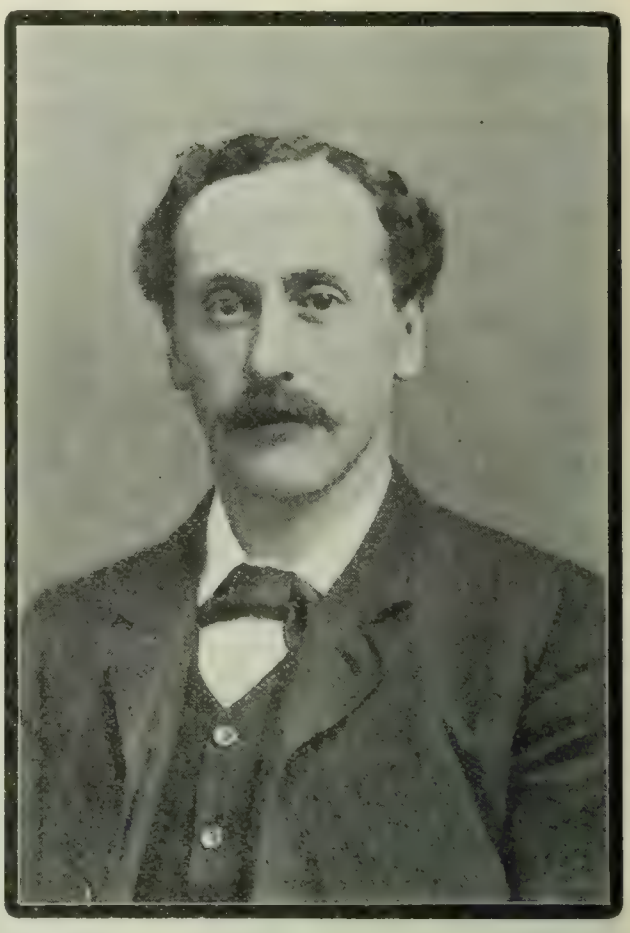
We hear, for example, the most alarming anticipations about the health of the King. It is quite certain that Edward VII has lately been suffering from physical troubles of some kind, but I cannot hear that there is any trustworthy evidence for the apprehensions which are so commonly and so positively made public. One report is that the King himself has become possessed by the conviction that he is not destined to live to the time appointed for his coronation. Now, I cannot help thinking that if the King really had any such pessimistic views with regard to his own condition he is far too shrewd and judicious a man to impart them to any one who would be in the least likely to confide them to the correspondents of newspapers. Still the report is going about everywhere all the same and it finds some sanction in the fact that the King has lost within a comparatively short space of time a brother and a sister from the fell disease which, according to popular rumor, he believes to be threatening his own life. Three of the late Queen Victoria's children died during Victoria's lifetime, and one other, the late Queen's eldest daughter, widow of the late German Emperor Frederick, died only a few months after the death of her mother.

A curious fact, which is perhaps not always borne in mind by American readers, is that the reigning royal houses of Europe may be said almost literally to belong to a single family. An interesting article which I have just been reading in the Dublin *Freeman's Journal,* the leading newspaper of Ireland, insists that one main cause of the illnesses which at present affect so many royal houses in Europe is to be found in the fact that "the sovereigns of Europe have disregarded that great law of nature which discountenances the marriages of near blood-relations." The article goes on to tell us that while "there are in Europe over a score of emperors, kings and minor reigning sovereigns," "all but two are the descendants of James I of England, the only child of the marriage of

Darnley and Mary Queen of Scots." The King of Sweden, who, as everybody knows, is the descendant of Marshal Bernadotte, one of the soldiers whom the great Napoleon raised from the ranks and set upon a throne, and the Prince of Montenegro, who became a sovereign ruler within the recollection of us all, are almost the only exceptions. The result of this condition of things naturally is that European princes and princesses are compelled to marry " in and in," if I may use that colloquial expression when dealing with such a subject—in other words, have to find their marriage consorts in families more or less nearly related to their own.

The traditional custom of royal families in Europe does not sanction the introduction of actual strangers to marriage with one of a reigning family. This custom was, of course, disregarded by self-made monarchs like Napoleon III of France, but these revolutionary leaders—revolutionary in every sense—do not count for much in the history of imperial and royal houses. We have just heard that an Austrian Archduchess has resolved to marry the man of her choice, altho he is not a member of a reigning family. The late Queen Victoria is much commended by the writer of the article in the *Freeman's Journal* for her courage and good sense in sanctioning and promoting the marriage of a daughter and grand-daughter to men who were not of imperial or royal family. But Queen Victoria was a woman very much in advance of the habitudes and traditions which governed the doings of nearly all other European sovereigns, and the innovations which she promoted do not much affect the general state of things in Europe. At present there is hardly a European imperial or royal family which is not oppressed by serious and boding illness of some kind, and it is only reasonable to say that some explanation of this fact may be found in this system of intermarriage. It is certainly a curious historical fact that the dynasty of the Stuarts, in many ways the worst dynasty that ever ruled over England, should have left so many descendants among the reigning houses of Europe.

I was glad to learn from the report of a speech delivered by Mr. Herbert Gladstone that that gentleman has no intention of giving up his seat in the House of Commons or even resigning his office as Chief Whip of the Liberal party because of his approaching marriage. It would indeed be a heavy loss to the Liberal party if Herbert Gladstone were to go out of Parliament and lead a life of ease as a private citizen. I have always had the strongest belief in Herbert Gladstone's great political capacity and in the earnestness with which up to this time



HERBERT GLADSTONE

he has devoted himself to the Liberal cause. I still believe that there is before him, if he only so wills it, and gives himself up to it, a political career well worthy to sustain the reputation of his illustrious father. Of late he has indeed sometimes seemed rather uncertain as to his part in the great controversy now agitating England, and I think it would have been better for himself and for the country if he had from the beginning taken a more decided stand against the policy which is now devastating South Africa and lowering the reputation of England. But the Liberal party itself has been sadly divided and uncertain on the same great

question, and we may perhaps find good excuse for a public man still comparatively young if he did not quite see his way from the beginning to take a more clearly defined position. I should myself, indeed, have thought that Herbert Gladstone was the very man who would have taken that position from the first and that he would have gone in with men like John Morley, James Bryce and Leonard Courtney.

There is yet quite time, however, for Herbert Gladstone to make up for any indecision or mistake, and when the hour comes to settle the South African question finally such influence as his will surely be given to strengthen all true Liberals in obtaining a wise, statesmanlike and enduring settlement. At the present moment there is really no Liberal party in England—of course I am speaking now of parties in the House of Commons. Inside as well as outside that house there are no doubt men of light and leading who uphold the true Liberal creed, but there is no organized body within the House to maintain its old principles and traditions against the party of Imperialism and annexation, of despotism and ignorance, of class legislation and the suppression of free opinion. Such a party, however, is certain to be formed again before long, and when it is formed it would indeed be a source of national regret and disappointment if Herbert Gladstone were not one of its leaders.

In my last contribution to the pages of THE INDEPENDENT I quoted some lines from the once famous, now almost forgotten, poet of society, Winthrop Praed, which appear to me to have a curious appropriateness to some of the events and peculiarities of the last session of Parliament, altho Praed has been dead for more than sixty years. I have lately come across some other lines of Praed which appear to apply even more strikingly to the events and peculiarities of the war in South Africa. My American readers will not fail to have noticed that among the heaviest charges made by Radical writers and speakers against the present Government of England is the accusation that they have sanctioned a method of warfare which is not tolerated by the canons of modern civilization—by the burning of farm houses, the destruction of crops, and the imprisoning of Boer women and children in huge isolated camps where hunger and disease play sad havoc, especially among the infants. Praed in the verses to which I wish to direct attention is making a Covenanter describe what he regards as the worst horrors of the war waged by the Stuart Government against his brethren. Here are some of the lines:

"The Babe's bread torn away,
The Harvest blasted by the war steed's hoof,
The red flame wreathing o'er the cottage roof."

These are what Praed's Covenanter regards as the worst horrors of the war system applied to his people, and it is certainly somewhat curious to find that just the same charges are made against the government of Lord Salisbury today, notwithstanding the humanizing rules adopted by the Geneva Convention of 1863, and the efforts made for still further mitigation of war's horrors by the convention at The Hague at a much more recent date. Winthrop Praed, who, during his short parliamentary career held office in a Conservative administration, could hardly have dreamed that any verses of his were ever likely to be cited in condemnation of the renewal of such horrors by a Conservative government so long after his own time. Praed, altho one of the very earliest, and probably the very best of the writers who are described as "poets of society," was a man of deep feeling, and even among the lightest of his poems one meets every now and then with some passage intensified by profound sincerity and genuine pathos.

Amid all the talk about the King and the war and the Government and the divisions in the Liberal party, people just now find time to say a good deal concerning a new novel published by the authoress who describes herself as Lucas Malet. Lucas Malet is, as most of my American readers know, the name adopted for literary purposes by Mrs. St. Leger Harrison, wife of a clergyman of the Established Church, and Mrs. Harrison is the daughter of the late Charles Kingsley, the poet and novelist, the preacher and social reformer, whose books once held a foremost place in English literature. The Kingsleys were a brilliant family, and made for themselves

a distinct fame in letters, and the lady who is known as Lucas Malet is not the least distinguished among them. She certainly takes her place in the front rank of the women novelists of our day, and this latest book of hers is, in my opinion, destined to add to her reputation.

As one presumptive evidence of its merit it has, as I have said, compelled people to stop and talk about it, and discuss it at a time when even among the readers of books conversation is much distracted by subjects which have nothing to do with literature. Lucas Malet has chosen a venturesome and a painful subject for her new novel, but when I say venturesome, I do not mean to say that it is what would be called a problem novel in the ordinary sense of that somewhat wearisome phrase. It does not, for example, raise any question about illicit love, or profess to glorify any evasion of the marriage principle. But it raises the question painful indeed in itself—the question how far a deep and genuine love in a woman's heart can conquer the natural aversion which is wrought by the sight of physical deformity. The hero of the story is deformed from his very birth, and altho his face is attractive his legs have but one joint each, and he is therefore a sort of dwarf without the easy and rapid power of movement which has been given to many dwarfs. Can a beautiful and gifted young woman fall in love with such a man, whatever his higher qualities of mind and heart may be? Can she come to love him really for his mind and his heart and marry him and give herself up to him and make him happy and be happy with him and never regret that she has linked herself with a physical deformity? That is the question which Lucas Malet has undertaken to answer in the affirmative, and she has, according to my thinking, answered it nobly and truly and well. The girl devotes herself to Sir Richard Calmady, redeems him from the ignoble life into which he was sinking, marries him, and makes him a good and a happy man. Lucas Malet has not hesitated in this story to show vice its own image

LUCAS MALET
(Mrs. St. Leger Harrison)

with bold and realistic touches. But the moral of the book is sound, pure and high, its style is beautiful and elevated, and, tho it has many melancholy passages, the end is gladsome, hopeful and bright.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Japanese Art and Caucasian

By W. B. Van Ingen.

IF it were required to express in one word that quality in the graphic art of the Japanese which characterizes it, positively or negatively, in opposition to the art of the Caucasian, that word would not be perspective, but it might be calligraphy. It is true that the Japanese do not seem to have a formulated system of perspective, but they comply with the truths of sight which are put under the name perspective; comply with them with very great perspicacity of judgment, tho there are not lacking those who deny them credit for doing so. The Caucasian having happily discovered a very useful working formula which he has called perspective, from words signifying "to see through," seems fondly to imagine it is based on truth and that the Japanese base their methods on falsehood. Where this imagination exists, it is the Caucasian who is ignorant, for while his perspective is based on truth, it is the truth of geometry and not the truth of sight. The particular truth that lines which are parallel in nature, as the rails of a track, appear to approach each other in traveling from the eye, is one that the Japanese are not careful to comply with in their drawing and one that the Caucasians do; but an investigation of the methods by which this truth is acknowledged shows very grave errors in rendering other truths. Prof. William R. Ware's words may certainly be accepted as conclusive on this point, and he says:

> "By the very theory of perspective, only the object just opposite, seen along the axis of the picture, just at its center, is drawn as it looks . . . and every object in perspective drawing, except the one at the center, is always distorted."

The difference in the methods of the two peoples may be summed up by saying that the Japanese looks at his picture as tho the nature it represents were seen from more standpoints than one, while the Caucasian does so, too, only he says he does not.

But when we take up the question of calligraphy, its development by the Japanese is so far reaching in its results as to require our most careful attention. The word itself is misleading. It is in reality a Caucasian word by which we are trying to express a Japanese idea, and we are apt to think the Japanese "thing" is the same as our calligraphy because we use the same word to express both. As a matter of fact there is but little similarity.

The Japanese has for generations studied how to make his brush stroke most expressive; how to convey from one mind to another as much truth of

A Sweep

observation as is possible, or desirable, with the greatest economy of means. And further, he has made a most careful study of how to convey these truths in the most pleasurable way; how to make his lines most beautiful, as tho a speaker would use but words of most exquisite sound. To do this he has cultivated his "touch" until it is but mockery to compare it with that of his European brother. He has learned to handle his brush with a directness and precision which is a thing of wonder, and he has studied with a patience beyond compare the possibilities of each particular kind of brush. He knows, for instance, that one kind of brush may be used to express a bamboo stem and that another brush will be less efficacious. He knows how to fill each particular part of that brush with a certain amount of color or of water, so that a single movement of the hand over the paper will paint the stem, its light and shade, its peculiar characteristics, complete. And to the perfecting of that single movement of his hand over the paper he and his ancestors have given years of study.

Listen to a description by a Japanese. He is not an artist himself, but is explaining how artists use a certain brush:

"The brush with color is passed over a piece of paper with a heavy stroke that spreads the bristles of the brush, at the same time bending them at the tip. The brush is then turned so that the bristles curve toward the artist, and a light stroke will produce the hair-like lines. This is one of the ways of painting the hair or fur of animals."

In an article published in *Art Education* Mr. Bunkio Matsuki, who has thus explained the use of the brush in painting hair, gives us a list of six kinds of brushes which he tells us are "confined mostly to the painting of birds, flowers and landscapes." Number two, he tells us, is called a "Korin" brush, because it was used by a renowned artist named Korin. "It is of great value in sketching stems, petals of flowers, etc." Number three, he tells us, also derives its name from that of a great painter; it is called "Chinzan brush" and has a most important place in work of the present day because of its practical use in drawing landscapes, flowers, birds, etc. Speaking of another brush, we are told: "It has added new life to the work of Japanese painters . . . it has the

A Sweep

peculiar merit of making thin or broad lines in one stroke." And the same writer says, speaking of a particular painting, "Observe what freedom of arm movement in each stroke, particularly in that of the willow tree trunk." And again, "No retouching of the master stroke," and still again, "Every brush has its own habitude, and if used unnaturally, does not work well." Perhaps these quotations will suffice to tell us with what exquisite care the Japanese have studied the means to their ends. True all this study which relates to but a part of calligraphy is only the lan-

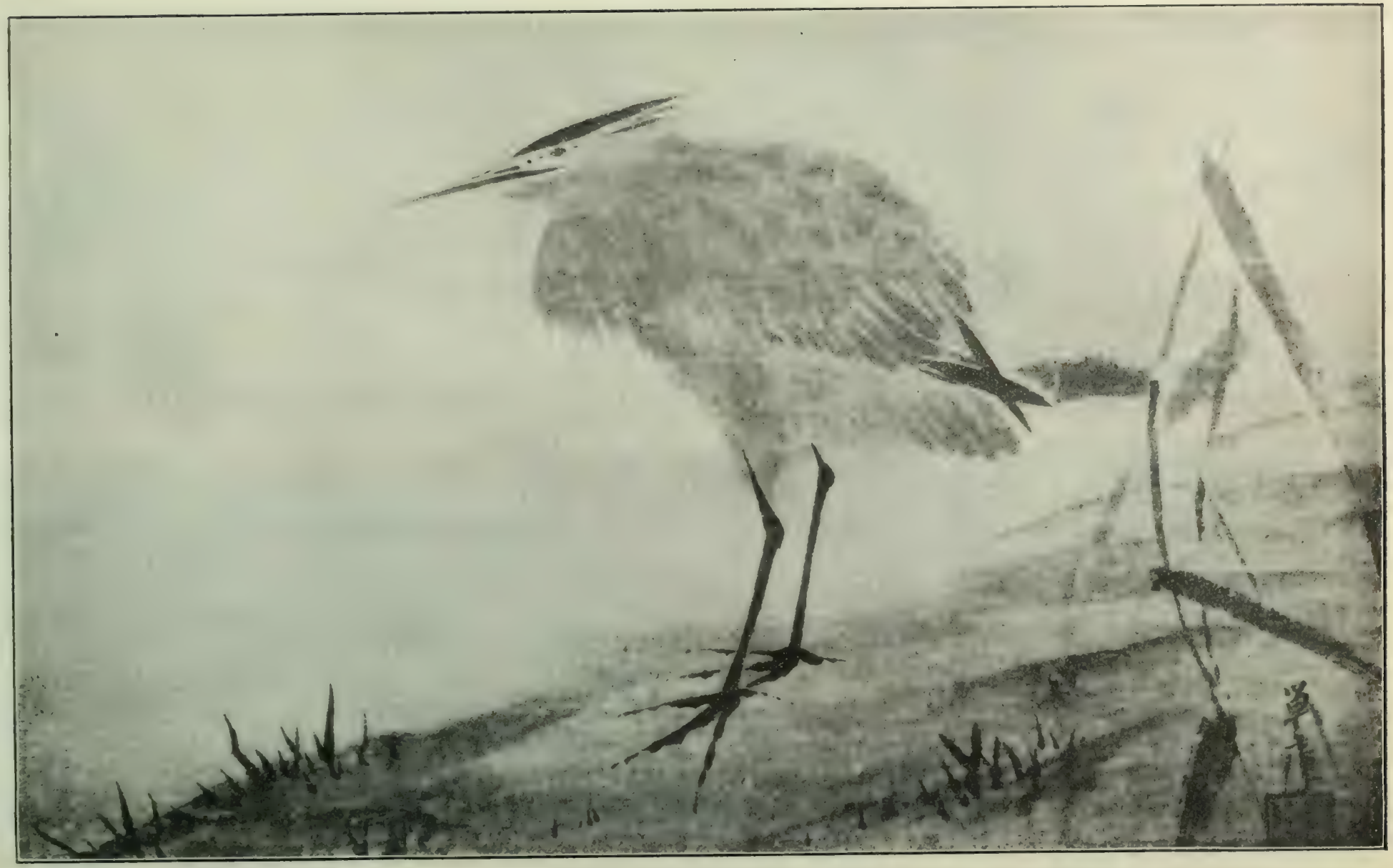
guage, so to speak, of his art, but its power must be considered would we know why this or that is beautiful to the Japanese. Surely no one will deny the power of words over thought.

We may turn now from a development of the Japanese to one of the Caucasian's which seems lacking in the East. Perhaps that may best be expressed by the word personification. In an exquisite chapter called "The Eternal Feminine," Mr. Lafcadio Hearn has told us how "we have learned something of the beauty of nature through our ancient worship of the beauty of woman. . . . The ideal of woman has become for us an esthetic abstraction. Through the illusions of that abstraction only do we perceive the charms of our world, even as forms might be perceived through some tropic atmosphere whose vapors are iridescent." That we should paint a nude woman pouring water from a jar and so represent a spring is incomprehensible to the Japanese. That an artist should try to express electricity, or dawn, or geometry, by placing a woman in a graceful position and giving her something to hold in her hand is to the Eastern mind a mystery, and yet it appeals to our minds. To such a point do they carry their incomprehension of personification that as great a student of Japan as Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain tells us that "most metaphors and allegories are incapable of so much as intelligible explanation before Eastern minds." He tells us with respect to this absence of personification that it is "so deep seated and all pervading as to interfere even with the use of neuter nouns in certain combinations with transitive verbs." He says, "This language rejects all such expressions as 'The heat makes me feel languid.'"

Two Stupids

Just why the Japanese make no use of the exquisite opportunities of personification and metaphor afforded us would be difficult to say, but it would be equally difficult to say why the Caucasian makes so little use of calligraphy.

Hokusai, one of the greatest artists of modern Japan, tells something about their writing that is suggestive. "From the earliest days," he says, "man has copied the forms of nature; from the sky he has taken the sun, the moon, and stars, and from the earth the mountains, trees and fishes, the houses, too, and the fields; and these images simplified, modified and denaturalized have become the characters of his writing." Then, if we remember that the Japanese uses the same word to express writing and drawing (as the Greeks did), and remember that he has no alphabet, and that there is much similarity in the use of the fingers in holding his chop sticks and his brushes,—he simply learns to use his brushes early,—we may easily believe that he has a highly developed brush stroke.



A Bird

It seems, too, that in our use of words we may find a possible analogy to the Japanese's use of his brush stroke. We know our words have a meaning in sound as well as in sense, and we know those meanings are both independent of, and intimately associated with, each other. We know there is an implication in the sound of *smooth,* and we know the sound of *rugged* is knit closely with its meaning. Mr. Stead has told us that alliteration had something to do with the building of the Cape to Cairo Railway; and surely no one would like to be deaf while reading Swinburne.

The reproduction of a Japanese drawing of a bird furnishes a beautiful illustration of this implicit power of the brush strokes. If those that form the head of the bird were duplicated on another piece of paper, but so placed as to be unrelated to each other, and we should be asked what characteristics of mind they implied as mere brush strokes—vigor, temerity, angularity, or what not—could our answer be other than applicable to the characteristics we would give the bird? Is there any difference between the implicit meaning and the explicit meaning of these brush strokes? And in what way is this different from the sound meaning and the sense meaning of, say, the words *smooth* and *rugged?*

A perfect example is afforded also in the drawing of the two "Sweeps." It must be apparent to the most casual observer that it suggests carelessness and sloth, and these are exactly the characteristics of such urchins. Is it possible to marry implication and explication more completely than in the brush work that forms the hair of the two "Stupids" shown? What could be more perfect than the relation existing between the method in which the Japanese has used his ink and the lack of method with which the "stupid" has brushed his hair?

Mr. La Farge has used words in speaking of Japanese art which are very clarifying. He says: "This extraordinary pursuit of mechanical excellence, this learning to render each classified fact of nature by a certain touch, a certain meeting of lines at certain angles, all this has ended in so drilling the pupil as to make him find original departure difficult." These words, "render each classified fact of nature by a certain touch"—may not this be clarified by recalling words of the commentator of Gustave Flaubert when he says:

> "The one word for the one thing, the one thought amid the multitude of words, terms that might just do, the problem of style was there. The unique word, phrase, sentence, paragraph, essay or song, absolutely proper to the single mental presentation or vision within. . . . One seems to detect there the idea of a natural economy, of some pre-existent adaptation between a relative somewhere in the world of thought and its correlative somewhere in the world of language."

There are differences between the art of the Japanese and of the Caucasian, but there are similarities.

New York City.

From Purer Climes

By Theron Brown

THE endless marvel of rebirth
Evades us. Still we question why
And when the waters of the earth
Become the waters of the sky.
From stream or sea their flight begun
Ascends unseen and unpursued,
Till lo, they trail across the sun,
A many-tinted multitude!

Another day they come, the same,
But every refluent drop is new.
A strange libation bears their name;
They shine celestial in the dew.
Some element of finer strain
And more ethereal mode we know
In the clear sweetness of the rain,
In the white glory of the snow.

Aloft where astral life is given
The liquid wanderers soar, and wait,
Till, swift returning, fresh from heaven,
They meet us thro' the rainbow gate.
Forevermore they rise and sink
For us between the Here and There,
And all earth's sordid acres drink
The crystal of the upper air.

So falls love's holier sacrament,
In dreamy call and spirit kiss
Of the dear sainted souls who went
To dwellings of diviner bliss.
Still ours, they haste on snowy wings
Below at memory's fond command,
And every tender visit brings
A sweetness of the Better Land.

Boston, Mass.

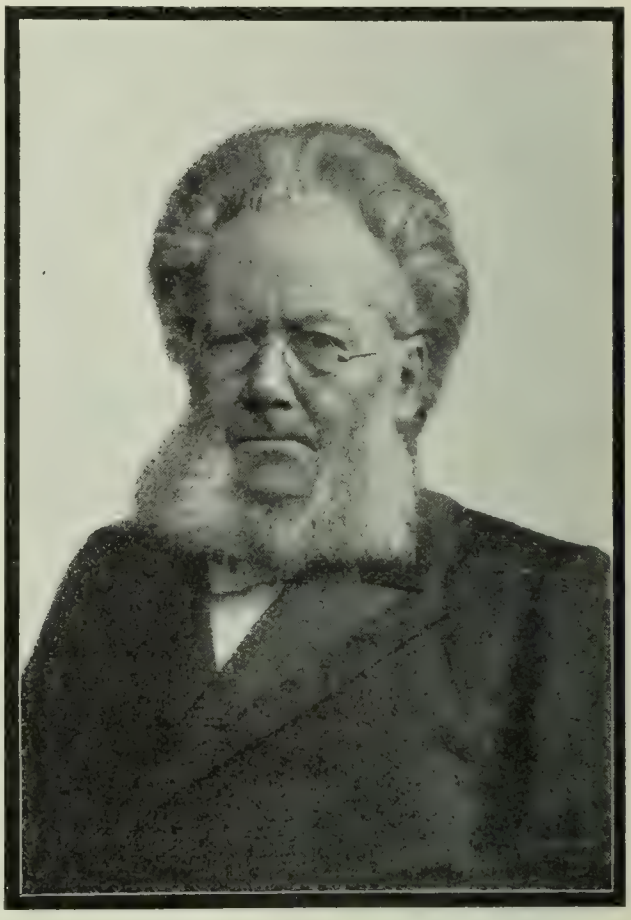
The Passing of Ibsen

By the Baron de Stampenbourg

A FEW weeks ago Henrik Ibsen was reported to be on his death-bed. For several days his condition was such that his death was hourly expected. He has temporarily recovered, but his physicians are so apprehensive of a relapse that they have forbidden him to do any literary work. A recurrence of the paralysis which laid him low seems almost certain to lay him in his grave, for Ibsen is a man of seventy-two winters now.

There can be no doubt that, altho Ibsen, the man, yet lives and thinks, the passing of Ibsen, the writer, is becoming the sadly accomplished fact. Ibsen's pen has been stayed, probably forever, by the behest of science, which hopes only to lengthen his days. The work of Ibsen, the dramatist, may be viewed as a whole, for we are reasonably assured that no new volume will be added to the thirty books that include everything he has written. In unguarded moments the aged poet, who has made the world shudder with his "Ghosts," is, nevertheless, snatching hours from sleep in his attempt to complete his autobiography. He is very jealous of this book, and very anxious to have it done while he is as yet strong enough to elude the vigilance of his doctors. He will allow no one near him; he sleeps on his manuscripts as if he were afraid they might be purloined. Whenever there is a knock at the door he hides the pages, and his most intimate friends are not permitted to know in detail the nature of this, his last effort with pen and paper. Even his wife is required to announce her presence by a knock; nor is she permitted to see what is contained in those large, rough papers with that labored, rounded, stereotyped handwriting she knows so well.

When Ibsen was at his most critical stage of illness, and bulletins of his condition were hourly posted in front of the Victoria Terrace apartments in Christiania, where he lives, something happened at his bedside of which the literary world here seems still to be ignorant. Björnstjerne Björnson, his great compeer and fellow poet, with whom he had fought out a silent, lifelong ethical battle, rang the bell and demanded to see Ibsen alone. What happened between these two hoary giants of Norse literature as they met in the darkened bedroom, after half a century of



HENRIK IBSEN

literary warfare, no outsider knows. But it was noticed that the faces of both men were flushed with the ardor of forgiveness, and in their eyes beamed the light of a new kindliness. The evening papers in Christiania whispered that a reconciliation had taken place between the two masters, and Björnson was much praised for taking the initiative. Ibsen would never have done it. It is a remarkable fact, however, that Ibsen began to improve from that day. It seems as if the warmth and majesty of Björnson's soul had broken the ice around the heart of Ibsen, the inaccessible, giving him the medicine of hope to which he apparently owes his improvement.

The passing of Ibsen, the man of letters, means the disappearance of the present triumvirate of the grandest figures in Northern European literature,—Tolstoy, Björnson, Ibsen. But whether the master die now, or live a few years longer, makes really no difference as far as his influence on Scandinavian letters and the world's literature is concerned. His work as a dramatist is completed. His last book, "When the Dead Awake," bore evidences of his failing grasp and his drooping power of imagination. It may be said with certainty that he will not produce work which in any way will affect the impression he has already created by his published books. Altho Ibsen never attempted to establish a literary school, it would be difficult to find a single civilized country in which Ibsen clubs, voluntarily originated by enthusiastic readers, are not doing some sort of work to arouse interest in and to maintain the esthetic standard of Ibsenic ideals. He is personally the most unpopular of men. His extreme reticence and hermit-like seclusion have prevented him from taking any active interest in the practical work of promulgating the ideals of his imagination.

Beyond Scandinavia, Finland and Denmark, where the tongue of Ibsen is understood, his passing away will be most keenly felt in Berlin and Vienna, where he has always had a remarkably strong following by the most select of readers and audiences. I do not know of a single dramatic writer in Norway, Sweden and Denmark who does not, in some way, mirror the reflection of Ibsen's influence, and among the recognized playwrights of other nations there are but a few who are working with entire independence of his master hand.

The imposing edifice of the work of this man, who started life as a mixer of pills, is divisible into four classes: First, the historical works, comprising "The Solhaug Feast" (2)*, "Catilina" (3), "Emperor and Galilean" (4), "The Vikings at Helgeland" (6), "The Pretenders" (8), and "Fru Inger to Ostrot" (3); second, the social, ethico-tragical class, represented by "The Comedy of Love" (6), "Brand" (12), "Peer Gynt" (9), "The Wild Duck" (2), and "Rosmersholm" (2), "Ghosts" (2), "Hedda Gabler" (2); third, the social-dramatic works, including the volumes of "The Doll's House" (3), "The Lady from the Sea" (2), "The Young Men's League" (5), "An Enemy of the People" (2), and "The Pillars of Society" (3), "Solness" (3), "Little Eyolf" (3), "Borkman" (2), "When the Dead Awake" (2), "Poems" (5), and some volumes of early verse and dramatic composition, which were subsequently withdrawn from publication. Ibsen's books have been a valuable source of profit to himself and his publishers.

More than 900,000 copies of his original works have been sold in Denmark and Scandinavia, and if we roughly estimate the aggregate population of these countries to be a round nine million, it appears that every ninth man, woman and child of the Norse nations has bought a copy of his books,—inded an astounding percentage of readers for a poet who so scorns the views of the masses. At a conservative estimate it is safe to say that since the appearance of "Catilina" the various editions of Ibsen's works have brought him a total profit of very little less than two million kroner ($540,000), exclusive of his returns from verse. Time was, however, when Henrik Ibsen earned barely enough to fight off starvation.

"My fortune is double. I have a heart and a hut of my own," he wrote in his younger years to a friend, and tho this statement may seem to indicate a measure of prosperity, he nevertheless went halves with a comrade about the "hut," throwing his heart into the bargain like an honest chum.

Unhappily, the joined funds of the two young *literati* were not sufficient to provide dinner for both. In order not to expose themselves to ridicule and injure their credit they hit upon the artifice of taking a walk during the noon hour, returning to their lodgings when it might be supposed that they had consumed their meal, which was generally limited to a not over-plentiful supply of bread and coffee.

For nearly two decades Ibsen had to struggle against adversity of this kind,

* The figures in parentheses state the number of original editions, each of 10,000 copies. This information, as well as the estimates of Ibsen's wealth, were furnished to me in conversation with Ibsen's publisher, Mr. Hegel, of Det Gyldendalske Forlag, Copenhagen.

and even after he was recognized as an author of distinct promise his financial prospects were exceedingly meager, to say the best of them. Thus, while serving the Bergen Theater in the capacity of artistic instructor, Ibsen bound himself by contract to worry along in this onerous position at the annual compensation of 300 speciesdalers, a most tempting offer, when we consider that one speciesdaler amounts to about 53 cents in American coinage. For less wages than those of an American office boy did Henrik Ibsen agree to do work which in this country is paid better by the month than, at that time, in Norway, by the year. An American girl doing typewriting at the weekly stipend of ten dollars earns about four times as much as Ibsen, the master poet, used to receive in his Bergen days, during which he put forth such notable productions as "The Solhaug Feast" and "Fru Inger to Ostrat," which still are among his most popular stage pieces. His first pathetic appeal to the Swedish-Norwegian Government for assistance remained unnoticed, and in his second appeal, dated March 10, 1863, which I have before me, he remarks:

"My best paying book, 'The Vikings of Helgeland,' which consumed almost a whole year in writing, brought me only 227 speciesdalers. Under these circumstances I have contracted a debt of about 500 speciesdalers, and as I see no indication pointing to an improvement of literary conditions in this country, I have been compelled to take the necessary step of emigrating to Denmark. To avoid this extremity . . . I respectfully request that a yearly appanage of 400 speciesdalers be paid me, in order that I may be able to continue my work in letters. . . ."

Not until 1864 did he receive a traveling stipend of 420 speciesdalers, which launched him on an extended trip to Rome, where in 1866 he produced "Brand," the drama that made him world-famous, and put an end to his long siege of misery.

During his Italian sojourn he was much in company with Hasselris, the Spanish sculptor, who noticed that when Ibsen was in good spirits he would willingly chat with women in preference to men. He seemed to fear that men were more likely than women to make his literary work the subject of conversation in his presence, which he detests so vehemently that he absolutely refuses to speak to the offender. When questions dealing with his work are leveled at him he closes his mouth and keeps it closed until the questioners tire of waiting for him to say something. Hasselris once committed the mistake of expressing an opinion on the "Doll's House" as being figuratively a "mirror for mankind to show that we have no cause for unhappiness." Not one word in response from the poet. Hasselris asked him his view. Rather sternly Ibsen answered:

"I talk with no one about my books, tho I am pleased to know what others think about them."

Then, draining his glass, he began to talk of Björnson's political drama, "The King."

Up to the time of his recent attack of paralysis, the "popular" life of Ibsen in Christiania was simplicity and regularity combined. A leisurely stroll down the Carl Johan promenade, an hour in his favorite corner at the "Grand" while he glanced through his papers to the stimulus of a "kognac" with seltzer, were about his only daily diversions. And this the man who, on metric tip-toe, volunteered to "torpedo the arc most cheerfully," and who in "Brand" swept all doctrines and dissertations on life before him with a cylonic "All, or else nothing!"

Ibsen was seldom known to leave his house to call on anybody. Properly speaking, he has no house. At the Victoria Terrace he occupies a commodious furnished flat, but the furniture belongs to the landlord. Beyond a collection of rare Italian renaissance canvases, of which he is very proud, a few curios and a shelf load of books, Ibsen probably never owned a piece of furniture in his life. He has always evinced an aversion for the stuff that makes the trouble of storage a possibility. This is not from motives of economy, for he is amply able to live in luxury of his own, but from choice. He does not entertain, nor does he care to be entertained. His almost hermit-like retirement is not a fad. It is the distinguishing characteristic of his nature.

One of his former classmates, the Rev. B. Ording, recalls that, altho Ibsen has frequently changed his social and political views, his disposition to be alone within himself, shunning popular notice,

the unfathomable depths of his weird, mystic nature were the main features of his character as a youth, as they are his to-day at seventy-three. More than one parallel of importance may be drawn between Ibsen, the school boy, and Ibsen, the age-hoary dramatist.

It has been said that if you understand "Brand" you will have little difficulty in appreciating Ibsen literature as a whole. While it may be quite true as applying to the majority of his dramas, I have nevertheless encountered competent readers who appreciate "Brand" without being able to understand "Hedda," "Solness," and even "Eyolf." I think it safer to say that if you understand Ibsen himself you will have no trouble in understanding his books.

Ibsen is the big policeman of literature who "holds you up" when you least expect that you are being watched. He is the opposite of a man like Tennyson, altho both alike may be considered as educators of our sentient selves. With Tennyson poetry and art are predominant even in his most earnest appeals to mankind, while Ibsen constantly sacrifices art to ethical purposes even in many of his minor lyrics. Tennyson's ethics consist in the teaching of new truths, the reprobation of vice, the exaltation of virtue, and his means is pure poesy. Ibsen teaches new truths also, but bases his poetry on the ethic motive of his authorship; he shows the realism of social vice with merciless integrity and with a terse, intrepid pithiness of his own; but he does not recommend any particular virtue, he does not point out new paths. Just on this account a great many people consider Ibsen immoral, for want of better knowledge. They are possibly at a loss to see that the true artistic exhibition of vice in its workings on mankind, on the high plane of workmanship established by Ibsen, does itself suggest the quality of virtue to be coveted. As the dark, dismal night makes us long for the pleasant day, so Ibsen's stern, fearless unmasking of the "polished, well-dressed" corruption of society leads the thought to sound principle and wholesome enterprise. In his capacity of playwright Ibsen could never properly allow himself to become the mere preacher of moral precepts, and there can be no doubt that he has accomplished more by passively chastising, reproving and condemning evil wherever his keen eye sees it, and by exposing it with the strength and refinement of his inimitable art, than he could possibly have done in any other way to which his genius might, and might not, have lent him wings.

New York City.

Municipal Administration of Public Utilities

By Prof. John R. Commons

of the Bureau of Economic Research

THE advocates of public ownership of "public utilities" insist on the economic gain which this reform would bring in lower charges, higher wages and better service. The opponents insist on the spoils politics which may be expected to engulf the reform. The only answer which the advocates bring is that the private corporations operating these utilities are also a cause, if not the main cause, of corrupt politics, and that, when the citizens shall have larger issues at stake on account of the larger functions of government, they will take a deeper interest in public administration and will vote more carefully for officials.

This answer is not wholly satisfactory. Granted that public ownership will increase the citizens' desire for good administration and remove the counter influence of private corporations, it does not follow that with the existing machinery of government the good citizens will gain proportionately greater power. More likely will the existing order of politicians take advantage of the growing demand for public ownership and will fill their treasury and increase their following by exorbitant purchase prices and new contingents of offices and jobs.

The vital problem of public ownership is not economical, but administrative. If it could be guaranteed that the administrative difficulties should be overcome,

there would remain no problem whatever. The problem is this: How can business efficiency be based on universal suffrage? The answer must propose administrative devices suited to democracy, and the answer need not be speculative. These devices are already in successful operation in different places and countries. They need only to be brought together and codified as a part of every enabling act for public ownership.

The first problem is the purchase price. Neither corporations nor politicians will object to public ownership if the price is high enough. The only safeguard is the popular veto. Switzerland voted down the bill for government ownership of railroads at the referendum on two occasions, because the bargain made by the legislature was too favorable for the companies; but on the third occasion, with a new proposition, the purchase was approved at the referendum by a heavy majority. San Francisco has lately adopted both the referendum and the initiative on all municipal questions. The popular veto should also apply to every change in wages, hours of labor, fares or charges, and civil service rules. A city with the referendum on the purchase contract and a continuing referendum on all changes in the service is protected against its politicians.

But the referendum is negative. It checks corruption, but does not directly promote efficiency. The latter belongs to civil service reform. But the existing methods of civil service reform have shown themselves inadequate. Even where they have reached the highest stage of perfection, as in Massachusetts and New York, they are evaded by the municipal politician. The reasons are radical. The theory itself is suited neither to business efficiency nor self-government. A Civil Service Commission is created, with power to submit an "eligible list" for appointments, to hold examinations for promotions, and to veto removals, entirely independent of the department affected. This is evidently based on the theory that an outside commission is a body of reformers and the head of the department is a scoundrel. Under the plea of business efficiency there is injected an outside interference which no business manager, as the responsible head of an enterprise, could concede. Responsibility means authority. To deprive the general manager of responsibility may narrow his scope for corruption, but cannot raise his efficiency. The secret of effective reform must be found not in an outside body of censors, but inside the department itself.

To bring this about it must be recognized that public employment is really a part of the general labor question, and that the labor question is primarily a question of labor organization. The first man to see this, and to give a laborers' union a place in municipal administration, was Commissioner George E. Waring in the Street Cleaning Department of New York. It is strange that Colonel Waring's remarkable success has not been received as a lesson by Civil Service reformers, and stranger still that the recent Charter Revision Commission prohibited the very foundation on which it was based—namely, the organization of municipal employees. Waring found the street cleaners already organized as a "local" of the Knights of Labor. He promptly recognized their union and built his administration upon it. The details are briefly as follows:*

The employees at each of the forty-one stations and stables were authorized to meet in their own local and to elect a delegate to a "Committee of Forty-one," which thus became the Street Sweepers' General Council. This committee elected five of its members to meet with five appointees of the Commissioner as a "Board of Conference." The Commissioner's representatives were selected from the superintendents and higher officials of the Department. If, now, any employee had a grievance of any kind—if he had been fined, or suspended, or even discharged, or if he failed to get a promotion to which he felt entitled—instead of secretly plotting with his fellows or going to his political leader outside the force, he brought his grievance to his representative on the Committee of Forty-one. This committee then considered it in secret session, and if the grievance seemed to them valid, they voted to carry it to the Board of Conference. If they voted it down, then the aggrieved employee knew that he had no case, because

*See complete official report, printed by *Municipal Affairs*, 52 William St., New York.

he was not sustained by his peers. The significance of this procedure is seen in the fact that of the 1,102 grievances brought before the Committee of Forty-one during the two years when the plan was in force, 832 went no further. Only 270 went to the Board of Conference, and of this number all but seven were decided by the unanimous vote of the Board. In only one case was there a tie vote, and this was decided by the Commissioner in favor of the employee.

The success of the plan is fully attested. Says the official report:

"From the beginning it was evident that a large number of the men had a very full appreciation of the purpose of the plan. They welcomed it in a manly spirit, and entered heartily into every detail of organization. This was the more strange, in view of the radical change of venue, as it were. A large percentage of the men were members of, and amenable to, organizations which existed in the Department under former administrations, and the influence of false teachings received from falser prophets could not be expected to cease without an effort on the part of those whose success depended upon dissensions which might occur, or which they could create, between the Commissioner and the men, and who were seldom seen by the men, except when they thought an opportunity existed for the collection of tithes. Then it was that they deceived and misled, into serious and embarrassing situations, those whose interests they were supposed to have at heart and to protect. . . . Arbitration was looked upon as a far-off theory, applicable, perhaps, at times, somewhere and under certain conditions, but the idea of its adaptation to and adoption by a municipal department of the City of New York, and especially the Department of Street Cleaning, where political preference was the only rule they had ever known, had never entered their minds. . . . Gradually, however, the better element among the men did believe in it, and as their faith grew stronger the malcontents were either converted or thrust out, and slowly, but surely, the 'Committee of 41' became a body of earnest and honest co-operators with the Commissioner, toward the mutual confidence so essential for contentment on the part of the men, and without which the best results, from the combined efforts of the Commissioner and themselves, could not be expected. . . .

"Special mention must be made of the character and intelligence of the five members chosen to represent the men on the 'Board of Conference.' The writer had, in the course of his experience, sat under the parliamentary control of many chairmen, and the comparison between them and the only two Permanent Chairman the Board has so far had is not at all to the disadvantage of the latter. Cushing's, or some other manual, was certainly among the text books used in their education. Uniform courtesy, gentlemanly but firm adherence to parliamentary rules, and a thoroughly impartial performance of the duties of a Chairman characterized them. . . .

"The matters referred by the 'Committee of 41' to the 'Board of Conference' vary in character. They are not all complaints. The Board frequently receives suggestions from the men as to improvements in the Department service, or, perhaps, for some modification or change in a rule. A number of these suggestions have been approved by the Commissioner and adopted, and the service has been benefited thereby."

It should be noted that Waring's Board of Arbitration was really a Civil Service Commission. But instead of an outside Commission of Meddlers, it was a representative body of those who constituted the Department. It needed but one extension of its authority to make it a complete substitute for the Commission—namely, jurisdiction over appointments. This is a simple matter. It requires only the selection by the Board of a registration clerk. It requires no system of examination, since the most effective form of civil service—namely, that of the Navy Yards—merely takes applicants in the order of their registration. If the appointee, upon trial, does not meet the needs of the place he can be discharged, and then he has an appeal to the Board of Conference through the Committee of Forty-one.

It is a curious coincidence that in the same year in which Waring adopted his arbitration plan, the Colony of New Zealand adopted a similar plan in its post office and its State railways. The so-called "Appeal Boards" of these two branches of public employment are composed of three members, one elected by the letter carriers and clerks, or by the railroad hands; another elected by the superior officials, and the third a Judge of a Superior Court, holding his position *ex officio*. These Appeal Boards have jurisdiction over everything except appointments. It is probable that the plan of an *ex officio* third party to decide in cases of a tie vote is preferable to Waring's plan of an appeal to the head of the Department, who is interested in the decision.

The advantages of a self-governing civil service, for such is Waring's plan, are apparent. It guarantees justice because it provides a jury of peers. Its proceedings are public. It leaves the head of the Department free in his control be-

cause he has the initiative, and because the Commission, to which appeals are made, is equally divided between his own representatives and the representatives of the employees. The New Zealand plan of an outsider for the decision of tie votes prevents him from overriding the representatives of the employees. Self-governing civil service enlists the active co-operation of all employees and officers in protecting the service from spoils politics, and in this respect it is superior to an outside Commission. It is fitted for democracy because it recognizes the labor organizations; it is fitted for business efficiency because it gives responsibility to the head of the Department.

Commissioner Waring introduced his plan by an administrative order, and Tammany Hall revoked it. In New Zealand it was introduced by legislative enactment and could not be revoked except by Parliament.

Such a plan might be incorporated in every enabling act for every municipal purchase and operation of a public utility, and no change should be permitted without the consent of the referendum.

Finally, the entire system of bookkeeping of the municipal enterprise should be prescribed and the accounts audited by a State authority, either the Public Examiner, as in Wyoming and other Western States, or by a State Commission, as in Massachusetts and Great Britain, or by the State Auditor. Public accounting would show every detail of expense in such a way that the voters would have confidence in the showing. This is indispensable for candid action at the referendum.

These are the three administrative conditions which are indispensable for successful public operation of public utilities. No advocate can safely take the ground that he favors public ownership unless the enabling act includes the continuing referendum, self-governing civil service and State auditing.

New York City.

New York

By Marion Couthouy Smith

THE air and the wave enfold her,
River and sky and sea;
Cradled in light they hold her,
Circled in mystery.
With a tender touch they drape her,
At morning and eventide,
In a film of jeweled vapor
Fit for a royal bride.

The stars of the night have crowned her,
In pageant full o'erhead;
And far, to the verge around her,
Her zone of light is spread.
The subject seas have brought her
All that their tides control;
And the joy of the breathing water
Quickens her inmost soul.

Where is her peer in splendor?
Whom shall she own as lord?
Richest that earth can render
Down at her feet is poured.
Yet can no glories win her
To deep and pure repose,
For the strong, proud heart within her
Aches with a thousand woes.

She who was made to cherish
Toiler and waif and slave,
Weeps that her children perish,
Spoiled of the hope she gave.
Mourns for her freedom's dower,
Lost in the strife for gold,
While the sword of her sovereign power
Drops from her listless hold.

Yet, as the tides sweep round her,
Her mighty pulses thrill,
And the chains that long have bound her
Shake with her wakening will.
Slowly the links are broken;
Shall not she bear at last
Only the solemn token
Of pain and thralldom past?

The air and the wave enfold her,
River and sky and sea;
Lo! in a dream behold her,
Crowned as she yet may be!
Still is she freedom's daughter,
Noble in joy or dole;
And the life of the great glad water
Quickens her inmost soul.

East Orange, N. J.

Child Operatives in Southern Mills

By Leonora Beck Ellis

THE capital invested in cotton manufacturing throughout the South in the year 1866 has been variously estimated at from one to three million dollars. For reasons easily understood it was impossible to make an accurate computation at that time, but it is generally accepted that the latter estimate is too liberal.

A generation has passed, and to-day the cotton mills in the cotton States represent an investment conservatively written at $175,000,000. But in 1866 the South sat in the midst of desolation. Her white inhabitants, sparse even in more prosperous days, had been reduced in numbers by a very bloody four years' conflict waged entirely on native soil. To the natural disasters of war was added the loss of three billion dollars in slaves, and to other evils the unparalleled one of a servile population numbering 4,000,000 suddenly set free and endowed with citizenship among a white people numbering 5,000,000, scattered over an area approximating 750,000 square miles.

The thirty-five years since that period have been difficult years. But, emerging by slow steps from its worst trials, this section gradually became aroused to the fact that it was not making the most of its natural resources. The manufacture of its one great staple, if wrested from foreign countries, could bring wealth in its train, give the poor whites remunerative employment, gather them into community life where schools and gradual culture would be possible, and leave the tenant farming and related forms of work to the negroes, whose advancement must be promoted by just such salutary and suitable kinds of labor.

No need to recapitulate the processes. But the cotton factories came, one by one, then in twos, threes, scores. North Carolina's Labor Bureau has recently issued an official report, giving a list of 261 textile mills within the borders of the State, affording employment to some 40,000 operatives. According to the estimate accepted by Malthusians, of three dependents on every toiler, there are upward of 150,000 beings now drawing their sustenance from the mills of North Carolina alone.

A Type of Mill Cottages Around the Best Class of Mills. Columbia S. C.

South Carolina has no Labor Bureau (a very serious desideratum!) to issue a similar report; but authoritative records show her far in the lead of North Carolina in spindles and looms, hence giving employment to a vaster army of mill workers. In fact, South Carolina now ranks next to Massachusetts in cotton spinning and weaving, having lately dispossessed Rhode Island of the second place in the Union. Georgia follows the Carolinas, Alabama is a little behind her,

and the other cotton producing States are fast falling into line.

The number of spindles increases so rapidly that last month's, instead of last year's, sum total must be sought when close approximation is desired. Small wonder, then, that economists are constantly figuring down the period within which this section will reach the point where it can realize from one to three billion dollars per annum from cotton production, instead of its late average of three hundred millions.

Thus much for the economic phases of

A Disabled Operative Whose Childhood was Spent in the Mills

our industrial revolution, a revolution which signifies as profoundly to this country as that which marked the closing quarter of the eighteenth century signified to England. But hand in hand with such revolutions go social problems of greater moment to the peoples con-

Out on Sick Leave. This Boy of 13 has Worked Four Years in the Mills

cerned, of greater moment, indeed, to humanity at large, than any question of material prosperity can possibly become. From the time when the invention of machinery for textile manufacturing dispossessed the wholesome cottage industries and rendered the nimble fingers and feet and cheap lives of little children peculiarly available for the crowded factory's uses, the progress of this branch of productivity in each successive country has brought interlinked with it the problem of child labor in the mills, which means, in other language, child slavery of the most appalling kind.

England began her fight on the giant evil a hundred years ago; and, altho the conflict lasted with varying issues for more than half a century, the good cause, under such leaders as the clear-sighted Earl of Shaftesbury, ultimately won a complete victory. Russia, France, Germany, Austria, and finally New England, went through the same phases of industrial development, met the same problem, and each, after painfully grappling with it for a shorter or longer period, solved it as England did, by entirely removing the child of tender age from the factory and restricting the hours and conditions of labor for all under 16 years.

But in the Southern States of our enlightened Republic no such righteous solution has been attained. Absorbed in

Twins. Twelve-year-old Spinners for Two Years Past in the Mill

the rapid development of her new source of wealth, the South is pushing on blindly, drawing to its uses every available tool, refusing to recognize any sacrifice when she consumes the powers and lives of little children for grossly material ends, obstinately forgetting that she can have no future except that founded upon the intelligence of her coming generations.

With a pardonable arrogance we boast

of South Carolina's mighty strides in cotton manufacturing; in fact, the whole world looks on in amazement at what this small State has achieved in the last ten years. But we admit with shame that 25 per cent. of her mill operatives, working 66 hours per week, are children under 14 years of age! That means something like 12,000 wizened little toilers in South Carolina alone. Let this small host be assembled in one spot, called suddenly together into a ghastly mimic army by reverberating drum-beat, let it be paraded, rank and file, in its unspeakableness, before South Carolina's lawmakers,—the appalling spectacle would so possess and haunt each man of them that the evil would be at once obliterated from the length and breadth of the land.

The proportion of juvenile workers is not so great in the other cotton States, the percentage of those under fourteen varying from one-tenth to one-fifth of the entire body of operatives; yet that is far, far too great, great enough to degrade any commonwealth if persisted in.

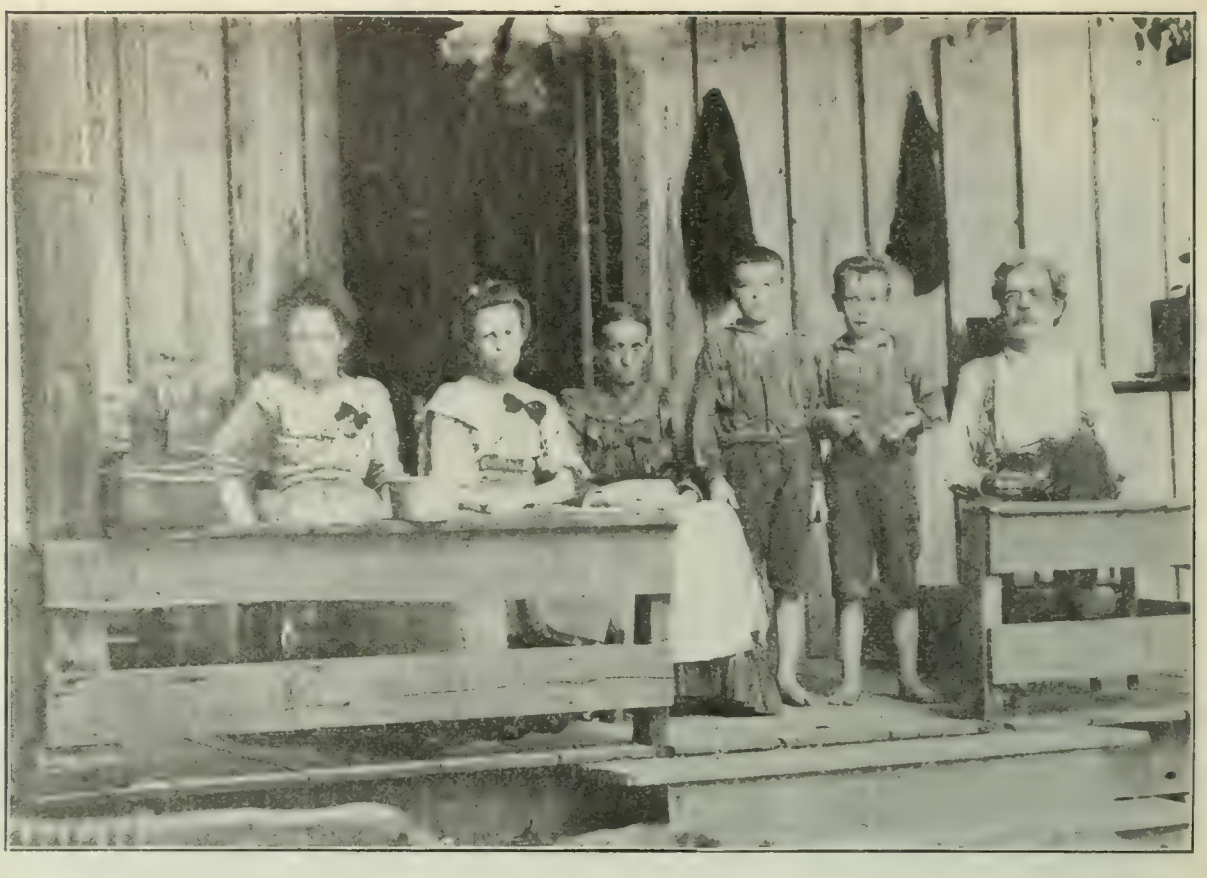
There is much difference, too, between different mills or mill towns even in the same State. Many superintendents of their own accord steadily refuse to employ children under 12 years of age. On the other hand, an inferior class of mills, manned by a cheap force, so to speak, from the manager's desk to the last spindle, employ chiefly children, hiring all offered, from the mere baby sacrificed by the utterly ignorant or the imbruted parent on up to 14 or 15 years, working these helpless ones from 11 to 12 hours per diem, paying them from 10 to 50 cents a day, and thus madly piling up future disaster for their victims, themselves, and the State. In the eight mills of one Georgia town the percentage of factory operatives under 14 years has been carefully computed, and it is certainly no less than one-third. It is sorrowful to record how much under 14 years I have found the miserable little workers; many of them cannot be 8, others are 9, 10 and 11. You will understand now how it was these mills declared dividends two years ago ranging from 60 per cent. to 95 per cent. It is no hyberbole to call this blood-money.

A Mill Worker (Exposition Cotton Mills, Atlanta, Ga.), Who Toils 66 Hours per Week

Come, stand at the Southern factory

gates as Shaftesbury stood of old at those of Lancaster, and watch the listless little children coming forth. You cannot have forgotten the picture which the great Earl painted to move his Parliament to action, the vivid word-picture of the dejected, cadaverous little ones issuing from the walls that daily shut them in from light and life, the numerous crippled, distorted forms among them, the uniform hopelessness of the wizened faces. Recalling this, you will feel relieved at missing here the deformity, the frightful physical degeneracy,

Kindergarten Room at Kincaid Mills Griffin, Ga., Where Rescue Work is Being Done



These Two Boys are at Present Supporting the Entire Family by Their Work in the Mills

which the Englishman saw in those early days. But remember that, with rare exceptions, this is the first generation in the mills. Yet, in spite of this saving grace, you will see portents and actualities to make you shudder. Follow these children to their habitations, and you will find that which makes a revolution imminent. Households of adults living in idleness upon the wages of children, disorder and filth speeding after such shifting of duties, vice in yet more hideous forms following such insidious beginnings: the full category need not be rehearsed. It is barely begun when one is ready to turn a deaf ear to the plea of the newness of the industry in this region, and a natural slowness of adjustment to the responsibilities involved in such development.

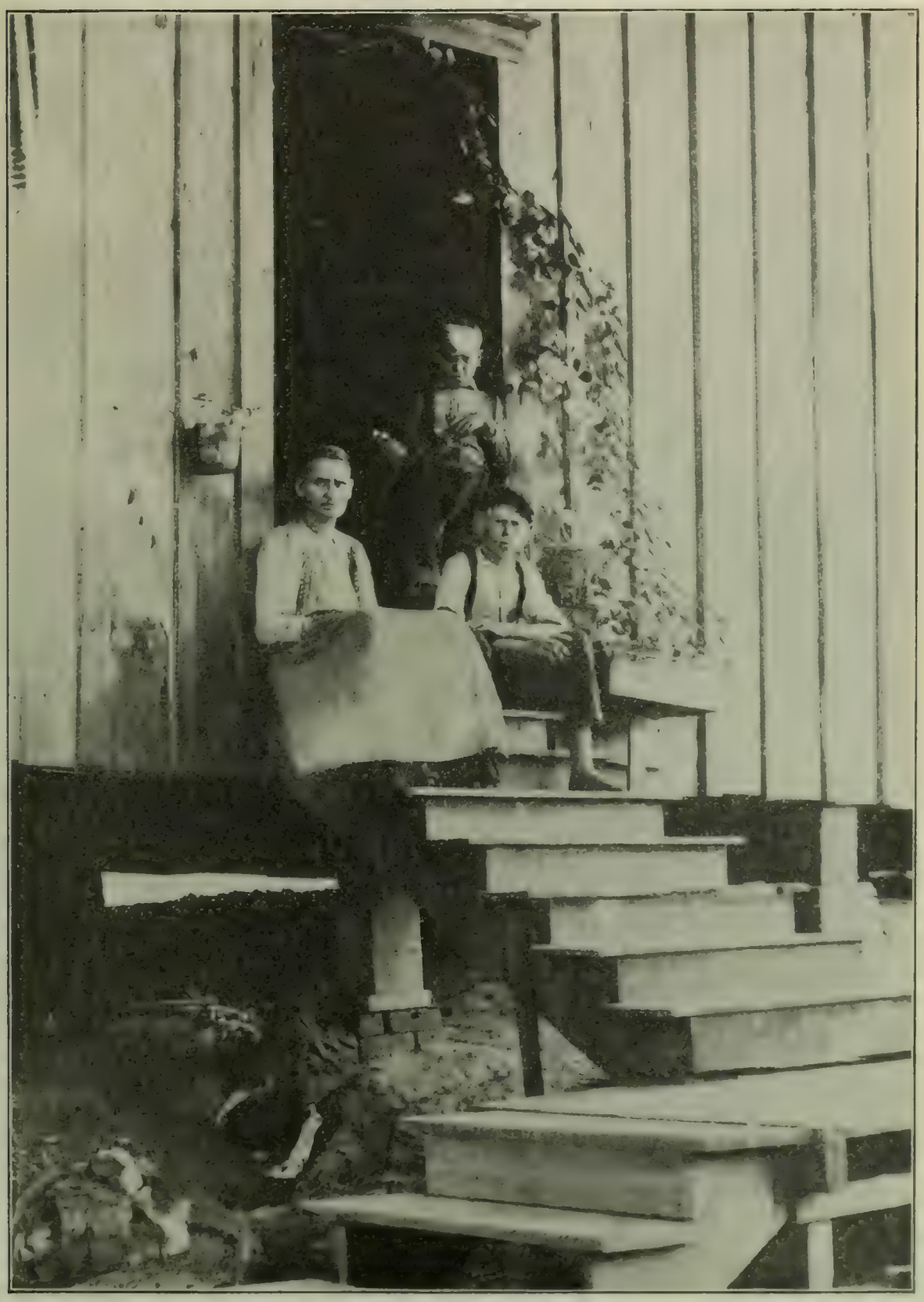
The million of human beings who today derive their sustenance directly or indirectly from Southern factories are children of the soil indeed, a strictly agricultural people converted suddenly into a manufacturing one. Scan with me the faces of the pupils in the mill schools and Sunday schools, and judge how excellent in the main is the fiber, physical and moral, of which this people is made. A native-born population, with no traditions for generations back but the vigorous ones of agricultural America, they do not wear as yet an indelible factory stamp. Nor could conditions become, in several generations, so bad here as once in old England, or even in New England; for there is more sturdy strength to start with, space here is greater, hours of open air freedom are more attainable, rigors of climate less known, and nutritious food and fitting clothing can be had for less money.

Yet the manufacturers, the law-givers, the men who shape public sentiment, should not be allowed to entrench themselves as they have done in the natural advantages of the Southern situation. That this new manufacturing population is now enjoying a fuller measure of material prosperity than in the old days of tenant farming, hill-top pasturing, or illicit distilling in mountain fastnesses, can in no wise save the capitalist class, nor one individual of them, from reproach and odium while the blot of child labor is permitted to stand.

This one-time benighted rural population, now gathered into community life, with steady occupation offered, good clothes, food, habitable houses, pastimes and pleasures which they could not know before, with churches and schools at hand, clubs and libraries at least attain-

able, is yet in worse stead than in the poorer, narrower conditions of the old days unless protective laws can at once come to save them from the iniquitous results sure to issue from their own ignorance and the greed of others.

But sufficient good labor can be obtained in this section without impressing a single child, and cotton manufacturing undeniably warrants the employment of the higher priced, more skilled workman. Yet if the time should speedily arrive when neither of these propositions remains true, supreme justice would still refuse to be hushed in its demand for the protection of helplessness and the



When the Day's Work is Done

elimination of an evil that is sapping the sturdy strength of the working classes, and thereby surely sapping the strength of the nation.

"Our operatives are not deformed, not decadents, physically or mentally," many a mill owner protests when legislation to restrict child labor is being urged in his presence. Thank heaven, not yourself, that this is true, and let measures be speedily taken to insure the same right to the next generation.

"But the work that is done by children under 12 years of age cannot possibly harm them," the manufacturers urge again.

Factory work under the favorable conditions that our climate affords and with proper limits of duration will not harm the healthful adult more than other exacting forms of work. But for little children, your future operatives, our future fellow citizens,—why, this question has been scientifically determined by every race in Christendom, and always one way. It is supererogatory to spread out afresh the long accepted arguments. Yet it cannot be amiss to answer here with Horace Mann's forceful words:

"It is obvious that children of 10, 12 and 14 years of age may be steadily worked in our manufactories without any schooling, and that this cruel deprivation may be persevered in for years and yet no dangerous outbreak may occur to arouse the public mind from its guilty slumbers. The retribution waits the full completion of the offense. But when they go, blunted in morals, blind in intellect, from the sphere of childhood to full political sovereignty, there will come a terrible retribution."

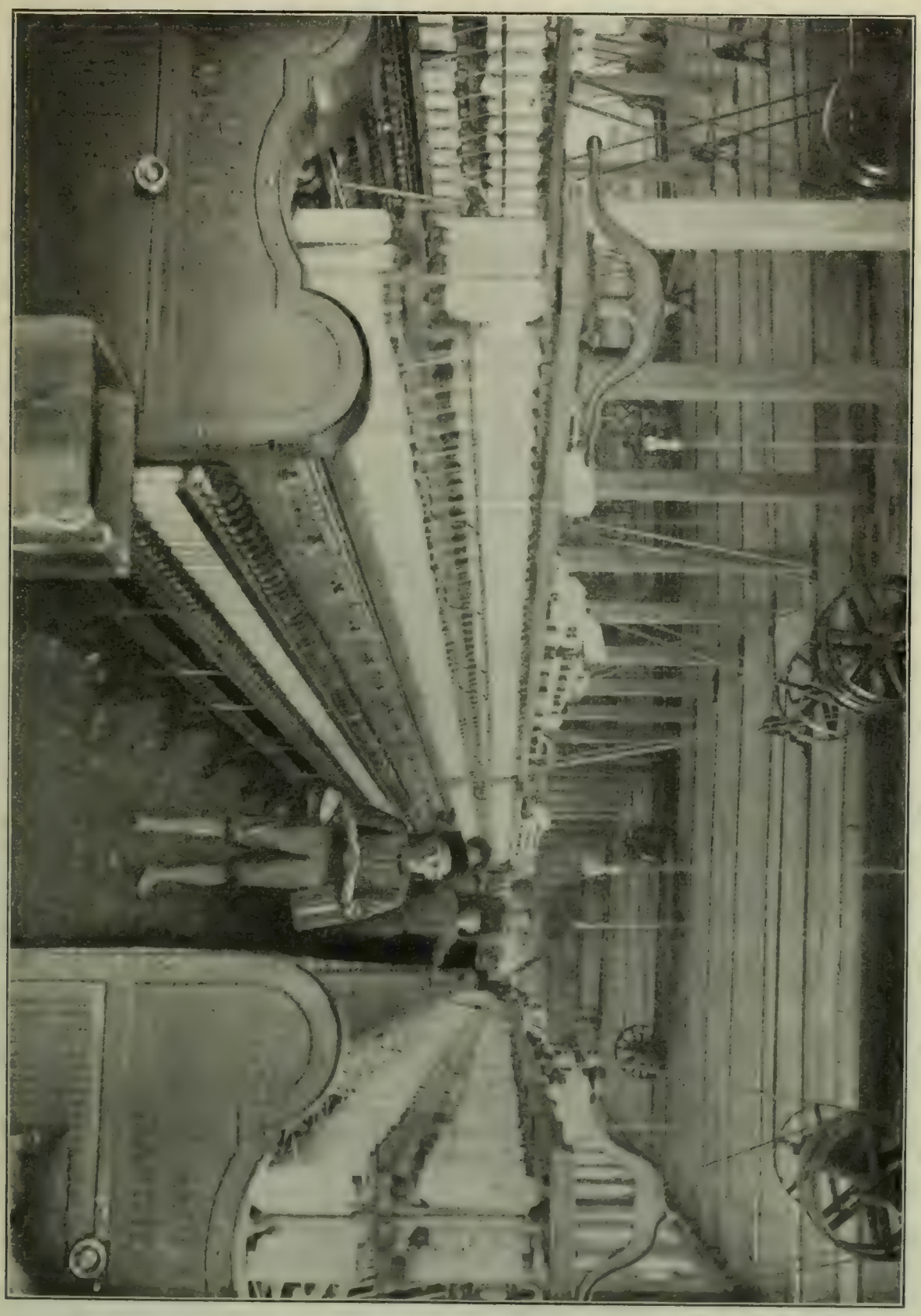
Very many of the parents fail to realize in the smallest degree the wrong they do their children in sending them into the factory work, or, to put it as it sometimes is, in yielding to the young ones' desire to earn money like their neighbors. With all their sturdy independence and other virtues of the soil, these people are in general profoundly illiterate; devoid, certainly, of such scientific knowledge of laws of growth and hygiene. Accustomed in the old rural life to keep the children almost as busy as the adults in planting and harvesting seasons, they see slight reason for debarring the youngsters from the new occupation. The boy's or girl's share of the day's work appears, to the untutored glance, very light, and, in spite of low wages, brings in a not to be despised addition to the income of a family probably accustomed in the past to live from year's end to year's end on less cash than they now handle each "settling day," or fortnightly Saturday.

Then what of those fathers and mothers who exist to-day in the new manufacturing South no less surely than in the old England described by Gibbins, the fathers and mothers willing to subsist "upon the killing labor of their little children?" What of the homes—too numerous, alas!—where the drunken father, the debauched mother, can every day imbrute themselves the more deeply because custom and law sanction their own idleness and their children's slavery?

But compare with these, if you please, the prevailing type of face found in the school grades or social groups of those factory settlements where the mill owners steadily refuse to employ child labor: there are such mills in Georgia, Alabama and both the Carolinas. Even a superficial observation will convince you that the latter mills have drawn to themselves a far better class of labor. If you could go freely among them, as I have done, you would find such pleasing evidence as better homes, more domesticity and thrift among the women and girls, well filled schools and good standards of scholarship, ruddy cheeks and springy steps among the youthful, a hundred manifestations, indeed, that may not be enumerated. Let the child be removed by law from every factory, and the adult thereby protected, also, in his demand for better wages and hours: the same encouraging conditions will soon be the uniform rule in this entire region.

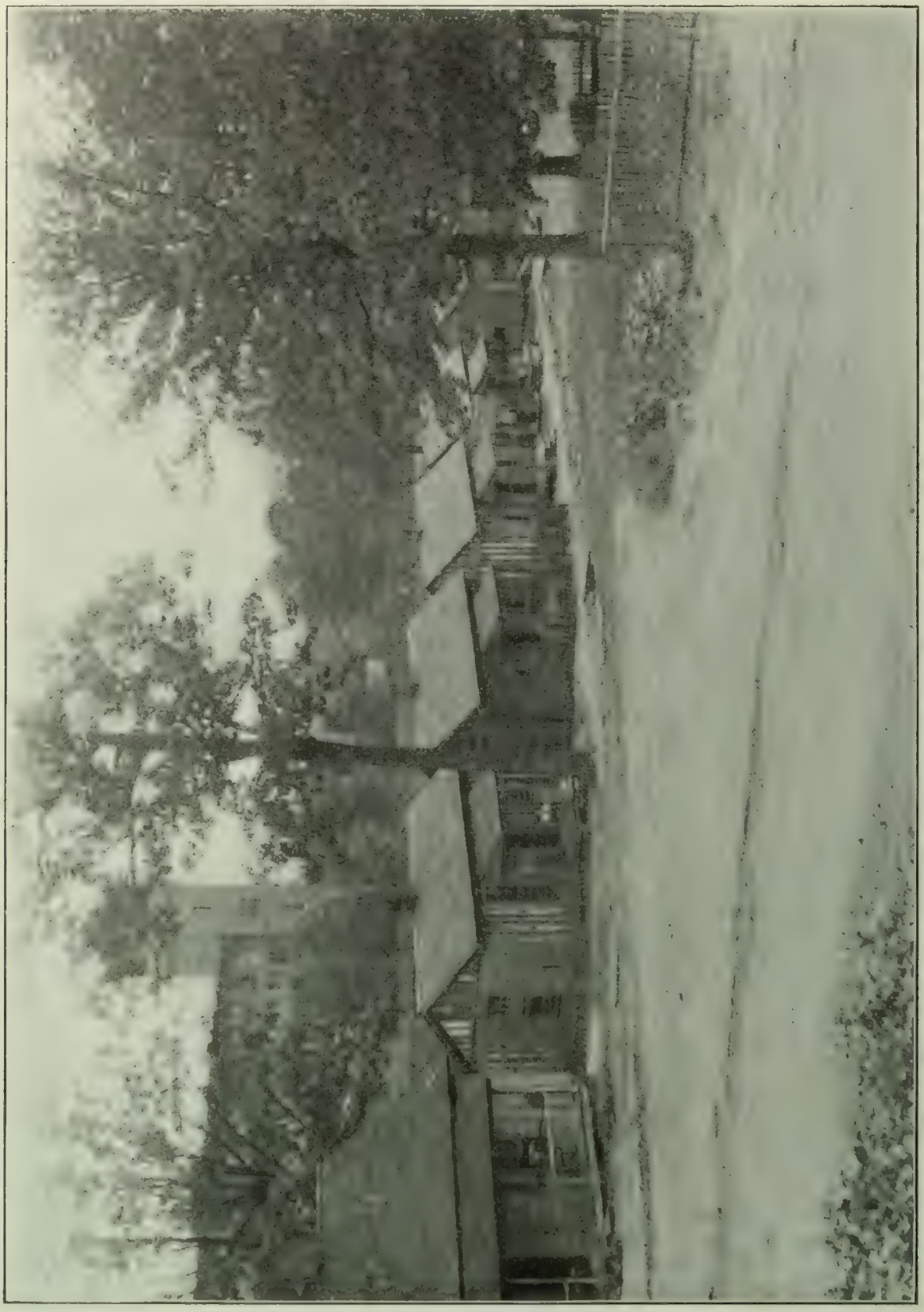
There is a hopeful leading in this direction. Louisiana by her State law has, since 1892, protected boys from factory work until the age of 12 and girls until 14. In Tennessee the statute of 1893, which prohibited children under 12 from labor in "workshop, mill, factory, or mine," was during her last legislative session displaced by one which raised the age of protection to 14 years. Bills of the same purport but in general fixing

the age limit at 12 years, were last winter simultaneously pending before the General Assemblies of Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina, the group of States which at this time has nearly six-sevenths of the Southern mills; and while it is true that all these bills were lost, yet they did not go down to defeat in silence, as in preceding legislative sessions of the same States. In Alabama and Georgia the measure was fought for strenuously and with difficulty beaten, while even in South Carolina, long regarded as the stronghold of child labor, the bill for protection showed a surprising gain in adherents over the



Children Among the Spindles

previous year. In North Carolina, which has suffered least from the evil, and whose latest Labor Bureau report sets forth a decrease of 50 per cent. in the number of children employed in the factories while the number of men employed had increased 100 per cent., the Legislature was petitioned by the mill men to refrain from passing any labor laws at that session, as, they alleged, the hours were being gradually reduced and juvenile labor excluded, except under exigent circumstances. The petition was heeded, but both sides recognize the transient nature of the compromise.



"Happy Hollow," Exposition Mills, Atlanta, Ga. Scores of Child Workers come from these "Homes" (?)

In each of the four States mentioned

there was, immediately subsequent to the defeat, a fusion and formal organization of forces with the purpose of opening at the earliest possible date a campaign which will at least bring victory nearer when the next Assemblies convene.

With all these things in view, it scarcely seems oversanguine to predict that child labor in our factories will be an evil of the past when another decade is gone.

Compulsory education bills, too, are pressing close behind those prohibiting child labor, in several cases being coupled inseparably with them. When these rational measures stand side by side on the statute books of every Southern State, one may infallibly predict the evolution of a sturdy, self-respecting and unusually intelligent class of labor in the mills of this new manufacturing region.

ATLANTA, GA.

Education for White and Black

By Edward A. Alderman, LL.D.

PRESIDENT OF TULANE UNIVERSITY

I HAVE read both the editorials in THE INDEPENDENT, commenting upon articles of mine in the *Outlook* and THE INDEPENDENT, wherein I sought to plead for the education of all the people of the Southern States, white and black. Knowing my own heart and purpose, conscious of my labors for all classes for nineteen years, and studying my articles in their spirit, I have a feeling that either THE INDEPENDENT does not understand my meaning or that it is unjust to me. I do not believe it would be unjust to me, hence I beg leave to enlighten it as to my meaning, regretting if my fault has been lack of clearness. In the first place, I did not plead for aid to "white people" only, nor did I "complain" because so much had been done for the negroes. That would, indeed, have been "ungracious" in me, as THE INDEPENDENT somewhat hastily declares. I rejoice at every dollar given to the negroes. I wish millions more would come to them. Likewise I appreciate what has been done for the whites by George Peabody, Mr. Huntington, Mrs. Hemenway and other individuals, and by the various denominational and philanthropical agencies. History will say that nearly thirty millions of dollars given by the Northern philanthropists to Southern education was a splendid example of Christian sympathy, and history will speak the truth. It is undeniable, of course, that the great bulk of this vast sum has gone to the negroes. It was quite natural, too, that it should take that course. Instead of complaining, or of "ungraciously" objecting to the help given to the negro, my point was in effect this suggestion: The most effective way of helping the negro is to help the white man a little more in his stupendous task. The white men create public sentiment, and the white men set up and advance the civic standards and ideals of Southern life. If in constantly increasing numbers, through education, the white men of the South, therefore, could be made to see the right and necessity, not only of educating the negro, but of taking a kind of personal interest in the process, the negro would be benefited more materially than by the inflow of many millions to him alone. The educated men of the South believe in the education of the negro along the right lines, and are willing to be taxed for the purpose. The trouble comes from the untaught at home, and the intemperate and sentimental abroad.

My sentence in the *Outlook*, disapproved by THE INDEPENDENT,

> "The education of one untaught white man to the point where it is clear to him that knowledge and not prejudice must guide his conduct, and that for the honor of his name and country, and his posterity, he must deal with these people in justice and kindness and Christian forethought, is worth more to the black man himself than the education of ten men of his own race,"

in its deepest meaning, is, I repeat, a suggestion to the genuine friends of negro education how best to attain their ends. Millions of money will furnish great equipment in material ways, but, without the sympathy and intelligent cooperation of the guiding forces round about, very little lasting good can be

done. It was not my purpose to advance "a theory of humanity" wherein "negroes and dogs" were classed together as underlings, as THE INDEPENDENT assumes, but simply to look at a great question from a practical viewpoint. I do believe that the white man is, and will be, and ought to be the controlling, directive force in the South, not in a tyrannical way, but because he is fitter for the work. I have my share of racial love and pride, and perhaps of racial prejudice. However, the specter of social equality does not frighten me. The white race, no sane man will doubt, is the stronger race. The only way for the negro to get above the white man is for the white man to get below the negro, and in that case he deserves to be underneath. What I desire is that this proud, strong race shall be kindly, helpful and sympathetic with the negro, the Filipino, the Cuban, and all other struggling races, in their slow upward reach after a life of usefulness and good citizenship.

Now as to the "wasted money" issue. I said in the *Outlook:*

"It might as well be confessed that much of the $25,000,000 spent on them by Northern philanthropy has been literally wasted, and much of the $100,000,000 spent on them by Southern taxation has been likewise wasted, but this waste is as much the fault of those who spent it as it is of the negroes who received it. The attempt to put the negro in possession of the traditional culture of the Anglo-Saxon race was an absurd piece of American haste."

THE INDEPENDENT denies and re-denies this statement utterly, and fancies that it is due to some wicked theory of human races held by myself, and poor Mr. Starr, of the Chicago University. I am persuaded that this denial is made again in ignorance of my true meaning. If, however, I am wrong, I shall gladly acknowledge my error. It ought not, in view of the context, to be necessary for me to say that I did not mean to state that the money had not been properly or economically supervised, watched and expended. I did not mean that the teachers and officers of these schools, for there are many noble men and women among them, were lacking in unselfishness or devotion, or skill as a rule. I did not mean to deny that much good had been done in establishing cleanlier ideals of life. I meant to say that the educational ideal which obtained in a majority of these schools, philanthropic and public, was an unwise one at this stage of the negro's development. It was literary rather than industrial. It was theoretical rather than practical. The schools were falsely styled universities at the start. Their curricula were modeled after the traditional schools of the English race. Their products were too often professional in the old meaning of the word. There was a reaching out after culture instead of skill. The dignity and necessity of labor were not pressed upon the consideration of the race as vividly as they should have been. The cart was put before the horse. Negroes were not made to see what poor children they were in the ways of civilization, and how they must start in the very kindergarten of racial development. Men and women were sent out, who failed to connect education with plain rough work and skillful creative labor, rather than skilled workers in the homely ways of life, doing needed tasks well and learning the brave, painful, but necessary lessons of frugality, economy and accumulation. This is absolutely true of the public schools. There was no industrial training in them for whites or blacks, and there is very little now. I did not include in my remarks Hampton Institute or Tuskegee, and there are doubtless others that should not be included. These schools under the sane, large minded leadership of General Hampton, Booker Washington, and Dr. Frissell, have done much to change the state of affairs, and to relate the schools all over the South to their real needs at this stage of their development. There has been a great change for the better in the last five years.

If it can be shown that these institutions saw to the heart of this matter at the outset, and followed out their vision with persistent wisdom, it is a serene example of educational perfection not hitherto accorded. I have not been blaming individuals but the system rather, in whose wrong path all of us walked for many years. The neglect of industrial education among the whites was woful until ten years ago. It was trebly woful for the negro, for he must learn to be, first of all, a plain, honest, self-re-

specting worker. After that I am the last one to deny him or any other individual whom God has made an opportunity to enter upon the inheritance which his reason gives him of all the sweet and beautiful things in science and arts and letters. Now, I hope I have made my meaning tolerably clear, and that THE INDEPENDENT will cease to think of me so wide of the mark.

The negro problem is a great, big, difficult thing. It will never cease to be difficult. Sentimentalists and partisans sometimes fancy it has been settled. Generally some new phase of it has just begun. It is a task for all that we have of fortitude, forbearance and straight thinking.

The South educated the negro in slavery, and did it well. It must educate him in freedom, and it must educate itself for the task. It needs help from its brethren of the North to do all this—brotherly, substantial help—for its sons and daughters are highly resolved to do justice in this grave matter, so that posterity shall approve of them.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The Sign of the Club

"Men to their clubs repair, themselves to please,
To care for nothing, and to take their ease."

RATHER in his function of juryman than judge, of observer than censor, the Dicast feels moved to invite scrutiny of a matter apparently trivial, yet not without significance in its remoter applications: The declining importance of membership in the clubs of our big cities. To this the Dicast's own attention was curiously challenged—to speak, perhaps, paradoxically—by a conspicuous case of omission in current discussion. In the flood of recent outpourings on the relation of so-called "yellow journalism" to anarchy from critics, lay, clerical, civic, official, hypocritical, crank and competitive—these last being the most intemperate for very obvious reasons—no one apparently has deemed it worth while to mention that Mr. Hearst, of the *Journal,* enjoys the social endorsement of membership in the Union Club of New York. Indeed, the severest arraignment of all came from one of Mr. Hearst's "fellow clubmen," Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, who, in a weighty protest before the New York Chamber of Commerce, singled out Mr. Hearst's paper for special reprobation and boycott, tho, to be sure, he "named no names," leaving that for the *Journal's* proper enemies to perform in display type. Far be it, however, from the Dicast to suggest any obligation on Mr. Hewitt's part to apply to the man the doctrine he lays down for the paper by starting a campaign of social exclusion against the editor whose editorial policy he so abhors and repudiates.

Very possibly, indeed, it may be from the Dicast himself that Mr. Hewitt will first learn that he and Mr. Hearst have the mutual honor of belonging to the Union Club. Men of Mr. Hewitt's large and varied interests are not given to taking club life too seriously; they are rather apt to scan a club-book carelessly, if they open it at all. Besides, the Union is first and foremost a social club, its membership consisting largely of men who represent tradition and inheritance, and lacking largely the newer element of more recently amassed wealth. The Dicast has failed to find, for example, a single Vanderbilt on its roll. This sociality makes the case of the Union different from that of a club with a definite aim, as politics—a difference illustrated by the act of the Union League of Maryland in most properly expelling Senator Wellington for his confessed callousness in regard to the President's murder.

The memory of the Dicast goes back to a time when to be a member of a New York club was something exceptional, a distinction in its way, but a distinction that did not escape criticism. How provincial was the point of view, as we of to-day look at things! It must have been more than thirty years ago, for example, that a somewhat solemn editorial appeared in the *Nation,* then the acknowledged exponent of cultivated thought,

discussing the club as a refuge from the wearisome small talk of women, and telling, unless the Dicast's memory fails, in the awed tone of one who lifts a corner of a veil of secrecy, how not even scrub-women were permitted to cross the threshold of a certain New York club, *videlicet* the Union. And now we have our country clubs that know no distinction of sex, and even in some of our city clubs there are dining-rooms and apartments for women. It was not so very long after the *Nation's* editorial that an article in another journal caught the Dicast's eye. It was a comment on the small distinction attaching to wealth in New York, since mere wealth was a commonplace, as shown by the death of a very wealthy man. Not a single paper contained an obituary notice of this Crœsus, so the comment stated, more than half a column in length, and half of that column in every case was devoted to his futile efforts to secure election to a certain well-known club—the Union. The noteworthy thing about the deceased was, then, not the size of his fortune, but the fact that, large as it was, it was yet too small to buy him a coveted club membership. *Per contra,* only the other day a conspicuous "trust magnate" had his name withdrawn by his friends after he had failed to pass the committee on admissions of a certain prominent New York club, and the extraordinary thing about the incident was that it was reported in the papers at all. The man evidently was a *poseur* in print, one of the type of persons who like to "make copy" for the reporters, and hence he and his misfortune were regarded as fair game. The fact, as the Dicast finds it, is that club matters are coming to attract less and less attention in the papers, despite the great growth of personal journalism. When a Mr. Pierpont Morgan starts a new club, as he did the Metropolitan, because one of his friends failed of election to the Union, or when a prominent political club, like the Union League of New York, passes upon the admission of an applicant of Hebrew descent, the newspapers find the incident worth their exploitation, but hardly otherwise.

In all this, and much more that the Dicast has refrained from saying, he has not in fact wandered so far afield from his apparent purpose as it may have seemed. The club in coming to fill a far larger and more generally accepted place in modern life has lost appreciably in prestige. Every one, it may almost be said, now has his or her club; even the Tammany politician can no longer satisfy his social cravings in a gorgeous barroom as of old, and he is pleased to foregather in a Croker-ruled club like the rest of the world. Naturally enough, club membership being a commonplace, the members feel a greatly diminished sense of individual responsibility for the club's conduct and standing, compared with what they felt when clubs were fewer and more conspicuous. Indeed clubs are often so large that the average member of small acquaintance feels lost in one and might, except for certain peculiar privileges, feel as much at home in a hotel. The pity of this, as it has impressed the Dicast, is that a valuable instrument for formulating a general ethical sentiment in social life is quite sacrificed. Recourse to the social penalty as a corrective of abuses our civilization is too complicated to reach by law is a possibility that has received more than passing consideration. It was the thought behind a widely quoted remark dropped by President Hadley in the give and take of an after-dinner debate. When asked what he would do with a trust manager who prostituted his opportunities to his own ends regardless of his obligations to the public, Dr. Hadley replied: "Don't invite him to your house to dinner." Unfortunately for the serious discussion of the remark, when it was not intended to be taken with literal seriousness, the inadequacy of individual ostracism became at once too apparent. But were the representative metropolitan club a different institution from what it is, the Dicast would be tempted to adopt Dr. Hadley's remedy and say in the case of such an offender: "Don't admit him to your club in the first place. If he is in, expel him from your club." Denial of the privilege of association with the select is a social penalty that would count even with the callous, the Dicast feels sure, if only the select, as represented in a club, had the recognition and prestige once enjoyed but now obscured and almost lost.

DICAST.

LITERATURE

The New Americans *

As the name of the novel implies, Mr. Hodder has attempted to portray the new ideas fermenting in the minds of the generation now stepping into power, and to show how distinct in nature these new ambitions are—they may hardly be called ideals—and how their antagonism to the old life produces a chasm of unintelligibility between the fathers who are laying down the reins of control and the sons who are so eagerly snatching them up. With this philosophic purpose fully expressed in the title and only half veiled in the narrative, the book is one which necessarily appeals more to the analytical reason than to the emotions; it is not likely to attain great popularity, but it will attract those who look forth with eagerness to catch any stray word, any rumor of wisdom, that may help to unriddle the secret ends of the portentous rush of new life that has come upon our younger people with the birth of what, for lack of any more inclusive term, we call imperialism. Mr. Hodder's analysis of the new conditions is not entirely quieting: he sees a generation of men upon whom have been suddenly thrust immense opportunities and vast responsibilities; they are eager and strong, but, having cast away the old ideals of their fathers, they work somewhat blindly and at random, without any clear sense of what is before them, without any tangible code of principles, without any very definite aims beyond the clamorous exigencies of the moment. Yet the author, tho as an artist he conceals deliberately his own opinions, is apparently flushed with hope for the issue; in this abounding sense of life he seems to see dimly a new idealism and a new beauty of desires struggling for birth.

The action of the story, as may be surmised, moves slowly, and the few dramatic incidents introduced do not, somehow, seem completely in harmony with the general tone of the work. The study of character, the interplay of mind upon mind, the subtle tracing of motives,—these most certainly were the real issue to the author, and they are certainly what hold the reader's attention. There is possibly too much direct use of the scalpel in analysis; we are annoyed at times when the conversation of the characters is interrupted by the critical comments of the author; and occasionally it is not easy to make the analysis fit in precisely with the opinions we ourselves form of this and that person; but as a rule the reflective passages are keen and wise, they are the observations of a man who has seen life and reflected on what he has seen, and of a scholar who has read books and assimilated what he has read. To many this reflective habit of the author, this tone of a man who looks at life a little apart and is more engaged in interpreting than in sypathizing, will seem to lend a touch of cynicism to the book. Yet as we understand the word, cynicism is the last charge to be applied; on the contrary, we almost detect a note of quivering sensibility that breaks now and then, even against the writer's will, through the cool and reflective tone that predominates. He is not so much aloof from life as he would like to appear. As an example we might quote the concluding chapters of the story. The murder scene is just a bit tame, it reads as if the author were glad to be done with it; but the following scenes in the house of mourning where the real underlying character of the various persons comes to light under this unwonted stress of grief and horror, are a work of high art, feeding the mind with subtle suggestions and giving to the heart the deep emotions it craves. They are the work of one who has felt, but of one who has felt chiefly through contemplation.

This scholarly, contemplative element is indeed prominent throughout the book, and for some readers gives it an interest not lightly estimated. As one surveys the novels that are written and published so freely, one is impressed by the fact that, with extremely rare exceptions, they are written by men and women without any real and personal knowledge of life, without any such knowledge, that is to say, as enables them to present the prob-

*The New Americans. *By Alfred Hodder.* New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

lems of our life in a new and personal light, and by the fact that they are almost universally the work of minds not thoroughly trained and educated. It is good to find a novel like *The New Americans,* where at every step we feel the contact of a highly trained intelligence, of an intelligence sharpened by scholastic exercise, but not dulled by pedantry.

If the charge of pedantry can be made at all, it will be against a certain mannerism of style which the author has evidently acquired from his pursuit of logic; it is the trick of catching up the dominant phrase or clause of a sentence and carrying it into the next sentence, and so on until the paragraph or page looks too much like a huge syllogism. It is a mannerism which at times produces a pleasant effect, but is easily subject to abuse. Apart from that we have nothing but praise for the English of the book. Mr. Hodder possesses what can be said of not more than three or four living English novelists, a real style; we could forgive him many transgressions for that virtue.

Maurice Hewlett *

THE *New Canterbury Tales,* latest of Mr. Hewlett's books, consists of a half dozen old world stories, assembled from various sources and handled with something of a genuine Chaucerian free-handedness and breadth. Diverse as is their matter, they have all a general unity of tone adapted to the common setting of an ambulatory fiction. Shorter of breath than his recent novels, they are less interesting to a student of his development only thus far in that they show their writer in no new light.

In his "Forest Lovers" and "Richard Yea and Nay" Mr. Hewlett has rendered romanticism the most important services that have been done her of late years. In the former he succeeded in demonstrating the feasibility of freeing romance entirely from documentary and historical trammels and giving it the absolute freedom of poetry to create and occupy its own realm, without loss of human interest. And what is perhaps a greater achievement, in the latter he has shown the possibility of keeping romance, if need be, well within the bounds of history, without sacrifice of its poetry,—an excellent lesson for our swarming "historicals." Within a more limited range the present collection displays the same admirable qualities; a sound sense of literary values and an inspiration sufficiently ardent to volatilize the most lumpish facts of history.

Thorough paced romanticist as he is, Mr. Hewlett is too discriminating to have accepted the romantic formula just as he found it. He has about him—no more than Scott at his best—none of that simpering sentimentality which has served for some time as the catch-penny accomplishment of the craft. Sentiment he displays in a plenty, the twin faces of humor and pathos; but of the half-shamefaced, half-complacent doting upon his own smiles and tears he is happily free. His tendencies are all of the opposite and healthier sort. Full blooded he is, a little robustious, a little too lavish of his flesh tints; but if there is a deal of naked human nature in his books, it is a nature without mawkishness and false shame.

With the primitive vigor of his conceptions his style seems at first in Phrygian disaccord, with its highly spiced verbal condiments, its curiously tooled phrases, its research and affectation. And yet whether one like it or not, it is a style—and that is much, if not everything, at a time when the manners of the novel, especially of the historical novel, are conspicuous mainly for their lack of distinction. And moreover, when one has read enough of Mr. Hewlett's style to become used to its mannerisms, it is felt to possess in a high degree the effect of good poetry in its compactness and suggestion. By those who require of "histories" a discursive and so-called "epical" style, this quality has been most objected to. But one indisputable merit it certainly has; it has enabled the writer to reduce the tumefied description of the "decadents" to normal and healthy proportions by a few sharp, incisive strokes,—such a vast portentous shadow of the outer world, that august theater of heroic exploit, as would loom upon the crowded consciousness of the hurrying actors; that and no more. This same poetic concision, too, illuminates the narrative with sudden flashes of dra-

* NEW CANTERBURY TALES. *By Maurice Hewlett.* New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

matic intensity, to us a decided improvement over the uniform, slow evolution of the "epical" tale.

Having accorded Mr. Hewlett these merits, we shall not perhaps be accused of unfairness if we express a doubt whether his roots have struck deeply enough into the soil to support his foliage. Reality of some kind a novel must have in order to possess any value at all, —fidelity, not necessarily to any particular set of facts of a day or a locality, but fidelity certainly to the spiritual life of its time. There is a limit beyond which the novelist dare not neglect the needs and aspirations, the temper of his age, without degenerating into "the idle singer of an empty day." And love-making and fighting, the exclusive subjects of Mr. Hewlett's preoccupation, are not ideals, however healthful and vigorous, which are likely to have any very serious message for us nowadays. "The Prisoner of Zenda" is a fair instance of the merely entertaining in this sort, so far removed from all human as from all political and geographical reality as to be seriously unmeaning. And we fear to see Mr. Hewlett, tho owning qualities that will forever raise him above mere popularity, slipping somewhat into the same way. Certainly the "Forest Lovers," with all its merits, had the one great fault of moral impalpability. And in this respect these *New Canterbury Tales* are in hardly better case. It seems to us that the kind of romance needed now is not one of evasion, which flees the world to roam remote, "out of space, out of time," but one that will find some means of irradiating the broken acreage of daily existence.

Race Origins *

THE mystery of the origin, blending and migration of races has haunted thoughtful minds in all times; the wonder of it impressed the author of Genesis no less than it now impresses a trained anthropologist. It is a mystery that has always proved a tempting and fertile field for speculation; and tho the fresh discoveries and accumulations of knowledge in recent years impose a constantly narrowing limit to this speculation, there still remains a vast problem that can be met only by more or less reasonable surmises.

M. Demolins contends that race is not a cause but a consequence; that the diversity of peoples is due to the route of their migrations and the location of their settlements. So formative is the physical environment, he holds, that if all mankind were to be destroyed, and if then a new tribe should appear and begin the repeopling of the earth, the traversing of the old routes would reproduce the same races and social types as of old. It is a fascinating theory, tho carried to an extreme which will gain for it only qualified support. It involves, of course, a single, instead of a multiple, origin of mankind, and that place of origin is unhesitatingly put down as the Thibetan plateau.

The Thibetan plateau, we believe, is not so much in fashion as it was a few years ago. Ethnological anthropology has taken a lesson from biology, and is endeavoring to settle some questions near at hand rather than to trouble itself over ultimate origins. Professor Sergi's work harmonizes with this spirit; it deals with a limited problem, and the theory advanced, tho somewhat revolutionary, is supported at every turn by a constant reference to exact data. Whether or not his theory will stand the test of time is uncertain, for many an anthropological generalization has been carefully formulated only to be shattered and destroyed in a few years. But at least there is praise due for the thorough scholarship displayed, the clear and definite presentation of his statements, and the buttressing of his argument by innumerable citations of facts.

The theory was first presented in a volume published in 1895, of which the present work is an elaboration. Briefly, the author's thesis is as follows: The entire European population of Neolithic times, succeeding the Neanderthal and Spy races, originated in Africa, probably in the Libyan section, and entered Europe along three (possibly four) routes of migration. This race, termed the Eurafrican, differentiated into three primary divisions, in accordance with

* COMMENT LA ROUTE CRÉE LE TYPE SOCIAL. I. LES ROUTES DE L'ANTIQUITÉ. *Par Edmond Demolins.* Paris: Firman-Didot et Cie.

THE MEDITERRANEAN RACE. (Contemporary Science Series.) *By G. Sergi.* Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. New York: $1.50.

PRIMITIVE MAN. (The Temple Primers). *By Dr. Moriz Hoernes.* London: J. M. Dent & Co. 40 cents.

differing telluric and geographical conditions: the African, the Mediterranean and the Nordic. It will come with something of a shock of surprise to the average reader to find the fair whites of North Europe thus linked in consanguinity with certain of the reddish-brown and black tribes of Africa. But Professor Sergi believes this kinship indubitable, since the skull-forms of these two apparently dissimilar peoples show close resemblances. He finds the older means of discriminating races by division into long heads and broad heads unsatisfactory; instead he compares the outline form of the top surface of the skull. These forms he discovers stable and persistent, and an unfailing indication of race.

The Mediterranean race occupied Spain, lower France, Italy, parts of Switzerland and Austria and all of Greece. It thus included the Iberians, Ligurians, Etruscans and Pelasgians. The Aryans overran these peoples, blending with them, tho altering but slightly their general characters. The two classic civilizations of Greece and Rome were fundamentally Mediterranean and not Aryan. "The Aryans were savages when they invaded Europe; they destroyed in part the superior civilization of the Neolithic populations, and could not have created the Greco-Latin civilization." The author does not, however, dispute the fact of the strong influence exerted upon the languages of Europe by the Aryan invasion; Celtic, German and Slavonic he admits to be genuine branches of the Aryan tongue, and he concedes the transformation of the Neolithic languages in Greece and Italy through Aryan influence. The Mediterraneans, in short, accepted the language of an invading people inferior to them in culture.

Dr. Hoernes's essay is translated from the German by James H. Lowe. It has all the excellences the reader has learned to expect in the Temple Primers. The good these little volumes do is incalculable. They place before the public the best results of modern scholarship in small compass and in simple diction, whereby the reader with little money and less time can acquaint himself with at least the outlines of every branch of knowledge.

Saint Paul *

THIS volume follows "St. Paul and His Missions," by the same author, published 1894. It is written from the standpoint of Roman Catholic tradition, but with great liberality and in an appreciative, scholarly spirit. Alluding in the Preface to the use to be made of the Apostolic Epistles, the Abbé says:

> "We are bound to glean every slightest fact we can from these writings, for, together with the last Epistles of Saint Paul, they are the only sources available to the student of that period of the Church's infancy. In other words, *I have had to content myself with constructing a history without historical facts, and as a general rule, to limit myself to setting forth the meaning of the Apostles, in default of any knowledge of their acts.*" (Italics ours.)

As an illustrative example of the method thus described we mention the author's use of the Roman tradition that Peter and Paul met within the walls of the spacious Mamertine prison. He says: "The tradition appears first in the fifth century in the 'Acts of Saints Procerus and Martinianus.'" These Acts, as he admits, are not authentic, but he employs them in the text on the ground that "*the Bollandist Fathers consider they are not to be rejected in toto.*" (Italics ours.) This is a frank simplicity not often surpassed. Its effect on the general critical value of the book is by no means so fatal as might be expected. With it goes a rich, full learning which opens its treasure for the reader's service, while through the book glows an atmosphere of frank, unpolemic but truly Christian appreciation which is most refreshing. An irresistibly charming example is the tribute to St. Luke, the companion of St. Paul, who is portrayed as being in the New Testament an embodiment of its "sweetness and light," a Greek by birth, endowed with the universal genius of the race, with a charming diction and a wonderful facility to render lovable that doctrine which in Paul afterward rose so high as to get beyond the reach of plain people. To Luke Christian art has gone first of all for its subjects. The frescoes and windows of the Christian churches reproduce, for the most part,

* THE LAST YEARS OF SAINT PAUL. *By The Abbé Constant Fouard.* Translated with the author's sanction and co-operation by George F. F. Griffith. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

scenes from his writings, and the greatest of the hymns which resound in them, the "*Magnificat*," "*Gloria in Excelsis*," "*Benedictus*," and the "*Nunc Dimittis*," come from the same source.

As to Paul's imprisonment and death Abbé Fouard accepts the Roman tradition of a second imprisonment and the martyrdom of the two Apostles together at Rome in the year 67. He weaves a consistent chain of Pauline activity from the intimations of the Epistles to Timothy, Titus, Jude and 2d Peter, particularly Titus 3, 12, where the Apostle's decision to spend the winter in Nicopolis furnishes the clue to his second arrest and return to Rome.

It is only in a general sense, as emanating from his circle and representing his doctrine, that Abbé Fouard claims the Epistle to the Hebrews for Pauline. Its wholly un-Pauline style suggests to him Barnabas as the possible author. The chapters on Nero, the Neronic persecution and Nero's death and the demoniac reigns of Galba, Otho and Vitellius are excellent examples of literary and scholarly workmanship.

Alaska *

VERY seldom is it that an expedition planned primarily for pleasure and sport unfolds to such far-reaching and important ends as that begun and carried out two years ago by Edward H. Harriman. For the purpose of showing his family and a few friends the beauties and grandeurs of our Alaskan coast, a steamer was chartered and plans were made and perfected for a two months' trip. The possibilities of what might be made of such an opportunity quickly became apparent to Mr. Harriman, and he enlarged the number of his guests by more than twenty men who are pre-eminent in various scientific ways—geologists, botanists, students of glaciers, zoologists, artists, lovers and interpreters of nature every one. Where they went, what they did, how great were the results of this expedition is set forth in some degree in these two volumes.

The larger part of the first volume is taken up with the narrative of the trip by John Burroughs. With an eye undimmed by time and an appreciation always keen and sympathetic, he describes the nine thousand miles along the land of seals and singing birds, green trees and glaciers, villages and icy solitudes. Landings were made again and again, and parties went ashore for sight seeing and study, with eyes and ears eager and trained for every sight and sound. Memorable days, indeed, must they have been, for they saw much themselves and saved much for us stay-at-homes. Important collections of birds, marine life, insects and plants were made; glaciers and volcanoes were discovered or compared with previous known conditions; Indians, Eskimos and Aleuts were visited, and in fact all the serious work as well as the play of the expedition was carried on with enthusiasm and success, so far as the time at their disposal would permit.

The latter part of this volume and all of the second is made up of chapters on Glaciers, Natives, Discovery and Exploration, Birds, Forests, Geography, Atmosphere, Salmon Industry, Fox Farming, and our latest volcano, Bogoslof, the different papers being contributed by such men as Merriam, Brewer, Gannett, Fernow, Muir and others equally eminent in their own lines. These are popular subjects and are so treated, but they have scholarly interest as well, and as we follow along this eventful trip, wondering at the pulse beats of the living glaciers, studying the life of the sea and air, noting the forest growth as it looses its grip on the mountain side, we are conscious all the time that we are led by hands that know, and see through eyes that are focused by knowledge.

Both volumes are enriched by illustrations comprising about forty colored pages, more than twice as many photogravure plates, and innumerable text figures. The illustrations in color of landscapes, glaciers and birds are from sketches or finished paintings made by the artist-members of the expedition, and are fine examples of this kind of work. The photogravure plates represent the best of the more than 5,000 photographs taken on the trip, with some additions from other sources. The volumes are edited by Dr. Hart Merriam, and are really admirable in every way.

* HARRIMAN ALASKA EXPEDITION. Two volumes. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $15.00.

THE FOURTH ESTATE. *By A. Palacio Valdés. Translated by Rachel Challice.* (New York: Brentano's. $1.50.) To one who has read Valdés's charming story of "Jose," *The Fourth Estate* is likely to come as a disappointment. And one is so seldom disappointed in Valdés that the occasion is something of a shock. The translation is creditable, and amid so much anonymous and irresponsible rendering deserves mention. At the same time the book has a foreign and far-away sound, due perhaps as much to the conception as to the version. The kernel of the story is tragedy, but tragedy made to yield the acrid sort of flavor that we think of as French. It rather misses the *naïveté* and simplicity so generally effective in Spanish fiction. In fact, the writer seems to have become confused in the embrocation of his ingredients and to have obscured the plain, impressive outlines of individual tragedy with various more or less irrelevant local and communal interests, in this respect again following too closely the degenerate impersonality of the French novel. But the book is not without humor and pathos,—nor yet uplift; and the presence of one so lovely and gentle spirit as Cecilia would go far toward retrieving worse mistakes than we expect ever to find in Valdés.

THE KING'S MESSENGER. *By Suzanne Antrobus.* (New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.) This historical novel, the scene of which is Louisiana in 1728, is, as might be anticipated, somewhat more tropical than ordinary. Madame Poché, who has the title role, comes to New Orleans from the king's court at Versailles, not without experience of the world and that which is mankind's proper study. She becomes immediately "the cynosure of all eyes, the pivot of all social ceremonies." "Everything in nature appealed to her warm, tender temperament." At the opportune moment she has a chill in the hero's neighborhood and must be dried by his fire. The reader in time comes to be hardened to the "dreamy abandon" of her "fascinating attitudes." Not so the hero: "the irresistible attraction of her manner was too strong for him," and he could only declare his love. "The blood leaped through his veins like torrents of fire." Her heart yearns toward him in spite of a previous marriage and other obstacles unmentionable. But it is the lady who is tortured by the old warfare 'twixt love and duty. We have plainly seen her luring him on to destruction from the beginning, but at the critical moment she declares in graceful terms that it is so sudden. "Her eyes grow humid," and she parts from him with the remark that it has been "a lovely morning." The book has something of that oppressive richness which the author describes as ever emanating from the fragrant garments of the heroine.

WHEN THE LAND WAS YOUNG. *By Lafayette McLaws.* (Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.) The "land" referred to more particularly is that of the Carolinas during those early days when the Huguenots sought refuge there from Catholic persecutions in France; and at a time when fierce old Spanish dons ruled in St. Augustine. Neither in style nor interest does the story differ from the average historical novel. It shows the same "green corn" dance of the Indians, the same bloodthirsty powwows. But perhaps it has this distinguishing feature that the heroine masquerades in men's clothing and swears like a fiend. And her excuse is *naive* at least,—all done to protect herself from pirates, she declares.

A DRONE AND A DREAMER. *By Nelson Lloyd.* (New York: J. F. Taylor & Co. $1.50.) A delightful story of village life in middle Pennsylvania, full of narrow-minded, upright people, as natural in their relations to the situation as dandelions are to Northern meadows. And they become ludicrous in their views and prejudices only when the author draws them upon the stage of a broader life to contrast them shrewdly with more sophisticated types. The droning and dreaming of the hero is too evidently clever, and his flight into the Klondike regions is more energetic than necesssary; still, as a collection of character sketches, the book shows distinct merit.

MISTRESS BARBARA. *By Halliwell Sutcliffe.* (New York: Thomas T.

Crowell & Co. $1.50.) A moving tale of Lancashire folk, when mills and machinery first began to take the place of their spinning wheels and looms, showing a period of disintegration which cast out old orders and established new ways and the new principles that belong to this commercial age. The country gentleman's love for his land, the fierce ambition of the prosperous, meaner sort to acquire land, is the struggle upon which the plot is laid. And the final triumph of the man who cares deeply, not only for the land, but for the simple laboring hinds who have grown up out of it, to be herded like stricken cattle into the great mills, is well told. "Mistress Barbara," after whom the story takes its name, is a brave young maid whose grace and coquetry add a charm to the pages.

BRYN MAWR STORIES. *Edited by Margaretta Morris and Louise Buffum Congdon.* (Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.20 net.) These stories are more thoughtful and less interesting than if they incarnated the spirit of a male college. After reading them one is inclined to the belief that life within Bryn Mawr is esoteric, and not to be revealed to the uninitiated. Now, the spirit of the college man is exoteric. He vaunteth himself before the populace, and taketh the whole wicked world into his confidence. With him it is a time of revelations, and he expresses himself in a vernacular and with a wholesome humor which all of us comprehend indulgently. But these stately Bryn Mawr maids, ideally upright and ludicrously serious over the problems of life, are too strenuous in their relations to each other, too far removed in their devotion to their *Alma Mater,* from the household of the world at large to hold attention with their half revelations in such stories as these.

EOTHEN, by Alexander William Kinglake, has been added to the Temple Classics, and those who have not read that truly classic book of travels have now another opportunity of making good their lack. Somehow Kinglake contrived to combine general observation with personal experience in a manner that no other traveler into the Orient has ever quite caught. We are reminded constantly of Byron and at the same time of Gibbon, if such a union be not impossible. The opening paragraph strikes, as it were, the keynote of the whole book:

"At Semlin I still was encompassed by the scenes and the sounds of familiar life; the din of a busy world still vexed and cheered me; the unveiled faces of women still shone in the light of day. Yet, whenever I chose to look southward, I saw the Ottoman's fortress—austere, and darkly impending high over the vale of the Danube—historic Belgrade. I had come, as it were, to the end of this wheel-going Europe, and now my eyes would see the splendor and havoc of the East."

THE TEACHINGS OF DANTE. *By Charles Allen Dinsmore.* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.) Mr. Dinsmore has written a book on Dante which partakes somewhat of the nature of a lyrical rhapsody. He approaches the great poet with a feeling not far from religious awe; and for those who find their reverence growing dull at times and who regret to see chill familiarity taking the place of wonder, it is good now and then to pick up just such a book as this: it stirs within us the fountains of veneration. Perhaps this effect of the book is due in part to the freshness of the author's vision. He tells us in the preface that "several years ago" he became acquainted with Dante by accident and that since then "the spell of Dante's great personality" has been upon him. He also says that his profound admiration for the "Divina Commedia" has lured him into "what little learning" he possesses. Now we do not, of course, accept the modesty of a preface as a true indication of a writer's learning; Mr. Dinsmore no doubt possesses more reading than these statements would imply, or he would hardly have had the rashness to rush into a criticism of Dante. Yet there is certainly in his work a touch of freshness and newness not without a certain attractiveness; but there are also, we regret to say, some evidences of immaturity of thought. Let us quote two illustrative passages. He says enthusiastically:

"Greater than all else, his [Dante's] most memorable service has been that over those hot, stormy, creative centuries—centuries which, with all their crudeness and barbarism, followed the highest spiritual ideals with a passionate enthusiasm which has never been

equaled, and, with vision clearer than our own, realized the presence of the eternal—he pondered until he caught their spirit, incarnated it in a form of deathless beauty, and left it as a perpetual standard to reveal the greatness and the littleness of subsequent ages."

In another passage he says, thinking possibly of his own profession as a theologian:

"How shall the perfect blessedness be attained? In answering this question modern theology differs radically from Dante both in statement and in point of view."

We would not criticise harshly, but something of this irreducible opposition of ideas is felt so often through the volume as to throw doubts on the author's ripeness of reflection.

TENNYSON. *By Morton Luce.* (The Temple Primers. New York: The Macmillan Co. 40 cents.) Mr. Luce has already shown his fitness for the subject by his "Handbook to Tennyson," and the present little primer is quite up to the common excellence of the series. The first place is necessarily given to the details of Tennyson's life and to the origin and sources of his various poems; but this does not exclude criticism of a more literary sort. There is even room for brief disquisitions on such topics as the value of metrical form, which help to vivify the book and increase its general interest.

FLOOD-TIDE. *By Sarah P. McLean Greene.* (New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.) When we find a story in which the author shows the strong wings of a confident imagination, we rejoice, however slender the plot or impossible the tale. *Flood-Tide* is such a story. It rests partly upon the apocryphal faith of "Adventists" and partly upon the dogmas of obscure fisherman "saints." And the scene is laid somewhere over "the bar" this side of eternity, but to say precisely where is impossible. The characters in it all sit along the coast, listening generation after generation to the teachings of the sea. They belong to it as much as the fish do, and invariably take the seaman's view of life, which is refreshing in the broad canvas of its faith. The author performs the unusual feat of getting her own consciousness into the hero's personality, which interferes somewhat with his being a real man, and causes him to act occasionally not according to the masculine level of imperfection, but from the hysterical pinnacle of feminine virtue. She has made, however, a really notable study of the only two classes of women in this world,—the good woman and the witch woman. The good woman, "Myra," is founded upon a rock. She is the last refuge for all kinds of shipwrecked humanity. She is a "saint" who makes of her heart a gospel tent for agnostics and infidels. She casts out devils and baptizes every one near by with the maternal tenderness of her love. She is a type so real and so rare, whether in life or fiction, that her presence in this book enhances its value. But the witch woman, "Alpena," a more common and much more charming personality, is also found in the story. Whether good or bad, she holds herself unanswerable for the havoc she makes in the hearts and lives of men about her. A small black head, poised sidewise like a clever bird's, and a face that is piercingly distinct, vividly beautiful,—such women can be martyrs, but never can they become "saints," which fact is suggested dimly by this story. Still the book is as wholesome and fresh as if it had been written under the starry eaves of heaven itself.

GEOFFREY STRONG. *By Laura E. Richards.* (Boston: Dana, Estes & Co. $1.75.) Two old maids somewhere in New England have a garden, filled with virgin roses and white pinks standing in long procession like slender stemmed novitiates. The borders stretch out narrow and straight as lines of moral rectitude. Into this little square of floral sanctitude the author brings her two young people and sets all the bees to droning of honey and love. Women come to mortal perfection irrespective of the other sex, but no man can reach ideal masculine perfection until he becomes a lover. Then the dullest of them have inspirations, and show a praiseworthy desire after the garment hems of divinity. In this story Mrs. Richards gives the temperature and respiration of a delightful lover with humorous feminine accuracy.

Literary Notes

Mr. Quiller Couch will write the biography of George Eliot for the Blackwoods.

...."To Girls," by Miss Heloise E. Hersey, has been adopted as a part of the daily exercises in the Girls' Latin School of Boston.

....In our review of "The Right of Way" we said that Mr. Parker had studied divinity at Toronto University. This, we learn, is a mistake; he really studied at Trinity University, another institution in Toronto.

....The luxurious *Anglo-Saxon Review* is to cease publication with the present issue. The magazine was most sumptuously printed and bound, but not many people care to pay a guinea for a review, no matter how elegant it may appear.

....*The International Monthly* for November contains an interesting paper on Renan by L. Marillier. The *International* is making for itself a distinct position of its own. It probably contains to-day more genuinely thoughtful articles than any other magazine in the country.

....Some time this month we are to have from Doubleday, Page & Co. the "Memoirs of William Byrd, 1674-1744," edited by John Spencer Bassett. William Byrd has the reputation of being the most accomplished and wittiest Virginian of his time, and this volume of memoirs ought to be of very unusual interest.

....Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson has, with the permission of the Supreme Court, changed his name, and is henceforth to be known as Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, with no hyphen. He simply reverts to the cognomen his ancestors bore until 1745, when, in consequence of the unsuccessful Jacobite rebellion, they assumed the name Thompson as a disguise.

....Here is *Punch* criticising an American book: "The refreshing pages of 'King's End,' a simple, unlabored story of New England village life, by Alice Brown. Here is no factitious pomp of melodrama, no tawdry bravery to hide the place where the puppet's heart never so much as begins to beat. We breathe the immediate air of Nature, alive and palpable. Yet there is nothing in the whole book that is obvious or unmeditated; each type has its own fresh piquancy; we seem not to have met them before, and yet are never doubtful that they are to be met, and well worth the meeting. It is quite admirable how, within the narrow limits she has assigned to herself, the author has had the genius to create characters so individual, so clear-cut, so diverse."

....The *Cosmopolitan* for November contains a strong paper by Mr. Edmund Gosse on "The Isolation of the Anglo-Saxon Mind." He says that England is much exercised over the teaching of modern languages and that the *Times* is full of letters from men who write either from the commercial or from the narrowly educational standpoint. He continues: "It seemed surprising to one who in his humble way has been trying all his life to keep in touch with European thought, and who owes to doing so some of the greatest intellectual pleasures in his experience—it seemed surprising to me that no voice should, in so vast a cloud of witnesses, be raised to give report of the pleasure to be added to life by the study of modern languages. Utility is well, but even educational utility is not everything. There must still be some among us who submit to be taught, not that they may teach again, but that they may enjoy."

Pebbles

If you must make a cardboard motto for the wall, work on it, "Chew Your Food," and hang it in the dining-room.—*Atchison Globe.*

....*Hanger-on:* "What's making that rasping noise in the next room?" *Bailiff:* "I think it's a woman filing an application for divorce."—*Chicago Tribune.*

....The capitalist colored when we spoke of the check that hung in a neat frame over his desk. "A bit of sentimentalism," said he. "The first billion I ever made!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

....*She* (in a whisper): "That little man we are passing is Robertson Stunter. He was one of the best known authors in the country once." "Strange I don't remember him." "But that was three or four months ago."—*Life.*

....A fat man who lived on the Rhine
Was asked, "At what hour do you dine?"
He answered, "Eleven,
Three, four, five and seven,
Six, eight and a quarter to nine!"
—*Life.*

...."Oh, my!" she exclaimed, impatiently, "we'll be sure to miss the first act. We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine." "Hours, I should say," he replied, rather tartly. "Ours?" she cried, joyfully. "Oh, George, this is so sudden!"—*Philadelphia Press.*

....In a saloon in Chicago, the late Eugene Field once announced to his friends that he was broke, a fact which did not surprise them, as he was generally "hard up." There happened to be a hanger-on in the crowd, one of those whose considerable ambition is to say they have shaken hands and touched glasses with a celebrity. Calling the poet to one side, he said: "Now, I hope you'll take no offense, but I understood you to say you had run short of money. If that is true, I would be glad to oblige you with a ten." "How dare you," snapped Field, affecting great indignation; "I don't even know your name." "Beg your pardon a thousand times," responded the other; "I meant no offense, I assure you. I thought maybe you might be able to use the money. Please forget it." Field was silent for a moment, as if in deep thought, and then slowly drawled: "Forget it! All right, I will, on one condition." "On what condition?" "On condition that you make it fifteen."—*Argonaut.*

EDITORIALS

Questions for Congress

"RAILROAD rates have become the air in which industries breathe," said Henry Wade Rogers last week, in an address marking the beginning of his service in the professorship at Yale formerly held by the late Edward J. Phelps; "it is within the power of the railroad corporations to construct the industrial map of the United States." The subject of a large part of this address was the power of great private corporations and their capacity for mischief. Against the economies admitted to have been gained by the combination or consolidation of industrial companies were taken up for consideration "possible evils of great magnitude," one of which was said to be "the powerful, if not corrupting, influence that may be exerted over political organizations, and over every department of government, the executive, the legislative, and the judicial." The history of discrimination in freight rates for the enrichment of great corporations was not overlooked, and this led the way to the speaker's remarks about the industrial combinations themselves.

The address was designed to direct the attention of lawyers and students of law to great questions, in the treatment of which their opinions and labors must have much weight. The same questions are before our legislators. They may be the leading subjects of discussion in the approaching session of Congress. Railway discrimination, the control of great industrial corporations, the tariff and reciprocity, are so closely interwoven or so intimately related that a consideration of one at once suggests the others. The origin of the Steel Corporation may be traced to a controversy between the Carnegie Company and a great railroad concerning freight rates. This controversy was followed by those preparations for new and menacing competition which led to the consolidation of the several companies. Great capitalists who are influential in the Steel Corporation are at the same time not less prominent and influential in the railway world. We are told that an independent steel company in Western Pennsylvania is about to spend a large sum in making a railway bridge and a branch road because it suffers by reason of discrimination, on the part of the only railway now accessible, in favor of the great combination with which it must compete. This indicates that the discrimination which the Interstate Commerce Act was designed to prevent, and which the Commission has so sharply denounced, survives in these days of industrial centralization. Questions relating to the amendment and enforcement of that statute have been before Congress for years. They will come up again this winter.

With them must be considered the combinations themselves, commonly and incorrectly called trusts; first, with respect to the supervision of them, and, second, with respect to the tariff duties which they desire to retain. The President has opinions concerning the question of supervision or control. He expressed them when he was Governor at Albany, and again in an address at Minneapolis a short time before the death of Mr. McKinley, when he said:

> "More and more it is evident that the State, and if necessary the Nation, has got to possess the right of supervision and control as regards the great corporations, particularly the great business corporations, which derive a portion of their importance from the existence of some monopolistic tendency."

In his message, it is said, his opinions on this subject will be expressed again. A majority of the same corporations are affected by the proposition of Mr. Babcock, of the Ways and Means Committee, at the last session, and to be renewed at the session now near at hand, for a sharp reduction or the entire removal of the tariff duties abused by some of them that need no protection, but are selling their goods in foreign countries at prices much lower than those which our own people are required to pay. Thus the questions of railway discrimination, supervision of trusts, and revision of the tariff hang together in Congress.

Any industrial corporation or combination that exports large quantities of its products, and that in prices favors for-

eign buyers at the expense of buyers at home, should be deprived of the aid of a tariff duty. It needs no tariff protection, and by such discrimination it abuses the protection that has been given to it. Could the manufacturers who pursue this policy have obtained their tariff if they had told the people that at some time in the future their sales abroad would be made at prices lower than the prices at home? Could any one of the combinations now engaged in exporting and in selling at low prices to foreigners procure a tariff duty from Congress at the coming session if, having no duty, it should ask for one? Suppose that President Schwab should say: "Give me a tariff duty and I will sell in England for $17 the steel for which I will require Americans to pay $24 at Pittsburg." Would Congress give him the desired duty? But he has it and does not intend that it shall be taken away. A desire to avoid a general revision of the tariff may prevent the passage of any bill upon the lines of Mr. Babcock's proposition, but that proposition has the support of much influential public opinion which cannot be suppressed or changed by an enlargement of the Ways and Means Committee designed to give the opponents of it in that committee a sure majority.

Closely related to the project of Mr. Babcock is the movement for commercial reciprocity. All of the pending treaties have been renewed, except the one with a small British colony. For a time the memorable utterance of Mr. McKinley in his last public address encouraged a hope that opposition to the ratification of some of these agreements would be relaxed. But those who stood against them in the last Congress do not appear to have given up their determination to prevent even the slight reduction of the tariff that the acceptance of them would cause. They have been reinforced by interests arrayed against the proposed treaty with Cuba. But if the opposition is as powerful as it was a year ago, the force of public opinion in favor of reciprocity is greater now, and we may reasonably expect that there will at least be fair discussion, if not ratification, of the agreements made by Mr. McKinley and his very competent Commissioner. These questions relating to railways, industrial combinations, the tariff rates and the treaties of reciprocity are all of great interest, and the consideration of them promises to overshadow the discussion of other subjects, with the possible exception of the Isthmian Canal. Justice points clearly to the action that should be taken.

An Anarchistic Experiment Station

THE suggestion is floating around among the newspapers that the best way to dispose of the anarchists is to transport them to some island where they can all live happily together and work out their ideal of lawless society without the interference of the police and free from the conventions of bourgeois morality. Some newspapers put this in among the editorials, some in the joke column. It is out of place in both, for it is neither practical enough for politics nor extravagant enough for humor; but it is worth thinking about, because voluntary and involuntary expatriation has been the best of the methods which society has used to dispose of its malcontents.

Society is based upon a certain community of sentiment, and too great deviations from the common level are disturbing factors. Society is an organism, and anything entirely unassimilable by it must be excreted or encysted lest it should cause disease. On the other hand, progress is the result of deviation, and uniformity is death to any social organization. So the problem of government is essentially to find out what individuals are too obnoxious to the community and how to dispose of them. In all countries those whose conduct differs too greatly from the norm are encysted in prisons or insane asylums. No society is or can be completely tolerant, but the degree of toleration varies widely. One country will not tolerate Protestants, another drives out Jesuits; one nation expels Jews, another shuts out Chinese. The higher the public intelligence and morality the greater the degree of toleration, just as a healthy man can live among disease germs where a weaker would die.

A few centuries ago it was believed that certain thoughts and opinions, even tho unexpressed, were dangerous and must be extirpated. Later it was held

that a man should not be persecuted for his opinions if he did not express them. Nowadays and in this country private opinions and their public expression are tolerated with few exceptions, but certain acts are prohibited. The toleration of free speech has not proved so injurious as was at first feared. Its most virulent form, free and unlimited slander of public men, has become so prevalent that we all inhale the germs with every breath; yet most people have become so immune that it is only fatal to persons of weak moral constitution. Another form of free speech formerly most dreaded of all—that is, attacks on the political constitution of society—has been found even less noxious. There has been only one Czolgosz to two of the type of Booth and Guiteau. The red journalism is less dangerous than the yellow.

But against those who would carry their revolutionary theories into effect society certainly has to protect itself regardless of the truth of those theories. For example, it is held by some that all laws are unnecessary, that a ruler is a tyrant, that property is theft, that marriage is slavery, that weak children should be killed, that clothes are worn not because we are modest, but because we are immodest. Now whether these are true or false it is not necessary to decide, and in view of the many peculiar social institutions which have existed in the past it would be unwise to assert that any one of these theories may not become prevalent in the future. Acts in accordance with these beliefs may or may not be wrong. They are, however, intolerable in our present state of society; and accordingly the man who resists the laws, kills a ruler, takes other people's property, deserts his wife, kills his cripple child, or goes naked is punished as a criminal. As individuals we have to decide whether these things are right or wrong. In our corporate capacity as society and State we have merely to decide whether such opinions, remarks or acts are endurable or not. Society must be the judge of what it can digest and assimilate. Government does not have to determine whether a proposed change is a relic of barbarism or the hope of the future—a trait of atavism or of posterism—a reversion or a sport. The only question is whether it is too injurious to be tolerated. A man who is several centuries in advance of his time may be as dangerous as one who is as much behind.

Now when an individual finds himself so badly out of harmony with society that he is not able to live peaceably with it there are two courses open to him. One is to suppress his actions and so far as may be necessary conceal his opinions. The other is to ally himself with others of similar views and move to some locality where they can put their policies into practice. Of the two alternatives the second is the better, both because it relieves society of an obnoxious member and because it gives the only opportunity to put the theory to the test of experiment. Radical changes have rarely been made from theoretical considerations alone, and where they have been, the usual result has been failure; but the greatest and most permanent revolutions have been accomplished very gradually, beginning with an experiment on a small scale often in a new community. This voluntary banishment might involve some inconvenience; but a real congenital reformer is always willing to sacrifice himself and all his neighbors to his theory, and by this plan only the self-sacrifice would be necessary. There certainly ought to be a law against that form of vivisection which consists in trying dangerous sociological and political experiments on living human beings who do not want to be experimented upon.

Irresponsibility breeds fanaticism. As it is now, anybody can devise a new system of human relationships or revive an old one, and can pose as the herald of a millennium. It is a perfectly safe and easy profession, because if the scheme is a radical one it is certain not to be adopted during his lifetime, and conscientious people are afraid to throw stones at him lest their descendants should have to pick them all up again to build his monument. But if such a man were at once shipped off to an island and told to try it, it would put an end to wild and whirling words and separate the sincere from the hypocrites. Let nothing be done to interfere in the least with free speech. Let every man say what he pleases, but compel him to prove it. That is all.

Any true reformer would welcome such an opportunity as that to try his pet

scheme. Inventors of submarine boats, dynamite guns, air-ships, rainmakers and wireless telegraphs besiege the Government to try their inventions. Suppose the humble inventor who gets into the Sunday paper a full-page illustrated article of his great discovery of how to generate electricity from coal were to receive on Monday a telegram from Washington ordering him to report to the Navy Department, where a private laboratory had been placed at his disposal, how glad he would be, and how few such articles then would be in the Sunday dailies! Suppose the anarchist at the close of his eloquent speech denouncing government and marriage and trusts and religion and armies and other things were to be transported to some remote and fertile island where there are no governments nor marriages nor trusts nor religions nor armies nor other things, nothing but anarchists like himself. How glad he would be! There they could start their Utopia without waiting for that "good time coming" which used to be in the twentieth century, but which now has again been postponed. We ought to be willing to grant the anarchists this chance to make their words good. It is of more importance to humanity to know whether anarchism or communism will work than it is to know whether rubber trees will grow in the Philippines or tea in Porto Rico, and it would seem a more legitimate function of government to establish social experiment stations than botanic gardens. There are some fifteen hundred islands in the Philippine archipelago well adapted for the purpose, after providing the natives with suitable reservations on such lands as we do not want. To be sure fifteen hundred would not be enough to test all the proposed social schemes at one time, especially since it would be difficult to find two political faddists who could agree sufficiently to be placed on the same island, and the experiments could not therefore be on a large scale at first. But on the whole it would not be a bad idea for a reformer to work on himself for a few years before attempting to reform the world. It will be remembered, too, that Robinson Crusoe made some very interesting and important discoveries in political economy while in solitary confinement. After a while two people could be put together to experiment on each other, and finally a third sent to live with the survivor, if there was one. This certainly would be safer than to try a revolutionary scheme on seventy millions of people at once.

Whether sociology is a science or not is still debated, but it is certain that at present it is like a modern racing yacht and carries too much sail for its ballast. We need more experimental data. A certain graduated gratitude is due from sociology to any group of intended reformers who have the courage of their convictions; to the Mormons for experimenting with polygamy, to the Oneida Community for experiments in stirpiculture, to the friars for experiments in celibacy, to the Doukhobors for experiments in non-resistance, to every little socialistic colony for experimenting with communism in various forms. But a certain degree of isolation is necessary for a successful experiment in sociology, just as it is essential to have segregated plats for testing plants. How much better it has been for Illinois if not Utah that the Mormons were expelled from Nauvoo! We all watch the radical labor legislation in New Zealand with interest and with hope; but some of us are glad that it is on the other side of the world, so that if the island should explode the pieces will not hit us. For many reasons it is better to have caves of Adullam located outside of the city limits. The island of Guam is a better site for an anarchistic experiment station than Haymarket Square, Chicago.

The Insanity of Assassins

THE lawyers selected to defend the assassin of President McKinley had a hard task. It was easy for them to defend themselves for undertaking it; it was necessary for the decent administration of law that they should. But they made no very vigorous attempt to defend the assassin. The only pretense of a defense they made was to ask of the jury to consider whether a sane man could be guilty of such an atrocious crime. They must decide whether so great a criminal is not necessarily no criminal at all, only insane.

Before the trial the assassin was carefully examined by physicians skilled in all forms of insanity, and they agreed that he was not insane. It might be said, or imagined, to be sure, that the universal indignation at the crime had perhaps made the experts too willing to represent the mental condition of the accused such that he should not escape punishment; and accordingly it has been a great satisfaction to know that the autopsy showed no brain lesion, but that every organ was normal, and indicated absolute good health and mental sanity. No wrong had been done to the man under the law. He was a fit candidate for capital punishment.

And yet the question will arise in some minds, and that, too, among men of culture and learning—perhaps especially among them, because they try most to separate and distinguish—whether a man with such a fixed, false belief of duty is really sane. Let us once more consider the case of this Czolgosz.

In the first case we have a man of sound brain and fair mental capacity. The State of Michigan allows him to grow up illiterate. Here falls the first responsibility. He has a fairly quick intelligence. He thinks about the conditions of society. He is not wholly absorbed in getting his own bread and butter. He is thrown in with a class of active disseminators of the doctrines of anarchism. They declare that society is cruelly organized, that governments are robbing the many to enrich the few; that legislators and laws, that courts and trials, are all controlled by the few that they may oppress the many; that rulers, Kings and Presidents, are but the tools and creatures by whom wicked wealth grinds the poor, and that such oppressors have no right to live. This is the doctrine he heard from the lips of Emma Goldman and bands of anarchists whose meetings he frequented. He saw the same thing in the cartoons of popular papers. He believed what they said, believed it fully, believed it consistently, which means that he believed it genuinely enough to attempt to carry out its doctrines into action. His last words, his final refusal to see a priest, all agree with the conclusion that he honestly believed that he was doing a service to society and to the world by putting out of the way the man who represented cruel law, and who was, as speech and picture had assured him, the instrument by whom the combinations of wealth oppressed poor Labor. It was a full, honest belief that by assassinating the President he would benefit the world.

The first question then is this: Is a false belief a proof of insanity? The second question: Is a false belief a just bar to punishment?

If a false belief is an evidence of insanity, then we are all partially insane, for we all have false beliefs. The whole world was then insane when it believed that the sun revolved about the earth. Then all worshipers of false gods, or followers of false religions are insane. It is evident that the erroneousness of one's belief is no evidence of insanity.

Nor is it any such evidence of insanity that one's belief contradicts the general belief of the community. In that case every reformer is insane. Then we are making men insane when we seek to convert the heathen to Christianity. Then Brigham Young would have been sane in Utah, but insane in Illinois.

It makes no difference how monstrous one's belief may be; it may yet be the belief of a sane man. One's belief depends on his surroundings and the teachings he has received. One grows up naturally to believe in polygamy in Morocco, and it was perfectly natural that Czolgosz, associating only with anarchists, listening only to their arguments and ravings, should accept their belief. If any one confines his reading to one side of a question he will surely accept that side. One who looks only on the silver side of a shield believes it all silver, and his belief is not insanity. Probably we all have some false beliefs of that sort. Plenty of sane people, from their reading and hearing, believe that Chinese and negroes and Indians have few rights that white men are bound to respect. They are mistaken, not insane.

We say that the monstrousness of one's belief does not prove him insane. There still exist in India the remains of a religious sect called Thugs. Less than a century ago they numbered thousands of members. They were worshipers of the goddess Kali, and it was their

belief that they should murder inoffensive people in honor of Kali. They had their rules and rites of murder, handed down from father to son. They worked in bands, and under all possible disguises ingratiated themselves into the confidence of travelers, and then strangled and buried them. Their victims numbered not less than thirty thousand a year. The British officers, who suppressed them, or have nearly done so, declared that many of them were gentlemen of conscientious life, cultivated and eminently respectable, who fully believed they were doing their duty, as they had been taught their religion from infancy. Some of them had the record of hundreds of murders. But they were not insane; they were simply victims of an erroneous belief as to duty. To them the sacrifice of travelers to Kali was as meritorious as was the work of the man who operated the fatal battery at Auburn Prison; and Czolgosz equally believed that he was doing his duty, for he had been so taught.

Then should such a man, not insane, but who commits a crime believing it to be a virtuous act, ignorant, blundering; vain, conceited, ambitious, perhaps; should such a man be punished?

Certainly; he expected it, and he should not be disappointed. Whether he should be punished depends on the idea we have of the main purpose of punishment. If its main purpose is to benefit and reform the criminal, then he should not be punished, but should simply be put where he can be instructed and learn better ideas, and be kept meanwhile out of mischief. If, on the other hand, the chief purpose of punishment is to protect the community, then, if that is the best way to protect the community, a conscientious, community-loving assassin should be executed. It makes no difference how honest he may be in his belief. He may be as earnest as the worshipers of Kali; the more earnest and conscientious the more dangerous he is, and the more needful it is to punish him; not that the very few men as earnest and as willing to immolate themselves will be restrained thereby, but that men, much more numerous, with less martyr spirit, may be deterred from making an attack on society. The plea of insanity should not save them.

A Great Experiment

That a man of wealth should leave the country for the city is not a novelty, but that a man who has acquired wealth by trade or manufacture should leave the city to develop an ideal farm is something new and notable. This is what Mr. Walter W. Law has done at Briarcliff Manor. He determined to have a farm run absolutely on the highest principles—a farm where science should speak the first word and the last word, and all the time. Science is nothing but accumulated experience; what we have found out to be best and truest; and so Briarcliff Manor farms were simply to do the best, instead of second best, or third best, or tenth best. The houses were to be models, the stables were to be ideal, the orchards planted and worked ideally, the gardens must show what possibly could be done in vegetables, and the corn crop and the oats and the wheat must not be left to any guesses of man or nature. Feeding must be done on scientific principles; barns must be as sanitary as houses; stables must be sunny and thoroughly ventilated. Water must be absolutely pure for the cattle, and their sanitary conditions as perfect as those for human beings. Then it followed that the arrangement for human beings must be on the highest level. Men and boys who were employed must be looked after to produce a splendid human result. That is, they must not be left to act as so many mechanical appliances or brute force masters of the lower animals. The superintendent says: "I think we have now the noblest farm in the United States, and that we have good men, intelligent men—the very best men—is the reason that we have the best farm." It seems not yet quite familiar to us that a store should have the Golden Rule for a business maxim; but what are we to make of a farm where the superintendent says, "Not until we apply the Golden Rule to cows will we ever get the best from them?" The walls of the stables are hung with such mottoes as "Speak gently; it is better far to rule by love than by fear." The application of this rule to cows ought to create a moral evolution in the stablemen, so that by and by it could be applied to human folk as well, and thoroughly believed in as a workable

law of life. Prizes are distributed at Briarcliff of this sort: "Evelina Gatardy; most gentle with cows." "Theodore Anderson, most careful teamster in feeding his horses and keeping his stables clean." There are other prizes for "Cleanest delivery wagon," "Neatest house yard," "Best garden truck," "Best kept room in Dalmeny." Emphasis is placed on the fact that all virtues have a commercial value. Commercial success and character may and should go forward together. This is a principle worth the study of everybody.

Do not misunderstand us that Briarcliff is a great charitable institution. It is *par excellence* a money-making establishment. It intends to show, not that "farming pays," but that "the best farming pays." In all ways success and righteousness are inseparable—we mean scientific righteousness. To do a thing rightly is the only proper way to do it, and a person who does a thing a little short of the right way is unrighteous. Bulletins on impure milk and other topics have a two-fold value; they advertise products and they instruct the consumers of milk. We are deeply interested as a people in pure food products, in cleaner dairying, in scientific farming in every direction—that is, the largest production of the best possible products, in orchard, garden, field,—and the stable and house as well. This we call natural piety; to do the best with what God gives us for the good of our fellow beings. If this sort of spirit can be infused into agricultural work we shall have great faith in that social reform which will make the Golden Rule the law of human society. Nothing catches like doing. One man may waken up a whole town to an ideal. We have seen a dozen ornamental gardens follow a single example, and a taste for landscape beauty spreading through a whole valley. Downing's words were wise, but his work accomplished more with the people. Briarcliff will not stand alone; it will soon be one of many. Model farms of a humbler sort will rejoice in the potency of such influence.

Connected with Briarcliff is a school of practical agriculture and horticulture. This was established mainly under the influence of the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, who has always been especially interested in the development of a better agriculture. Associated with him have been William E. Dodge, Van Rensselaer Townsend, Theodore Havemeyer, Theodore L. Van Norden, and other New York men of influence. These men have associated with them, as Director, George T. Powell, whose farm at Ghent was already notably ideal. The object of this school is "to open an independent means of livelihood for young men and women, especially of our cities; to demonstrate that higher values may be obtained from land under intelligent management, and to develop a taste for rural life." An additional purpose is to suggest to teachers and others the fundamental principles and the great unity found in nature, so that they may be better able to instruct and inspire their young pupils. The pupils are thoroughly trained in the practical operations of farm and garden. Questions of distribution and marketing are taken up, as well as those of production. To a general course of two years are appended short courses in nature study, covering a few weeks of summer. It is especially desired by the school to "establish the value of the small farm under intensive culture, and to develop special markets for the finest products." There is a fine dormitory, with lecture halls, library and other appurtenances. Around the school are sixty-five acres, divided into orchard, working garden, etc.; with greenhouses for experiment, as well as poultry houses and necessary barns. Besides courses in plant life, soils, drainage, irrigation, tillage, fertilizers, plant diseases, stock, fruit growing, landscape gardening, botany, geology and entomology, attention is paid to accurate record keeping and to bookkeeping.

Briarcliff farms, including the school farm, consist of over six thousand acres, belonging to Mr. Walter W. Law; but by the system adopted, belonging quite as much co-operatively to every person associated with him. There is a herd of over one thousand Jersey cattle. There are four thousand chickens, four hundred sheep and fifteen hundred swine. The reputation of the farm commands markets. There is a handsome church on the estate, where all worship together as one family. Sectarian affiliations are forgotten. All products of Briarcliff go

directly to consumers, through business stores connected with the farm. Reports from these stores go directly to the business manager. The milk both of the farms and stores is placed in charge of professional chemists. Briarcliff is about a half hour ride from New York by the Putnam branch of the New York Central, or by the Harlem. It is located between Tarrytown and Sing Sing, overlooking the Hudson. Half an hour's ride will take an inquiring citizen of New York to the Model Farm and the School of Practical Agriculture.

The Credit for Decent Government

In the luxurious buffet smoking car of one of the fast through trains between New York and the West a dozen gentlemen the other day were discussing the probable outcome of the New York municipal campaign. They were from every part of the United States; they represented every shade of political opinion and various business and professional interests. One, a resident of Salt Lake City, a man of wealth and refinement, who had traveled in every clime, brought the conversation to a focus with this remark: "Well, gentlemen, whether Mr. Low or Mr. Shepard be elected, New York will continue to be, as it has long been, the best kept and, on the whole, the best governed city on the face of this little planet."

The remark, of course, was received with surprise, and, by one or two residents of Chicago, with almost angry protest; while a New Yorker, reasonably familiar with the situation, but who had taken no part in the discussion, was able in his own mind to anticipate the explanation which was immediately demanded and was as promptly supplied.

"I mean this," the gentleman from Utah continued; "first, the life and property of a visitor from another city are safer in the streets of New York than in the streets of any other city that I have ever seen; while, as for the city of Chicago, which my friends here represent, it is notoriously the most unsafe town for the stranger, if not indeed for its own citizens, in the United States today. I mean, in the second place, that New York has an extensive system of electric railways without overhead wires, and that even telegraph and telephone poles have been removed from all the streets below the Harlem district. I mean, in the third place, that the streets of New York, whatever they may have been in the past, are now well paved and well cleaned. I mean in the fourth place, that public nuisances of any sort are less frequently met with in the streets and parks of New York than in those of any other city which I visit. And finally, in the fifth place, I mean that, from all that I can gather by observation, from conversation and from printed material, more earnest and efficient work is done, year after year, by such administrative bodies as the Board of Health, the Department of Charities, and the Park Commissioners to make the conditions of life tolerable for the great mass of human beings living within the municipal district, than is done by similar administrative bodies in any other great city.

To these assertions there was some murmured objection, but no specific reply. Apparently no one was able to prove them untrue. The New Yorker reviewed them one by one in the solitude of his own thoughts as the train sped on, and was obliged to confess to himself that on the whole the Westerner's observations were substantially correct. But the reason for this superiority of New York's administration, her citizen found, or thought he found, in causes which had not been mentioned in the conversation, and which reflect little credit upon the politicians of any party; certainly none upon the vile gang whose name is Tammany.

The remark has been repeated until we all are tired of hearing it, that New Yorkers have no civic pride. Possibly this remark is true; we do not know. But whether true or false, one thing at least is true—namely, that New York has an astonishingly large number of citizens in whom the civic conscience is keenly alive; devoted men and women who feel a strong sense of personal responsibility for municipal conditions, as well as for their own private affairs. Among these, perhaps the highest examples of self-sacrificing devotion to the public good are found in the ranks of New York women. To them, as much

as to any body of voters, belongs the credit for bringing about such efficiency and decency of municipal administration as we can claim. It is indeed true, as the gentleman from Utah said, that the Department of Charities is on the whole efficient. And why? Chiefly, as all know who are properly informed, because of the untiring, lifelong efforts of women like Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, of the Charity Organization Society, Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, and the late Miss Rosalie Butler, of the State Charities Aid Association, and others who, possibly not so well known, are not less worthy to be named. It is true also that the sanitary administration of New York, the care of the streets, and the protection of the parks, have been, all in all, astonishingly satisfactory when it is considered that the municipal government throughout the greater part of the city's history has been in the hands of thieves as bold as vile, and as vile as human degradation can be. And again asking why? we again find the answer to be as simple and clear as before. In 1896 a little band of women, unable to endure longer the sickening sights and deadly foulness that everywhere defiled our streets and docks, and that rendered the city unsafe to any family, organized the Woman's Health Protective Association of New York. To the labors of this association, more than to any other one agency, we owe the fact that New York is now, outwardly at least, a comparatively decent place. It was this association that made the first systematic investigation of the condition of city stables, of slaughter houses, of bakeries, and of garbage disposition, and which brought a continuing pressure to bear upon the Street Cleaning Department and upon the Board of Health to do their sworn duty to a reasonable degree of thoroughness. The organization keeps out of politics, it cultivates friendly and courteous relations with all officials, of whatever party, and by tact, persistence and strict attention to its own proper business it has achieved results that no professional reformer in the bottom of his heart would have believed possible.

These achievements by intelligent and earnest women in the fields of public charity and of public sanitation are but two examples among many that might be named of the successful efforts of citizens who are not voters to get such results of decency and efficiency in municipal government as may be possible under the evil political conditions from which we suffer. Not least among these achievements has been the work of the Women's Municipal League, in exposing the partnership between the police department and the most appalling forms of vice.

If then, New York, in spite of Tammany and Tammany's Republican accomplices, is a comparatively safe and decent town, the credit belongs to those citizens, both men and women, who, looking for no official recognition or any personal advantage, have given time and strength and means to a quiet but tireless endeavor to make conditions as tolerable as is possible with the existing political machinery. If New York is, in truth, better governed than other cities, it is because New York has more citizens who are sufficiently alive to civic duty to give up their pleasures and even to sacrifice business interests, in order to work for the public good.

The Repudiating Naval Officers

We published last week the list of naval commanding officers mentioned by Mr. Maclay in the preface of his "History of the Navy" as those whom he had consulted prior to calling Admiral Schley a coward and a liar in that book. As he further said that "nearly every commanding officer has read and corrected proof sheets dealing with actions in which each figured," it follows by implication that the names of the officers given by him include those of the persons who wrote him as he says "letters" supporting the charges—no other names being noted by him. Excluding from the category the individuals who have directly repudiated any part in the matter, and also the name of Captain Cook, of the "Brooklyn," whose testimony absolutely negatives any suspicion attaching to him, the list is as follows:

Rear-Admiral Francis J. Higginson.
Captain C. D. Sigsbee.
Captain C. M. Chester.
Captain Charles E. Clark.
Captain C. T. Goodrich.

Captain H. W. Lyon.
Lieutenant-Commander W. H. H. Southerland.
Lieutenant-Commander C. McR. Winslow.
Lieutenant-Commander A. Sharp, Jr.
Lieutenant S. S. Wood.

Captain B. H. McCalla, noted among those mentioned last week, has since flatly denied any knowledge of Maclay or his work, or giving him any information.

As all of the commanding officers who were with Schley are not included among those mentioned in Maclay's preface, but may be included in his sweeping ascription to them of knowledge obtained, the following names may be added, as likewise implicated, from this point of view:

Rear-Admiral R. D. Evans.
Rear-Admiral H. C. Taylor.
Rear-Admiral C. S. Cotton.
Captain W. C. Wise.
Captain T. F. Jewell.
Captain J. G. Eaton.
Commander Richard Wainwright.
Lieutenant N. R. Usher.
Lieutenant Lucien Young.

We shall be pleased to record the repudiations of these officers as they may appear. One of the very highest of them (we lack authority to give his name) has already expressed his sentiments on the subject, and undoubtedly those of many others in the Navy, in the following emphatic terms:

> Speaking for myself, I never saw Maclay's book, and never heard of it until the newspapers began to talk about it, and I am sure I am speaking well within the limits when I affirm it as my belief that many other of Sampson's captains—a very large majority of them—never saw the book, nor heard of it, until it was made notorious by the public press. If it had been seen by them before it was put into press, it would never, I think, have been published with the statements it now contains relative to Schley. When the splendid service rendered by the Navy in the war with Spain is considered—that her Navy was swept from the seas in two hemispheres, in two general actions, without the loss to us of a single ship, and with the loss in those two battles of but one life, it is heinous that the pages of our glorious history should be blotted with so foul a stain as that attempted to be put upon it by Maclay, through his infamous and unsupported charges against Schley—a scandal and disgrace that it will take years of the best traditions of the service to live down.

Kipling and the Bishops

At the late Church of England Congress a paper was read from the Bishop of Calcutta, in which he said that Kipling's writings had given to Englishmen at home a totally false impression of the character of Englishmen in India, and he declared that he did not believe that they are any worse than Englishmen at home. Mr. Kipling has never said they were, but "Barrack Room Ballads" is not the place to look for the nicer moralities. It was at a later session, in behalf of the Colonies, that the Bishop of London defended Kipling and declared that whatever mistakes he might have made about India, no man had done more to impress upon people the necessity that Great Britain should send out her noblest sons to civilize the world. He quoted a poem of Kipling's not too well known, "The Sea-Wife." It is a ballad of England:

> "There dwells a wife by the Northern Gate,
> And a wealthy wife is she;
> She breeds a breed of roving men,
> And casts them over sea. . . .
>
> "The good wife's sons come home again
> With little into their hands
> But the love of men that ha' dealt with men
> In the new and naked lands. . . .
>
> "And some return by failing light,
> And some in waking dream,
> For she hears the heels of the dripping ghosts
> That ride the rough roof-beam.
>
> "Home they come from all the ports,
> The living and the dead;
> The good wife's sons come home again
> For her blessing on their head."

There is coarseness and drunkenness depicted in the soldier life, but the large drift of Kipling's poetry is more than patriotism; it is brotherhood, generosity, sympathy, and the taste it leaves is spicily good.

Commander Tilley at Samoa

It seemed to us incredible that Commander Tilley could have been guilty of any such scandalous conduct, while in charge of our new Samoan possessions, as was charged against him on the authority, it was said, of missionaries, and for which he has been ordered back to Samoa for trial by court-martial. His character has been spotless, and he was about the last man to be suspected of such behavior. But a correspondent of *The Evening Post,* writing from Berkeley, Cal., the seat of the University of California, which has been making large anthropological collections for its museum, writes of his

visit to Tutuila, Samoa, after visiting other South Sea islands. He says that it was spoken of there as a matter of universal knowledge that Commander Tilley, who was in absolute, autocratic command of that island, was guilty of public intoxication and of countenancing such public debauchery as rivaled the revels of the French naval forces at Tahiti. The charge is so serious as to require the fullest investigation. We are having in Tutuila one of the first trials of our capacity to govern a colony, and the officers put in command should be held to the strictest accountability. We are informed that these charges against Commander Tilley did not come directly to the Naval or War Department from American citizens, nor through our Consul at Apia, but through the Department of State, to which the complaints were brought perhaps by British missionaries in the Samoan Islands. It would have seemed that no more fitting appointment could have been made than that of a man with Commander Tilley's reputation for sobriety and domestic virtue, but we recall that some twenty years ago he suffered from an attack of insanity which developed into acute mania, taking on, if we are not mistaken, a religious character. Our Government is under obligation to make the strictest investigation in such a case as this, for our country's credit, but we venture to say that the reading of Captain "Bob" Evans's volume of reminiscences of service does not suggest that as president of the court-martial he will make too puritanical an investigation.

We are very glad to state that we have been shown a letter from President Richard McIlwaine, of Hampton-Sidney College, in which he denies the genuineness of an interview with him published in the Richmond *Evening Leader,* and sent by the Associated Press over the country, in which he was reported as speaking contemptuously of President Roosevelt on the Booker Washington matter. This interview we quoted, with an intimation of doubt which we learn was justified. It seems that President McIlwaine used no such language, and the reporter who tried to interview him explained in a subsequent issue that in his haste he inadvertently attributed to President McIlwaine the language of another man.

We are glad to see a long letter published from Bishop Favier in which he denies absolutely that he was guilty of anything that could justly be called looting during the Chinese disturbances. It will be remembered that we defended him against such charges, both editorially and in a letter from Dr. Ament. He says that since the troubles 1,200 pagans have been baptized and over 3,000 catechumens received; that missions and individual Christians will receive two-thirds of their losses; that no compensation is accepted on the lives of missionaries, and that the value of whatever property they were obliged to take after the siege to feed the refugees is deducted from the indemnity demanded.

Our readers will be glad to see the interesting and positive statement of Baron de Stampenbourg in regard to Ibsen's present condition. It is proper to add, however, that there seems to be some uncertainty about the health and doings of the great Swedish poet. Not many weeks ago we quoted from a letter purporting to be from Prof. Georg Brandes and giving a sensational account of Ibsen's health and of the "*Apologia*" he is said to be writing. The current *Academy* declares that Mr. Archer, the translator of Ibsen, has investigated these matters and pronounced Professor Brandes's letter a pure fabrication and the stories about Ibsen's ill-health and mysterious "*Apologia*" all nonsense.

We are receiving so many letters from persons who assume that the story by David Bruce Fitzgerald, entitled "The Deliberativeness of Dr. Greene," in our issue of October 24th, is an ungarnished statement of the actual historical facts in reference to the attempt to bamboozle the Presbyterian General Assembly, and of the perverse shrewdness of the Secretary of the Board of Aid for Colleges in thwarting the design, that we find it necessary to state that the story was a story, an invention, and that the Board of Aid never had a Secretary of the name of Greene, nor any Secretary whose retributive casuistry so got the better of his simplicity.

INSURANCE

A Small Savings Scheme

THE 4 per cent. savings bond now offered by the New York Life is issued in the one denomination of $50, and is sold at the one price of $40 (80 per cent. of its face) in a single payment. The bond is to run 20 years and is then to be redeemed at $55 (110 per cent.), together with its proper share in "profits," a coupon to represent these undetermined profits being attached. Or the holder may then present his bond, have this coupon taken off, receive whatever is apportioned to him therefor, and retain the bond for 10 years more. In that case he will draw simple interest at 4 per cent., using the ten $2 coupons which are attached, and at the end of this term the bond is to be paid at its face value.

If the owner dies within two years the $40 is returned. The transaction is then a negative one on his side; his money is not lost, but it gains nothing. If he dies after two years, but within the 20 year term, the $50 is paid, with simple interest; the payment in case of death during the third year is $54, which increases $2 annually up to death in the twentieth year, when it is $88. The contract is, therefore, only nominally one of insurance, and is to be considered solely on its savings side. Obviously no medical examination is needed or required. The price is also uniform, without regard to age, and there is no mathematical reason apparent for the age limit prescribed—13 to 50—or for the additional $5 charged to purchasers of ages over 40.

Now if a man puts the $40 in savings bank and lets it alone he will have $53.76 in 10 years and $72.24 in 20, reckoning at 3 per cent. compound. But in case of death at 10 or 20 years the $50 bond (costing $40) will yield $68 or $88. In case the holder does not die he would receive for his $40, at the end of 20 years, $55 for his bond, against $72.24 from the bank; at the end of 30 years the bond will net $70 total, against $97.08 from the bank deposit.

The "profits" are unspecified and unguaranteed, and can therefore be considered only as a makeweight bonus. It thus appears that although the insurance is nominal there is a little advantage in the bond over the bank, provided the holder dies during the 20-year term; if he survives that term the bank deposit promises the larger return.

Yet this must fairly be read with two provisos. The first is that the assumed rate of 3 per cent., which is at present less than the current savings bank rate, shall not become above such rate within 20 or 30 years, also that some Bryanism shall not intervene to disturb the standard of value, for it should also be noted that the company's bond is positively a contract for gold of the present standard weight and fineness. The other and far more important proviso is that the man shall actually deposit his $40 in a good bank and shall leave it there to fructify undisturbed. This is a large condition, and really the crux of the comparative case. For when life insurance is contrasted with saving for one's self per the savings bank the conclusive answer to such plea has always been—aside from the fact that there is no likeness between an insurance process and one of simple saving—that men will not bank their earnings steadily and leave them alone, whereas the insurance company measurably compels them to do so.

And so in this bond case. The company furnishes a neat little "bank," into which the applicant drops coins or paper to suit himself. The company holds the key, counts the money in his presence, enters the amount in a pass-book, issues the bond when $40 is attained, and starts him in anew if he will. The bond itself is attractive and the sight of it is a stimulus to saving. The interest coupons are payable to bearer, but the bond itself may be protected from theft by registry. The little box is also an incentive to saving, and altho liable to theft, its contents can be removed and credited up at will. Whatever tends to thrift is a distinct influence toward social amelioration, and this little scheme—small in scale but perhaps great in extent—is therefore a potency for good.

FINANCIAL

The National Treasury

THE Treasury was never stronger, says United States Treasurer Roberts in his annual report, than at the close of the last fiscal year. We may add that it is as strong now as it was on that date. From the Treasurer's statistics and record we take a few of the most interesting facts. The net ordinary revenues ($587,685,337) were greater than ever before; the expenditures had been exceeded only in the years of the Civil War and in 1899; but there was a surplus of $77,717,984. The reserve fund of $150,000,000 in gold, required by the Gold Standard act of 1900, has easily been maintained, for the stock of gold in the Treasury (including reserve, security for certificates, and the general fund) rose to $542,822,000. This was more gold than had ever been held under single control elsewhere in the world, except once for a few months. At last accounts all but $46,000,000 of the new 2 per cent. consols of 1930 were held by the Treasury for National Banks as security for circulating notes and deposits of public money. During the year the country's stock of money was increased by $88,000,000 in gold, $37,000,000 in silver coin, and about $16,000,000 in notes and certificates. Since 1897 the increase of the stock of gold has been $463,130,000, or about 40 per cent. The circulation per capita in the country has now risen to $28.52. Porto Rican coins, representing 5,699,577 pesos in silver and 34,122 pesos in bronze, have been exchanged for $3,440,220 in currency of the United States. These coins were nearly the entire sum of money in circulation on the island.

Community of Interest

EXAMPLES of railway "community of interest" have recently been seen, sometimes in connection with retaliatory movements against roads not yet included in the general scheme. The Lake Shore and the Pennsylvania are about to establish and operate jointly, it is said, a route from Toledo to St. Louis, in sharp competition with the Wabash, which has provoked retaliation by building a Chicago line in competition with the Lake Shore, and a line to Pittsburg in competition with the Pennsylvania. The Gould system, like the Atchison, has not yet found its place in the grand scheme of harmonized railway groups. Nor does the Rock Island appear to be included, for it is said to be planning an extension to the Pacific Coast from El Paso, with the aid of copper mine capitalists in Arizona and northern Mexico, and of those who are surveying a route from San Diego to Yuma. Community of interest is seen in the new plans for the operation of the railroad from Washington to Richmond under an agreement to which the Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio, Chesapeake & Ohio, Southern, Atlantic Coast Line, and Seaboard Air Line are parties. Here, however, the Pennsylvania is clearly the dominant interest. Details of the final settlement of the memorable controversy between the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific interests and the Northern Pacific-Great Northern alliance, over the Burlington system, are the subject of pending negotiations and have not yet been given to the public.

Financial Items

THE increasing surplus has caused Secretary Gage to resume the purchase of bonds upon terms which are practically the same as those which governed purchases made under the last call.

....Bids for $3,600,000 of forty-year bonds of the city of New York (interest 3½ per cent.) were opened last week. The highest, 107.271, was that of the Central Realty Bond and Trust Company, for itself and Lewisohn Brothers.

....Control of the Ninth National Bank, in New York, has been acquired by interests identified with the Hanover National Bank, and Nelson A. Reynolds, recently city manager of the latter bank, has been appointed cashier.

....The new building of the Hanover National Bank, on the southwest corner of Nassau and Pine streets, will be 22 stories (332 feet) high, and will stand upon a lot a little more than 100 feet square. There will be five local and five express elevators in it.

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Survey of the World

National Topics

The President has removed from office Moses Dillon, Collector of Customs at El Paso, against whom charges that he had repeatedly violated the Civil Service laws had long been pending. Dillon permitted certain candidates for appointment to see in advance the questions that were to be answered at an examination. He also received contributions for political purposes. On the same day the resignation of Charles E. Sapp, for four years Collector of Internal Revenue at Louisville, Ky., was received and promptly accepted. He appears to have resigned to avoid removal. Sapp has been a kind of political boss, and his control of the party machinery has largely reduced the Republican vote where it has been exercised. It is charged that he has collected political assessments and violated the law in other ways. Charges against both Sapp and Dillon were sent to Washington long ago by the Civil Service Reform League. The President has again disappointed Addicks and his followers in Delaware by appointing Robert G. Houston to be Collector of Customs at Wilmington. Mr. Houston has vigorously opposed Addicks from the beginning of the latter's efforts to obtain a seat in the Senate at Washington. A few weeks ago Mr. Roosevelt appointed William H. Heald, another untiring opponent of Addicks, to be postmaster at Wilmington. His action concerning these two places, the most important Federal offices in the State, leaves no room for doubt as to his attitude toward Addicks. Senator Hanna had a talk with the President last week, and was entertained at dinner in the White House. It is reported that some offices will be given to representative negroes in the South, and that ex-Congressman Murray will be Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue in South Carolina. Chairman Payne and a majority of his Republican associates in the Ways and Means Committee of the House will propose the repeal of substantially all of the remaining taxes that were imposed on account of the war with Spain. This proposition we have considered on another page. In a speech at Boston, Senator Lodge favored a policy of commercial reciprocity, especially with respect to Cuba, but seemed to think that reciprocity could more easily be obtained and more fairly adjusted by a general law (possibly by maximum and minimum tariffs) than by treaties. In the same city, General James H. Wilson, who said he was a Republican and a protectionist, spoke last week before the Free Trade League in favor of reciprocal free trade with all the countries of North America, and of absolute free trade with Cuba, predicting that under such a policy the island would become very prosperous, and within ten years would be knocking for admission into the Union.

Last Week's State Elections

By last week's State elections the Democrats gain two Senators, one in Kentucky and the other in Maryland. The successor of Senator Deboe in Kentucky will probably be ex-Governor McCreary, and in Maryland ex-Senator Gorman will be elected. Owing to the provisions of Gorman's new election law, and to the fraudulent printing of ballots in some places, the count in Mary-

land was greatly delayed. Senator McComas asserts that the new law disfranchised 12,000 white Democrats and 30,000 Republicans (of whom 24,000 were negroes); also that thousands of Republican ballots were thrown out because they had been printed purposely with invalidating marks on them. The Republicans carried Baltimore. Governor Nash was re-elected in Ohio by a large majority, and the legislature is safe for the re-election of Senator Foraker. The Democrats were successful in Cleveland, where Tom L. Johnson is Mayor. In Nebraska, where Mr. Bryan had labored in the campaign, the Republicans won by about 10,000. New Jersey elected Franklin Murphy, the Republican candidate for Governor, by 17,000, and the new legislature shows Republican gains. In Pennsylvania, Harris, the Republican candidate for Treasurer, had 55,000 more votes than were given to Coray, the candidate of a combination of Democrats and anti-Quay Republicans. The Fusionist reformers were defeated in Philadelphia by the supporters of Mayor Ashbridge and the Republican machine. Massachusetts gives Governor Crane a third term by a majority of 70,000 over Josiah Quincy. Cummins, the Republican candidate for Governor in Iowa, was elected by at least 90,000. The Prohibitionist vote was considerably increased, and Republican gains in many places are reported. At the election in Connecticut delegates were chosen for a Constitutional Convention, in which the main question will be an enlargement of the representation of the cities in the legislature. The small towns will be able to prevent any considerable increase of the number of members from the cities. The Democratic majority in Virginia was about 25,000. In many places the nogroes did not go to the polls. They did not believe, it is said, that their votes would be counted.

Tammany Beaten in New York

The election in the city of New York was a grand victory for those who had come together for the overthrow of Boss Croker and Tammany. Seth Low, for some years past President of Columbia University, and recently a delegate to the Peace Conference at The Hague, was elected Mayor by a plurality of 29,864 over Edward M. Shepard. The total vote was 560,120. Every office was won by the reformers, except the presidencies of the small Boroughs of Queens and the Bronx. District Attorney, Comptroller, President of the Board of Aldermen, Presidents of the Boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn, Sheriff, Register, County Clerk, Supreme Court Judges—all these will be the chosen representatives of the foes of Tammany's rule. A notable victory was that of Justice Jerome, candidate for District Attorney, who led the poll, altho many had said that his frank and fearless public addresses, and especially his sharp attacks upon Senator Platt and William C. Whitney and the public franchise corporations, would make his vote much less than that of his associates, and probably would cause his defeat. He had been the most striking figure in the canvass. His plurality (in the county of New York) was 15,880 over Unger, who had defended police officers convicted of receiving money for the protection of vice, and has been publicly denounced as the candidate of the gamblers' ring. The greater part (25,500) of Mr. Low's plurality was given in Brooklyn, but he also carried the old city of New York by more than 5,000. Mr. Shepard ran from 5,000 to 10,000 ahead of his associates on the Tammany ticket. Because he was a man of great ability and had been active for many years in support of political reform, his nomination at first caused some anxiety on the reform side, and this was not dispelled when certain prominent reformers deserted Mr. Low and began to work for Mr. Shepard. But the reformers redoubled their exertions, and as election day drew near the tide was clearly setting in their favor. In the last days, the betting, in which Shepard had had the advantage, turned decidedly in the other direction. From the beginning the entire city press had been against Tammany, altho one paper had supported Shepard while attacking the candidates associated with him. The most overwhelming defeat was that of Mayor Van Wyck, whom Croker had nominated for the office of Justice of the Supreme Court (the term being fourteen years, at $17,500 a year), and whom the Bar Association had formally denounced as "con-

spicuously unfit for judicial office." Shepard lost the mayoralty by 29,864 votes, but the plurality against Van Wyck was 40,700. Mr. Low, who resigned the office of President of Columbia University at the beginning of the campaign, will take Mayor Van Wyck's place on New Year's Day. Years ago he was a very successful Mayor of Brooklyn.

Other Municipal Elections

In Philadelphia a large majority of the Democrats had united with the Anti-Machine Republicans in nominating for District Attorney Mr. Rothermel, who now holds the office, but whom the regular Republicans had refused to put up for another term. He was beaten, his opponent, Weaver, having a plurality of 43,000. Leaders of the reform movement assert that a large number of the votes counted for Weaver were cast by repeaters or were fraudulently placed in the boxes. The effect of recent labor controversies was seen in several cities, notably in San Francisco, where Eugene E. Schmitz, manufacturer, leader of the orchestra in one of the theaters, and president of the musicians' labor union, was elected Mayor over the candidates of the Republican and Democratic parties. At the beginning of the long strike of the machinists he granted the demands of his employees for nine hours and higher pay. The workingmen voted for him, and it is said that he promised to remove the officers now at the head of the Police Department, because the unions hold that the police force was used in behalf of the employing manufacturers during the strike. In Ansonia, Connecticut, the Republicans were defeated for the first time, and Stephen Charters, supported by Democrats and the labor unions, was elected Mayor. This change was due to the machinists' strike and to popular disapproval of the very comprehensive and severe injunction order issued by Judge Gager, a resident of the place. Charters is president of the carpenters' union. He disobeyed Judge Gager's orders and is now under bonds for trial on a charge of conspiracy. In Bridgeport, a few miles from Ansonia, Dennis Mulvihill, stoker in a foundry, was unexpectedly elected Mayor. He had been an Alderman and was known for his persistent advocacy of economy in expenditures for public improvements. Mark Fagan, thirty-two years old, employed as an undertaker's assistant, was elected Mayor of Jersey City as a Republican, altho the city gave a Democratic majority of 4,000 on the State ticket. Democrats voted for Fagan as a protest against a distasteful nomination due to machine rule in their own party. In Providence a Democratic Mayor was elected by a large majority, chiefly on the question of compelling Senator Aldrich's street railway company to give free transfers.

Cuba and Porto Rico

General Wood has informed the Havana Council that it cannot justly reject all of the bids recently submitted for the sewering and paving of the city. Therefore the lowest bid (about $10,400,000, from contractors in Jersey City) has been accepted, and new municipal taxes will be imposed to meet the cost of the work. Bishop Sbarretti, who goes to the Philippines, sailed from Havana on the 9th, having been escorted by a long procession of religious societies to the ship's pier, where the chief military and civil officers bade him farewell. It was recently reported that he had procured a settlement of all questions concerning Church property in Cuba. The terms of settlement have not been announced. The *Catholic News* publishes the following on this subject, in a letter from its special correspondent in Havana:

"That Bishop Sbarretti has been successful in this mission is apparent from the tangible results achieved in Havana. He has happily arranged an understanding regarding the status of the Church in Cuba under the new order of civil affairs, at once satisfactory to religion and to the Government interests. The drastic marriage law enacted by General Brooke, whereby a Catholic priest was disqualified to give legal force to the bond of wedlock, has, through the energetic and patient efforts of the Bishop, been repealed by the Military Governor, General Wood, and a measure that is highly satisfactory to the Church substituted.

"But a problem of still greater moment was the restoration of property belonging to the Church, but which had been sequestered by the Spanish during the civil war that obtained in Spain and her colonies after the death of Ferdinand VII. The happy solution of this intricate problem had engaged the attention of Bishop Sbarretti from the date of his entrance upon his duties in Havana. So forcibly

and intelligently did the prelate present the claims of the Church that President McKinley, shortly before his lamented death, recognized the Bishop's contention and ordered justice to be meted out to the Catholic Church in the diocese of Havana."

William F. Willoughby, a graduate of Johns Hopkins University, and for the last ten years employed as an expert by the Department of Labor at Washington, has been appointed Treasurer of Porto Rico. The island's Commissioner of the Interior, in his annual report, points out the need of good roads and bridges and asks for the immediate establishment of agricultural experiment stations for the instruction and encouragement of the farmers.

The Philippine Islands

Cebu has been pacified, the insurgents in that island having laid down their arms in good faith because the people demanded peace. Sixty officers and 470 men surrendered, giving up 150 rifles and 8 brass pieces. In Samar and Leyte the insurrection has not been subdued, altho all the available vessels are patrolling the coast, many villages have been destroyed and severe measures have been taken to deprive the guerrilla bands of all local support. Prominent officers and other residents of Samar have been informed that to avoid deportation to Guam they must procure the surrender of all persons implicated in the massacre of American soldiers at Balangiga. General Lukban's wife, child, mother and chief commissary have been captured, and with them correspondence disclosing the treachery of many civil officers and prominent men in both Samar and Leyte. This information caused 130 arrests. In Samar last week Major Waller and a force of marines attacked a body of insurgents holding a strong position at Sajopan, and for one day were unable to dislodge them. On the second day, however, the position was carried, with the loss of two marines, and seventy houses were destroyed. Leyte is so closely blockaded that the Mayors of the towns recently complained to General Smith that the people could get no food. He replied that the blockade would not be relaxed until the people surrendered all their guns and gave information about the hostile bands. Governor Taft is slowly recovering from his illness, but he may remain in the hospital for a month to come. The Federal party, with which 300,000 Filipinos are said to be connected, has been holding a convention, at which there was adopted a petition which excites much interest, because among the delegates were Señor Tavera and Señor Legarda (the new members of the Philippine Commission) and three judges of the Supreme Court. This petition asks Congress to treat the archipelago as a Territory, providing for the appointment of the Governor, but permitting the islanders to elect all the members of a lower House, with a majority of those in an upper one. Two seats in the Senate at Washington are also wanted, and a hope is expressed that authority will be granted for the issue of a loan of $100,000,000. The convention decided that Americans should be eligible for office after three years' residence on the islands. Its closing days were marked by much turbulence and factional wrangling. After thorough discussion the Commission has passed the act for the punishment of treason and sedition. This was strenuously opposed by the Federal party. A plot to massacre the American garrison at Moncada (Tarlac) was recently disclosed by the wife of one of the conspirators. The Secretary of Tarlac Province, one Cardona, with other civil officers, has been arrested for thefts committed in five provinces, and for releasing prisoners for a price, the rate fixed for murderers having been $200.

England

England has been mildly rejoicing in the birthday of the King, who was born November 9th, just sixty years ago. King Edward passed the day at Sandringham with his family, including the Duke of Cornwall and York, who on this day was created Prince of Wales. This title was originally borne by native rulers of Wales under the suzerainty of the English crown. According to the traditional story King Edward I, when expecting the birth of a son, promised the Welsh that he would give them a prince "free from blemish upon his honor, and unable to speak a word of English." The title has remained with the English family

ever since. On the day before, November 8th, that is, the new Lord Mayor of London, Sir Joseph C. Dimsdale, was installed at the Guildhall with all the ancient and quaint formalities customary on such an occasion. The new Lord Mayor was knighted in 1894. He is a member of the banking house of Prescott, Dimsdale, Cave, Sugwell & Co., and, it need not be said, is very rich. At the banquet at the hall, which closed the ceremonies of the day, Lord Salisbury, as is the habit with Prime Ministers, spoke at some length in regard to the governmental policy. In response to the toast to "His Majesty's Ministers," he introduced the South African war, and said in part:

"It is pleasant to record that the peace of the world has been so little disturbed by the events of the last two years. Half a century ago we should not have found such a correct and pacific attitude on the part of all the great Powers. It is a sign of the increasing international amity and understanding; also that the cloud of the last three weeks over the Mediterranean has so lightly passed away. Fifty years ago this would not have been so. . . . I strongly deprecate the spirit of pessimism so frequently heard in the utterances of some of our public men as to the war in which we are engaged. Unlike the wars of former years, no longer does the capture of the enemy's capital and the dissipation of his field force constitute a conclusive victory. We are now confronted by a system of guerrilla warfare, which must be slowly and effectively stamped out. We are progressing slowly, perhaps, but steadily. . . . I deeply regret the ravages of the war in the colonies, to which we are anxious to accord the fullest practicable measure of self-government; but we have had neighbors in South Africa whose conduct for years has been a menace to the stability of that section of our Empire. Now we are engaged in removing this menace, and we are determined to do it so effectually that it will never require doing again."

More important to Londoners, however, than any such formalities and speeches just now is the dense fog that has settled over the city and much of the country since November 3d. Traffic in the London streets has come almost to a standstill, and it is only with the greatest difficulty that pedestrians can find their way about. It is described as "a dense, dark gray fog, not the old-fashioned pea soup fog which used to blind and choke the people and drive them distracted." Dinner parties—they are serious affairs in London—are given up, because the guests cannot come; many theaters have closed for a similar reason, and pickpockets alone are reaping a harvest from the dismaying darkness. A policeman standing at the corner of Charing Cross found a brother officer looking for a particular lamp in Whitehall, where he was to report to his inspector. He had lost his way by half a mile. In Pall Mall policemen, it is said, could hear invisible omnibus drivers shouting for unseen aid to find the curbstone. Many persons at the docks, altho business there has ceased, have walked into the water and been drowned. The trains and boats to and from the city are blocked, and suburbanites find themselves practically cut off from town. The food supply of the city is seriously disturbed. Perishable goods in great quantities have been lost, because they could not be discharged, and many thousand head of cattle have been delayed on board steamers.

The Victoria Memorial

Buckingham Palace, which has long been regarded as one of the shabbiest of royal dwellings in Europe, is to be dignified by the great national memorial to Queen Victoria. The central feature of this memorial will be Mr. Brock's monument, on a platform eight feet high and rising sixty feet from the ground. The platform of the monument is to be one hundred feet in diameter, with basins on either side into which running water will flow copiously. The central structure will be a pyramid with a great winged figure of Victory on the summit. At the foot of the Victory are Consistency and Courage. The Queen herself is represented seated below facing the Mall, while on the other three sides of the square column are groups of Justice, Truth and Love. Five architects were asked to submit designs for the grounds about the monument, and the plans of Mr. Aston Webb, A. R. A., have been selected by the committee, consisting of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain. These plans will take away the old screen before Buckingham Palace and substitute a low screen of columns between the palace and the monument and a large semicircular screen, with a radius of about 400 feet, between the monument and St. James's Park. The opening into

the Mall is widened and a mansard roof has been added to the central block of the palace itself. The roadways have been changed so as to convert the Mall into a processional drive, to be used on state occasions when the King passes from Buckingham to the Houses of Parliament or to Westminster Abbey. The whole plan, including the monument and grounds, will, we judge from the architects' designs, form a place comparable to the great places in Paris or Vienna.

France and Turkey

At the present moment it looks as if the imbroglio of France and Turkey was to turn out a comedy instead of the threatened tragedy. Admiral Caillard with his fleet reached Mitylene on November 5th, and, finding the inhabitants of the island well disposed toward him, he landed only a single company of marines. On the same day the Paris *Temps* declared that the Cabinet had considered the seizure of Smyrna and Salonica, but had rejected the idea. The squadron was to hold Mitylene until satisfaction from the Sultan was obtained, but it was not to proceed to any other port of the Ottoman Empire unless circumstances made such an action indispensable. Meanwhile, however, the fleet at Toulon remained in readiness for instant departure. This action of the French Government brought the Porte speedily to terms. The very next day, November 6th, it sent a note to M. Bapst, Councillor of the French Legation at Constantinople, inclosing drafts on the customs in payment of the Lorando and Tubini claims. The payments are to be made monthly from February 1, 1902, to May 1, 1903. This communication M. Bapst immediately forwarded to Paris. Apparently, now there is only the delay necessary for a formal compact to be made, before the French fleet will leave the Turkish waters. This, at least, is the semi-official news from Paris; but it may be expected that the French will be pretty exacting in regard to securities for the execution of the engagements. According to the *Temps*, the Sultan, besides giving drafts in payment of the Lorando and Tubini claims, admits the other demands upon him. First, he authorizes the working of the French schools, hitherto unrecognized; second, he recognizes, officially, the existence of the religious and hospitable institutions already founded, and accords them customs immunity and exemption from certain taxes; third, he authorizes the reconstruction of the schools and hospitable institutions destroyed at the time of the Armenian troubles, of which a detailed list is attached to the French note. Already Tewfik Pacha, the Turkish Foreign Minister, has announced that the recognition of the Chaldean Patriarch has been accorded, as was demanded by France. The whole affair so far has passed off without any complications with other European Powers. There have, of course, been various rumors in regard to the attitude of the interested nations. One such rumor would have it that a secret pact exists between France, Russia and England, by which Russia will be left in peaceful possession of Manchuria, England of Egypt, while France will occupy Syria. As regards the United States, it is positively denied that Rear-Admiral Cromwell, now in the Mediterranean, has been ordered to take part in the demonstration against Turkey. The Government at Washington has informed Paris that it has no interest in the dispute so long as American commerce is not annoyed. It is said in Berlin that the German Government has not yet been addressed by France on the subject, and the fact is commented upon that the Paris Government did not inform the Powers of the Triple Alliance beforehand of the intended action toward Turkey. "Assuming the correctness of the statement that the United States and Great Britain were so informed," the *Vossische Zeitung* says, "France appears to be dealing unequally with the Powers."

The Catholic Church and Social Reforms

The superiority and solidarity of the organization of the Catholic Church has made it one of the leading factors in the agitation of the Christian forces of the Continent against a radical and a more or less anti-churchly Socialism. Especially in Germany, and lately under the leadership of the late Archbishop Ketteler of Mayence, has the work of counteracting the influence of the Social Democratic propaganda been

successfully carried on by the Catholic Church. At the recent National Convention of Catholics, held in the Protestant city of Osnabrück, the social problems were again in the forefront. While the Protestant agitation, as managed by such men as Court Preacher Ad. Stöcker, Pastor Naumann, Weber and kindred spirits, has done excellent service by the organization of thousands of distinctively Christian Associations of laboring men, with insurance and accident features, throughout the Empire, these endeavors, for want of union and co-operation, have not accomplished what would have been done had the various Christian Social Movements joined hearts and hands. This co-operation is found in the Catholic Church, which is excellently generaled by the church authorities and the nobility. The newest movement of this kind in Germany is the anti-duelling agitation, headed by the Prince Carl von Löwenstein, at the instigation of the Infant Don Alfonso of Spain. Some months ago the German Prince began the publication of appeals addressed to the leading Catholics of the country, in which strong convictions were expressed as to the un-Christian and ungentlemanly character of duelling. Recently he reported that this appeal had been signed by 111 members of the Catholic nobility and 536 Catholic men prominent in professional and business life, among them 133 jurists and 117 physicians. A convention has now been called and the agitation, which will be formally inaugurated, is to be extended to France and to Austria. Still more extensive in scope and more international in character have been the efforts to keep under church influence the Catholic working people of the Continent. The German organ for this work, the *Arbeiter,* of Munich, reports that there are 372 Catholic workingmen's societies in South Germany alone, with a membership of 58,239, while Italy has about 900 such organizations, with a total enrollment of 200,000. All the local societies assist their members in case of sickness or accident or death, and even when out of work. The Social Democratic laboring men, having organized the Ligues of Workmen (*Leghe di Lavora*), the Catholics have endeavored to meet this also by the organization of Agrarian Institutes in the country districts, also designed to help needy farmers. Some 1,400 such societies exist. The whole work has been organized along national lines, and is controlled by the *Comité dell' Opéra dei Congressi Catholici,* which lately convened in Bologna. In Spain a propaganda of the same kind has been carried on for years, with the Jesuit Father Antonius Vicent at its head, who, as early as 1866, organized the first Catholic workingmen's society in Spain. The total number is now 264, with a membership of 72,146. Since the Vatican has shown special interest in the social problem, as evidenced by the publication of the Encyclica *Rerum Novarum,* some 180 new societies have been called into existence. In Spain the societies also engage in educational work, having organized both evening and Sunday schools, the former with an attendance of about 20,000, the latter with some 24,000 workingmen enrolled. The instruction is given usually by priests or teachers in the public schools, who charge nothing for their work. The societies make themselves felt as a body by the committee that represents them in Madrid, which seeks to influence legislation in favor of Christian principles and methods in the management of economic affairs, and is credited with having inaugurated 11 projects of social reforms, on which the Government has acted favorably. In fact, the far reaching social laws that were enacted by the Cortes in 1900 came from this source.

Li Hung Chang

On November 7th, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the great Chinese statesman who has even been compared with Bismarck died at the Yamen in Peking. He had been failing for some time, but it is said that a dispute with M. Lessar, the Russian Minister, was the immediate cause of his death. According to this story the Japanese Legation, some two weeks ago, secured a trustworthy outline of a treaty between China and Russia in regard to Manchuria, and forthwith demanded that the Chinese plenipotentiaries lay before them the full text, alleging that Japanese interests were involved in any change of the status of Manchuria. This the pleni-

potentiaries refused to do; whereupon the Tokyo Government induced the Southern Viceroys to use their influence with the Dowager against the treaty. Meanwhile the Dowager instructed Li Hung Chang to communicate the treaty, after certain modifications, to the Ministers of the Powers. Li Hung Chang then visited M. Lessar and explained the instructions; but the Russian Minister objected strongly to revealing the text, and a stormy scene followed. The Chinese statesman went home in a violent passion, and a hemorrhage ensued, which the doctors attributed to the overexertion of a weakened system. The scene at the Yamen the next day, when the Foreign Ministers and others paid their respects to the dead statesman, was impressive. The coffin was in a spacious inner court, temporarily roofed. It rested on an altar behind a screen, and over it lay a royal pall conferred as an extraordinary honor by the Emperor's command. Buddhist priests were in attendance; rows of tables stood laden with food of all sorts, while candles and incense burned about the coffin. The two sons of the dead man stood near him, clothed in sackcloth. Paper horses and chairs sent by mourning friends will be burnt in the court, that the soul of the deceased may be wafted to heaven. His body will be buried in the coffin made of teakwood, which Li Hung Chang carried with him on his voyage about the world. An imperial edict has appointed Yuan Shi Kai (Governor of Shan Tung Province) to be Governor of Pechi-Li, and has named Wang Wen Shao as succeeding Plenipotentiary. Chang Yen Chun will succeed Yuan Shi Kai as Governor of Shan Tung. Yuan Shi Kai is reckoned the most powerful man in China after the statesman who has just died. He is fifty years old, and comes of an official family. Wang Wen Shao is looked upon as a man of moderation. He is very old and deaf, and it is not likely that he will exert much influence on politics.

Formosa A writer to the *North China Herald* has given details of progress on the island of Formosa. It seems that certain foreigners on the island have been complaining of the anti-foreign feeling there and of the hostility which they say has been "initiated, fostered and intensified against all foreigners and everything connected with them." At the close of the war between China and Japan the island of Formosa went by treaty to the victors. The people of the land naturally resented this action, and when, by order of the Emperor, all the mandarins left, they set up a republic of their own and prepared to resist the coming of the Japanese. The Japanese immediately sent a military force to the north end of the island, of which they took possession. They then marched southward, fighting the people step by step, until their armies converged on the city of Tainanfu. They were about to bombard the city when the leaders of the popular movement fled, leaving the people helpless. The writer to the *North China Herald,* who was present in the city at that time and helped to mediate between the two parties, declares that since then life in the island is much easier for foreigners and that in general the government is better. The Japanese officers are abler, he thinks, than the Chinese mandarins. They are now getting a better hold of the country and their rule is more temporate than formerly, because they better understand the people. Furthermore, the immigration from Japan brings a better type of men than came at first. The coarse coolie element no longer predominates and there is a noticeable decrease of intoxication among the Japanese on the streets. Even bigotry is not so intense, and public persecution of Christianity is practically a thing of the past. The old "Fung-shui" superstition has received its death blow, and a proof of this is in the fact that the people have allowed the city wall to be pierced for a railway entrance. In old days the idea of such a thing would have made the Chinese stand aghast. Doctor Goto, Governor of the island, he looks upon as an able and good officer. He admits that the Japanese rule has borne hard upon a few individual foreigners. The camphor production, for instance, has been taken under government control, and the little steamship "Thales" has been replaced by a mail steamer belonging to Japan. But these matters are nothing in comparison to the general betterment of all classes of the people wrought by Doctor Goto's administration.

Seth Low

By James B. Reynolds

[Ever since Mr. Reynolds became the head worker at the University Settlement he has been identified with all the more serious efforts to deliver New York City from the corrupt rule of Tammany Hall. He was one of the founders, we believe, of the Citizens' Union and four years ago, when Seth Low ran under its auspices, was chairman of its Executive Committee.—EDITOR.]

RARELY has one had such thorough training and broad experience to prepare him for public office as that received by the Mayor-elect of the largest city in our country. A man of academic culture, of business experience as the head of an influential firm, president of a large university, and always deeply interested in public affairs, Mr. Low is remarkably equipped for his great responsibilities. As Mayor of the City of Brooklyn for four years Mr. Low was so successful that, commenting upon his administration, in 1895, Mr. Edward M. Shepard, Mr. Low's opponent in the recent campaign, said, "Under Seth Low's administration Brooklyn was known as the best governed city in the country."

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SETH LOW

Following Mr. Low's business experience and his public service as Mayor, came twelve years as President of Columbia University. During his administration the university made extensive progress, enlarged its work, and broadened its outlook. To-day Columbia leads the universities in this country in the sympathetic and active interest which it displays in the community in which it is located. It is comparable in that respect only to the University of Paris. While not detracting from the credit due to several distinguished professors of Columbia, I am of the opinion that Mr. Low's own example has been most influential in stimulating the university faculty in interesting themselves in public affairs. Another qualification which I believe to be essential in a Mayor, and which Mr. Low possesses to an eminent degree, is a knowledge of social conditions. As President of the University Settlement Society, Mr. Low has constantly encouraged its important work of social investigation and has co-operated in the application of the results of its investigations for the welfare of those concerned. He deeply realizes the existing inequality of social classes, the harm done by hasty and ill advised measures of reform, and has always been ready to aid such remedial efforts as would permanently improve the conditions of the dependent classes and would more successfully open the door of opportunity to those who were limited by their poverty.

As a member of the Charter Commis-

sion appointed by Governor Roosevelt in 1896, Mr. Low had the opportunity thoroughly to acquaint himself with municipal charters and the most recent improvements in the machinery of modern city governments. After his campaign in 1897, as independent candidate for Mayor, in which he polled 150,000 votes in spite of the opposition of both party organizations, he returned to his university work, but later was called upon to represent the United States Government at the Peace Conference at The Hague.

As a business man, as an experienced city official, as a university administrator, and as a social reformer, Mr. Low will therefore come to work conscious of the serious and complicated character of the problems which he must solve. In the campaign of 1897, and in his recent campaign, his speeches were directed substantially to the same point—viz.: The overthrow of a corrupt political power, which sought to rule the city solely for the financial gain of a few, while corrupting and pauperizing the masses by relaxing the enforcement of laws for those who could pay for the privilege of their non-enforcement, and distributing charity among those whose rights as free men had been denied.

No one is authorized to predict Mr. Low's policy in the administration of the affairs of the city, but two or three general principles which will characterize his administration may be safely prophesied. Mr. Low's own declaration on the day after his election assured us that the civil service laws would be respected, and so long as he was Mayor, men should be appointed for their merits and not for their political "pull" or by payment for their position, both of which have been controlling standards of appointment during the past four years. The purifying of the public service in a city whose civil list is almost one-third as large as that of our National Government will be in itself a tremendous task with which one less qualified could hardly expect to grapple successfully. But Mr. Low's record as a civil service reformer can leave no one in doubt that he will approach this problem with unfaltering determination. The cleansing of the "Augean stables" must be, of course, a preliminary measure. Those who have abused their office for personal gain or partisan purposes and those who have held sinecures in order that they might serve political workers, may certainly expect to be given a chance to seek another occupation. On the other hand, it may be safely predicted that the protection of the civil service laws will be fully given to those who have confined themselves to the honest and satisfactory performance of their duties.

The important business interests of the city will be intelligently guarded, but the public may be equally sure that its rights will be protected and that large corporations will not be permitted to abuse their power or to escape the legitimate burdens of taxation. The scandalous action reported of one city corporation in the contribution of $100,000 to Tammany Hall in the last ten days of the campaign, was followed by the revelation of the fact that several million dollars of unpaid taxes were charged against it on the city's books. Such lawlessness will certainly not be tolerated, but equal obligations will be imposed as well as equal rights granted.

As a worker for several years in the poorer quarter of our metropolis, I have been aware of the extensive ramifications of political corruption during the past four years and the influence of such corruption upon the thousands who have newly arrived upon our shores. When these immigrants coming to this country as a "land of promise" find our public officials as corrupt and overbearing as those which they have left behind in Russia or Turkey, the shock to their moral sense and to their hope and faith in God and man, is, in many instances constantly under my observation, too pitiful and depressing to contemplate. Almost equally disastrous to the welfare of our city and of our country, have been the results of the ignorance and low standards of our city officials.

This long, dark night is, however, drawing to a close, and a flash of light has assured us that a brighter day is at hand. Every good citizen throughout the country ought to rejoice in the victory of the forces of decency, intelligence and progress in the commercial capital of our nation, and every good citizen should take heart and strengthen his own endeavor to secure and maintain good government in city and nation. And it

should be equally a cause for rejoicing throughout our country that we in New York have elected as our leader in this task one so remarkably qualified by birth, education and experience for the difficult work which he will be called upon to perform.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Nobel Foundation

By C. L. Lange

SECRETARY OF THE NORWEGIAN NOBEL COMMITTEE

ON the 10th of December, 1901, will take place the first distribution of prizes under the Nobel Foundation. This is an event not only of great importance to the Scandinavian countrymen of the generous and philanthropic founder, but to all the civilized world. For the conditions of the foundation are such that candidates of all countries are alike eligible in a contest whose simple object is to stimulate scientific and literary progress and the development of peaceful and humane sentiments.

Alfred Bernhard Nobel, engineer, was the inventor of dynamite. He accumulated a large fortune. His will was drawn on the 27th day of November, 1895. The paragraph of the will bearing upon the foundation, translated into English, is as follows:

"With the residue of my convertible estate I hereby direct my executors to proceed as follows: They shall convert my said residue of property into money, which they shall then invest in safe securities; the capital thus secured shall constitute a fund, the interest accruing from which shall be annually awarded in prizes to those persons who shall have contributed most materially to benefit mankind during the year immediately preceding. The said interest shall be divided into five equal amounts, to be apportioned as follows: One share to the person who shall have made the most important discovery or invention in the domain of physics; one share to the person who shall have made the most important chemical discovery or improvement; one share to the person who shall have made the most important discovery in the domain of physiology or medicine; one share to the person who shall have produced in the field of literature the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency; and, finally, one share to the person who shall have most or best promoted the fraternity of nations and the abolishment or diminution of standing armies and the formation and increase of peace congresses. The prizes for physics and chemistry shall be awarded by the Swedish Academy of Science (Svenska Vetenskapsakademien) in Stockholm; the one for physiology or medicine by the Caroline Medical Institute (Karolinska Institutet) in Stockholm; the prize for literature by the Academy in Stockholm (*i.e.*, Svenska Akademien), and that for peace by a committee of five persons to be elected by the Norwegian Storting. I declare it to be my express desire that, in the awarding of prizes, no consideration whatever be paid to the nationality of the candidates—that is to say, that the most deserving be awarded the prize, whether of Scandinavian origin or not."

The Royal Academy of Science mentioned in the will was founded in 1739. Its present constitution dates from 1850. The functions of the Academy are to encourage the pursuit and the development of the sciences and also to spread a knowledge of them by the circulation of printed scientific papers and monographs. The Academy, of which the King is the patron, numbers 100 Swedish and Norwegian members and 75 foreign ones.

The Caroline Medical-Chirurgical Institute in Stockholm dates from 1815. It corresponds to a university medical faculty and has the same standing as the medical faculties at Upsala and Lund. There is a staff of 22 professors who choose a rector for the term of three years. Theoretical and practical instruction in the medical sciences is imparted.

The Swedish Academy was founded by King Gustavus III on the 20th of March, 1786. It devotes itself to the arts of literature and to preserving the purity, force and elevation of diction in the Swedish language. It is part of the task of the Academy to prepare for publication a dictionary of the Swedish language and likewise a grammar. The Academy awards annual prizes to win-

ners of competitions in poetry and diction. Its membership is fixed at eighteen, all being Swedes.

The Norwegian Storting is, as is well known, the national legislature of that country.

A code of statutes has been drawn up and approved by the King, which serves as a guide for all the corporations appointed to award prizes. The most important provisions in the code of statutes are as follows: Each of the annual prizes shall be awarded at least once during each ensuing five year periods, the first of the periods to run from and within the year next following that in which the Nobel Foundation comes into force, and every amount so distributed in prizes in each section shall under no consideration be less than 60 per cent. of that portion of the annual interest that shall be available for the award, nor shall the amount be apportioned to more than a maximum of the three prizes. The amount allotted to one prize may be divided equally between two works submitted, should either of such works be deemed to merit a prize. Where two or more persons shall have executed a work in conjunction and that work be awarded a prize, such prize shall be presented to them jointly. If none of the works under examination attain the standard of excellence manifestly signified by the terms of the will, the sum allotted for the prize or prizes shall be withheld until the ensuing year. Should it then be found impossible on the same grounds to make any award, the amount in question shall be added to the main fund, unless three-fourths of those engaged in making the award determine that it shall be set aside to form a special fund for that one of the five sections, as defined by the will, for which the amount was originally intended. It is also provided that the proceeds of any and every such fund may be employed, subject to the approval of adjudicators, to promote the objects which the testator ultimately had in view in making his bequest, other than by means of prizes.

For each of the four sections in which a Swedish corporation is charged with adjudicating the prizes, that corporation must appoint a committee of three or five members to make suggestions in reference to the award. To be qualified for election on the Nobel Committee it is not essential either to be a Swedish subject or to be a member of the corporation that makes the award. On the Norwegian Committee, which awards the prizes in the peace section, decision as to which is placed in the hands of the Norwegian Storting, persons of other nationalities may also have seats. There is provision also for reasonable compensation for the investigating committees and for the employment of specialists.

Every candidate for a prize must be proposed in writing by some duly qualified person. A direct application for a prize will not be taken into consideration. Each of the corporations charged with the distribution of prizes has designated the qualifications necessary to nominate candidates. Without going into details it may be said in general that the qualifications necessary are that the person nominating shall have a standing in the world of medicine, science or literature, according to the rules laid down by the corporations. Proposals are to be written in the languages of the Scandinavian group, or in English, French, German or Latin. On Founder's Day, the 10th of December, the anniversary of the death of the testator, the results of the awards are to be made known and a check for the amount of the prize is to be handed over to the successful candidate, together with a diploma and a medal in gold in the likeness of the testator with a suitable inscription.

It is incumbent on the prize winners, whenever feasible, to give a lecture on the subject treated of in the work to which the prize has been awarded. This lecture is to be given within six months of the Founder's Day at which the prize is given, and must be delivered at Stockholm, or in case of the Peace prize, at Christiania.

As an assistance in the investigations necessary for making the awards and for the promotion in other ways of the aims of the foundation, the adjudicators have power to establish scientific institutions and other organizations, to be known under the name of Nobel Institutes. Each of these Nobel Institutes is to be under the control of the adjudicating corporation that has established it. These corporations are at liberty to appoint foreigners, either men or women, to posts at the Nobel Institutes. From that por-

tion of the income derived from the main fund, which each of the five sections is annually to distribute, one-fourth of the amount is to be deducted before the distribution is made. The immediate expenses connected with the awards having been discharged, the remainder of the amount deducted as above is to be employed to meet the expenses of the section in maintaining its Nobel Institute.

For the business administration of the foundation, the investment of funds, the payment of expenses, and the fulfilment of other duties which are not scientific or literary, a Board of Control of five members is located at Stockholm.

The members of the Board of Control are E. G. Rostrom, late Prime Minister, President; Henrick Sauterson, Managing Director; Ragnar Sohlman, Engineer; Ragnor Tômebladt, Professor. One seat is made vacant by the death of Mr. Forssel.

Each of the corporations has already formulated special regulations concerning the prizes it is to distribute and the institutes to be formed in its department, with the exception of the Norwegian Peace Institute, whose regulations are being elaborated by a commission elected by the Norwegian Nobel Committee, and will be issued in December next. Regulations have only been issued by this committee as to the persons who may propose candidates for the Peace prize. The persons who will have the right to present candidates in this section are the members of the Norwegian Nobel Committee, the members of legislative assemblies and of governments of different countries; the members of the Council of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, members of the Committee of the Permanent International Bureau of Peace, members of the Institute of International Law, professors of law and of political science, history and philosophy in universities, and persons and associations which shall have received the Nobel Peace prize.

As already said, the first distribution for all the five prizes will take place December 10th, 1901. The amount available for each prize this year is 150,782 kroner ($40,424); the amount available for administration, library and institute for each division is 50,260 kroner ($13,475)—that is, one-quarter of the whole amount. I should add that the position of the Norwegian Nobel Committee is different from that of the four Swedish Committees, the former being a corporation that awards the prize itself, while the latter only prepared the award and proposed candidates. The members of the Norwegian Nobel Committee are elected by the Storting for six years. Alternately two or three members resign every three years, but may be re-elected. The committee chooses its president every year; it has appointed a secretary and is forming a library of books and publications on the peace question and related topics of an international character.

The members of the Norwegian Committee are: President, B. Getz, Solicitor-General; J. Sheen, Prime Minister; John Lund, late President of the Lagthing; Bjornstjerne Bjornson; L. Lovland, Minister for Public Works. Substitutes: H. Horst, President of the Lagthing; Jorgen Knudsen, late member of Storting; C. Berner, President of Storting.

The members of the Literary Nobel Committee under the Swedish Academy, Stockholm, are Dr. C. D. af Wirsén, C. R. Nyblom, late Professor of Esthetics; C. R. Auhner, late Master of the Rolls; Grefue Snoilsky, librarian; Professor Tegnér.

At the Literary Nobel Institute—the only one that has as yet been organized—are appointed the following men of letters: Dr. G. Björkman; Hj. Edgren, late professor at Lincoln University, Nebraska; Karl Hildebrand, historian; Alfred Jensen (for Slavic literature), and Professors Lidfors, Nyblom and K. Warburg.

CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY.

Li Hung Chang

By W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D.

President of the Imperial University, Peking, China

FOR many years Li Hung Chang has been known as China's greatest statesman. For nearly half a century his name has been a household word in the Western world. He first came to the front shortly after the occupation of Nanking by the Taiping rebels in 1853. He was then thirty years of age, six feet two inches in hight, with a physique of admirable proportions and great powers of endurance. He had won the rare honor of a seat in the Imperial Academy by fair competition. He knew all the poets by heart, but was perfectly ignorant of anything pertaining to the art of war. It was Tseng-Kofan, father of the late Marquis Tseng, who introduced him to the military service. Both of them were natives of Fung Yang, a city which had given birth to the founder of the Ming dynasty. A Chinese proverb says that by that one effort its resources were exhausted, and that no good luck had followed it since that day. The fact that it produced these two eminent statesmen sufficiently disproves the truth of the proverb, while it proves the undying energy of the Chinese race.

Li Hung Chang never learned to wield the weapons of war, but he did learn to wield the leaders. It was he who engaged General Gordon, and, before his time, the Americans Ward and Burgevine, who were the first to raise a disciplined force of Chinese and to drive back the victorious rebels. Ward had fallen in fighting, and Gordon, succeeding to the command of his force, aided Li Hung Chang in recapturing the great city of Soo Chow. It was on this success that the fortunes of the dynasty turned, and it is looked upon as the pivot of Li Hung Chang's brilliant career. Yet the circumstances of the capture were such as to leave an ineffaceable blot on his fair fame. Five rebel chiefs surrendered themselves on receiving his promise, backed by that of General Gordon, that their lives would be spared. Li immediately had them beheaded. Indignant at such perfidy, Gordon rushed to Li's tent, pistol in hand, determined to shoot him, but Li had prudently disappeared.

For that act he was raised to the Governorship of the Province of Kiang-Su,

LI HUNG CHANG

and later to the Viceroyalty of Nanking. From this post he was transferred to the leading Viceroyalty of the Empire, that of Chili at Tientsin. He was made a life member of the Imperial Cabinet at Peking, and subsequently the leading member of the Tsung-li-Yamen, or Office for Foreign Affairs. Twice was he sent abroad on important missions—once to the Court of Japan, where by the help of our American diplomatist, General Foster, he succeeded in negotiating a peace with the victorious enemy on more favorable terms than the world had

deemed possible. A memento of that occasion he carried with him to the day of his death in the shape of a Japanese bullet which a fanatical assassin lodged in his head. The position of the bullet was fixed by the application of the X-rays, but those X-rays were never able to penetrate the working of that subtle brain. The second occasion of his going abroad was to congratulate the Czar of Russia on his accession, and he extended his voyage so as to visit many courts of Europe, and returned through our own

LI HUNG CHANG

country, where he was received with distinguished honor.

In New York he was entertained at a sumptuous dinner, presided over by the Hon. George F. Seward, formerly United States Minister in China. On that occasion it became my duty to present an address on "Li Hung Chang as a Patron of Education." At the close of every paragraph the tribute to the Chinese statesman was greeted with applause, and as he bowed his thanks, it was believed that he understood the English language, whereas all that he understood in fact was the good will of the assembly and the good intentions of the author of the paper. That paper I subsequently translated into Chinese and published it in a monthly magazine, in which form it gave the old statesman great pleasure. I may here summarize it in a few words. Li Hung Chang has done without doubt more for the interests of the new education in China than any other man. His attention was naturally directed in the first instance to the rehabilitation of the Chinese army and navy. With a view to that, he greatly enlarged the arsenal and shipyard established at Shanghai. In connection with these establishments, he organized a corps of translators for scientific books. There were schools opened for foreign languages, and also special schools for military and medical science.

During his long vice-royalty in the North he established an arsenal at Tientsin, with similar schools, all of which had begun to show their influence in introducing new life into the old arteries of China. Still, the renovating work was not sufficient to save China from suffering a humiliating defeat at the hands of Japan. For the war with Japan, it must be confessed, Li is to be held responsible. Better diplomacy on his part might have averted it, and it seemed to be the irony of fate that he should atone for his blunder in provoking the war by being sent on the mission to make peace.

Prior to the late disturbances in China Li's sympathies were without doubt on the side of the reformers. He was not, however, in a position to take an active part on either side, being Viceroy at Canton, in the extreme South. To his honor it must be said that he succeeded fairly well in preserving order within his own dominions. He had always stood well with the Empress Dowager, and in her extremity as soon as it became evident by the fall of Tientsin that a powerful army was about to march on Peking, she appointed Li Hung Chang plenipotentiary to negotiate a peace by cable. Hence the telegrams to various countries to the effect that the Chinese Government was protecting and feeding the foreign Ministers, while in fact it was besieging them and seeking their destruction. Almost at the same time, he was transferred to his old Viceroyalty in the North, but did not arrive at his post until the siege had been raised and preparations were being made for the nego-

tiation of a peace. In this his associate was Prince Ching, a man who in the Foreign Office has had much experience of foreign affairs, and who has always shown himself liberal and well disposed. Yet in intellectual force Ching is not to be compared to Li, who on the verge of fourscore and physically feeble exhibited his wonted mental vivacity.

As during the negotiations with Japan he sought to obtain the easiest terms for his country, so in this instance he had the same goal for his diplomacy. The conclusion of peace has set the crown on the labors of a lifetime, in the course of which he rendered more conspicuous services to China than any statesman of his time. A patriot in the broad sense of loving his country, he was also loyal in the highest degree to the Manchu dynasty, as it was under that dynasty that he rose to the pinnacle of power.

He, no doubt, perceived the weakness of that dynasty, in the fact that it is of foreign origin, that it has always been actuated by jealousy toward the Chinese people and by jealousy toward foreign nations; suspicious, on the one hand, lest growing intelligence should lead its subjects to throw off the yoke; and fearing, on the other, lest through commerce or missionary enterprise foreign nations should get a foothold within its dominions. Without question, he would have preferred to see a native dynasty arise to rule his people, but there is no trace of any family of imperial descent who could for one moment be brought forward as a candidate for the Imperial throne. In this state of things, Li Hung Chang was right in supporting the cause of the young Emperor. The fall of the Emperor was due to his impetuosity in the cause of reform. The hope of China, if she is not to be partitioned among the Powers, is in the restoration of the Emperor and in the resumption of his program of reform.

When the history of foreign intercourse with China during the last fifty years comes to be written, the figure of Li Hung Chang will be the most conspicuous on the shifting scenes. His life, which has been written (but not yet published) by his American secretary, Mr. W. N. Pethick, will be the history of his country.

There is one position in which Li Hung Chang proved to be a complete failure. For some years he was a member of the Tsung-li-Yamen (Foreign Office or Board of Foreign Affairs at Peking). There he had to enter into conference with a dozen or more colleagues, Manchus and Chinese. Accustomed to absolute control of armies and provinces, he was unfitted for such a post. His imperious will gave offense and caused his associates to combine against him. His removal was necessary to set the machine going, and for some years he seemed to be out of favor. His appointment to Canton proved that his Imperial mistress was only waiting for an opportunity to employ again her most trusted counselor. It may be that she assigned him to a post so remote from Peking in order that his known liberality toward foreigners and partiality for progress might not interfere with her retroactive policy. A few years ago his elder brother was Viceroy at Canton. Not brilliant in talents, he acknowledged that the success of his career was due to the younger Li. Whether any scion of the family is likely to sustain the weight of that grand name, it is now impossible to forecast.

PEKING, CHINA.

The Evidential Value of the Piper Reports

By Prof. E. E. Slosson

Of the University of Wyoming

EVERY one should be glad that so remarkable a woman as Mrs. Piper was in the hands of such able and experienced investigators, and it is difficult to suggest any improvements in their methods or any precautions they have not taken. What is especially commendable is the publication of complete and detailed reports of the interviews, so that the outside world can judge of the value of the evidence on which their conclusions are based. At the same time it can be safely said that the evidence so far published does not seem to most people at all sufficient to justify the somewhat astonishing theories that are built upon it. Few people turn from Professor Hyslop's enthusiastic articles to the published reports of the *séances* without a feeling of disappointment in the evidence of superhuman power there presented. With perfect confidence in the sincerity and honesty of Mrs. Piper and her managers, and granting that all possible precautions were taken against trickery and self-deception, still there does not seem to be much which requires either spiritistic or telepathic hypotheses to explain.

The principal difficulty is that the sayings of "Dr. Phinuit" and of the syndicate which succeeded him in the control of Mrs. Piper are largely of such a character that there is apparently no way of getting a basis of comparison between the hits and the misses, neither can it be told what value is to be put on a correct statement unless we know what are the chances of a mere guess. It is certainly startling to be told by a stranger that your name is John and that your mother's name is Mary, but we must know the proportion of people of which that is true before we can form an estimate of its evidential value. Mark Twain says he can guess pretty straight what State a stranger comes from, but he often fails in guessing the name, adding with his usual *naïveté* that "it must take a good deal of practice to do that." That is the question. Just how much practice does it take? Or, in other words, what is the value of the vague and irrelevant, altho truthful, statements which form a considerable part of the communications of Mrs. Piper and other mediums?

I once gave a very successful medium a sealed envelope which he was to read. He pressed it to his forehead and boldly announced that I had a cousin whose name began with G. I was obliged to admit that he was right, and the applause of the audience showed that in their opinion spiritualism was vindicated and the skeptic confounded. The envelope contained a quotation from Antigone, and I did not see what the statement had to do with it; but, putting that aside—as did the medium—what was the value of his hit? I have 150 cousins with three names apiece, and there are only 26 letters in the alphabet and fewer yet used for names. I also found by inquiry that all the eight persons on the same seat with me had cousins with names beginning with G, so I never could decide with what weight the "manifestation" should be credited. The calculus of probabilities will not help us much in such cases. It will tell us how many times in a hundred you will throw sixes with the dice—provided the dice are not loaded—but in dealing with psychic phenomena the dice are always loaded and we do not know the load. I was once experimenting on thought transference, thinking of numbers, and the percipient was getting them right nearly every time. We had a long list with an astonishing number of coincidences, and I was already contemplating a report to the Society of Psychical Research when our managers changed the plan and gave me the numbers from a bag, instead of allowing me to select them, and at once the coincidences fell to the chance ratio. The careful investigations of the Society on this point have proved that what one person is apt to think of another person is apt to guess.

The number of names of diseases, of

kinds of dress, of personal characteristics and features, and of the possible happenings of daily life are not infinite. Indeed they are more limited than we generally suppose, and if we count Mrs. Piper's statements as correct as some of the sitters do whenever they apply to any relative or associate, dead or living, at any time, past, present or future, we have indefinable but certainly very wide possibilities of success. Descriptions of persons and the diagnosis of disease are very uncertain things. We describe in detail some person in a crowd to a friend, but he is apt to pick out half a dozen wrong persons, who, according to him, answer the description just as well. Jerome K. Jerome read through a cyclopedia of medicine at the British Museum and found he had all the diseases mentioned except housemaid's knee. Any one who tries "psychopathy" or the experiment of holding a letter or lock of hair in his hand and telling something about somebody connected with it in some way, will find it easier to get striking coincidences that he thinks. I know a young lady who played gipsy at a college entertainment, and when a new student was introduced to her determined to leave the safe ground of the conventional fortunes she had been telling and use her imagination a little. Accordingly she told him that he was not going to attend the college he had entered, but would go to Paris to study medicine. The young man was considerably astonished because he had that day received a letter from his uncle promising him support if he entered at once on his medical course at Paris, and he had determined to accept it. Every one who has practiced society palmistry or "fake" planchette writing can give such incidents from his own experience, but such veridical cases have no evidential value whatever.

Before we can feel much interest in rival theories or explanations we must be convinced that there is something to explain. In Mrs. Piper's case we have some statements demonstrated false, some unknown, some partly false and partly true, some so vague as to be applicable to almost anything, and some literally correct; but of the true cases it is generally impossible to say what are the chances of hitting it on a guess. The fact that a medium's revelations are trivial does not diminish their evidential value, but the fact that they are irrelevant does. You ask a medium the number on your bicycle and the medium tells you that your great aunt had a mole on her left shoulder. Now the latter statement may be more marvelous than the first because you know the number on the bicycle, but have to write to your oldest relatives before you verify the latter, but it has not the same evidential value as an answer.

The reason why spiritistic phenomena are not more generally accepted is not because of prejudice, for most people are willing to set their philosophy to dreaming of more things in heaven and earth on the slightest provocation, and in particular there is nothing so eagerly welcomed as evidence of personal immortality. Neither is it because the phenomena reported are so strange. We are often referred to the X-rays as an example and are told that to see the backbone of a living man is more wonderful than to read minds or receive spirit communications. We may grant that the two are *à priori* equally unexpected, but there is this important difference between them: that within six months from the time Professor Röntgen read his paper before the Wurzburg Academy of Sciences everybody who had five dollars to invest in a Crookes tube was verifying it for himself, while occult phenomena have been reported for six thousand years and claimed to be possessed by hundreds in each generation, yet there is not a single experiment of the simplest character demonstrating super-normal powers which can be repeated with any assurance of success. We do not ask that Swedenborg return and tell about the spirit land—he did enough of that while he was living—it will be sufficient to be told the number on a bank note. We do not ask to see tables lifted in the air and chairs thrown around; it will be conclusive to have the lifting of a milligram in a closed balance case. Any necessary conditions may be granted and it is not required that the experiment should invariably succeed. X-ray tubes are used in the dark and they do not always work when they are wanted. The fact that occult phenomena will not conform to the conditions of

experimentation does not, indeed, prove that it is false, but it does prevent its being accepted as true.

To take another example. Professor Crookes's experimental work on the rare elements is pretty generally accepted, altho it has not been verified entirely by any one else; and it is so surprising in its results as to apparently overthrow the atomic theory. Professor Crookes's experimental work with Katie King, done by the same man, using the same methods and published in detail with diagrams and spirit photographs, is ignored or ridiculed. If, then, spiritistic manifestations are not more generally accepted, it is not because they are rare or difficult or astonishing, nor on account of prejudice, or lack of faith in the skill and honesty of the investigators, but simply because to outsiders the evidence seems very weak.

In regard to Mrs. Piper, therefore, if we believe "there is something in it," whether telepathy, as Mrs. Piper herself now thinks, or spiritism, which she is disposed to deny, it is only because we have confidence that such men as Dr. Hodgson, Professor James and Professor Hyslop know a "white crow" when they see it, and not on account of the reports that have been published; for these look very much like the work of the common black crows with which we are already so familiar.

LARAMIE, WYOMING.

The Manila Bishop's Pastoral

[The following article is furnished THE INDEPENDENT by a correspondent for whose reliability we can vouch and who is in a position to know all the facts. We have little doubt that the Philippine Commission would be glad to have what is here described brought to light in the United States. As General MacArthur is quoted as saying that the friar question presents no special difficulties this article will show that the General is not fully informed.—EDITOR.]

JUST how far apart are American Catholicism and the Catholicism that up to the present has prevailed in the Philippines was recently shown in a rather disagreeable manner in Manila. The incidents in connection therewith are interesting in some other ways, as serving to shed light upon certain of the difficulties of the present situation in the Philippines.

There were no appropriate Catholic ceremonies in Manila in memory of the deceased President of the United States. Not alone that, but the occasion of his death was made the vehicle by which the spite and hatred of the friars—still in the ecclesiastical saddle at Manila—toward the present governing authorities in the Philippine Islands was made manifest. There is no religious rancor involved in a recital of the incidents to which reference is made above—in fact, they serve in themselves to show that the matter involved is politics, not religion.

Very naturally, after the first shock occasioned by the news of the President's death, it became a matter for consideration among his representatives how his memory should be appropriately celebrated in the Philippine Islands—the taking and holding of which was so largely the central feature of his administration. In the belief that politico-religious differences would, of course, be lost from sight in the face of an event of this character, it was at once suggested that appropriate ceremonies should be held on the day of the funeral in some one of the large Catholic churches of Manila, preferably the Cathedral. This as a matter of course, because the Philippine people are Catholic.

So unhestitatingly was this assumed that it was announced in the Sunday morning papers of the day following the President's death that both Catholic and Protestant services in his memory would be held, time and place to be later announced.

There are two American Catholic priests of some prominence serving as chaplains in the American army at Manila, Fathers McKinnon and Fitzgerald. Both as good Americans and good Catholics, zealous for the interests of the flag, the emblem of service under which they wear on their shoulders, and zealous for the interests of their Church among a people whose loyalty to the Church is now undergoing a strain, their first thought

was that there should be some appropriate religious observance of the occasion. Father McKinnon acts as priest of the parish church in Manila to which most American Catholics here go to worship. Father Fitzgerald is at present serving as secretary to the Right Reverend Martin Alcocer, Bishop of Cebú, at present acting as Archbishop of Manila, and therefore the ecclesiastical head in the Philippines, since the departure of Archbishop Nozaleda and Archbishop Chappelle.

It is stating only what is matter of common knowledge in Manila to say that Father Fitzgerald at once brought the matter of proper observance of the President's death before the acting Archbishop. It is just as well understood that the reply received was not all in the spirit of American Catholicism. That President Garfield's death was appropriately observed in Catholic churches all over the United States; that Queen Victoria's obsequies were observed in Catholic churches in Paris and elsewhere, notably in different portions of the British Empire where she had Catholic subjects, made no impression on this prelate. Back of him was the influence of the friars, all-powerful in the higher circles of ecclesiasticism in Manila, bent on expressing their resentment because the representatives of President McKinley here have not seen fit, proceeding both unconstitutionally and in opposition to the sentiment of the people, to take the side of the orders.

It is said that Bishop Alcocer's reply to all arguments was that, while it might do very well to relax a little by way of respect to rulers in countries where liberal sentiments were better understood, yet the statutes of the Church must be strictly enforced in such a country as the Philippines, where the people are "uncivilized and relaxation of the rules might lead them to think that there is no difference between Catholics and Protestants."

At any rate, the authorities dropped from their program all mention of Catholic observances, and the civil government arranged for lay services in the central Government building at Manila, while General Chaffee announced a military observance of the occasion on the Luneta. Meanwhile, the Protestant missionaries among the Filipinos organized a funeral observance on their own account.

Five days after the President's death the newspapers of Manila announced the fact of Bishop Alcocer having called on Governor Taft to express his regrets and the regrets of the various religious orders represented here. The following day there appeared in *Libertas,* a daily newspaper published by the Dominican order on their presses at Manila, which bears at its top the announcement that it is "blessed by His Holiness Leo XIII," a pastoral letter from the Bishop—a document which, in view of all the circumstances, is rather noteworthy. Translated with a view to preserving the very diction of the prelate, it is as follows:

"We, Fr. Martin G. Alcocer, of the Order of St. Francis, by the grace of God and of the Holy Apostolic See Bishop of Cebú and Apostolic Administrator of Manila, Full See:

"To our Venerable Dean and Chapter of this Metropolitan Church, very Illustrious Vicars-General of Manila and Cebú, Reverend Regular Prelates; to our much beloved clergy and the faithful of both Dioceses, greetings and peace in our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Most beloved brethren and children:

"Compelled by our Apostolic charge to watch over our flock, we have seen with deepest pain gather and break over it a cloud of ills, a storm of calamities and plagues of a social and religious nature. The sinister rumblings of past misfortunes are still perceptible, and we have not yet drunk to the dregs the bitter chalice. In the bosom of the former insurrections and wars were hid the specters of all the deaths, losses, revolts, hates and devastations we have witnessed during the past five years, and the end of our misfortune is not yet.

"We have all been witnesses and even victims of disaster. Some have seen fall upon the battle fields their brawniest sons; others have seen their great fortunes, acquired by so much toil and sweat, crumble away; some have wept over the imprisonment or exile of their kindred; many saw the destructive pest spread among their cattle; these find themselves harassed by the qualms of hunger, those yonder find themselves deprived of the aid and solace of religion; children cry aloud for the bread of the doctrine of Christian education and their parents cannot hearken to the demands of their little ones. I do not wish to recall to you the spectacle of our afflictions, for my tears come unbidden when I see you all weeping.

"When we all seemed to discern a slight ray of hope and fancied that peace was approaching our doors, a fatal piece of news reached our ears which may very well retard the desired normality of things in our country. We refer to the criminal assault against the life of the Honorable President of the United States, Mr. McKinley. A soulless an-

archist rashly fired two shots at the illustrious head of the North American nation, with so fatal a result that to-day more than seventy millions of vassals are clad in mourning and bowed down in sorrow. We also are his vassals and, as such, it is just that we should take a sincere part in the national sorrow of the United States of America.

"In order to feel this misfortune it is necessary to smother certain low resentments and hearken unto the voice of the Christian conscience and the throbs of every noble and loyal heart in the presence of a crime of this nature. The assassination of Mr. McKinley is a crime of *lese majesté,* since the august victim was invested with the supreme authority of the nation. It is a villainous, treacherous and ferocious crime, concocted in the dens of anarchist societies, enemies of the social order. An abominable crime which adds to the number of so many regicides and the treacherous deaths of many representatives of power and of capital. A vilely coward act, born of depraved ideas, of savage instincts and of minds incapable of bearing the misfortunes and ills of human life. A violation of all laws, divine and human; for there is no law which does not punish nor heart that is not horrified on seeing the innocent and inviolable blood of the supreme hierarch of a nation shed.

"The death of McKinley has been a cruel blow, struck at the heart of America, for the Americans loved and respected him because of the personal traits which adorned him and because of the patriotic impulses which always throbbed within his heart. In order to measure the sorrow of America at the death of its latest President, it would be necessary to have a genuinely American heart, but we may well conceive it by placing ourselves in its place and in its own circumstances. Justice and charity require that we shall do unto our neighbor as we would that he should do unto us under similar circumstances, and therefore aliens should take part in the grief of America as they would that America should take part in the sorrows of their respective nations.

"Happily all the sovereigns of Europe and America, all the representatives of civilized nations, have hastened to transmit their cablegrams, cards and protestations of condolence. Mrs. McKinley is to-day in the world the object of courtesies and of international compassion. The American Department of State has received thousands and thousands of expressions of grief, just as Mr. Roosevelt, McKinley's successor in the Presidency, has heard words of encouragement and national solace upon assuming the highest office in the North American Union.

"We are fully satisfied that our Most Holy Father Leo XIII has felt as have few the national misfortune of the United States. It is very mournful for any sovereign to see a homicidal arm brandished against another sovereign, if only because of the sympathy of rank and social position. But the Pope must deeply feel it, because crimes of this kind are direful blows against the keystone of social order. The Venerable Patriarch of the Vatican has seen fall from the high spheres of the throne and supreme national prestige many sovereigns. He alone seems called upon to mourn the death of his contemporaries, comrades and coparceners in the supreme power of modern States.

"If the news of the press be true, the Pope and Mr. McKinley were negotiating the establishment of an official representation of the United States near the Holy See, as there was also being formed a Pontifical Delegation near the Government of the United States. Leo XIII and Mr. McKinley were also actively engaged in solving the difficult problems concerning the new state of things in the Islands of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. Clear it is that the negotiations will continue upon the same basis and with equal solicitude, but nevertheless they will suffer some retardment since the unfortunate death of Mr. McKinley.

"Ye know very well, beloved children, that our Holy Mother, the Catholic Church, is so firm in her doctrines and so strict in her rules of discipline and rites, that she never cedes, nor can she cede, an atom in the field of dogma and of morals, even when thereby the pretensions of the most powerful monarchs should be wounded. The Catholic Church positively prohibits obsequies or funeral honors of a religious and public character in honor or in behalf of any person who neither in life nor in death belonged to her bosom or who has not manifested a desire to belong to her; which will not surprise any one who knows the origin and tradition and the constitution of the only and true Church of God.

"This inflexibility of doctrine and of maxims does not militate against the Church having a motherly feeling for all men. She is, on the contrary, the most human and sweetest and the most courteous of all societies. Tho she does not permit religious obsequies being held for those who die without her bosom, it is because she cannot have to do with the sects aloof from her Communion. God alone has the key to the predestination of souls, for an impenetrable veil covers the secrets that in the final hour pass between the soul of the dying and the God that created it and must judge it.

"We, as Prelate of this Holy Church, cannot permit that in a public and official manner religious funerals shall be held for the departed, dying outside the Church. We cannot authorize a single priest or simple believer to utilize for this purpose the Catholic temples or chapels or cemeteries, or to employ sacred objects of worship or to conduct the ceremonies or prayers of our funeral offices and ritual, or to do anything at all that may be related to the public and official ministry of Catholic burials.

"If the Honorable President of the United States had died within the Church, we, the Prelates, would have had great pleasure in honoring his memory and imploring the favors of Heaven with splendid and pompous obsequies in the cathedrals of Havana, San Juan and Manila. But aside from this, we, as Prelate of the Church, desire that the faithful shall behave like good citizens and that they open their hearts to the noble and cultured sentiments of every well-born man. The Catholics ought not to allow themselves to be surpassed by

any one in manifestations of loyalty, respect, love and courtesy toward the legally constituted authority. The Catholics of America and of the Philippines should feel, detest and anathematize to the full extent it deserves the anarchistic crime perpetrated upon the august person of their temporal sovereign.

"On our own part we detest from the bottom of our souls the perfidious crime; we feel a profound grief in the presence of this unfortunate blow; we publicly express before the authorities of America and the Philippines our sincere condolence for so sad a death and pray that the new President shall guide the American nation along the paths of justice, of peace and prosperity.

"So long as we cannot do aught else, we have been pleased to order that on Sunday next religious services be held in the Cathedral of Manila for the double purpose of making atonement to the Lord for all the offenses against Him and the crimes which are committed, and to ask him to impart to the authorities of America and of the Philippines the necessary skill and favor that they may work out the common welfare and happiness.

"Pray, beloved children, in one voice that God may take pity upon all the misfortunes of our country and may free us from so many evils that weigh heavily upon us, and pray that he may grant the greatest of all favors, which is to live and die in the bosom of the Catholic Church and in the grace of God.

"Done in the Archiepiscopal Palace of Manila on the twentieth day of September, 1901.

"FR. MARTIN, Bishop,
"Apos. Adm.

"By order of the Most Illustrious and Most Reverend Bishop,
"IGNACIO AMPUERO,
"Secretary of the Chamber and Administration."

This letter was announced by the organ of the friars as a full and satisfactory expression of the sentiments of that Church which represents the vast majority of the people of these islands. It is perhaps not worth the while to dwell on the fact that a document heralded as such an expression of sentiment at such a time should, after calling express attention in repeated and vigorous phrases to the late President's having died outside the Catholic fold, announce a "special service" in the Cathedral, not to do honor to the memory of the departed leader of the nation now exercising sovereignty over this territory, but to pray the Almighty because of "all the offenses against him and all the crimes that are committed" and to ask him to make the authorities of America and the Philippines see aright. It may be remarked, in passing, that few Filipinos attended this Cathedral service.

This feature of the alleged observance of the President's death may be passed over as less important than certain political features of the foregoing document. Fully to appreciate these, it should be borne in mind that the Right Reverend Alcocer, as acting head of the Catholic Church in the Philippines, assumes to speak the sentiments of the people, who are almost without exception within its fold. Observe the way in which, speaking for that people, he is careful to disclaim for them all direct share in the sorrow of the occasion. "We, of course, are not Americans," is the air of several paragraphs. Again, the references to the "vassals" of McKinley and to "*lese majesté*" are in point. It is of course possible to say that all these arise merely from the failure of one bred among monarchical institutions to appreciate the sentiment of republicans. This innocent explanation is satisfactory to those whom it satisfies.

The Filipino people are distinctly given to understand that the death of McKinley has thrown things into confusion in these islands once more—that their fate is in the air. This at a moment when the Governor's proclamation of five days before had been expressly worded so as to allay the rising misapprehension and when the people were being assured that a change of President could in no wise mean a reversal of the present policy of extending the scope of civil government.

The phraseology is religious, but he who fails to find politics wrapped in this pastoral letter must have the view broad.

It is to be stated that Bishop Alcocer, tho a Franciscan friar, has never been so identified with the cause of the orders here as to incur to any great extent odium among the people. Of all the friars who have occupied prominent posts in the Church administration in the islands he has, it is said, most nearly had the sympathies of the people.

One of the evident purposes of the letter was to prevent the holding of services to the memory of President McKinley in Catholic churches in other parts of the island. Nevertheless, several such services were held, before the ecclesiastical ban could be put upon them, being celebrated by Filipino priests, in Dumaguete, Negros, in Ilagan, Isabela Province, Luzon, and in other places.

La Democracia, Manila organ of the Federal party, protesting its Catholicism, says:

"While in all the churches of America, we feel sure, solemn religious ceremonies are being celebrated for the deceased President, the Christian population of the Philippines, which is, through an inexplicable anachronism, still shepherded by a generation of priests accustomed to make Latin countries feel the despotism of their intolerance, must needs rest mute under the ecclesiastic anathema, and is in no sense sufficiently master of itself to exercise the pious offices of its prayer in behalf of a soul that is leaving this mortal life.

"Commencing with the military occupation, following with the Treaty of Paris (in which the religious orders obtained more concessions than Spain herself), and ending with the present state of public order, under which freedom of worship is guaranteed, what sort of persecutions or obstacles has the American State opposed to the life and progress of the Catholic Church?

"Is there one orthodoxy for America and another for the dioceses ruled over by the Spanish prelate? If so, on which side is the sanction of His Holiness, on that of the prelate of Manila, or of the prelates of America, represented here by Revs. McKinnon and Fitzgerald?"

MANILA, P. I.

The United States Consul at Skyro

FOR THE MOST PART A TRUE STORY

By Park Benjamin

I

THE blue of the Ægean and the blue of the sky melted together with a haze of purple at the horizon to seaward; landward, the dark green of the olives and cypresses formed the background for glistening stretches of white walls rising one above the other on the hillside, and accented here and there with patches of red roof. Down by the shore the one black pier—the sole concession which the port offered to commerce—made blacker reflections in the unruffled mirror of the water, which scarcely murmured as it rippled lazily around the slime covered timbers. The air was motionless in the noonday heat. Two or three empty boats were fastened to the pier. There were no indications of traffic either along the beach or in the perspective of the single street which led into the town. The long peninsula which extended a couple of miles outward to the harbor entrance terminated in an ancient masonry fort—which showed no more signs of life than did the barren waste of sand around it.

On the pier, however, there were people stretched out flat in the baking sun—and all asleep. Mixed with them were dogs—lots of dogs—red dogs, orange dogs, yellow dogs; in brief, the "yaller" dog in his ancestral home—to wit, the Levant. A golden glare of dogs. The impression which one got was also of red caps, and white petticoats, and blue jackets, and strange weapons whereon the sun sharply glinted—and long mustaches; all these mingled with fisherman's gear and rusty chains and coils of old rope—with Morpheus brooding over all amid the deep sonority of rhythmic snores.

When the anchor dropped the little wave which it made rocked the boats, but the population paid no heed. When the guns thundered their twenty-one note song to the blue striped flag which hung motionless from the masthead above, the slumberers perforce inhaled the edge of the white smoke cloud which slowly spread over to them and sneezed—some of them barked drowsily—and then, after mutual disentanglement, others sat up and blinked stupidly at the great ship which had apparently arrived from nowhere. The four-legged citizens, seeing nothing in the occurrence to interest them, resumed the thread of their dreams. Of the two-legged ones, two or three mechanically scrambled from the pier into the boats and lay down in the bottom of them. The rest went to sleep again in the new posture.

Meanwhile the smoke drifted in thicker and thicker, until it obscured the pier, and all who were on it. Perhaps somewhere in that Plutonian cloud there floated a scrap of still burning wad or

cartridge. Whatever it was, something which settled on the ribs of an unconscious mongrel elicited an agonized yelp, instantly followed by a snap at the nearest Greek leg. Then arose a wild and sudden tumult of deep mouthed human objurgations, canine remonstrance and resounding blows. And soon from the impenetrable mist, and propelled by no visible agency, yellow dogs began to shoot outward in aerial curves and splash into the peaceful bosom of the bay.

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,"

remarked the marine officer—who had a fine taste for Byron—as the wardroom mess went to breakfast.

"I don't know anything about 'burning Sappho,'" observed the first lieutenant, who loathed poetry, "but there's racket enough on shore for a first-class conflagration. Boy! (to the mess attendant) go tell the officer-of-the-deck, when that fort begins to return our salute to be sure and keep count of the guns."

II.

"In bows! Way enough! Toss!" and so, amid the rattle of her boarded oars, the second cutter of the American frigate dashed alongside the rickety pier, whereon the midshipman in charge of the boat lightly vaulted. An hour had passed since the disturbance just narrated. There were less dogs present, and several of the inhabitants had gone home to find something good for dog bites. Those remaining raised themselves on their elbows and stared uninterestedly at the newcomer.

"Anybody here speak English?" demanded the midshipman briskly.

No response.

"Parlez-vous Français? Parlate Italiano? Habla usted Español? Sprechen sie Deutsch?" (The navy is always polygot.)

"Me spikka," finally remarked somebody with a yawn.

"What?" inquired the officer.

"Cregan," said the coxswain of the boat ruminatively to one of the crew, "do you be gettin' up on that pier wid a boathook, an' ashk the Daygo gintleman whither it wud plaze him to shtand on his fate or his hid."

"Let him alone," interposed the midshipman. "What do you speak?"

"No spikka ingles; no spikka nottin' but Americano!"

"Well, Americano will do, I guess. Do you know where the American Consul lives?"

"Tree franc."

"Where's that?"

"Two franc."

"Where the dev—"

"One-a-franc," holding up a grimy forefinger.

"Shure, it's the boodle he wants fur tellin' yez, sor," interjected the coxswain. "Cregan, me lad, take the boat-hook an' twisht it in his back hair—"

"Cregan, keep fast," sharply ordered the officer. "Now here—you—you show where Consul live, I give you this—see—one franc," holding up the coin.

"Two franc," responded the Greek quickly.

"No—one franc."

"Tree franc—no giva tree-a-franc, no go consul."

"Murphy," said the midshipman shortly to the coxswain.

"Sor."

"Get him under way."

"Aye, aye, Sor."

Then the coxswain calmly unshipped his tiller and, grasping it firmly in his fist, mounted upon the pier. The officer gazed meditatively at the horizon. Murphy, in the course of his checkered career, having once been a New York policeman, had mastered the art of persuasion through the medium of a club applied to the soles of the feet. This being novel to the Greek, was effective. Soon afterward the three, the coxswain's arm affectionately linked in that of the inhabitant, were navigating the narrow channels skirting the islands of yellow dogs which occupied the greater part of the ineffably dirty roadway leading up the hill.

III.

Their guide finally stopped before a hole in a long plaster wall—distinguishable from other holes by an almost obliterated sign bearing something resembling a coat-of-arms and a shaky flagstaff, from which the halliards were gone. There was a door, latched, but not locked—which none the less refused to open until assisted by a push from the coxswain's brawny shoulder. The midship-

man at once entered the dark passage which was revealed.

"Now, thin, me gallant frind," said the seaman to his reluctant charge, "go yez in nixt."

A moment earlier, however, in order to open the door, he had let go his hold on the arm of the Greek and that worthy had at once seized the opportunity to escape. So that, at the time the above command was given, he was already a considerable distance away, bounding nimbly over the dog heaps and making astonishing speed down the precipitous street.

The coxswain contented himself with hurling a few appropriate expletives after his former captive, and mounted guard at the portal.

Meanwhile the midshipman, having traversed the passage which apparently wound over most of the ground floor of the building, suddenly came upon a doorway, which gave upon a court yard, and then proceeded to fall headlong over an individual prostrate on the pavement thereof, and, of course, sound asleep. The latter, having thus had the wind thoroughly knocked out of him, could only sit up in a half dazed state, and make inarticulate gurgles of disapproval.

"Well, I'm looking for the Consul," explained the officer apologetically, at the same time ruefully regarding the brick stain on his immaculate white trousers.

"Why — why — whe-r-r-refor-r-re, saire, did you estep on me?" demanded the other.

"What were you sprawled out there for? Do you generally turn in in the gutter?"

"'Tairn in?' Wot ees 'tairn in?' I take my sleep, saire, whe-r-re it pleases me."

"Where's the Consul?"

"Whe-r-refore demand you that, saire."

"Look here, are you the Consul? If you are, you'd better get aboard and report to the Admiral quicker than you ever did anything before in your life. The old man—Admiral, I mean—is mad —ugly, because you haven't come. He's up on his brass wheels, and he's rolling over every one, fore and aft. Oh, you're in for it."

"Admeeral—ze ogly Admeeral on whe-e-els. Dio mio—wot ees it? Wot Admeeral—wot is the wheeles; wot? wot?"

"The Admiral commanding the European squadron, my friend. Don't you know that the flagship has just anchored in your delightful harbor. You haven't come aboard yet to pay respects. You're sent for. My orders are to bring you off. Are you coming peaceably, or do I call up the boat's crew to get you?"

"Ah—corpo di—ah—gran cielo! Wot is it that arrives? Misericordia! Wot has I did?"

The midshipman repressed a violent desire to grin, and glared severely at the panic stricken official.

"You'll find that out fast enough," he replied. "Gross violation of State Department regulations—Disrespect—Mutiny. We hanged two vice-consuls at the yardarm last week for not coming off to report before the mud-hook was let go. And you're an hour late, now."

The other tore his beard and struck an attitude of acute despair which would have been pathetic in any one but a stumpy Greek-Italian arrayed in a short petticoat, a striped shirt and a red fez of unknown antiquity.

"You had better attire yourself in proper clothing and accompany me at once, sir," continued his tormentor gloomily—again manfully smothering a giggle.

The wretched official did not wait for further parley, but plunged precipitately into the house, where, for several minutes his yells to the various somnolent domestics and the sound of doors being slammed indicated that he was losing no time at his toilet. What the toilet was deserves a new paragraph.

IV.

Feet encased in red Turkish slippers, much pointed and turned up at the toes. Above, a pair of what were once black broadcloth trousers of the peg top variety, very tight at the ankles, very voluminous elsewhere, and of a fine luster at the protuberances. Of what age or epoch they were, no archeologist could say more than that they bore external evidence of having been constructed at some period prior to the invention of napkins. Above these again was an undershirt of heavy wool, pinned up the front and decorated by green suspenders. No

vest. Then a swallow tailed coat, with an extra broad and much frazzled velvet collar, and caudal appendages of abnormal length. An extremely high silk hat —flat of brim and greased to dazzling brilliancy. White cotton gloves—and a crowning glory in the shape of a small parasol of flowered silk with pinked-edge trimmings and a joint in the handle, so that the latter could be bent double; of the kind one sees in fashion plates of about 1861. This he regarded lovingly.

He tightly grasped a roll of official looking paper. His black locks strayed carelessly far over his collar, and you could not see much of his face, because of his hirsute adornments; but his general expression indicated much apprehension, not unmixed with complacency over his attire. He also wore a simitar girded about his waist by a blue and white silk scarf with long ends, the scarf evidently acting as a coadjutor to the green suspenders.

Upon his reappearance he lifted his hat gravely to the midshipman, who, with equal gravity, raised his cap, and the two set out for the boat landing, followed by Murphy, the coxswain—with whom the official stopped to shake hands with much warmth; a ceremony which he essayed to repeat with the entire boat's crew on reaching the pier. But he was quickly shoved into the place of honor in the stern sheets, and the cutter soon ran alongside the flagship. The gangway ladder was not down, so that he had to climb up by way of the slippery cleats on the high rounding side of the vessel while hanging on to the man ropes—a proceeding which resulted in his losing his footing and remaining suspended by the arms when half way up, until a blue jacket clambered after him and set him right. This was after he had lost one of his red slippers, which fell in the water and sank before it could be recovered.

As he came over the gangway, a sergeant's guard of marines, drawn up on the opposite side of the deck, sharply brought their rifles to "present," and the shrill pipe of the boatswain's mate "tending the side" rang out. He bowed low to the boatswain's mate, and then stood gazing at the marines in ludicrous dismay.

"Are you the United States Consul, sir?" This time it was the stern voice of the Captain of the flagship addressing him.

"Si signore—no, signore—ah—madre de—ah—perdona! perdona!"

"Are you the United States Consul?"

"Yes, sir—he is," answered the midshipman, who had brought him off and who had followed him over the gangway.

"I am pleased to welcome you on board," continued the Captain in his most Chesterfieldian manner. "Permit me to conduct you to the Admiral."

"Ah, yaas—ze Admeeral—ze Admeeral Wheels—brass wheels."

The midshipman suddenly disappeared down the main hatch. The Captain looked astonished.

"Ees it that I have affronted ze Admeeral Wheels, saire; I has nottin' did! Non sono colpabile—no!—no! signore—no!—no!!—no!!!"

The Captain being still unable to understand the excited language of his companion, and concluding that he was merely excusing himself for not having repaired on board with greater celerity, led him at once to the Admiral's cabin.

The Admiral was in bad humor. The Bureau of Navigation at Washington had been nagging him by gradually sending his ships off on special errands to distant points, and now he had no squadron, and worse yet, did not even know where his flagship was to go. A request for information has been met by a lofty letter from the Bureau to the effect that he would find instructions at Skyro in the Greek Archipelago—which, to say the least, was annoying, seeing that he was then in Stockholm and had arranged a pleasant summer's cruise in the North Sea.

Beyond all this, the Admiral hated Consuls. Many years before when he was a lieutenant on the China station one of them had reported him to Washington for some trivial slight, and as the complainant had political pull, a sharp reprimand from the Secretary of the Navy resulted, which was still unforgotten. So when the Captain, with unbending dignity, escorted the new arrival into the cabin, the Admiral, on general principles, was already considering how he should, metaphorically speaking, keelhaul him for not bringing the important letter at once on board.

But when this extraordinary figure appeared, when the full glory of silk hat, simitar, and the stockingless unshod foot burst upon him, the old gentleman blazed with genuine wrath.

"What—what—what the deuce do you mean, sir, by coming off in those clothes? Hey?"

"Ah! excellenza! excell—Oh, madre santissima!"

"Don't talk your infernal Daygo lingo to me, sir? Why haven't you come on board before—why haven't you? Hey?"

The visitor stretched out both arms in an attitude of supplication, holding his papers in one hand and his parasol in the other. He had forgotten to remove his hat.

"What do you mean by coming into my cabin with your hat on?" thundered the Admiral. "Orderly, take his hat off—take it off—take it off, at once!"

The wretched Greek essayed to remove his hat before the orderly could assist him and in so doing dropped his papers. The Captain now said something to the Admiral in an undertone, which apparently had the effect of quieting his ire for the moment.

"Didn't you receive a dispatch addressed to this squadron, sir?" Weren't you told that a ship would call at this miserable dog hole to get it?" he demanded of the now thoroughly demoralized official.

"Si, excellenza! Si—ah—address—address—yaas, ze address!"

"Well, where is it? D— it, sir, give it to me!"

The wretched man, now on the verge of collapse, gazed around helplessly and then put into the Admiral's outstretched hand—the flowered silk parasol.

The Admiral silently looked at him. It was enough. The official tried to kneel down.

Again the Captain intervened. He motioned the orderly to keep him on his feet, and then picking up the papers which had been dropped, said to the Admiral:

"It is probably among these, sir. I think he had better withdraw."

"Yes—yes—take him out; and Rodgers—Rodgers, you tell him that I intend to report him to the Department for—for—for—well, he'll see! He'll see."

The Captain, putting his arm in that of the Greek, who was now rolling his eyes wildly, quickly led him from the Admiral's presence.

"I should be pleased, sir," he said when the quarter deck was reached, "if you would join me in a glass of wine in my cabin."

But there was no desire for wine on the part of the other. What he apparently feared was instant execution. As soon as he could muster breath to speak he began a piteous appeal to be put ashore, so that the Captain perforce took compassion on him, and once more the second cutter awaited his convenience.

He kissed the Captain's hand, just before going over the gangway, and would have fallen headlong into the boat if a sailor had not providentially caught him in time. Then a rope was knotted around him and he was lowered over the side.

The boat shoved off and moved directly away from the ship for perhaps a hundred yards or so. Then at a signal from the midshipman it stopped, the men lying on their leveled oars.

"Ah—no—do not estop, signore—take me to ze land—take me to—"

Bang! A great cloud of white smoke and flame burst from the ship's side. Simultaneously the flag of the United States broke out at the foremast head.

The Greek in the boat shrieked in terror.

"No killa me here—no kill—no kill!"

Bang!

Then he waved his arms weakly and fainted. The midshipman bailed up some water in his well greased hat and poured it over him until the ship had finished her seven guns salute to the majesty of Uncle Sam's consular service, and then, as the ensign came fluttering down from aloft, the youngster solemnly waved the hat above his passenger's head, and the oars splashed in the water once more. By the time the cutter reached the pier the Greek had recovered and a look of desperate determination on his face had replaced that of fear. He sprang out with marvelous agility and without speaking a word ran like a deer to the town, folfollowed by a miscellaneous collection of yellow dogs, evidently impelled by consuming curiosity to learn the motive for his flight.

V.

The Admiral's bell rang sharply. "Ask the Captain to step here at once," he said to the orderly.

A moment later that official arrived. "See here, Rodgers, what—what in thunder does this all mean?"

"What is it, sir?"

"Why, look—look at this paper that fellow left here. Perhaps you can explain it. I can't."

The Captain adjusted his glasses, took the document handed him by the Admiral and read:

"To Rear-Admiral, the Earl of Benbow, K.C.B., K.T., R. N., commanding her Majesty's Mediterranean Squadron, off Skyro:

"Noble and Most Excellent Lord: We, the inhabitants of this prolifique and incomparable island, have the honor most exalted and grandiose, our complimental congratulations to your high Lordship to present and you humbly to address. Whereas——"

"Why, that's singular," he said, stopping his reading and looking up.

"Singular?" cried the Admiral, "singular! Well, do you call that a letter from the Bureau of Navigation written to me? Do you? Does the Bureau usually address me in that way?"

"That's it," interrupted the Captain, suddenly.

"What—what's it?" rejoined the Admiral testily.

"Why, it's like one—it is one—of those Britisher 'addresses' which somebody in England is perpetually presenting to some exalted personage or other when he condescends to make a visit."

"Supposing it is," answered his superior, "where's the letter from the Bureau of Navigation which that fellow ought to have brought off? That's what I want to know—where is it?"

At that instant the cabin door opened and the orderly stepped in.

"The officer of the deck, sir, reports a steam launch alongside, flying the United States ensign.. A gentleman has just come aboard from her and asks to see the Admiral."

"Show him in," said that officer.

A moment later the visitor appeared.

"This is Admiral Sandford and Captain Rodgers, I believe? Delighted to welcome you, gentlemen—and more delighted still to see the old flag in this part of the universe. First time one of our ships has been at this island for a dozen years, I guess. You will pardon the delay. Fact is, when I heard your salute, I knew those fools in the fort wouldn't have sense enough to return it, and then there would be a lot of trouble with the Government and all that, you know. So I just jumped into my boat and steamed out there, and that fixed the matter. They ought to have started before this."

Boom! went a distant gun.

"Ah, there you are. That's why I am a bit late, you see."

"May I ask, sir," said the Admiral, "who you may be?"

"I beg your pardon—certainly," said the stranger laughing. "The excitement of the occasion has made me forget the proper ceremony. Here is my card, and, by the way, here, too, is a letter which has been waiting for you for the last week. I suppose it's official."

Then he handed a large envelope having the seal of the Navy Department to the Admiral, together with a card bearing the name of

"John R. Jeffers,
"U. S. Consul, Skyro, Greece."

The Admiral looked at the Captain. The Captain looked back at the Admiral. The Captain stepped to the cabin door.

"Send Midshipman Williams here," said he to the orderly.

Pretty soon that young gentleman arrived.

"Whom did you bring off from shore just now?" demanded the Captain.

"Me, sir—why—the Consul, sir."

The Admiral and the Captain unitedly turned their gaze on Mr. John R. Jeffers.

"Were you the young man in the boat that just took to land a Greek gentleman wearing a blue and white sash?" inquired that individual of the midshipman.

"Yes, sir."

"Exactly," interrupted the Admiral. "Now perhaps Mr. John R. Jeffers will kindly inform us who was the Greek gentleman with the blue and white sash?"

"Certainly," replied the Consul, "that was the Mayor. He is chairman of a committee appointed to present an address to the British Admiral expected here next week."

Again the orderly entered.

"The officer of the deck reports that the Greek fort has returned our salute with twenty-eight guns, sir."

"Yes," said the Consul, "that's right, isn't it? Didn't you fire twenty-one for the Greek flag and the rest for the Mayor?"

VI.

DOCUMENTS.

(1) *To Midshipman W. H. Williams, U. S. N., U. S. Flagship "Jefferson."*

SIR: You are hereby quarantined to the ship for six weeks.

Respectfully,
E. G. SIMMONS,
Lieut.-Commander and Executive Officer.

(2) *To Rear-Admiral Poseidon P. Sandford, U. S. N.*

SIR: You are hereby detached from the command of the European Squadron and will proceed upon the reporting of your relief without delay to the Naval Asylum at Philadelphia and assume command thereof, *vice* Commodore C. P. Smith.

Very respectfully,
JOHN G. RAMSDEN,
Chief of Bureau of Navigation.

(3) *From the Secretary of State to the Greek Minister at Washington.*

The Secretary of State has the honor to inform the Minister of his Hellenic Majesty that his representations concerning the alleged improper treatment of Mr. Papageorgios Comandouros, Mayor of Skyro, on board the U. S. Flagship "Jefferson," in July last, have been duly considered; and, in reply, the Secretary hastens to express the regret of the President that through the mistake of an overzealous young officer the unfortunate circumstances should have occurred.

The Secretary of State avails himself of the present opportunity to renew to the Minister of his Hellenic Majesty the assurances of his most distinguished consideration.

NEW YORK CITY.

A Republican Valhalla

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

THOSE who look upward upon the "Hall of Fame," on University Heights, near New York City—a temple where the chosen names of America are recorded and commemorated—do not perhaps fully recognize the novelty of this institution in the history of the world. For the first time, so far as I know, the principle of deliberate popular election has been applied, even if inadequately, to the creation of a national memorial. Academies have been founded by princes or noblemen and more or less liberally endowed; abbeys have been enriched by memorials to great names, but these names have always been selected by founders of governing bodies, never by popular vote, either directly or indirectly. Yet this is what has now been attempted, under the guidance of New York University; the Hall of Fame is already in existence, the names of its first occupants having been selected by the people, at least to the extent to which the President of the United States is chosen—that is, not directly, but through an electoral college. This body is composed of men drawn from all parts of the nation and on a systematic plan. All citizens were invited to nominate candidates for the Hall of Fame, or send lists of names. The Senate of New York University itself suggested an additional hundred, and all these names were referred to a body of one hundred judges or electors, formed as follows: There were four classes of nominees: First, university or college presidents and educators; second, professors of history and scientists; third, publicists, editors and authors; fourth, judges of the Supreme Court, State or National. As a result, New England furnished twenty-two electors, the Middle States twenty-five, the Southern States sixteen, and the Western, including Ohio, thirty. Four were from Washington, D. C., and three were in foreign countries. This became the Board of Electors. These electors were to select one hundred names from the mass of candidates, each to receive a majority of the whole hundred votes. Each candidate must have been born in the United States and must have died at least ten years ago, this limit being wisely selected in order to give a little time for the standing of the nominee to determine itself. Thus was the Hall of Fame organized. Those who wish for further information will find it already provided in the official report by the New York University Senate.

In the rapid progress of events all this is already in some degree ancient history. But as there is to be another election the next year to complete the first hundred names, the subject is still before us, and there are at any rate some interesting suggestions to be considered and some morals to be drawn. It is universally admitted that the result, as announced, does much credit to the plan and to the nation. Neither Westminster Abbey nor the French Academy has so effectually excluded mediocrities as the Hall of Fame has done, and the distribution among different types of men is also most noticeable. Only ninety-seven votes were cast, owing to circumstances, and the following names, arranged in the order of the votes received by them from ninety-seven to fifty-one are those already selected. The list comprises Washington, Lincoln, Webster, Franklin, Grant, Marshall, Jefferson, Emerson, Fulton, Longfellow, Irving, Edwards, Morse, Farragut, Clay, Peabody, Hawthorne, Peter Cooper, Whitney, Lee, Mann, Audubon, Kent, Beecher, Story, John Adams, Channing, Stuart and Gray.

This, however, gives only the number elected by actual majority. It is interesting to know what would have been the result had the principle of a plurality, not of a majority, prevailed. The following are the names of the twenty-one who would have completed the one hundred on this principle, at the present time. Their names and votes are given in full, because they have not, as in the case of the twenty-nine majority candidates, become familiar in the newspapers. They are: John C. Calhoun (49), James Madison (49), J. Q. Adams (48), Mark Hopkins (48), Andrew Jackson (48), Rufus Choate (47), Elias Howe (47), Horace Greeley (45), Joseph Henry (44), Benjamin Rush (42), J. L. Motley (41), James B. Eads (41), Patrick Henry (39), E. A. Poe (38), Adoniram Judson (36), Hiram Powers (36), Daniel Boone (35), Samuel Adams (33), J. S. Copley (33), W. H. Prescott (33), and either H. H. Richardson or Horace Bushnell, these two being paired (with 32 votes), and so making one candidate too many.

No one can deny that this enlarged list also furnishes a creditable selection and includes no really insignificant name. It has also the advantage of bringing in a larger proportion of inventors and artists than the majority list. It is no matter of reproach that it did not include such literary names as those of Holmes, Lowell, Parkman, Mrs. Stowe, Whitman and Whittier, for all these had died too recently to be admissible. That it left out J. F. Cooper, who had but thirty votes, seems stranger, but this is less surprising than some other features of the ballot, on which it is best to dwell, as they point to some possible defects in the original make-up of the Board of Electors.

"The severest criticism that has been passed upon the action of the judges," in the words of the San Francisco *Bulletin,* arises from the fact that not a single woman was included among the successful nominees, even including, as above, those whom a plurality vote would include among the one hundred. But I do not see how any other result could have been seriously expected after reading the list of judges. If anything is an axiom in a public committee and especially an electoral board, it is that its membership should adequately represent all elements likely to come before its candidates. When in a board of one hundred electors there are but three women, it can hardly be expected that women should have more than an insignificant place in the outcome. That anything like one-half the successful candidates should be of that sex was not to be expected, of course, since it is only of late years that women have had anything like their fair share of education or public opportunity; but this very consideration should have provided for them, one would say, a large place in the Board of Electors. I cannot for a moment conceive it possible that a board consisting half of women—or even one-quarter—could have cast votes so insignificantly small as those here rendered to persons who had done the great public services of Mary Lyon (20), Dorothea Dix (12), Lucretia Mott (11), and Elizabeth A. Seton (0), or to women of the genius of Charlotte Cushman (13), and Helen Jackson (3).

Again, even in respect to male candidates, one would say that the spirit of modern reform must be quite imperfectly developed when those representing the great anti-slavery movement of half a

century ago are rated so low on the lists as is indicated by the following figures: Charles Sumner (26), Theodore Parker (21), W. L. Garrison (19), Wendell Phillips (19), John Brown (17), Dr. S. G. Howe (9), H. D. Thoreau (3), and Gerritt Smith (1). One is tempted to ask whether, in a body of electors so obviously conservative, Whittier and Mrs. Stowe would have fared much better, even had they at this time been technically eligible? That in an average vote of 100 less than a quarter of the whole number of votes were given to the great reformers who made this nation free is a serious drawback upon the result. Is it certain that a body composed largely of Chief Justices and college presidents, can be trusted to appreciate great moral reforms as well as the farmers and shoemakers who mainly carried them through?

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Manners in the Twentieth Century

By Florence Howe Hall

AUTHOR OF "SOCIAL CUSTOMS," ETC.

AS we stand upon the threshold of a new century, citizens of a country growing in wealth and power with almost magical rapidity, we are conscious that out of this very prosperity spring certain dangers to our republican ideals. Will the fabulous accumulation of wealth in the hands of a small class lead to the formation of a moneyed aristocracy? Will the democratic simplicity of manners hitherto characteristic of our republic be swamped by the incoming tide of luxury? It should indeed seem as if high thinking and plain living were to suffer a transposition of terms. High living must, one would think, lead to small thinking, while "the unconscious insolence of conscious wealth," as it has been aptly termed, shows a tendency on the part of the *nouveau-riche* to overvalue himself and his wealth, to grade people by their material possessions rather than by their manners, behavior and character.

A lady of this description was receiving a call from a friend when a gentleman entered who was building a house for her. Her friend arose, in order to greet the newcomer, but she said: "Pray don't rise, *it's only my architect,*" in the tone she would have used in saying "it's only my lackey." The architect, himself a person of better birth and breeding than his client, was amused at her assumption of superiority and ownership, but there is a sad side to such behavior. This is seen in a strong light when the poor gentleman, or worse still, the poor gentlewoman, fails to receive from Crœsus the consideration which success should show to misfortune.

Crœsus may defend himself against these accusations of arrogance by saying to the man of old family and lofty pretensions: "It is from you I have learned my pride, and I have only bettered your instructions. Great wealth must give social position sooner or later. I am only trying to take mine as soon as possible. Why do you not recognize the inevitable, and bow to present power? Your glory is in your ancestors. You belong to a worn-out race, the best part of which, like the potato plant, is underground, as Byron said."

While many of our very rich men and women show a high sense of duty and a noble public spirit in founding and endowing benevolent and educational institutions, it is to be feared that the plutocracy as such is lacking in the traditions of philanthropy without which a nobility has no right to exist. They have not yet learned the meaning of "*noblesse oblige.*" In the pursuit of pleasure and amusement and in the love of display they too often forget the duties they owe to the State and its citizens, since without the protection of government they could neither make nor keep their money. Men in charge of benevolent institutions complain that the generation now coming upon the stage does not take the interest in these that they should. I heard of a

rich young man about town who boasted not long since that he never gave anything in charity. The great opportunities for pleasure offered by boundless wealth tend to make the rich man of the twentieth century selfish, as they have always tended to make kings and other rulers selfish, if not corrupt.

It is not Crœsus alone who is attempting in these days to create and enforce class distinctions. Did not an Admiral in our navy recently make objections to the promotion of a sailor who had fairly earned this reward, because he thought it would be unpleasant for the officers to associate with a man who had not had early advantages?

These attempts to found an aristocracy in our beloved republic, the corner stone of which is the equality of opportunity and equality before the law of all men, is something to make the thoughtful grieve. Yet those who have faith in the strength of our institutions believe that democracy in its best sense will not be overwhelmed by the influence of a rich and powerful class, nor of people who, like our Admiral, believe in exclusiveness.

We must remember that all our traditions, all our ideals as a people, are democratic, and they have become hallowed to us "because great things have been done in their name." A nation which has fought two great wars, one to establish the rights of the white man and the other those of the black man, will not easily surrender itself to the idea of aristocracy and class domination. We may play and coquet with it; it may please our imagination just as stories of the pomp and royalty in other lands interest us. But the great body of our people look upon such things with a good-natured and rather contemptuous tolerance. A few may renounce their allegiance to the high and simple traditions of the republic in order to become a part of the court circle of European countries. But most of us feel the theatrical nature of these foreign puppet shows and are not likely to confuse their tinsel with true gold, especially when we see the snubs bestowed on certain ex-Americans and the unhappiness which so frequently accompanies international alliances with persons whose title is better than their character.

Aristocracies cannot in the nature of things be agreeable to the great body of the people, and in a democracy they will lack the protection of laws necessary for their preservation and support. The plutocrat, too, is a very human person, and he desires the approbation and sympathy of his fellow men. In a word, he has the tendency to human brotherhood—*fraternité*, as the French have named it—in addition to the selfish and exclusive tendency, the desire to rise, to be superior to those around him, characteristic of an aristocracy.

Perhaps we are all both democrats and aristocrats, if we take the words in their broad sense. Most men desire to be distinguished for something; the very saints wish to excel others in goodness, and the martyr sometimes thinks of his crown. But it is lonely upon the mountain tops, even if our fellows are gazing admiringly up at us. Most people like to descend, at least occasionally, to the broad plains of human sympathy, where we are one with our brother man. The believer in Christianity must be something of a democrat, if he is a logical thinker, and one of the most hopeful signs of the times is the development of the spirit of Christian democracy, as shown in the new thought about charity. Advanced thinkers like the late Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, of Boston (the centennial of whose birth will be celebrated this month), preached and practiced more than sixty years ago the doctrine that the giving of alms enfeebled and degraded the recipient. But the motto "not alms, but a friend" has only of late found general, it has not yet found universal, acceptance. Its most beautiful development is seen in the Social Settlements, where we have a noble attempt to return to the spirit and practice of the Founder of our religion, to recognize the brotherhood of mankind, not in the abstract only, but in practical daily living. The settlement worker lays aside all the advantages of education, of social position and prestige, even of refinement and gentle breeding. Or rather, he subordinates all these to the work he has in hand, and takes them all with him, these gifts and graces, to beautify the squalid homes of the poor, holding them cheap compared with the soul of his brother, whose moral and spiritual elevation is the supreme end he desires to

compass. He is content to let his own greater energy and culture lie hid, like a little leaven, till they leaven the whole dull mass of his surroundings. Indeed, the apostles of the new doctrine go further than I have said and the most zealous would hardly agree with the definitions just given. They lay aside all thought of superiority on the one side and inferiority on the other, recognizing no aristocracy but the ideal one of character. They claim to receive as much good from their neighbors as they give.

If it be true that it is more blessed to give than to receive, our neighborhood workers are doubtless right—and what a splendid tribute to the essential nobility of our common human nature is implied in their declaration! Even in the ignorant, the poor, the neglected of our great cities, there is so much of the dignity and beauty of our humanity that the college bred man learns from them lessons not taught in the schools and universities!

Undoubtedly he receives his reward, while the association with educated and cultivated people at the settlement can hardly fail to redound to the improvement of the man who has hitherto enjoyed few advantages, especially where the former use their best efforts to educate and train their less fortunate friends. The practical recognition of equality, the meeting of one's fellows strictly on a level, is a most important feature of this work. Our neophyte, seeing that he is considered capable of acquiring more knowledge, and of improving in mind and manners, will put forth his powers to compass this end. Whereas, were he "frozen with the noble blood" of persons considering themselves his superiors, were he even gently patronized, he would feel at once and painfully the difference between himself and the college-bred man.

On the side of the settlement worker, also, the new attitude must greatly affect his power to influence the thought and behavior of others. The aristocratic idea strongly emphasizes the fact that a lady or gentleman is essentially different from a person who has not been carefully bred. The aristocrat has little hope or belief in the possibility of imparting culture to the masses, indeed he sometimes prefers very decidedly not to do so, desiring to keep the graces and refinement that have so much charm as a hallmark for what he calls "the classes." He is doubtless sincere in his belief that it is best to let the cream rise to the top and stay there, a delicious but impassable barrier which effectually keeps the skim milk on a lower level. To produce a *crême de la crême* may be desirable in some countries, but in our United States of America, pledged by the Fathers to the opposite theory, we can hardly lend it serious countenance, especially when we remember the immense change for the better in the condition, manners and behavior of foreigners of the poorer classes, after they have lived for some time in our Republic.

Our settlement worker keeps all these things in his heart, and in endeavoring to elevate the condition of his neighbors he seeks to teach the latter the laws of polite behavior, as well as to impart to them thrift and book learning.

It used to be said that it took three generations to make a gentleman. Now that everything is done so much more rapidly we begin to wonder whether modern science, aided by a spirit of thorough good will and Christian fellowship, cannot hasten the process. The experiment is worth trying at all events, and the social settlements should surely work great improvement in the manners as well as in the morals of their neighborhood.

Together with the University Extension movement, they form an admirable adjunct to our system of public education, and show that the leaven of Christian democracy is still working in our midst. The danger that our great Republic will crystallize into castes and classes seems much less when we look at the matter from this point of view than when we consider the standards and tendencies of the very wealthy class in our large cities, or of certain unwise countrymen and countrywomen of ours who have become so denationalized by foreign residence as to lose the American spirit. To hear such persons speak in a supercilious tone of the "*middle clawsses,*" as if they themselves dwelt on some unapproachable heap of glory, is both irritating and amusing. Yet after all this is no new spirit among us, and George William Curtis caricatured it fifty years ago, when he made Mrs. Poti-

phar say "In a country where there's no aristocracy we can't be too exclusive."

Those of us who believe firmly in our country, its institutions and traditions, do not take too seriously the present manifestations of Potipharism, trusting to the good sense of our people at large to prevent its development to undue proportions, and to nullify all attempts to form a permanent aristocracy.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Darwin's Americanisms

By Prof. Charles Forster Smith, Ph.D.

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

ONE is often puzzled to conjecture on what theory or plan Bartlett worked in making his "Dictionary of Americanisms." Sometimes it would almost seem that he had laboriously consulted the pages of Webster and Worcester, recording as Americanisms whatever words he did not find in the dictionaries, but knew to be current in America. How else can we account for the fact that the fourth edition of Bartlett still contains among its Americanisms so many words like *certain* (certainly), *like* (as), *lots, poorly, quite* (very), *chockfull,* which are neither obsolete nor rare in England, but which are mentioned in our authority on Americanisms as a rule without hint of their English origin or usage. Mr. Bartlett must have read very few English books during the long years that he was preparing and revising his dictionary. I found once in "Tom Brown at Rugby" twenty-four of Mr. Bartlett's Americanisms; and in letters and other writings of Thomas Carlyle and his wife seventeen. In view of such facts it is quite clear that the next editor of Barlett's Dictionary ought to act in conformity with the last clause of the following sentence from the preface to Bartlett's second edition:

"A good many such words have, nevertheless, been retained on the principle that a word now used only in some out-of-the-way locality in England, but quite general here, may be regarded as a peculiarity of the English language as spoken in America, *i. e.*, as an Americanism; but as it is often impossible to know with exactness to what extent a word is used in England, it is likely that many of these should probably have been omitted."

This is very apparent to one who reads the familiar letters of a man like Darwin, who, simple and unaffected in all that he did, seems to have written to many of his correspondents just as he talked. The following, then, are Darwin's "Americanisms," as found in his *Life* (Appleton's edition).

Of *as,* for *that,* Bartlett says, "This vulgarism is confined to the illiterate." The statement is unfortunately not true, as any one may prove in an hour in New York or London. It is noticed in the Craven and Herefordshire glossaries, and it was doubtless from the vulgar dialect that Darwin used to quote, in making his experiments, the proverb, "It's dogged *as* does it" (*Life,* I, 125). But was Thackeray consciously using a people's idiom, or did he unconsciously drop into undress style of speech, when he wrote in one of his *Letters,* "There was a vacant place yesterday *as* you might have had?" Cf. Tennyson, *Northern Farmer,* "Tis'n them *as* 'as munny as breaks into 'ouses an' steals." It may be stated, by the way, that this use of *as,* so common in the North, is very unusual in the South.

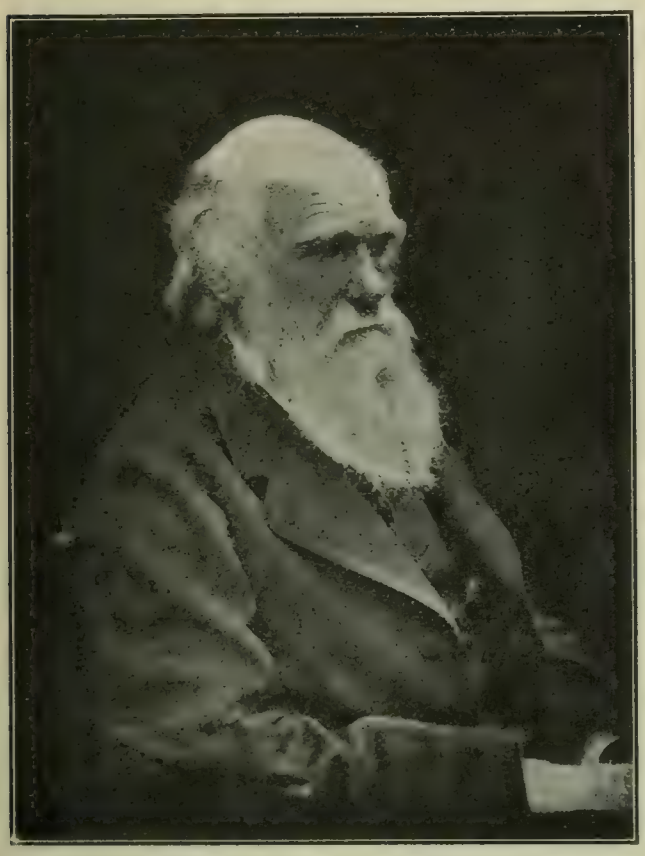
Ways, for way, Bartlett says, is a very common vulgarism, but he gives no hint that it is English as much as American. It is, tho, for Darwin (I, 306) writes to Sir Charles Lyell: "Pray do not think that I am so silly as to suppose that my dedication can *anyways* gratify you."

"*At once,*" says Professor Schele De Vere, "is used in the United States, North and South, instead of the English immediately." The example he quotes is "I will send it back *at once.*" I wish I had marked every time that Darwin uses the expression; I am sure there are a dozen examples. Still, I have two clear instances, *e. g.* (*Life* II, 144): "I have just heard from Murray; he says he sold 700 copies at his sale, and that I must begin *at once.*"

Bad, for sick or ill, which still survives in the Tennessee mountains, as well as in New England, is provincial English (see Halliwell *sub voce*), and is used by Dar-

win at least twice in his Letters, *e. g.*, "I have been *bad* enough for these few days" (I, 329), and (I, 340), "Indeed all this winter I have been *bad* enough."

Beat, for excel or surpass, seems to be as common in England as in America, if we can judge by Darwin and Carlyle. Darwin writes (Life, II, 52), "This *beats* all," while Carlyle says, "This



CHARLES R. DARWIN

fairly *beats* me." Altogether, I have marked five examples in Darwin and two in Carlyle. Max O'Rell learned his English in England, and his use of the word in this sense, "This *beats* Swift's etymology of 'cucumber,'" shows if possible, more clearly than Darwin's and Carlyle's how common the usage is in the mother country. It may be mentioned here, by the way, that Bartlett seems to have no idea where the American phrase to *beat* all *hollow* comes from. It is English, as Schele De Vere says, except, possibly the *all*. Darwin writes (I, 286), "The more civilized so-called Caucasian races have *beaten* the Turkish *hollow* in the struggle for existence."

"*Certain*," says Professor Schele De Vere, "belongs to a class of adjectives which Americans constantly use as adverbs." True, but he might have referred to Chaucer as showing that they came by the misuse in a legitimate way. ("Glosing is a full glorious thing, *certain*"). "It is frequently strengthened," he adds, "by the addition of for, 'We shall be burnt out *for certain*' (*Harper's Weekly*)." That is genuine American, we must all admit. But unless the Mrs. Boole, whose letter is quoted in Darwin's Life (II, 245), be an American, it is also English, for Mrs. Boole writes, "I cannot know *for certain*."

Funny, in the sense of queer or strange, used to be laughed at as a Southernism, and perhaps the Southern girl who, when a Northern lady was describing the manner of her mother's death, exclaimed, "How *funny!*" did go further than most Northern people would. But the dictionaries define funny as "comical, droll," and this is evidently not what is meant in Barnes's First Reader: "What a *funny* cap one of them has," or in Ginn & Co.'s First Reader, "Is this my new copy? It is a very *funny* one;" or in the New England Sunday School book, where a box lid is called "*funny*," unless, indeed, comical—Webster's definition of funny—means queer, strange, as it does in Virginia. Indeed, *funny*, meaning strange, queer, is as common in the Central West as in the South. Darwin uses *funny* in our American sense when, in a letter to Sir J. D. Hooker about some nuts found in the crop of petrels at St. Kilda, he says, "Forgive me asking you to take *this* much trouble, for it is a *funny* little fact after my own heart."

Another of our Southern (old English) uses Darwin comes very close to when he writes to Hooker, "How busy you must be! with such a *heap* of botanists at Kew."

Of *immediately*, for as soon as, Bartlett says, "This wretched word is creeping into use from England, where *directly* is used in the same way." True, for Darwin has "*immediately that*" twice (I, 319; II, 485). But why, then, is the misuse classed as an Americanism?

Our Southern and Western use of *like* for as is duly noted in Bartlett, tho the first example he quotes of it is from Darwin's "Journal of a Naturalist." It is evident that Darwin never broke himself of this usage, as I find that I have marked five examples in the Life. No doubt he would have felt quite content in his error

if he had lived to see Mr. Furnivall's formidable array of authorities in its favor (*Academy*, No. 767); tho it is to be hoped that New England, where Mr. Bartlett says *like* for as is "never heard," may in spite of Mr. Furnivall's authorities never follow the example of England and the South.

Webster gives *lots*, a large number, as "colloquial, U. S.," on the authority of Bartlett. But it is high time that "U. S." were omitted therefrom. Thomas Hughes uses *lots* in "Tom Brown;" so Sir Francis Doyle in his "Reminiscences," and Thackeray in his "Letters;" and Darwin, writing to Herbert (Life I, 302), says: "We will have *lots* of talk of old times, and *lots* of Beethoven." I have, moreover, three other examples marked in my Darwin.

Under *much*, Mr. Bartlett states that in New England, "when a discarded suitor says of his former mistress, 'She is *not much* of a girl, after all,' he means to imply that she is 'no great shakes.'" That would be good American anywhere in the United States, and I doubt not equally intelligible in old England, since Darwin writes to his wife (I, 471), "The author is ignorant about many matters, and *not much* of a lady—for she makes her men say 'my lady.'" And it may be mentioned in passing that Darwin is given to the use of "*this* much," of which I have marked five examples in his letters and one in an extract quoted from Huxley.

If ever any expression bore on its face the genuine American stamp, *pitch into* would seem to be that one. Schele De Vere quotes an example from *Lippincott's Magazine* from the year 1869, but ten years before that Darwin had written to Lyell, "Never mind, and *pitch into* me if you find it requisite" (I, 525). Another time he writes: "I do not know in the least what made the *Times* glorify me, for it has sometimes *pitched into* me ferociously" (II, 508). And there are two examples still. These instances do not, it is true, prove the English origin of the phrase, but they do show how commonly it is used there.

If I remember aright Richard Grant White long ago showed that *poorly* (ill) is used in England now, as well as formerly. I find that Darwin used the word in this sense, *e. g.* (II, 224), "I miss my climbing plants very much, as I could observe them when very *poorly*" (cf. I, 504). And in the single letter quoted in Darwin's Life from Charles Kingsley (II, 81), we find the latter saying, "I am so *poorly*." Bartlett gives no hint that the usage is of English origin, tho one glance at Halliwell would have shown that.

Proud, in the sense of glad, Mr. Bartlett evidently thinks peculiarly American, and he quotes from Parson Brownlow: "His friends, if he have any left behind, can be of no service to him; his enemies, he is *proud* to know, can't reach him." But Darwin, writing to an Italian botanist, says (II, 234): "Should you like to possess a copy of either the German or English new edition, I should be *proud* to send one." (Cf. II, 414.)

We should all agree, doubtless, with Mr. Bartlett in criticising such expressions as *quite* a while, but it is only fair that English writers should come in for their share of the blame, and that *quite*, in this sense, should be taken out of the list of Americanisms. Darwin says "*quite* a party" (I, 264), and "*quite* a charming place" (II, 168); Thackeray: "It was *quite* a sight to see the poor old mother with her children" (Letters); and Blackmore uses it just so in "Springhaven."

In the nature of the case, "*real* glad," instead of really or very glad, is just as apt to be an English as an American misuse, tho Bartlett makes no mention that it ever occurs in England. But Darwin has *real* good (I, 319, 343; II, 211, 438) and *real* odd (II, 476; cf. *extraordinary* able, II, 197). Bartlett, quoting from Worcester, admits that *rile* is used in England as well as in the United States, and I should not mention it here but for the capital example in one of Darwin's letters to Asa Gray (I, 447): "I should extremely like to see your reasons published in detail, for it *riles* me (this is a proper expression, is it not?) dreadfully."

Finally, it has been shown several times by several people that such expressions as "*right* good" are good old English and good new English (cf. Ps. 46:5). Darwin's Life furnishes an example of this, too. Capt. Fitz Roy says (I, 174): "I have a *right* good set of officers."

MADISON, WIS.

The Freedmen and Their Sons

By Prof. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois

THE State School Commissioner of Georgia in a lecture in Philadelphia last year stated that most of the negro property of that State was "owned by older people, ex-slaves," and that "the most of this property was accumulated during the first twenty years after the war, and very little added to it in the last ten years." The same statement has been repeated elsewhere until many believe it substantially true.

The figures that gave semblance of truth to this view were those relating to the accumulations of property during the period of financial depression following the year 1892. The negroes of Georgia owned $14,960,675 worth of property in 1893, but the value of this property rapidly fell to less than thirteen millions in 1895, rising afterward to fourteen millions in 1900. Those who saw in this a proof of increasing shiftlessness among the younger negroes overlooked the fact that white property values fell off $50,000,000 in nearly the same period. While then we who watched with sympathetic anxiety the struggles of these black folks to save something out of their meager incomes were convinced that it was the financial depression and not the laziness of the young which had reduced negro property, still the fact remained that the negroes owned a little less in 1900 than in 1895.

The report of the State Comptroller for 1901, however, puts all doubt aside. He reports:

Assessed value of total negro property,	1900,	$14,118,720
" " " " " "	1901,	15,629,811

In a single year the black people of Georgia have saved $1,500,000 worth of taxable property. This total is nearly $700,000 more than the negroes ever owned during the hight of their prosperity early in the nineties. Further, the report says:

Acres of land owned by negroes,	1900	1,075,073 acres,
" " " " "	1901	1,141,135 "
Value of " " " "	1900	$4,271,549
" " " " "	1901	4,656,042

Since last year 66,000 acres have been purchased and $380,000 added to the value of farm lands. Moreover, this increase of property shows that the young men are at work. The freedmen of 1864 who had been trained to manhood under the slave *régime* are to-day old men past the working period. The workers of to-day are either those emancipated in their youth and trained in freedom, or the sons of freedmen. Theirs then is the credit of this remarkable showing.

Moreover, such figures tell but part of the whole story. As a Chattanooga paper suggests, this $15,629,811 under the Georgia system of assessment may easily represent $30,000,000 of real value. To this also may be added ten millions of exemptions, so that it is not mere guesswork when it is asserted that the tax returns of 1901 indicate that the Black Georgian controls perhaps forty millions of property dug out of red clay in a single generation.

ATLANTA UNIVERSITY.

White Maiden Dead

By Alfred Ollivant

LAP her in the tender snow,
Lay her low
Where the lady birches bow,
Wringing widowed hands in wo,
For her sake who loved them so
Long ago;
Where the gray-eyed waters flow,
Where the white wind still shall blow
On her brow.

Lap her fondly; lay her low
In her fair and frosty bed,
While the tresses of the snow
Blow about her golden head;
She shall sleep; and, bedded so,
When she wakes she shall not know,
Dear dead maid, that she is dead.

LITERATURE

Admirable Criticism *

To the solitary lover of books, who longs now and then for a discriminating voice to speak to him out of the silence and tell him that another reads as he reads and judges as he judges, this volume on the *Victorian Prose Masters* comes with refreshing encouragement. In a series of six papers—on Thackeray, Carlisle, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin and George Meredith—Mr. Brownell displays more critical acumen, more sanity of judgment, more cunning fence of the intellect than we have seen for years in any book of criticism, English or American, with a single possible exception. The impressionists in literature, the men who decry the sturdy use of the judicial faculties and would substitute for it their incalculable personal preferences, have kept the field so long and so exclusively that any champion of the austerer methods of criticism almost startles us in the midst of our inveterate acquiescences or resignation.

The appeal which Mr. Brownell makes is universally, it need not be said, to the discriminating intellect. With admirable dexterity he cuts away the accessory and contingent qualities of the writer under consideration, and then, having laid bare the author's most distinctive characteristic, builds up from this an appreciation of his works. The method is thus at once intellectual and psychological. It is Thackeray's temperament or personality which furnishes the key to unlock the mysteries of his art; George Eliot's intellectual preoccupation; Meredith's lack of temperament, perverseness, dilettanteism—to go not further. To most readers we think the essays on the three novelists will be more satisfactory than the others for the reason that Mr. Brownell's psychological method is peculiarly adequate to trace the subtle bonds that link together the novelist's personality and his art. The study of Thackeray, for example, is almost "final"—if the hackneyed term may be pardoned—in its perfect discrimination and justness. It is particularly pleasant to read so able an apology—*apologia,* rather, in the old sense—for Thackeray's discursiveness and inveterate reflectiveness. We had been told a thousand times that this digressive habit was a fault in art, and that later novelists had laid it aside from better understanding of their craft,—we had heard this easy condemnation reiterated so persistently that at last we had come to be a little ashamed of our fondness for this apparent blemish, a little ashamed to admit that this discursiveness in Thackeray was to us a perpetual delight. And now, with what feelings of triumph do we read a critic who shows that this very discursiveness forms the true distinction of Thackeray's inimitable art; that the greatness of his tales flows from his own great personality, and that the intrusion of this personality into the narration only lends to the characters stronger and more unique reality. And then with what keenness Mr. Brownell makes clear the value of Thackeray's satiric theme:

> "It need hardly be pointed out that hypocrisy constitutes one of the most effective elements which the novelist can use in portraying human life on a large scale and under civilized conditions. Imposture of one kind or another almost monopolizes the seamy side of society's existence. In the material of the novelist of manners it has the same place as crime in that of the romance of adventure."

And these are only isolated instances of the manner in which Mr. Brownell's acumen is employed to increase our homage for the master writer and to justify our submission to his peculiar art. The critic's intellectual enthusiasm in this case almost supplies the warmer hues of unreasoning and spontaneous appreciation, whose absence we sometimes deprecate in works of psychological analysis, and which form the stock in trade of the so-called impressionist.

When, however, we turn from Mr. Brownell's criticism of the novelist to the other essays we see immediately the real limitations of the psychological method. To deal with Carlisle or Ruskin or Mat-

* Victorian Prose Masters. *By W. C. Brownell.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

thew Arnold something more is necessary than an acute appreciation of the writer's character. We miss the large philosophical insight which looks before and after. Mr. Brownell is wrapped up in the present. To criticise a philosophical writer adequately we need to go far back into antiquity and examine the sources of his inspiration; we need to see how Ruskin, for example, is not purely reactionary, but, apart from his whims and ephemeral lamentations, does truly represent a permanent trait of human nature that has endured from the beginning, and will endure through all the coming changes of evolution. To complement Mr. Brownell's work one should turn to that other volume of essays which we have set apart as alone equal to it in critical ability. We mean Professor Santayana's "Poetry and Religion," which neglects psychological analysis almost entirely in favor of the large philosophical and historical method.

The Beleaguered Forest*

THE sanity of a woman is a very delicate thing, easily disturbed and easily restored, so that the details of her life are likely to be more or less irrational, humble or defiant, according to the way the sun shines or the wind blows. In *The Beleaguered Forest* we have a singularly accurate interpretation of the manner in which she varies her moods according to the comedy or tragedy of circumstances about her. But the book is remarkable chiefly on account of the study in it of forest psychology, and its effect on the human spirit. The trees live and die there like sentient beings, and the woman presses her warm cheek against their mighty hearts like some little sister of the woods. The story is told by the heroine, and, in the telling of it, she makes plain the difference between feminine conceit and masculine egotism. All women are humble within—their bravado, as in "Regina's" case, is only a matter of drapery and cosmetics. Thus, while she tilts her pretty head in the sun and confides her triumphs and woes to the reader, we have the impression that she is simply making flowery feminine apologies for secret cowardice. She lifts herself above the ordinary standards of right and wrong by an incantation of the spirit which no moralist would approve, and becomes, before the end of the third chapter, the irresistible creature of her own imagination. She makes droll faces at the approach of the inevitable and insists upon a sort of levity, as if she would thus lighten her weight for the fall and tragedy of life. She shows a disposition to coach herself in a kind of sublimated wickedness, which would be scandalous if it were not so evidently affected.

But, while in the midst of a rather intimate flirtation with her primary lover, and while she is twisting and flying through barbaric dances for the amusement of her frivolous companions in a summer camping party, a mysterious stranger appears upon the scene. The fact that he proves to be a rich lumberman living in the heart of a great northern pine forest (and because he woos her like a thirteenth century brigand) appeals to her adventurous spirit, and she marries him against her own better judgment and the advice of her friends.

Loneliness and silence are the supreme tests of a man's spirit. In the world at large, aided by outside influences, there is a chance of becoming something better or even worse than nature provides in us. But when circumstances thrust a human being back into the silences of primitive life he stands face to face with what he is and not what he might have been. His own particular destiny lays a mighty hand upon him and escape is impossible. He rises or falls according to the dynamic power that is in him. Meanwhile he is so made for comradeship that in the very desert he discovers a companion in the lonely palm tree; and, in the sibilant forests, his soul, unable to endure banishment, attaches itself to the spirits of the place, evident tho invisible.

So Regina, settled in her brown nest in the midst of the woods, was about to be tried by the ancient tests of sorrow and silence. At first, unaware of her husband's terrible malady, she thought of the little brown forest folk—true to her pagan nature she pictured to herself a dryad's life in the dim, twilight wood. There are roses in her hair, a summer greenness in all her moods, while she exchanges naïve confidences with the state-

*THE BELEAGUERED FOREST. *By Elia W. Peattie.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

ly, long-stemmed pines. But later the inevitable revulsion comes. She discovers that her husband is not only morose but insane. She is alone with him, except for a crew of woodchoppers, and winter drops like a white shroud upon the ground. The red lights from the lumber camps shine out through the black nights like "witch scarfs." Terror, indefinable, like that of a child in the unknown dark, seizes upon her. She is involved, swallowed up in the sinister, silent life of the woods. All the gay sprites of her summertime mood have fled; and she is no longer a dryad, chasing the shadow of her own spirit, but only a little gray-hooded woman gazing with stricken eyes at the green helmets of the soldier pines, resolving instinctively upon a rescuer. For in unbroken silence there is to woman something menacing—they cannot endure it as men do. It thrusts them back upon the mysteries of life and forces them into revelations which none of them dare to contemplate. But they all have a courage, quite different from that so easily recognized by its keen battle edge in men—a sort of Jacob's ladder, reaching up through the primrose light of their evening into the very heaven of heavens. They seek a refuge, and they see God—the most frivolous woman can do it in her extremity—God keeping watch over them and over the trees and mountains of this world. So it is with this brave little saint standing in the deep crypt of the witch wood. Affrighted by unimaginable terrors, and in real danger from the jealousy of a maniac husband, she takes a firm hold upon her own integrity, tricks herself out in little diadem virtues and spins herself up to God like a holy fairy. She sweeps up her "stardust" and sets a sacred world of her own to revolving above the "altar trees" of her forest.

Gail Hamilton *

The Frenchman who wrote that when nature adds to a woman already endowed with the best qualities of her own sex the intellect of a man we see the highest form of humanity, must have had in mind some being like Gail Hamilton. Her letters do, indeed, reveal a character many sided in its strength and sweetness, and a remarkably wide and keen observation of almost every man or woman of note belonging to the past and to the present generations. Moreover, she has so much "wit and fun and fire" that the introductory note by Whittier, prescribing a course of her letters "as a tonic to one who is *hypped* or *blue*," is amply justified. The earlier letters, sent home from Hartford, where she was teaching, are not the best. They contain many personal allusions to people now living, with whose early life the public has no business; they contain also constant allusions to the compliments and recognition that were already beginning to come to her—such items as are proper in a home letter, and without conceit in a mother's eyes. Here she began her author's career which resulted in the abandoning of teaching, altho she was eminently successful as an instructor.

The most impressive feature of the letters that succeed from Hamilton and Washington is their frequent mention of the distinguished men and women of the time, many of whom were her own familiar friends. There is hardly a single name of note that does not appear somewhere upon her pages. Of Whittier she writes on first meeting him:

"Is not Whittier irresistible? Isn't their Charles and Mary Lamb-ness a perpetual poem? He complimented me and I him, and it was neck and neck to see which could lay it on thickest."

Hawthorne she describes as "a glorious man with an infinite forehead, his gray, dry long hair thrown back in all directions, deep lamps of eyes glowing out from under their heavy arches—a pure, sensitive, reticent, individual man," and she describes Holmes as being no less "crisp, clear and incisive in conversation than in his books." Of the younger generation she has also a word about Gilder and Aldrich, and Miss Jewett, who is "a very amiable appearing young woman." Nor does she hesitate in Washington to characterize men of high or low degree. She says in one letter: "We talked of theology, and I find that I have got to keep the President conservative." Chateaubriand and Madame Récamier passed before her eyes at the Blaine mansion. The retiring Turkish Minister is "as hard looking a scamp as I have seen since Brigham Young and his elders."

* Gail Hamilton's Life in Letters. *Edited by H. Augusta Dodge.* Boston: Lee & Shepard. $5.00.

At her country home and the capital alike her wit flashes forth. From Hamilton she writes to a friend:

"Samp is *not* cracked corn. Have I been living on it all my life to be told by a little New Hampshire judge that I don't know what it is? It is as whole as my heart."

And again:

"One of our chickens has broken its leg, which I have mended by having its head cut off—that is homeopathy."

The "anserninity and asininity of the leaders" is a phrase she uses in a letter from Washington; and one is amused to read that when the Governor's staff from Hartford—several of the number being her former pupils—appeared in stiff and formal array to congratulate her on her fame, she cut short the elaborate speech with a "Never mind about that, but I have just come in and haven't had a chance to look in the glass. Is my bonnet on straight?"

Her almost pessimistic views of marriage jar upon the reader with a feeling that her observation here must have had very unfortunate limitations, tho the truth is doubtless that her sympathy for all the downtrodden led her to an unconscious exaggeration. She writes somewhere in reply to a friend that she is accustomed to think of unhappiness as being caused by a husband and children rather than by the lack of them. In spite of her mirthful side she was most keenly conscious of the world's sadness. "There is so much tragedy in real life, she says, "that I like on the stage things that make fun. Sometimes I cannot endure the pang and heartache of the world." Yet for the most part hers was a glad countenance. She writes:

"I do not need happiness to make me happy, but only that one should stand out of my sunshine."

It is not hard to understand why she has been called the most brilliant American woman of her generation. By which of her books she will be remembered, if by any, it is too early to state, but we are inclined to feel that she may have been right in saying that nothing she has written is adequate when accomplished. She is so much greater than her books that of all her works this volume of letters will best serve to communicate the tenderness and audacity, the breadth and simplicity of her spirit, and its constant flame of intellectual fire. "I think immortality is harder to grasp than annihilation," she writes, but one cannot think of a life like hers as having ceased.

Conditional Sentences *

If bulk made a book great, this would surely be one of the most important contributions of the nineteenth century to the study of conditional sentences in the classical languages. The book is nobly printed; but fine paper, exquisite typography and broad margins are only part of a book's clothing after all. In this case, to tell the honest truth, they are but the clothing of a huge scrap book. The scraps were gathered from a wide and somewhat curious range of reading by an English lawyer in the space of nearly fifty years and prepared by him for the press when, as he tells us in the preface, he was thinking of the "loosing of the silver cord." At the beginning of his career Mr. Horton-Smith was a college tutor, and in that capacity he published, in 1859 (see Preface, p. ix), "An Outline of the Theory of Conditional Sentences in Greek and Latin," a work that has long since passed into oblivion. There is something very touching in such devotion to classical stu lies as Mr. Horton-Smith has shown. He has, indeed, obeyed the voice at eve obeyed at prime; but one may perhaps be pardoned for wishing that the voice had been like that which Socrates heard. If you compose, in isolation from the world of scholarship, a book on a difficult and important subject of Greek and Latin syntax, ignoring the while the most noteworthy writings of professional scholars in the same field, the proceeding is surely a singular one and, it must be said, somewhat Anglo-Saxon; if, moreover, you publish the book, the act savors of temerity. You can expect your temerity to be pardoned only if you have made a good book. If you ignore or treat but slightingly such questions as: What is the fundamental meaning of *ei* and of *si*? Are these words really the same or have they not rather different origins? May it not be true that the

* The Theory of Conditional Sentences in Greek and Latin. *By Richard Horton-Smith.* New York: The Macmillan Co. 8vo, pp. xxviii, 694.

Greek conditional is developed from a command or an exhortation that has become a postulate; the Latin conditional, from—in part, at least—a mere statement? If you do not fairly face these questions, you are beginning your superstructure before you have fairly laid your foundation. If you have not learned from other students of conditional sentences that the future indicative so-called in Greek is primarily a mood rather than a tense and is not to be confounded with the subjunctive in future conditional periods, you will make sad work with many a sentence. In fine, if you collect a host of examples of Greek and Latin conditional sentences and translate them into a queer variety of English manufactured for this purpose—a language that, as a clever American scholar has somewhere said, is "spoken nowhere in this world and (he hopes) in no other," and if, besides, you add a host of inappropriate quotations of conditional sentences from all sorts of modern European literature, you will certainly have a bulky enough book; but if you have never seen the wood for the trees, have had false notions about conditional sentences, from beginning to end, your book will not be a contribution to the literature of the subject. The preceding conditional sentences, which slipped from the writer's pen before he realized that he was exemplifying *abeunt studia in mores,* give a partial notion of what Mr. Horton-Smith's book is like. It must be frankly said that the book is in no proper sense of the term a contribution to the literature of the subject with which it deals.

Mr. Richard Horton-Smith's book is a labor of love, and the world is the better for men that show such devotion to classical studies; but to publish the book was a mistake.

Imagination *

We have read this little volume with the growing conviction that it is one of the gifts which genius makes to the Church. It may have been suggested by Tyndall's phrase: "The scientific imagination," or still more directly by Dr. Bushnell's sermon on "The Gospel a Gift to the Imagination." But wherever or however suggested, Dr. Johnson is the author and elaborator of his own thought and develops it in the chapters of his brief book in a manner that throws light and life over what many of us have found a dead region of baffled speculation. He begins, as all good thinkers must, with some definitions and distinctions, the main point of which is to show that he understands himself and indulges in no illusions as to the office and function of imagination. Almost at his first step he has a difference to settle with Dr. Bushnell, which enables him to show in a very potent way that "good hope is left for theological science," in spite of Bushnell's brilliant and mischievous denial that there was any proper ground for such a science to stand on. These points settled as to the competence of imagination and its scope, Dr. Johnson narrows his lines and shows how imagination lights the path for thought, leads to "high knowing" by the way of "deep feeling" and vivid conception. The power and value of the book lie in its splendid exposition of the service imagination renders in approaching the deep problems of religion, such as the being of God, the immortal life, the doctrine of the incarnation, or the question of miracles. The last and strongest appeal in all these cases falls neither to reason nor to intellect acting alone, but to reason and intellect sitting in a court lighted up with imagination. Part second, or the "Service of Imagination to Life," is a real contribution to religious thought in its development of the relation of ideals to life. It treats the imaginative force as not only an inspiration, but a source of energy, especially in kindling within us the feeling that it is great to be morally triumphant in life, that it is beautiful to be good, or in presenting the ideal of honor, or, above all, in developing the conception of the government of God as an idea of the universe. These are noble conceptions which Dr. Johnson must be left to develop in his own brilliant fashion.

Manual of the Flora of the Northern States and Canada. *By Nathaniel Lord Britton, Ph.D.* (New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.25.) At

* The Religious Use of Imagination. *By E. H. Johnson.* New York: Silver, Burdett Co. $1 50.

last we have a rival to Gray's Manual of Botany, which perhaps must take its place, as that took the place of Wood and Wood of Mrs. Lincoln. This new *Manual* was anticipated and foretold by Britton & Brown's "Illustrated Flora," as was Gray's by his larger volumes. The accepted nomenclature has been very much modified since Gray's "Manual" appeared, and Britton's adopts the new principles. The present volume has no introduction, no lessons, nothing but flora, with a general key to the orders, glossary and index. An appendix covers fourteen pages of species, largely of grasses which have been made known during the two years that the volume has been in press. Those familiar with old Manuals will be disturbed to see how things have been turned end for end; the ferns put first, followed by grasses and lilies and knot weeds and pig weeds, while the composites come at the end of the book. There is not an illustration in all the thousand pages. The convenience of the student is consulted in providing keys, not simply to the orders, but to the genera. The thin paper and the narrow margins make this indispensable *Manual* not really too bulky for use.

A Day with a Tramp and Other Days. *By Walter A. Wyckoff.* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00, net.) An aftermath of "The Workers," published several years ago, in which some of the same material is used. The "tramp" is not really a "hobo," but an unemployed worker, whom the author meets trudging along an Illinois railroad. Other experiences related are those met with among the Iowa farmers, the Union Pacific section-hands, the ranchmen in the Southwest and the slum-dwellers of Chicago. Professor Wyckoff's work has its value, no doubt, in helping to acquaint one-half of the world with the other half; and yet it leaves much to be desired. What matters it, asked Huxley, in one of his most striking passages, that the human Prometheus has won fire from heaven, if the vultures of poverty and distress are forever to gnaw at his vitals? Professor Wyckoff faithfully and vividly portrays something of this human distress; but of tangible remedies he is chary. Education, technical, moral and scholastic, would seem to be his cure, tho he fails to realize the stupendous difficulty in applying it. We believe that it is with an oppressive sense of the hopelessness of relief that the average person dowered with the "consciousness of kind," and with a real sympathy with his fellows, finishes his reading of Professor Wyckoff's various experiences,—the disease is so widespread, the medicine so remote and difficult of application. If political economy, of which the author is a recognized teacher, has nothing better to offer, it may well be rechristened, and instead of being known as the "dismal science," take its place as the "barren science."

Her Washington Experience. *By Anna Farquhar.* (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.25.) These clever letters on Washington life first appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal,* and are now gathered into book form for the further entertainment of all and sundry. To those who have not the honor of living in the national capital it will be a pleasant treat to read these humorous quizzical portraits of typical Washingtonians from "Old Lem," who "has a supreme contempt for 'de high-toned quality' of his race," to the President who goes on a progress through the South in the private car of Mr. Danvers, the railroad magnate.

The Stars; a Study of the Universe. *By Simon Newcomb.* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00). This is distinctly the most important contribution of the year to the literature of astronomy. While the form of the book is popular, in the sense that it contains no mathematics beyond the grasp of the average reader, it shows in every page the lucidity and directness of thought of the profound mathematician. The plan of the book is good, and it is admirably carried out. After a short review of recent astronomical progress, each branch of stellar astronomy is taken up in turn, at the point where the most recent text-books leave the reader, and is carried down to the date of the publication. In the accomplishment of this task Professor Newcomb has brought to bear upon each subject discussed that

rare power of marshaling and weighing evidence and that originality of thought which have distinguished his other work as Director of the Nautical Almanac, and have made his fundamental determinations the recognized authorities, not only here, but in England. The book proceeds with the directness of the demonstration of a problem in Euclid; and, in the final chapters, the preceding conclusions of fact are made "to combine and converge upon the greatest problem which the mind of man has ever attempted to grasp—that of the Structure of the Universe." Many of the theories as to stellar evolution are, to us, new, and suggestive of fresh trains of thought, while the method of attacking the subject of stellar distribution in space seems to open a new line of attack, where all others have failed. The problem is not solved—perhaps never will be—but it is here approached with a force and directness never before attempted, and we lay down the book, not without hope, but on the contrary with positive convictions as to the possibility of its future solution.

NEHE; A TALE OF THE TIMES OF ARTAXERXES. *By Anna Pierpont Siviter.* (Boston: The W. A. Wilde Company. $1.50.) A romance woven about the career of Nehemiah from the days when he carried the cup of the Persian king to the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem. There is an interesting, tho hardly an adequate, attempt to show the daily life about the Persian court. The plot, or what passes for it, is obvious from the start, and the reader is rarely or never left in suspense; but a number of incidents of dash and danger are scattered along the pages, relieving the otherwise rather colorless narrative. On the whole, nothing is added to the simple and touching autobiography of Nehemiah in the Bible.

WORD AND PHRASE. True and False Use in English. *By Joseph Fitzgerald.* (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.) The author has elaborated his little book, "Pitfalls of English," published four or five years ago, into a volume of 420 pages. It is an excellent work, and should be widely circulated. It is scholarly, but not pedantic, and is written in a popular manner that frequently reminds us of Archbishop Trench's entertaining essays "On the Study of Words." Mr. Fitzgerald compares the conflicting claims of Liberty and Authority as the givers of sanction in the use of words, declaring for such authority only "as can show its warrant in natural law." He discusses etymologies, traces the changing history of many of our familiar terms, and inveighs against our "ignorantisms" in word and phrase. He is both a conservative and a liberal. He holds out stiffly against the degradation in meaning that has come to a number of our best and most expressive words, and urges a return to their employment in the senses indicated by their etymologies and sanctioned by the classical English writers. On the other hand, he advocates the giving of English plurals to the better known Greek and Latin words that have been taken into the langauge. He places himself squarely on the side of the spelling reformers, and he reiterates his rather novel dictum regarding the pronunciation of modern foreign names. Very few of us, he insists, could pronounce these as they are spoken in their native haunts, howsoever hard we tried, and the attempt usually savors of affectation. But arbitrarily to give them English phonetic values is equally objectionable. The golden mean should be adopted: they should be pronounced "about half-right." Whatever objections may be made to particular views of the author, the book as a whole is stimulating and instructive and will prove of great value to the general reader.

WARWICK OF THE KNOBS. *By John Uri Lloyd.* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.) In his preface the author gives a description of Boone County, Kentucky—the section of country which has become familiar to many of us through his "Stringtown Novels"—that will not only interest the average reader, but geologists in particular. The story which follows is admirably illustrated from photographs taken of "The Knobs" and other notable features of the landscape. And while the scenes are laid during the Civil War, this is not a historical novel, "Warwick," the hero, is

an Old School Predestinarian, or Primitive Baptist preacher. The story turns upon the narrow dignity of his faith, and works out the tragedy of it with a logic which is as convincing as the author's style is vigorous and fascinating. Mr. Lloyd should turn his back upon the "Etidorpha" regions and stick to the top of his native sod hereafter, for if he is not equal to a great novel he certainly is capable of writing a charming story.

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THE GRIP OF THE BOOKMAKER. *By Percy White.* (New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.50.) This is a book whose *raison d'être* does not appear. It portrays the London social life that centers about a certain square, and a fashionable club where the "Sisters" dispense tea to their brothers. The coincidence of a marital rupture and the reappearance of an old admirer gives the key to a plot which is in no wise redeemed by the treatment. The chief skill of the author seems to lie in his power to spin out the distasteful incident interminably. The bookmaker is the hero's father, who won his fortune on the turf, and the "grip" of the title is discovered in the last chapter, where he makes a will cutting off his son without a farthing in case he marries a divorced woman—the very thing, of course, which is inevitable.

☙

STEPHEN CALINARI. *By Julian Sturgis.* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.) A delightful story, in which the author begins with the conceits of a young undergraduate at Oxford and drills him over half a continent, through deserts, under the fire of contending armies, into the presence of shame and death, and finally home again into the round white arms of love, all by way of raising him up to the full stature of a real man. Usually the hero of the tale struts upon the scene mentally and morally complete. After the first chapter we know all the cogs in his wheel; but "Stephen Calinari" gathers force and dignity normally and logically as he moves through the story like a man sobered by real experiences. And the author's style is something better than merely clever. His vocabulary is made up of so many pigments, his imagination dashes so readily from tent poles to cathedral spires, that he is able to stretch a scene on either side of the world and never lack for local coloring.

☙

THE LION'S WHELP. *By Amelia E. Barr.* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.) Sir Richard Huddleston, watching Cromwell on Naseby's field, cried out, passionately, "Who will find King Charles a leader like him? He is not a man; he is one of the ancient heroes come out of Valhalla." The writer of this novel pictures the Protector as a hero, but not out of Valhalla. A mystical and saintly glory invests the man's rugged majesty, and he is made to appear as a warrior of God rather than the avatar of a bloody paganism. Dunbar and Worcester are described in a few powerful strokes, but the story by no means swims in blood. On the contrary, the emphasis is laid on Cromwell's love of England, his devotion to friends, his sense of duty, his sorrows, his tenderness, and his religious mysticism. The finest passages in the book are those which interpret Cromwell the spiritual. Here the author's style is noble, sincere and effective, with a lyrical note in it that reminds one of the lofty odes of Milton.

☙

THE TORY LOVER. *By Sarah Orne Jewett.* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.) Those qualities which have made Sarah Orne Jewett a celebrated writer of short stories do not appear to have fitted her for the adventure of compassing a long one. Her delicate, discriminating taste and literary skill are beyond question, but the almost monotonous accuracy of her style grows tedious in the course of a whole book. Besides, history has had such a classifying, leveling effect upon the characters and events of colonial days that the revolutionary romance has long since palled upon the imagination of the average reader. The greater part of this story is taken up with the vaporings and adventures of Captain Paul Jones. But in her analysis of his character she follows so faithfully the records of his deviating course as sailor-soldier of fortune that he fails to show off very grandly in the rôle of an honorable captain of revolutionary fame. As for the "Tory Lover," he is the victim, and not the hero, of the tale.

Literary Notes

MISS KATE GREENAWAY died on November 8th. Miss Greenaway's pictures of quaint little youngsters in quainter costumes really wrought a revolution in children's clothing.

....A new volume, published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, bears the following inscription on its brown paper cover: "Samhain. Edited for the Irish Literary Theater by W. B. Yeats, and containing a play in Irish by Douglas Hyde, with English translation by Lady Gregory, and articles by George Moore and by Edward Martyn."

....Mr. Halsey's volume on the old New York borderland has stirred others apparently to take up the same subject. Putnams now publish a book by Mr. W. Max Reid called "The Mohawk Valley; its Legends and its History," which deals with the period between 1609 and 1780. Many characters of national interest figure prominently in its pages.

....The editors of the *Black Cat* are following their rule and offering large prizes for the best stories submitted to competition. These prizes, thirty-nine in all, range from $100 to a tour of the world whose cost is to be $2,100. Mr. Charles Edward Barns tells an amusing story in the *Herald* of May 26 last to show how he tested the impartiality of the *Black Cat* and found it a very honest and discriminating animal.

....Not content with the vast amount of work he actually accomplished, Stevenson was forever planning great undertakings ahead. We learn from the new "Life" that he proposed to write the following plays: "'Honor and Arms,' drama in three acts; 'The King of Clubs,' drama in four acts; 'Pepys's Diary,' comedy; 'The Admirable Crichton,' romantic comedy in five acts; 'Ajax,' drama in four acts; 'The Passing of Venderdecken' (legend!) in four acts; 'Farmer George,' historical play in five acts; 'The Gunpowder Plot,' historical play; 'The Atheist,' comedy; 'The Mother-in-law,' drama; 'Madam Fate,' drama in a prologue and four acts; 'Madam Destiny.'"

....In his forthcoming "Types of Naval Officers" Captain Mahan speaks thus of the development of naval warfare during the eighteenth century: "The period was not one of marked material development. Improvements there were, but they were slow, small in ultimate extent, and in no sense revolutionary. Ships and guns, masts and sails, grew better, as did also administrative processes; it may indeed be asserted, as an axiom of professional experience, that as the military tone of the sea officers rises the effect will be transmitted to those civil functions upon which efficiency for war antecedently depends. Still, substantially, the weapons of war were in principle, and consequently in general methods of handling, the same at the end of the period as at the beginning. They were intrinsically more efficient: but the great gain was not in them, but in the spirit and intellectual grasp of the men who wielded them. There was no change in the least analogous to that from oars to sails, or from sails to steam."

Pebbles

A GOOD liver and a bad liver usually go together.—*Atchison Globe.*

....You have seen thousands of pictures of angels. Ever see a picture of a man angel?—*Atchison Globe.*

...."Our baby seems to have a natural taste for the piano." "Indeed!" "Yes; he's gnawed half the polish off one leg."—*Motherhood.*

....A hotelkeeper in the Catskills put up a sign as an advertisement: "Fifty dollars will be paid to any one who can beat this hotel for two dollars a day." Not long afterward a slick fellow arrived. He occupied a room and took three square meals; then he vanished. The proprietor had him arrested by the village constable, under the charge of defrauding or "beating" his hotel. The fellow hired a country lawyer, who promptly sued the landlord for the fifty dollars reward, claiming that it was a fair game, as he had "beaten" the house for the two dollars a day. The prisoner, being discharged, gave the claim for fifty dollars to the lawyer for his fee. The lawyer sued, and, in the course of events, being indebted to the judge, turned the claim over to him. His Honor went promptly to the hotel to board out the bill, and on Sunday had the landlord arrested for contempt of court because there was no chicken pie served.—*Boston Beacon.*

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

Oh! the Roman was a rogue,
  He erat, was, you bettum;
He ran his automobilis
  And smoked his cigarettum;
He wore a diamond studibus,
  An elegant cravattum,
A maxima cum laude shirt,
  And *such* a stylish hattum!

He loved the luscious hic-hæc-hock,
  And bet on games and equi;
At times he won; at others, tho,
  He got it in the nequi;
He winked (quo usque tandem?)
  At puellas on the Forum.
And sometimes even made
  Those goo-goo oculorum!

He frequently was seen
  At combats gladiatorial,
And ate enough to feed
  Ten boarders at Memorial;
He often went on sprees,
  And said, on starting homus,
"Hic labor—opus est,
  Oh, where's my—hic—hic—domus?"

Altho he lived in Rome—
  Of all the arts the middle—
He was (excuse the phrase)
  A horrid individ'l;
Ah! what a diff'rent thing
  Was the homo (dative, hominy)
Of far-away B. C.
  From us of Anno Domini.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

EDITORIALS

The Reform Victory in New York

THE whole civilized world was looking on while the foes of Tammany's foul rule were battling at the polls last week for the redemption of New York. As the disgrace of Tammany's insolent supremacy in America's greatest city had become known everywhere, with the corrupt and revolting agencies by which that supremacy was made profitable, so was it known also that a great effort, affected by no division of the reform forces, was to be made for the substitution of good government for bad. In the eyes of the world much was on trial here while the ballots were going into the boxes. The honesty, the moral sense, the intelligence of the people of New York were to be tested. Some thought that universal suffrage was to be vindicated, or the failure of it was to be proved. The record of Tammany's four years, with its "grinding tyranny of blackmail," as Mr. Shepard once said; its great schemes of robbery; its boorish Mayor and his Ice Trust; its great private fortunes, unlawfully obtained; its committee for the collection of $3,000,000 a year for the secret licensing of gamblers and other violators of the law, and its hideous protection of vice for pay, seemed enough to cause successful revolt and a political revolution. But the outside world heard that the betting men in Wall Street did not think all this was sufficient to dislodge Tammany. And if, in spite of all its wickedness, Tammany should keep the city in its clutches, how could New York ask the world to believe that a majority of its people were honest and really desired to be governed honestly and decently? How could it prove that a majority were unwilling to give the city's highest offices and the control of its government to thieves? How could it still assert the wisdom and expediency and justice of universal suffrage?

The grand and inspiring victory answers these questions. All obstacles have been overcome, and the entire government must be given up to the reform forces. The outside world does not know how great those obstacles were—how powerful Tammany was, intrenched behind its enormous budget of expenditures, its 44,000 employees, its alliances with corporations, and its marvelous organization, based upon its tireless care for the social and other needs of the poor. Nor does it understand how the cause of reform was menaced by the nomination of Mr. Shepard, whose blameless life, years of labor for the public good, and rare intellectual ability were to serve as a shield for Unger, Van Wyck, Fromme and all the other tools of Croker and Tammany who were nominated with him. But in spite of all opposing influences, some of which drew many good men to the wrong side of this contest, the enlivened moral sense and the aroused public conscience of the people compelled that victory which gives us public officers and a municipal government of which we may be as proud as we were ashamed of the gang and the government that have been displaced.

The victory is an inspiring one, not only for the people of New York, but also for those of every other large city, in this country or abroad. Wherever good men are striving to solve the great problem of municipal government it will give them fresh courage and support them in their war upon corruption and incompetency. The fruits of it will be gathered in many places. In ring-ridden Philadelphia the reformers defeated last week will be stimulated to renewed exertion by this proof of what can be done and has been done here.

In this New York campaign no one was more successful in laying bare before the eyes and the consciences of the people the misgovernment and hideous crimes of Tammany than Justice Jerome, the fearless candidate for the office of District Attorney. No suggested consideration of self-interest restrained him

from telling the dreadful truth, as he so well knew it, about the lowest depths of Tammany's protection and encouragement of vice, or from denouncing by name all bosses, capitalists, or corporations that, in his belief, were exerting their influence on the wrong side. He has his reward in that popular tribute of admiration and confidence which is shown in the vote that placed him at the head of the poll. We are to have a mayor of the highest character and the most useful experience, with many other officers that do not less deserve the respect of the public. And for four years, God willing, the county and city of New York are to enjoy the services of William Travers Jerome as prosecutor of those who violate the laws. He comes to executive office from the bench. So did Mayor Van Wyck, whom Croker sought to place upon the bench again, and who retires under the weight of popular resentment that made his vote lower by 22,000 than that of his Tammany associates who hoped to be judges. Jerome is separated from Van Wyck by all the vast distance that lies between Tammany and honesty and decency and the courage of a clear conscience and high purpose.

It was a triumph of non-partisanship, some have said. That is true; but first and above all it was a triumph of good morals. The sharply aroused moral sense of the people made this exhibition of non-partisanship possible in a city where the normal partisan Democratic majority exceeds 75,000. This protest of the New York conscience was excited by those revelations concerning the unspeakable infamy of Tammany's protection of vice and traffic in innocence that followed Bishop Potter's remarkable letter to the callous mayor. Let us not forget the labors of those who uncovered Tammany's interest in the white slavery of the East Side, and of those who told the shocking story to the people; for without this aid and stimulus for the moral sense of New York non-partisanship might have won no victory.

Now that the evil forces have been excluded from the government of the city, how are they to be prevented from entering again and taking possession at some election in the future? Only by organization and eternal vigilance. New York is to have good government, but that alone will not erect the needed defences. The forces that have overcome Tammany must organize, and the interest now manifested by voters on the reform side must not be permitted to die out. Defeat has never broken or disintegrated the organization upon which Tammany relies. Fortunately there is in the Citizens' Union, to which be given all praise for its excellent work, the foundation for such an organization as should be made and sustained.

The People Can Be Trusted

Among the lessons of Tuesday's great political overturning in New York City, most important by far is the magnificent demonstration it afforded that the nobler meanings of democracy have as yet been only partially revealed to mankind. We have had new glimpses into the character, the ideas and the ideals of a humble and hard working part of humanity. They have shown us that the possibilities of popular government are immeasurably greater than the most optimistic of democratic theorists have hitherto ventured to predict.

The population of New York City is probably a closer approximation to the urban populations of coming years than any other now existing. It is more compact and its life is more intense than can elsewhere be found. In its composition it is the most diversified, in its activities the most complex, and in its relations to all human life, past and contemporaneous, the most cosmopolitan.

Democratic government has always been easy and successful in small and homogeneous communities; always difficult in large, complex communities. Political organization of any kind, monarchical, aristocratic or democratic, implies a political consciousness. Some one man, or group of men, must consciously grasp the problems to be solved and consciously apprehend the practical means of dealing with them. If this consciousness exists in the mind of one man only, that one man will be an absolute ruler, a monarch or a "boss." If a little group of men share this consciousness, and, in complete sympathy, work in concert, their government will be an

oligarchy, a ring or a "machine." If an entire class, with an equipment of culture and of noble traditions, is united by a common political consciousness, its government will be an aristocracy. Only when an entire people is alive to political problems, and all men are sufficiently agreed in political ideas and sympathies to work harmoniously together, can democracy exist. And this is the reason why democracy is so immensely difficult in such a population as that of New York City, and why, throughout long periods of its history, our municipal government has been that of rings, bosses and well-united bands of thieves.

True political consciousness can be awakened in vast heterogeneous masses of men only by appeal to those fundamental facts of the moral life which all men share in common. Just as the greatest art, the greatest literature, are created only by those flashes of genius which reveal the very depths of the human heart, and clothe in forms of beauty the experiences which both the humble and the great have shared, so the supreme form of political organization, the democratic, is created and maintained only through a continual appeal to those elemental truths of social law, those basic principles of right and wrong, those humble maxims of common sense, of practical wisdom, which all human beings know by actual experience to be the certain and the enduring realities of life. Every great popular leader has understood this truth. It was the core of Lincoln's political philosophy, quite as much as of Jefferson's or of Rousseau's. Those who hold this philosophy can in all sincerity believe in the essential excellence of universal suffrage, because they understand that, in the long run, political experience under democratic forms will compel political leaders to abandon all hypocrisies and trivialities and to appeal directly to the elemental moral consciousness of mankind.

Because such is, in fact, the nature of democracy, the methods of reaching men in the seething population of New York City, which have been adopted by such agencies as the social settlements, the good government clubs, the Citizens' Union and other reform organizations, have been absolutely sound, absurd as they may have seemed to professional politicians. The professional politician never can understand that men, on the whole, prefer sincerity to humbug, honesty to fraud, decency to impurity. The professional politician puts his whole trust in artifice, in management. He succeeds so long, and only so long, as no appeal is made to the deeper manhood which lies hidden somewhere in every human breast. The moment that appeal is made the politician's day is over.

The grandest result, then, of Tuesday's election, we see in the proof it has given us that the people of New York City, cosmopolitan as they are, containing hundreds of thousands of souls whose political traditions are of the narrowest, and who, too often, are described as an ignorant foreign element, is at heart a decent, sincere, right thinking people, open to all straightforward appeals to conscience and intelligence. Marvelous in superficial diversity, representing every aspect of nationality, of industry, of religious faith, it nevertheless is all one people in its underlying moral life. In this life, and in this only, is the basis of political union, the ground of democratic co-operation.

The work which has been thus magnificently begun must then be carried on. The social settlement, touching, as it does, the lives of the humble in the days of childhood and youth, must be loyally supported. Political clubs like those organized by Norton Goddard, which get hold of older men of voting age, must be maintained with patience, tact and persistence in every part of the municipality. Good government clubs and the committee work of such organizations as the Citizens' Union and the City Club must be further developed, and men of every walk in life, of every nationality, and dwelling in every part of the city, must be encouraged to come into these organizations and to take a practical, every day part in the work of civic co-operation.

In addition to all this, some means must be found to offset that practical subsidizing of the irresponsible poor which has been Tammany's most successful expedient. It is estimated that thirty or forty thousand families in the borough of Manhattan have in the last four years been continuously patronized

by the Tammany organization in ways that very strongly appeal to the indolent or unsuccessful. Jobs that were little more than nominal employments have been found. Doctors' bills and funeral expenses have been paid. Money has been loaned in emergencies, and the beneficiaries of all these gifts have been made to feel that Tammany was a friend in need. To help our fellow men without bribing or pauperizing is a supremely difficult task, but not an impossible one. This problem, too, must be grappled with, and with patience, intelligence and faith in mankind it can be solved.

A Liberal Excise Law

One of the utterances of our late municipal campaign, which has startled not a few of the defenders of President Low and Mr. Jerome, has been their expression in favor of a more liberal excise law. Very little was said about it by the more strenuous opponents of the saloon within the Citizens' Union or other organizations that united to secure the desired victory, but there has been a good deal of thinking on the subject. Mr. Jerome went so far as to declare with all emphasis that the disreputable saloon business ought to be made as respectable as any other. He had much to say—and Mr. Low was not very far behind—about the too strict Raines law, which closes all saloons on Sunday, and only opens hotels with a certain number of sleeping rooms and which serve liquor with meals; whence the abomination of the "Raines law hotels," with their sandwiches and their partitioned boxes, which have become the recognized resort of immorality, and the spoil of the police. Both the leading candidates favored a more liberal Sunday law, which shall allow saloons to be open on Sunday at certain hours, and shall recognize that Puritanism is not the rule of our present city life, as in the days, within the memory of those now living, when a chain was stretched across Broadway to prevent passage of vehicles during the hour of church service.

This is a very serious matter, to be looked at from the standpoint both of religion and public peace and morals. From the side of religion it must be considered by the individual, as to his duty on his sabbath day, whether to go to a saloon or not. But the State has no duty to religion, which is a purely personal matter between a man and his God. The State has to do with the peace and protection of its members and not with their worship, except to protect them in it, or out of it.

It is only repeating what every one ought to know when we say that the State can properly concern itself with Sunday, not for the sake of Sunday observance, but for the sake of securing suitable rest and comfort and protection for its citizens. It must see that certain time is allowed for a holiday; the Fourth of July, Saturday afternoon, Sunday, if Sunday be the rest-day the people prefer, or Saturday, or Friday, if the people prefer that. The State cannot close a saloon on Sunday, because it is a holy day, while keeping it open six other days, except as an open saloon on Sunday involves labor interfering with the rest-day, or holiday (and the people have the right to make it either), or disturbs the peace. A religious reason for closing the saloon on Sunday the State has no right to make; it can consider only the special benefit or injury to the community of having it open on Sunday as compared with other days.

This brings us right back to the question of the legitimacy of the saloon on any day of the week. We do not believe in it; we do not want it; we do not believe with Mr. Jerome that it can be made respectable. Communities where it is absolutely suppressed are better therefor, as we hold. But that is not the view of a controlling element in most of our large cities. Boston wants the saloon; Cambridge does not. This city has an immense population, foreign and native, that has been brought up to depend on their beer as much as on their bread. They regard it as quite as much a necessity. They must buy their bread and their milk on Sunday; and so they think they must buy their beer. It would be hard for the strictest sabbatarian to find any reason why it would be any more wrong to step to the corner to buy a fresh loaf of bread than it is to walk into the cellar closet for it; and to a multitude of our men and women it seems perfectly proper and quite necessary to go to

the corner to buy the fresh beer which is needed to drink with the bread. No law in New York can close these saloons on Sunday; it is an impossibility. We must acknowledge the fact, whether we like it or not.

The habits of our people must be uplifted by education working on public sentiment, not by law. A saloon that is bad on Sunday is bad all the week. If it ought to be closed absolutely on Sunday, it ought to be closed all the week. We are now considering the saloon not as in the class with factories, whose work must stop one day in seven to give rest and recreation to the workers, but in the class with bake-shops and street-cars and public parks and museums, which cost some work, but are mainly for comfort, recreation and pleasure, and which accordingly are open on holidays, where a few work for others' recreation or comfort. We wish the people were educated to the Cambridge plan of suppressing the saloon seven days in the week; but if we cannot do that we would allow it to be open at the hours on Sunday when it is most wanted, and then closed at other hours to allow rest to its bartenders. We would at least get rid of the shocking evils that have grown out of the well-meant Raines law.

The Musical Outlook

There are three things in which America is musically pre-eminent. We make the best pianos and cabinet organs, and we invented the various kinds of semi-automatic instruments which, while falling below the performances of the great artists, are nevertheless doing a great deal to foster a love of music and make the people acquainted with a wider range of compositions. We also export more musical instruments than we import. But there the claim to American supremacy ends. While we have hundreds of composers of both sexes, only two or three are of more than ephemeral importance; and for every singer or player we send to Europe, a dozen come to us across the Atlantic. Some believers in the doctrine of protection for infant industries have expressed the opinion that if these invaders could be kept out by import duties our home art would develop more rapidly. But this is very doubtful. Competition is an aid to art, and the performances of European singers and players in our concert halls help to make music popular, while at the same time inspiring our younger musicians with a desire to emulate them, as one canary bird emulates another.

Let us, therefore, welcome cordially the world-famed vocalists, pianists and violinists our Atlantic liners have within the last few weeks landed at our piers, some for the first time, others as old favorites. Nearly all of them will be heard not only in such musical centers as New York, Chicago and Boston, but in dozens of our cities of all sizes. Tho the last to arrive, the first in importance among all these is Ignace Paderewski. As he is to be here only two or three months, and will devote a good part of his time to the rehearsals of his opera, "Manru," he will not be able to visit all parts of this country, as he did on the occasion of his fourth American tour, when he traveled about 20,000 miles in his private car. But in the leading cities he will be heard again, to the joy of music lovers and the dismay of jealous rivals. It may be true, as these rivals assert, that he owes some of his extraordinary popularity to the circumstance that he holds the "financial record," being the best paid musician of the time, a fact calculated to impress Americans particularly. But what of that? It does not alter the fact that he is the greatest of living pianists, the equal of Rubinstein and Liszt. And what makes him so great is this, that, like his two greatest predecessors, he is a creator as well as an interpreter. That circumstance affects the quality of all his playing.

Among the newcomers, if we may judge by European experiences, it is likely that the young violinist, Jan Kubelik, will excite the most general interest. The violin is an instrument of which one tires sooner than of the pianoforte; yet Kubelik has drawn crowds in the leading European cities. Some of the sterner critics accuse him of being merely a brilliant player of show pieces and not an artist who appeals to the head and the heart; and the make-up of his programs, which are devoted chiefly to the brilliant, but shallow, music of Paganini, seems to bear out this accusation.

However, the musician is sometimes better than what he plays, and the Hungarian blood which rolls in Kubelik's veins may enable him to impart a touch of true artistic fascination to the music of that wizard, whose weird and wild temperament was much more Hungarian than Italian. In any case, it is pleasanter to hear Paganini played fascinatingly than Beethoven pedantically.

Josef Hofmann, Harold Bauer, Slivinski, Zeldenrust, Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, Joseffy and MacDowell are among the pianists who will be heard in various parts of the country; and it may be as well to add that the three last named, who are Americans (Joseffy, by adoption and long residence), more than hold their own in comparison with the others, who are Europeans. Of the two most prominent American violinists of the fair sex, only one, Leonora Jackson, will be heard here this season; the other, Maud Powell, who has no superior among the violinists of Europe, remains on the other side, where she is in much demand. In place of her, Europe sends us the Russian Gregorowitch and that sterling artist, Fritz Kreissler, who is also a most interesting pianist, tho he does not play that instrument in public. There are others, besides, in various branches, too numerous to mention.

About two decades ago, Amalia Joachim, wife of the eminent violinist, began to tour the cities of Europe and America, making a specialty of the *Lieder,* or lyric songs, of the great masters, which had been strangely neglected by the world's great singers, who, for the most part, devoted themselves exclusively to the opera. Lilli Lehmann and others followed in her footsteps, and today the greatest singers of both the lyric and the dramatic schools vie with one another in making the public acquainted with the neglected but lovely songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Grieg, Liszt, MacDowell and many others. So popular and profitable, indeed, has this branch of music suddenly become, that two of the most eminent operatic artists, the German Lilli Lehmann and the American Lillian Nordica, have decided to devote themselves during this entire season to the lyric song alone; and there will, of course, be many others in this branch, among them Lillian Blauvelt, Bispham and Plunkett Greene.

All these artists tour the whole country, from Montreal to New Orleans, from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. Mr. Grau's Grand Opera also has become more peripatetic than ever. It is now in San Francisco, and will not open in New York till December 23d. In five or six of our cities there are now, moreover, permanent orchestras, most of which go on the road occasionally. Add to all these the concerts given by local talent, the operetta companies and the spring music festivals, when the oratorio and choral music in general have their innings, and it will be seen that this country is not suffering from a dearth of musical entertainments.

No Cowardice

THE final address of the Judge-Advocate-General of the Navy to the Schley Board of Inquiry has proved to be an extraordinary outgiving. It was read from manuscript, and this bore evidence of careful prior consideration, probably by the Navy Department, and therefore it may safely be accepted as authoritatively giving the present views of the Department, formed in the light of all the testimony that has been adduced.

The charges of cowardice against Rear-Admiral Schley have been repudiated and abandoned. The Judge-Advocate says:

> "From my knowledge of the man, having served under his command on two cruises, I have never believed nor do I claim from the evidence that personal misconduct—or, to call a spade a spade, cowardice—was exhibited by Commodore Schley in any part of his career as Commander-in-Chief of the Flying Squadron."

What, then, is left? Nothing but the shadowy allegations that perhaps some one else in Admiral Schley's place during the nine days which intervened between his arrival at Cienfuegos and the advent of Admiral Sampson to join him at Santiago, might have done things differently, altho what was done did not prevent the ultimate outcome being triumphant success. It may well be asked of the Navy Department what is the status of the Court of Inquiry, now that the very foundation for its existence has, through the positive statement of the

Judge-Advocate-General, been knocked away.

Another performance, equally astonishing, is the desperate repudiation of Rear-Admiral Sampson as even constructively present at the battle of Santiago. The evidence has conclusively established that on the eventful morning of July 3d, he departed from his station, not in one of the converted yachts immediately at his disposal, but in the fast cruiser "New York," thus halving his effective chasing force. He hoisted the usual signal, "Disregard the movements of the Commander-in-Chief." Commodore Schley being second in command "on the spot," as Paragraph 18 of the Regulations then in force provided, at once assumed command. Of the occasion of so doing that same paragraph made him the judge. Its language is:

"At all times and places not specifically provided for in these Regulations, where the exercise of military authority for the purpose of co-operation or *otherwise* is necessary, *of which the responsible officer must be the judge, the senior line officer* ON THE SPOT *shall assume command and direct the movements and efforts of all persons in the Navy present.*"

The time for the assumption of that command is when the Commander-in-Chief goes out of sight of the second in command. The evidence is that the flagship of the Commander-in-Chief was out of sight. It further shows that Commodore Schley did not only assume command, but effectively did so by making signals of various kinds to other ships, notably the "Oregon," which were obeyed.

It has been alleged, however, that Admiral Sampson had, in fact, directed the closing in of the squadron upon the enemy's ships should they attempt to come out, and that consequently the action was fought under orders already promulgated by him; but, on the other hand, Admiral Sampson's order was:

"If the enemy tries to escape, the ships must close and engage as soon as possible and endeavor to sink his vessels or force them to run ashore *in the channel.*"

The enemy's ships were not sunk nor run ashore in the channel. On the contrary, they passed by the line of battle ships, and the battle was mainly fought by the "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon" in a running fight.

It is in the effort to deprive Schley of the credit of this that the Navy Department is now willing to set aside the claims hitherto made for Admiral Sampson, and this is the language of the Judge-Advocate-General in doing so:

"I submit that the evidence shows that it was a captains' fight, and without disparagement of Commodore Schley's personal conduct on that occasion, that there was *no such concerted action of the vessels engaged as to indicate their control by any one person.* All evidently strove to do their utmost, and thus was accomplished one of the grandest naval victories ever won. *Of course* the vessels stood in toward the harbor entrance when it was discovered that the enemy's vessels were making a sortie. Such was not only their prescribed duty, *but their natural and proper course in such circumstances.*"

Obviously so, and the prescription was contained in the fundamental act governing the Navy, as follows:

"The punishment of death, or such other punishment as a court-martial may adjudge, may be inflicted on any person in the Naval service—who

(17) "does not upon signal for battle use his utmost exertions to join in battle;

(19) "or does not do his utmost to *overtake and destroy* any vessel which it is his duty to encounter."

We have simply to add that since the publication of the list of officers implicated by Maclay in our issue of last week, Rear-Admiral Francis J. Higginson has repudiated any reading of Maclay's proofs or giving him any information, and the same has been done by Rear-Admiral Charles S. Cotton.

The Evening Post

THIS is the age of anniversaries, and to the "Fourth Estate," as the newspaper world likes to call itself, no such occasion could bring pleasanter and kindlier feelings than the centennial anniversary which the *Evening Post* is to celebrate on its birthday this week. It is quite fitting that the present editors and proprietors should dignify their ordinary edition on that day with a handsomely made supplement, giving at length the history of the paper, and with a *facsimile* reprint of its first issue. If they choose they may now add to the paper every day, what is always an entertaining feature of the London *Times*, an extract from the issue of a hundred years back.

It is just fifty years since, on an occa-

sion less dignified by one-half than the present celebration, William Cullen Bryant, then editor of the paper, prepared a history of the *Post* during its half-century of existence. From this narrative, which is now reprinted, one gathers a pretty vivid notion of newspaper life in those early days. But nothing in Bryant's columns is as interesting as the account of his own manner of work, given by Mr. John Bigelow. Bryant's office desk, he says, was his editorial throne:

"It was a large desk, always piled up with rejected manuscripts, letters, books, pamphlets, documents of all kinds, with a little space in the center where he could find room enough to write. I should mention here that he always wrote for the *Evening Post* on the backs of old letters and rejected manuscripts. I don't remember even to have ever seen a piece of his 'copy' on fresh paper, or to have known of his ordering any paper for editorial use. . . . He was fond of old things with old associations. He had an old jack-knife, for instance, with which he used to cut his quill pen. No one could induce him to use a new one. He was likewise attached to an old blue cotton umbrella that he insisted upon taking with him everywhere. When he was starting for Mexico, his daughter hid it away, replacing it with a handsome new silk umbrella. Before he got off he discovered the fraud, and insisted upon having the old one restored to him."

Bryant undoubtedly did more than any one person to give the paper its honorable position. To his narrative are added reminiscences of Parke Godwin, editor 1845-1881; John Bigelow, associate editor 1849-1861; Carl Schurz, editor 1881-1883; William Alexander Linn, managing editor 1891-1900, and Horace White, present editor since 1899. That is a notable list of names, such as, perhaps, no other paper in the country can quite parallel. To them should be added the names of William Coleman, the first editor; Edwin Lawrence Godkin, editor 1883-1899, and Mr. W. P. Garrison, editor of the *Nation*, who has done much to help keep up the high literary tone of the paper. It is, in fact, the literary tone of the paper which more than any other single quality has distinguished its career. We may differ with the *Post* in politics and think that sometimes its honest zeal for righteousness leads it to find evil where evil does not exist; we may think its strong conservative common sense sometimes blinds it to great and necessary advances in government; but always we must admire its literary qualities, its ability, honesty, cleanness, dignity. In the world of books and learning it has exerted more influence than any other American paper.

A Campaign Promise Kept

THE "Browning Order" has been revoked. But what is that order that its revocation should have called forth so much comment and jubilation? Merely two letters written by Indian Commissioner Browning in 1894 and 1896 to two Indian Agents in South Dakota authorizing them in their discretion first to fill the Government schools on the reservation and then to allow Indian children to be placed in non-reservation or contract schools, instead of the reverse. The object was to prevent a Government day school, established and equipped to meet the need of a special Indian community, from being broken up by having the chidren taken from it and placed in other more distant schools. The letters did not convey an order, but gave permission, and the agents were to use their discretion in each case.

This policy—it was never a generally promulgated order—has been strenuously resisted by the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions in Washington, on behalf of the Catholic Church, tho no other Church has made any objection whatever to it. On the contrary, they have favored it. The Indian Bureau, in defending its course, has claimed its *right* to put Indian children in Government schools without regard to the desire of outsiders to place them elsewhere, and regardless of the parent, whose decided preference for any particular school would be much more likely to be the result of outside pressure than of personal judgment.

At the same time the Bureau has over and over again affirmed that it had no desire to discriminate against or to embarrass any non-Government school, was ready to consult the intelligent wishes of Indian parents so far as practicable, had no intention of laying down any hard and fast rule, and would make no case a precedent, but would decide each on its own merits. Moreover, the Indian

Bureau insists that as a matter of fact it has never practically enforced this policy, and the Catholic Bureau does not contend that it has done so; it is only anxious lest under that policy some such hardship as it fears might be inflicted, viz., that a child who wanted to go, or whose parents wished it to go, to a sectarian school might be kept in a Government school.

Its fears in this direction are further aroused by a paragraph in the Indian School Rules, which says:

> "Once enrolled in a Government school pupils will be considered members of that school until separated therefrom by authority of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs."

The intention of this is merely to prevent pupils from drifting from one school to another for trivial reasons, caprice, dissatisfaction with discipline, desire for a change, etc. This rule also is not arbitrarily enforced, but circumstances are allowed to control in each individual case.

Nevertheless this bugbear of possible Government interference with the education of Indian children in Catholic schools was made a feature of the last Presidential campaign, and Archbishop Ireland and others stipulated that the *quid pro quo* for their support of the Republican ticket should be the revocation of the so-called Browning Order. When the due-bill was presented in due course to Secretary Hitchcock he was very reluctant to honor it, but he has succumbed to importunity and paid it in full.

Dr. Kinsley Twining

The Rev. Kinsley Twining, D.D. (Yale), L.H.D. (Hamilton), who died last week at New Haven, whither he had gone from his home in Morristown, N. J., to attend the Yale Bicentennial, was for eighteen years in general charge of the book reviews of THE INDEPENDENT. He was born in West Point in 1832. His father, Alexander C. Twining, was a mathematician and astronomer of distinction, and an instructor in the Military Academy, and afterwards at Middlebury and Yale colleges. Kinsley Twining graduated at Yale in 1853, was a Congregational pastor from 1857 to 1876, and in 1878 became a member of the staff of THE INDEPENDENT. He was pre-eminently a Christian gentleman of wide learning and fine culture. Questions of education, music, philosophy, theology and military history were favorites with him, and a large part of our reviews of books on these subjects was from his pen. He was a man of positive convictions, active in reform, noted for his social qualities and his wide range of friendships, especially in college circles, naturally resulting from his residence in both Cambridge and New Haven. Professor Hadley, the father of President Hadley, was his uncle by marriage. His was a chivalrous, spirited, yet gentle spirit, and few men have deserved and received more love and honor. It was a remarkable company of distinguished elderly men that attended his funeral in New Haven.

Turkish Indemnities

First the United States managed, by long but peaceful negotiations, to get Turkey to settle its little bill. Then France presented its larger claim; but, being less patient, and having a political object in view, to recover influence at Constantinople lost seven years ago to the Germans, the French Government was much less patient and pacific, and sent a fleet to Mitylene, the island that lies just off the coast from Smyrna, and took possession of the custom-house. Then Turkey yielded everything, for she had no defender. Turkey has lost every friend since the massacres. And yet it may be that some secret treaty protects her, if, as now reported, the French fleet has been ordered to the neighboring Greek island of Syra. It may be that England, or Germany, has some binding agreement to protect Turkey from spoliation of territory, and it has often been asserted that such was the consideration for the cession of Cyprus to England. Yet since that time Turkey has lost Crete, and promises are not always kept. The reforms in Armenia which Turkey then promised have not been made, and that is excuse enough for breaking promises on the other side. Things look black for Turkey just now, but perhaps brighter for its people. Austria follows France with demands; the Europeon Powers are concerned again over Armenian outrages; the Macedonian question is up

again; Miss Stone is still a captive; the Turkish treasury is empty and officials and soldiers are unpaid; the Young Turks are rampant; the new railroads are being pressed; and the Sultan is badgered on every side. The way to reform is through troubled waters.

Keats and Browne

It is known that Keats in his earlier years was much influenced by the old English poet, William Browne, and that he even chose a line from Browne's "Pastorals" as the motto for one of his poems. So far as we recollect, however, no one has ever pointed out a curious and beautiful parallel between the two writers. In the second song of his second book Browne has these wistful verses:

"Here from the rest a lovely shepherd's boy
Sits piping on a hill, as if his joy
Would still endure, or else that age's frost
Should never make him think what he had lost."

Who can read the image without immediately recalling the famous lines in the "Ode on a Grecian Urn:"

"Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair"?

Exquisite as are the rhythms of Keats, to us they seem to miss something of the lyric lightness and grace of the Elizabethan poet. Yet Keats's lines, probably for their epigrammatic form, are quoted a thousand times, whereas we have never seen a mention of their apparent antetype.

The Huntington Amendment

The Rev. Daniel Delany Addison, of Brookline, Mass., writes us:

In my article, "A Retrospect of the General Convention," which appeared in THE INDEPENDENT October 31, 1901, I made the statement that what is known as the "Huntington Amendment" was defeated. This is technically true. But on the last day of the Convention, after a conference between a committee of the House of Bishops and a committee of the House of Deputies, an amendment was adopted which embodies the principle for which Dr. Huntington has stood. By a reconsideration and reversal of the previous decisions of the Convention on this point power has been given the bishops to exercise spiritual oversight when requested to do so by congregations not using the Book of Common Prayer.

One of the curious incidents of the late Episcopal Convention in San Francisco was the withdrawal of an invitation given to E. Winchester Donald, D.D., to preach in one of the churches of that city, after he had left out of his amendment the words, "Whose ministers have episcopal ordination approved by this Church," and when challenged had given the reason for it, that he did not believe episcopal ordination necessary to the spiritual validity of the Lord's Supper. And yet, as Dr. Addison writes, after the convention had rejected Dr. Huntington's proposition and Dr. Donald's amendment, and Dr. Huntington had left the building, and they were just ready to adjourn, their proposition was adopted, and in the form of a resolution, and is therefore completed legislation. The words which Dr. Donald was so blamed for leaving out do not appear in the resolution, so that, instead of being overwhelmingly defeated, his point was carried.

It is a surprising revelation of the undercurrent in England that is made by the London *Spectator*. It declares that there is a prevailing discontent with the ruling caste in Great Britain which bodes ill to its aristocracy. The popular idea is that this ruling caste is effete, that it does not know how to administer affairs, that it bungles in peace and in war through lack of that earnest and laborious training which in America and in Germany brings diligent sons of the common people to the front. We, of course, believe an aristocracy to be a burden, but Great Britain is conservative and dearly loves a lord. Other storms the ruling caste has seen blow over.

The earnest support of a reformed civil service by President Roosevelt is bearing the expected fruit. Collector Dillon, of El Paso, Tex., is removed for cause, and Collector Sapp, of Louisville, Ky., escapes a similar probable fate by resigning. These men have been notorious for their contempt of the civil service law, and their removal from office is one of the happiest incidents in current politics.

Cautionary

PERSONS styling themselves The Medical Alliance of America, Ltd., of Montreal, are attempting to do business in this State. They claim, in response to an inquiry from the *Spectator,* that they are not doing an insurance business and do not want to be classed in any way with insurance organizations. They attempted to do business in Massachusetts, and according to a report furnished the *Spectator* by its Eastern representative, the proposition of the Alliance is to provide medical attendance and medicine and also to return a specific amount in cash to subscribers who make regular payments for five years or more. At the end of the full term of 20 years the member who has been paying the regular $5 a year is to receive $130 cash. This is evidently too large a promise, and if it is mathematically possible to furnish attendance and medicines for 20 years for $5 a year and then repay $130, it can be possible only by lapses. That word in this connection, by the way, recalls that lapses used to be cited, long ago, as the explanation why life insurance on the old assessment plan could be furnished for about $10 annually per $1,000, and it was coolly asserted that by lapses had the regular insurance companies "grown to great," like Cæsar. The defect in the working of lapses has been that lapsing is a factor which persists in regulating itself instead of being controllable by the management, and that it operates in the wrong places and too late.

Whether a contract to furnish medical attendance and medicines, apparently not closely limited in quantity, is not a form of insurance instead of merely a large commutation on account of cash in advance may be debatable; but to promise $130 for $100 in 20 years is clearly within one form of insurance, and is a "contract promising a fixed cash payment or a living certificate or policy holding," which is forbidden by New York law unless the usual guarantee deposit has been made with the State. These Montreal persons have been refused permission to operate in Massachusetts unless this portion of their offer is omitted. Considering that the need of attendance or of medicine in any year is among contingencies certain-uncertain (that is, that some families out of a number will require this, but it is uncertain which will be the ones), it is theoretically possible to bring this need into the field of insurance, yet the practical difficulties would be serious, and great caution must be advised as to entering into any such scheme. The expected working motive of the Montreal scheme, however, is plainly the desire to get back a profit, and so with another concern in Waverly, N. Y., which is said to promise $250 in consideration of $2 monthly for five years. We advise acceptance of such offers—but only on the basis of taking the $250 at once, liberally discounting on account of not having the use of the monthly $2 during the five years. Only on such a move are Millerizing schemes safe for the investor. And if it is proper to erect gates at ferryhouses, it is also proper that the law should intervene to prevent the greedy foolish from throwing their money away.

THAT Venetian suggestion in New York, the National Academy of Design building, which has so long been on the northwest corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, is now in course of demolition. The Metropolitan Life is doing the work as a step in expansion of its great white building that fronts on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Madison Square. The new structure to be erected on the Academy site will join the Twenty-third Street extension, and as the building already reaches into Twenty-fourth Street, stretching around the old Presbyterian Church once known as Dr. Adams's, nearly matching it in hight and almost enveloping it, further absorption until the entire block is occupied by the Metropolitan is indicated as only in course of time. The huge building is not for show, but for business. In magnitude of total transactions and of the number of persons employed by the company and interested in it, the Metropolitan is colossal indeed. It has illustrated the importance of little things by its achievements in industrial, but it is also a very large company in ordinary life insurance and is reaching out for larger things.

Taxes, Surplus, and Reciprocity

As the day for the assembling of Congress draws near, questions relating to taxation and to restrictions upon international trade become prominent in public addresses and private political conferences. The expected accumulation of a large surplus in the Treasury at Washington calls for some reduction of taxes. Leaders of the majority in both the Senate and the House do not intend to permit any reduction of tariff duties. They also oppose the ratification of the pending treaties of reciprocity. It is said that the President is in agreement with them concerning the tariff, altho he would like to have some or all of the reciprocal treaties accepted. For the first four months of the current fiscal year the surplus exceeded $27,000,000, indicating a total of $82,000,000 for the full year. But in the past the excess of receipts has largely increased after the first quarter, and therefore it may reasonably be expected that this year's surplus will rise to $100,000,000. So great an accumulation invites extravagance in appropriations and tends to affect business injuriously by withdrawing funds from circulation.

It will be the policy of the Government, according to late reports from Washington, to reduce the surplus by repealing the taxes imposed to meet the cost of the war with Spain. The chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, with the assistance of such prominent members of the committee as Mr. Grosvenor and Mr. Russell, is preparing a bill for the removal of all the special war taxes and of the additions to the old taxes on beer, spirits and tobacco. The original war taxes yielded about $105,000,000 a year, of which about $40,000,000 has already been cut off. The repeal of the remainder, however, would cause a reduction of more than $65,000,000, because prosperity and general business activity have increased the war tax revenue. A reduction of $75,000,000 would not exhaust the surplus; and the presence of an unincumbered cash balance of $170,000,000 in the Treasury leaves no room for anxiety as to a possible deficit.

So great a reduction of revenue would tend to discourage efforts in behalf of reciprocity, as well as projects for cutting down some of the tariff duties. For this reason—and for others—the plan commends itself to those who have devised and will support it, for they desire that the tariff shall not be disturbed, either by legislative revision or by reciprocal treaties. But, so far as it is hostile to reciprocity, it will encounter much opposition, altho those who oppose it can scarcely expect to be successful. The reciprocal treaties are needed for the continued promotion of our export trade. A rejection of them will inevitably invite retaliation. Even the Hon. John Charlton, of Canada, who has labored for years for the removal of tariff barriers between his country and our own, now suggests a large increase of the Canadian duties on our goods if we shall refuse to make an agreement with Canada for reciprocal concessions. The sentiment in favor of reciprocity that was so forcibly expressed at the recent convention of the National Manufacturers' Association will probably be expressed again with no less emphasis at the Reciprocity Convention called by that association and to be held in Washington next week. The pending treaties ought to be ratified, and with them a new one for our trade with Cuba. The acceptance of these treaties would not prevent a large reduction of the war tax revenue. In some way the growing demand for them will eventually be satisfied—in a general revision and reduction of the tariff, if the people become convinced that such treaties cannot pass the barrier of the Senate.

Financial Items

THE banking house of Dominick & Dominick report a good demand for New York City 3½ per cent. Gold Bonds. These bonds are exempt from taxation, and are a suitable investment for executors and guardians.

....Dividends and coupons announced:

Southern Pacific Co. (sundry coupons), payable Nov. 1st.

U. S Leather Co. coupons (debenture), payable Nov. 1st

American Cotton Oil Co. (preferred), 3 per cent., payable Dec. 2d.

American Cotton Oil Co. (common), 2 per cent., payable Dec. 2d.

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Survey of the World

The President's Appointments and Policy

The President asserted with emphasis, last week, his determination to exclude political influence from three branches of the public service—the army, the navy and the colonies. He added that in domestic offices of a political character, fitness having been reasonably assured, and other things being equal, a legitimate weight would be given to political considerations. This he said to Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, chairman of the Civil Service Reform League's Committee on Dependencies. On the following day it was announced by the War Department that the President "had expressed himself most positively on the use of political and social influence by officers for the purpose of obtaining changes of station, leaves of absence, modifications of orders, etc." It was pointed out that an officer's record, if carefully kept in the Department, was the proper guide for selections and details; and it was said that while the influence of Senators and Representatives ought to be respected with regard to applicants for office, "not only army officers, but all other classes of public office-holders, once in the public service, should rely upon their own merits and not upon the further use of political influence." These statements of policy were the result of consultations between Secretary Root and the President. It is understood that the subject of consular reform will soon be taken up by the President and Secretary Hay. There are now about 6,000 carriers employed by the Post Office Department in the rural free delivery service. The President desires that these employees shall be placed under the civil service rules, and the Commission is considering plans for carrying this desire into effect. It is said that the Postmaster-General and the Superintendent of the rural delivery service are not yet convinced of the expediency of such action. Important changes are to be made in the New York Custom House. Collector Bidwell has been in office a little more than four years, and in April last Mr. McKinley signed the papers appointing him for another term. The nomination was not sent to the Senate, as Congress was not in session. President Roosevelt has offered the place to Nevada N. Stranahan, of Fulton, N. Y., now a Senator in the State Legislature, and the offer has been accepted. Mr. Stranahan is a lawyer, forty years old, loyal to the "organization" in New York, and a personal friend of the President. He will take Mr. Bidwell's place on April 1st. Senator Platt desired that Bidwell should be retained, and was not in agreement with Governor Odell on this point; but at last the Senator consented to and indorsed the appointment of Stranahan, commending him highly, and at the same time saying that Bidwell had been the best Collector known in the history of the port. Because of the strenuous objections to the removal of Bidwell, some feared that the appointment of Stranahan would cause, in New York, a division in the party resembling the memorable one that occurred at the beginning of President Garfield's term; but harmony does not appear to have been disturbed, and Senator Platt says Stranahan will be confirmed. It is plain, however, that the Senator has been defeated by the Presi-

lent and Governor Odell. The cause for the rejection of Bidwell has not been fully disclosed. There was complaint that he violated the spirit of the Civil Service law by acting as a "district leader" in city politics. The Appraiser, Wilbur F. Wakeman, will also be displaced, and his successor will be George W. Whitehead, whose home is in the western end of the State, altho he has been in the service of the Treasury Department at Washington for twenty-five years, and is now Collector of Customs for Porto Rico. The two displaced officers have been subjects of much discussion for some time past, chiefly on account of the severe enforcement of the law concerning the personal baggage of tourists returning from Europe, and of the removal of 72 inspectors charged with neglect of duty in connection with that law. Mr. Wakeman excited criticism by continuing to hold the office of Secretary of the Protective Tariff League, and by want of tact in his dealings with importers. The President has appointed Robert H. Terrell, a negro, to be Justice of the Peace in Washington. Mr. Terrell is a graduate of Harvard and the principal of a high school for colored pupils. In appointing J. A. Craft to succeed Charles E. Sapp, the Collector at Louisville who resigned under the pressure of charges, the President advised him to observe carefully the requirements of the Civil Service law.

Topics for the New Congress

Many predictions have been made as to the President's recommendations, in his forthcoming message, concerning trusts, reciprocity and tariff revision. It is assumed that with respect to the so-called trusts he will repeat his opinions, heretofore expressed, as to the need of publicity and official supervision, and concerning evils connected with promotion, overcapitalization, and the crushing of independent competitors by unjust methods. It is said that he will suggest amendments designed to strengthen the Inter-State Commerce law. An impression prevails at Washington that he is opposed to any disturbance of the tariff, and will not urge the ratification of the treaties of reciprocity. A committee representing many Northern Boards of Trade has earnestly requested him to negotiate a reciprocal treaty with Canada. Mr. Babcock will introduce again in the House his bill to repeal the duties on many products manufactured by the Steel Corporation. These duties, he says, yield no revenue, but enable the corporation to pay dividends on watered stock. There is some talk at Washington about a Tariff Commission or a Commission to devise a scheme for reciprocity by means of legislation instead of treaty. Secretary Long's annual report points out the need of more line officers in the navy and recommends that the number of Lieutenants be increased by 50; that the Naval Construction Corps be enlarged; that the number of enlisted men be increased by 3,000, with an addition of 750 marines; and that the office of Vice-Admiral be revived. He proposes the construction of three first-class battle ships, two first-class armored cruisers, six gunboats, three picket boats, three steel training ships, one collier, and four tugs. The number of cadets at the Naval Academy, he says, should be increased by 50 per cent.; and he urges the pressing need of a National Naval Reserve. The merit system, as applied both to entrance and to advancement, has decidedly increased the efficiency of the navy. The buildings at West Point are denounced in the report of the Board of Visitors. The barracks are said to be only a little better equipped "than the average country poorhouse." The hotel is "a mere hut," the hospital accommodations are inadequate, and the pipe organ in the chapel is an instrument of torture, the use of which is "a disgrace to the nation." Negotiations for the sale of the Danish West Indies have been transferred from Copenhagen to Washington. The signing of a treaty providing for the sale of them for about $3,500,000 has been delayed by Denmark's demand that the islanders shall at once become citizens of the United States and enjoy special trade privileges with this country and their fatherland. There will be a convention in San Francisco this week, to assist the movement for the re-enactment of the Chinese Exclusion Act, which expires in May. It is said that the convention will ask for the exclusion of Japanese also. The delegates from Oklahoma and In-

dian Territory at the convention in Muskogee addressed to Congress a memorial urging that the two Territories be admitted to the Union as one State. The two have a population of 800,000, it says, and the citizens of both are capable of self-government. The annual report on immigration shows that 487,918 immigrants arrived in the steerage (an increase of 9 per cent.) and that the cabin arrivals were 74,950. More than two-thirds of the immigrants were males; 117,587 were unable to read or write; nearly 300,000 had less than $30 each; a landing was refused to 3,516, and 363 who had become public charges were returned to Europe. Immigration from Italy (135,996) shows the remarkable increase of 36 per cent.; Austria-Hungary stands next in the list, with 113,390, and Russia third, with 85,257—these three countries supplying 68 per cent. of the entire number. The new Hay-Pauncefote Canal treaty was signed on the 18th. The Panama Canal Company has made no offer that the Canal Commission can entertain. Great Britain is trying to negotiate with Nicaragua a treaty by which she can transfer to that country the responsibility for protecting the Mosquito Indians, with full sovereignty over the land which they occupy.

Alabama's Constitution

Alabama's new Constitution, by which 95 per cent. of the negro vote is to be "eliminated," as dispatches from the State say, was approved or accepted at the election last week by a majority said to have been 25,000. Reports forwarded to the press are not harmonious; some say that the negroes voted in large numbers, as it was their last opportunity; others assert that even in the black counties they did not vote. At all events, large majorities for the Constitution were returned from counties in which the negroes outnumber the whites, altho the negroes, the white Republicans and a considerable number of Democrats opposed the adoption of it. For Dallas County, in the heart of the black belt, the returned majority is 8,000. Large majorities from the black counties compensated for a threatening Democratic defection in some small white counties. It is stated that not more than 1,000 persons voted in Montgomery, where a majority of 2,000 was found. Charges of wholesale fraud are made by prominent Democrats. At the count in Birmingham formal protest was made, on allegations of fraud, by ex-Governor Johnston, ex-Congressman Shelly, and ex-Congressman Dennison. It had no effect. These men and others whom they represent will organize a new Democratic Party outside the lines of the old one, and will contend for the offices next year. Their protests, with the curious returns from several counties, afford some ground for a belief that the Constitution did not receive a majority of even the white vote.

Labor War in Kentucky

The controversy between strikers and the owners of coal mines in Hopkins and Webster counties, Kentucky, has become a labor war, in which several persons have lost their lives. At the Providence mine, seventeen miles from Madisonville, last Saturday night, seventy-five armed strikers attacked the company's property and the non-union men's houses. The company's buildings were defended by armed guards, and rifles were the weapons of both parties. At the end of two hours the strikers withdrew, leaving one of their number dead on the field, and another mortally wounded. Three of the guards were struck by bullets, but not dangerously hurt. The strikers in these counties are living in two camps, about ten miles apart. In these camps there are about 400 men, all armed with rifles. One of them is situated near the Renicke mine, which is constantly defended by guards stationed behind earthworks. One night last week the men from this camp surrounded the guards and the property, but then withdrew without making an attack. On the following day the company obtained from Judge Evans, of the United States District Court, a sweeping injunction, by which the strikers were forbidden to go upon the company's land or to remain in camp within gunshot range of the mine buildings and miners' houses. All the mines are in operation, with full forces of non-union employees. Conflicting stories about the men in camp have been sent from Kentucky. Some assert that these men have

not been employed in the mines, but have come from adjoining States and have undertaken to drive the miners into the union, with which they do not care to be connected. On the other hand, it is said that a majority of those in camp are strikers, whose places have been filled by the workmen whom the armed guards are defending. The battle at these mines was preceded by dissension in the Kentucky branch of the Federation of Labor, which was holding a convention in Louisville. Ex-Congressman Breckenridge had been invited to make an address. In the course of his remarks he said he heartily favored the organization of labor, but thought that labor's battles should be fought with reason rather than with force. It was unjust, he continued, and injurious to the interests of labor, for unions to say to employers: "You must employ only whom we choose, paying them what we demand," and to the workingman: "Unless you join our union you cannot work." On the following day the convention denounced Breckenridge and expelled the Vice-President of the Federation, Mr. Leaming, because he had invited Breckenridge to speak. Whereupon the Louisville Typographical Union, of which Leaming is President, withdrew from the Federation. After long delay, two men engaged in the memorable street railway strike at St. Louis have been sent to the penitentiary for eight years because they obstructed the cars by tearing up the tracks.

The Philippine Islands

Many insurgents in Samar have surrendered, but others are still fighting. The Ninth Infantry, which suffered such heavy loss in the massacre at Balangiga, lost two men last week in repelling the attack of a party of bolomen, sixteen of whom were killed. In Batangas Province (Luzon) Captain Hartmann and a troop of the First Cavalry routed 400 insurgents who were intrenched in rifle pits at Buan. Half of these Filipinos had rifles. The weapons are said to have been supplied by filibustering expeditions from Singapore and Hong Kong. Among the civil officers whose treachery was recently revealed is the Mayor of Tacloban (Leyte), who has been an agent of the Junta at Hong Kong. A large tract at Olongapo, on Subig Bay, a little north of Manila, has been reserved for a naval station and navy yard of the first class. The plans require an expenditure of more than $20,000,000. An important decision has been made by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, requiring the payment, on goods shipped to the Philippines, of such internal revenue taxes as are imposed upon them here. These taxes have not been collected on such exports, the assumption being that the islands are foreign territory for purposes of taxation. According to this new ruling, however, they are domestic territory so far as our internal taxes are concerned. The Rev. Charles H. Brent, of Boston, has been appointed Episcopal Bishop of the Philippines, where a new diocese was created by the recent convention in San Francisco.

Cuba and Porto Rico

Altho it was thought at first that the election of Señor Estrada Palma to the Presidency of the new Cuban Republic would be opposed by only a small minority of the voters, the candidacy of General Maso has been so well received that the result of the election cannot be clearly foreseen. His supporters claim majorities for him in Santiago and two other provinces. The National Party in Havana, which at first accepted Palma, is now divided, a considerable portion of it having gone over to Maso. Palma is regarded as the instrument of the policy of the United States Government, and Maso's appeals to the negroes, Autonomists and Spaniards appear to have been very successful. Michael J. Dady, of New York, having reduced his bid to $10,923,000 by taking off 5 per cent., the Havana Council has voted unanimously to give him the contract for sewering and paving the city, altho it had accepted the lower bid of other contractors. Chicago capitalists have bought a large tract of land fronting on the harbor of Nuevitas, and will attempt to make a new city there.—The arrest of Santiago Iglesias in Porto Rico has caused President Gompers, of the Federation of Labor, to appeal to President Roosevelt for his relief. Iglesias was sent to the island more than a year ago

to organize labor unions. It is said that he persuaded the unions to order a general strike, last year, after the currency was changed, unless employers should pay them in gold at the rates that had been paid in depreciated silver. This would have been a great increase of wages. There was a strike, and Iglesias was arrested on a charge of conspiracy. He was to be tried in September of last year, but he did not appear, and in May last his arrest was ordered. When he landed from the steamer at San Juan on the 11th inst., having come from New York, he was taken into custody. It is reported that Americans who took land on the island after the war, to grow fruit, are discouraged because they have no local market and cannot reach the markets of this country for lack of shipping facilities.

Fog and Storm in England

On Monday of this week the fog still lay heavy on England, and London was as if enveloped in a blanket. Railroad traffic in and about London is seriously impeded, and several accidents have occurred, in one of which seventeen persons were injured. Traffic on the Thames is practically at a standstill. Extreme cold, extreme at least for this time of the year, has been added to the discomforts of the fog, and storms of unusual severity have beaten the coast towns. The exact amount of loss caused by these storms cannot be estimated; it is known, however, that at least thirty-four vessels have been completely wrecked, and that more than 180 persons have been drowned. A life boat with fourteen men aboard was on its way to rescue a distressed vessel near Yarmouth heads when it was struck by a great wave and capsized. All but three of the crew were lost. The mail boat "Nord," which started from Dover for Calais in the night of November 12th, ran down the lightship of the works off the new Dover pier. Sixteen persons went down with the lightship; the "Nord" went ashore at the Foreland, but none of her passengers were lost. In the Irish Channel the storm is reckoned the severest of many years. There have been floods in Yorkshire. Several of the suburbs of Dublin are under water, and elsewhere in Ireland the floods have done great damage. Wrecks in the Channel are numerous; five vessels have broken up in Kingston Harbor alone. The wind is extremely violent off the Northumberland Coast. Three vessels were driven ashore at the entrance to the Tyne, and four vessels have been wrecked in the vicinity of Sunderland. The steamer "Cato" collided with the ship "Loch Vennachar" at the mouth of the Thames. The "Loch Vennachar" foundered, but the crew were saved. These are only a few instances to show the extent of the disasters caused by fog and storm.

Two Notable Speeches

Two speeches in England have set that country and Germany quite agog. At a dinner in Bristol Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, expressed views in regard to taxation which had the effect of sending down consols with a rush. Sir Michael said to his audience that he had been for six years at his difficult task. The post of Chancellor of the Exchequer was one of great responsibility and even of great anxiety, and when they looked at the enormous increase in expenditure during the last six years he thought they would admit that it was one which might give the wisest of them reason for careful thought and even for anxiety for the future. It had been his duty to find money for the war, to find it without stint, because he believed that in this way he was more likely to bring the war to an early and a successful issue. They had borrowed no less than £127,000,000 in two years for the purpose of the war. He wished he could tell them that the time had arrived when this terrible war had come to a conclusion and when he might hope to afford the taxpayers some relief. He was not able to make such a statement. It might be that when next year came he might have to ask the people to bear even greater burdens and to make even greater sacrifices. He then spoke at some length about additional troops that were to be sent to Africa and about the charges of inhumanity in connection with the concentration camps. It is reported that this speech, and in fact Sir Michael's whole policy, has increased the ill will felt toward him by nearly all of his associates

in the Cabinet. The Cabinet in an unusually long session is said to have discussed these matters with a good deal of virulence. Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach have never understood or sympathized with each other and their divergence of views has been sharper this year than before. The resignation of Sir Michael would be a matter of serious importance at the present time. Mr. Chamberlain, too, has made a speech which has caused endless comment. October 25th, at Edinburgh, Mr. Chamberlain in a public speech alluded to the complaint that the British Government has not pressed forward the war with sufficient vigor. He asked whether the complaints were directed against the Government, the civilian administration or the military advisers. He then referred to the charges of cruelty in the concentration camps and in the conduct of the war generally. He said:

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, there is no subject which has given us greater anxiety, more serious consideration. I think that the time has come—is coming—when measures of greater severity may be necessary, and if that time comes we can find precedents for anything that we may do in the action of those nations who now criticise our 'barbarity' and 'cruelty,' but whose example in Poland, in the Caucasus, in Almeria, in Tonquin, in Bosnia, in the Franco-German war, whose example we have never even approached."

As might be expected, these words of Mr. Chamberlain have excited angry feelings in Germany. Numerous anti-Chamberlain meetings have been held throughout that country, and as yet there is no sign that the excitement has ceased. A number of the meetings adopted resolutions on the subject, which they forwarded to the Imperial Chancellor, Count von Bülow. An inspired article in Berlin requests that the people pass the matter over without laying undue weight upon its importance.

Inner Mission Congress

The recent thirty-first National Congress for Inner Mission, held in the historic Luther town of Eisenach and beneath the towering shadows of the Wartburg, was a remarkable demonstration of the fact that German Protestantism, altho originally divided into four dozen distinct State chambers, and nearly every one of these again divided, as far as trend and tendency is concerned, into a "right," or conservative and confessional, and a "left," or radical and advanced party, nevertheless is a unit when it comes to co-operating in the scheme of working among the masses, known in Germany as "Inner Missions." Among the 529 participants in the deliberations of this convention, virtually every State Church and every school of theological thought was represented. Even the confessionals, who are generally slow to co-operate with other sections of the Church, were prominent, the chief address being delivered by the distinctively Lutheran professor in Berlin, Dr. Seeberg, on "Luther's Relation to the Social and Moral Problems of His Times." The Congress received the warm, good wishes of the Imperial family, the telegram of the Empress, because it contained a reference to "the city of Luther and of the Holy Elizabeth," attracting special attention, altho the motion to strike out the latter clause failed to pass. One of the notable features of the convention was the comparatively large representation of the theological faculties, among them being the liberal institutions of Marburg and Jena. Only in recent years have the theological professors at the universities made a marked effort to come into touch with the work of the Church at large. Instead of confining themselves to the investigation of the abstract problems and perplexities of technical theology, they are now found in Mission Congresses, in the conventions of the Christian Sociology, of the Evangelical *Bund* and other practical church work meetings. The Eisenach Convention showed again to what remarkable extent the work of Inner Missions has expanded.

Secondary Schools and Women on the Continent

Prussia, whose educational ideals and methods are generally regarded as the highest in the world and are at least the models for the other states of the Empire, shows great reluctance to encourage women to seek entrance into the secondary schools and the universities. In fact, the smaller states have been taking the lead in this matter and Prussia shows no inclination to follow. Recently the King-

dom of Württemberg has joined the list of those states which have opened the secondary schools, the gymnasia, the Realgymnasia and the Oberrealschulen, *i.e.*, the classical, the semi-classical and the purely scientific nine-year institutions leading up to the universities, to girls. This state has, however, not gone as far as Baden, which has in addition established a regular girls' gymnasium or college at Carlsruhe, which this fall shows an increased attendance, and has granted full privileges to women in the two provincial universities of Heidelberg and Freiburg, i. B. These two are the only universities of Germany where women are matriculated; in the others they can attend lectures and secure degrees only by special arrangement with the professors and authorities. Oldenburg, in North Germany, has admitted women to the purely scientific courses, but not to the classical; but this state has no university of its own. In Prussia the tendency is evidently of a reactionary kind at present. In Koenigsberg the three leading professors in the medical department have published an edict to the effect that they will under no circumstances admit women to their lectures or exercises, and this has resulted in the practical exclusion of women from the university. In Berlin the attendance of women is greater this term than ever before, but they are not officially recognized nor have they secured any new privileges. They are merely "hearers" and that is all. The attendance at Berlin is fully twice the combined women contingent at all the other German universities, the brilliant lights in the faculties of that school being the magnet that attracts this host of about half a thousand women. It is remarkable in this connection that while the Germans, and with them the Danes and other leading European nations, are making haste slowly in admitting women to the privileges of the secondary schools, the Scandinavian states of the North, Sweden, Norway and Finland, are already celebrating anniversaries of the introduction of this innovation in their educational system. Only recently the quarter-centennial of the famous Palmgren gymnasium of Stockholm, the first and oldest boys' and girls' college in Europe, was celebrated. This school, begun by Dr. Palmgren as an experiment in 1876, has now developed into a full institution in which all the three courses found in the secondary school system of the Teutonic peoples of central Europe are combined. The present attendance averages some two hundred, of whom fully one-half are girls, ranging in age from six to twenty. Of the teaching force of twenty-five about one-half are women, and these teach in the higher as well as the lower classes. The state in recognition of its work has given the school a donation of about two thousand dollars annually. The example of Palmgren proved contagious and similar schools have been established throughout Finland and Norway.

The Manchurian Convention

Part at least of the proposed Manchurian Convention, whose terms have been given in so many divergent forms by various authorities, has now become public. It will be remembered that a dispute between Li Hung Chang and the Russian Minister over this Convention was the immediate cause of the Chinese statesman's death. While Li Hung Chang lay unconscious M. Lessar tried to have his seal affixed to the treaty. Chou-fu had, however, already taken charge of the seals as Li Hung Chang's temporary successor, and had transferred them to his own residence. It will be observed that no mention is made in these four articles of mines, commercial, or other exclusive privileges, and there are fears that other articles touching on these matters have not been disclosed. Article I. Russia agrees to return Manchuria to China, the country to remain on the map of China as before the Russian occupation and to be administered by Chinese officials. Article II. The agreement of August 27th, 1896, with the Russo-Chinese Bank is hereby declared binding forever, and the protection of the Trans-Manchurian Railway and Russian subjects is undertaken. If no further rebellion occurs and action on the part of other Powers does not interfere, the Russian forces in Manchuria will be gradually withdrawn as follows: Within 1901 from the four southern sections of the Mukden Province as far as the Liau River, also the Shan-hai-kwan-Niuchwang Railway to be restored to China.

Within 1902 the remaining forces in the Mukden Province to be withdrawn. Within 1903 the possibility of withdrawing all forces in the other two povinces of Kirin and Hei-lung-chiang will be investigated. Article III. The military governors of the three provinces shall in concert with the Russian military authorities decide the number of Chinese troops to garrison Manchuria and the places where they are to be stationed, and China shall not reinforce them beyond such number or advance them beyond such limits. Except in land indicated as pertaining to the Trans-Manchurian Railway administration, the military governors shall use solely Chinese troops, infantry or cavalry, to serve as police, but are forbidden to use artillery. Article IV. The Shan-hai-kwan-Niu-chwang-Sin-min-ting Railway will be restored to its original owners; but other Powers may not send toops to protect the railway which, with all the land now occupied by it, shall be under the sole charge of Chinese troops. The repair and upkeep of the railway shall in every respect conform to the povisions of the Russo-Chinese Treaty and Railway Loan Agreement. Without the permission of Russia no prolongation of the railway or construction of new branch lines shall be permitted in the southern portion of Manchuria, nor may the Liau River bridge nor either terminus of the railway be moved. The expenses incurred by Russia in repairing the Shan-hai-kwan-Niu - chwang - Sin - min - ting Railway and the cost of maintenance must be refunded.

Japanese Character

A book recently published in Japan and dealing with Japanese character has created something of a sensation in that country. The author is a Mr. Nakae, well known in his own home as a writer of books and a politician. He is a scholar, acquainted with Chinese and also with French literature, and is, in fact, called by some the Rousseau of Japan. He has earned this title chiefly because he has always championed the cause of the people, and it was he, in fact, who invented the two political names, Minto and Rito, for the popular party and the official party. From lawsuits and other difficulties he has lost all the money earned by a laborious life, and is now a poor man given to heavy drinking. His physician says that his life cannot last more than a year and a half, and with death before him he has expressed his real views of Japan and Japanese men in his latest book. He says of the Japanese national weakness that

> "Japanese know well in what their interests consist, but they do not know what is right and reasonable. They allow themselves to be swept along by events without reflecting whither they are going. For centuries accustomed to submit to the violence and arbitrariness of the *samurai* without opposition, they do not give their conduct a moment's thought, but just act from impulse. What are wanted in this age are not warriors, but philosophers, not men of action as much as men of thought." . . . "There are lots of men who can talk and many that use their hands well, but few who use their brains." . . . "Japanese are too easy-going. They attach themselves to things too impulsively and give them up with equal readiness. They are lacking in seriousness of mind. They too readily agree with those whom they meet and are apt to flatter."

It is interesting to compare with this statement of Nakae an article in a Japanese newspaper comparing the people with the English in public and private life. The writer of the article begins by quoting Bismarck's notion of Englishmen; that individually they are upright and trustworthy gentlemen whom you can respect, but that as a nation their Government is characterized by hypocrisy and untruthfulness. He declares that his own countrymen are just the reverse of this. Individually they are not trustworthy, and this is known and recognized by all who deal with them, but the action of the Government in dealing with other Powers always shows integrity and fairness not easy to find elsewhere. Japanese honesty in international affairs, he says, has been designated by some to be *baka shojiki* (the honesty of a fool). He alludes to the prominent part taken by Japanese in the relief of Peking and to other military operations in China, and to the fact that notwithstanding what they had done the Japanese sent in a bill for no more than the actual cost of the expedition. He ends by asking, Which country has the higher moral tone—the Engishmen who are individually honest and politically dishonest, or the Japanese who are individually dishonest and politically honest?

The State of American Literature

By Andrew Lang

THE present condition of American Literature? How is a "foreigner" (tho he does not look very like one) to write on this theme without giving offense? Mr. Matthew Arnold, I have been told privately, raised "a storm of indignation" in the States, as I understand, because he ventured some criticisms. M. Paul Bourget was asked to come and criticise, and, when he did so, Mark Twain leaped out and tomahawked him. Mark may bury his calumet and excavate his tomahawk and pitch into *me,* if I criticise your literary condition. My grizzled scalp may be hung up in his wigwam, where I would far rather smoke the calumet of peace with the amiable chief. On the other hand, Mark has danced Dr. Oliver Goldsmith at the torture stake, yet I have not, in the Doctor's defense, decorated myself with the war paint. I merely don't care, tho my opinion about the Doctor's novel varies enormously from that whispered by the creator of "Huckleberry Finn."

Apart from the awful fear of giving offense, mortal offense, I do not think that I am an expert in the American literature of the hour. Even of British contemporary literature I do not know very much. "My days among the dead are passed," one cannot read everything, and I am reading "Peveril of the Peak." It is not, all through, a masterpiece! But the author, in his preface, writes with sense and feeling about literary men of letters grown old, and regarded as extinct volcanoes. We go on, thinking that we are not so very dull and stale as people call us, that we may do better next time, that we could have done better had we taken more pains, that our juniors are a sad set of fellows. How is the passing to criticise the coming generation? How is the coming generation to be quite just to us fogies? I know that, at home, I do not think quite so highly of some of our younger poets (the flock sedately shepherded by Mr. William Archer) as their young friends do. I do not in the least desire to sit under the plane-tree and listen to their sweet pipings and present one swain or nymph with the bowl and the other with the kid. But it is only fair to say that, when I was young as they are young, and played on my own tin whistle, I had no higher opinion of that instrument, or of the instruments of some of my coeval shepherds than I have of the songs of the swains of to-day. There is real poetry, great poetry, and there is the agreeable piping of Mr. A., Miss B. and Mrs. C. Do not let us confuse the two kinds of poetry!

You remark that I am still shirking the topic of contemporary American literature. I tremble on the bank of that tumultuous river of ink. And well may I tremble, for I do not know what bards at present wear the cloaks and bays of Poe, Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson and the rest. Is anybody "going 'round in them to any considerable extent?" Is that somebody largely read? I *must* evade the poets, but then I would also prefer not to be urged to speak out about our many and meritorious young native minstrels. I wait to be guided by an American Mr. Archer; how I admire the courage and the seriousness of that critic! I know what poets are like. "It is unnecessary (and would be dangerous) to scratch them in looking for the Tartar," as Mr. Payn remarked about one of his characters.

Once more, it would not be exactly safe for me to say, quite freely, what I think of our own contemporary literature. A champion of "the younger critics," I have been told, has already "learned me to be a toad." Moreover, I hear that I have reduced a clergyman, the editor of I do not know how many "literary" papers, to "despair." He is reported to say so himself. Guiltily I skulk about. What wild deed may not a despairing cleric attempt? You see that you cannot trust me, an embittered and ignorant old thing. Think of me as gently as may be. Do not tar and

feather me in effigy. *Enfin,* if I must speak out, I think that American literature is much in the same plight as English or French literature. Few figures tower above the crowd, tho there are differences of inches. I really do not detect your contemporary Hawthorne, or Emerson, or Prescott, any more than I mark a living Tennyson, or Froude, or Thackeray. But this blindness, you may tell me, is only caused by the peevishness of hoary eld. I allow for that; nobody, as a rule, does overestimate his juniors. I hope that I am wrong when I fail to find great eminence. Yet, even if I am right, only Nature is to blame. Genius is her gift, to give or to withhold. Now she pours out sparkling souls, now she is rather stingy. We cannot breed people of genius. Education, social environments, have next to nothing to do with producing genius. The wind bloweth where it listeth; we cannot raise that wind. It may breathe on a cottage on Domremy, a "clay biggin'" in Scotland, a modest house at Stratford, with a dunghill before the door. Or it may sweep across the playing fields of Eton, or "down Ettrick break;" we know not whence it cometh. I wish it would come!

Secondly, your literature, like our own, seems to me to be swamped by the Novel. I would give a wilderness of novels, just now—yea, of good novels—for a Macaulay or a Hazlitt, a Tennyson, a Gibbon, a Hume, a Wordsworth. I receive a volume of critical essays from a friend. It is almost wholly occupied with novels. I want history and poetry and essays and novels, but I want the other three first. The novel, of course, has taken all knowledge for its province, worse luck, because the novelists do not really know everything, and I regard their attempts to instruct as frivolous. They dabble (I am thinking of England) in religion, and science, and social philosophy, ah, with what rejoicing ignorance, in what a barbaric style! We all know and confess that you cannot learn history from historical novels. Why, then, should we expect really to learn from novelists, and to know about, other high matters? Now, if the public will read novels only, must not its powers of *attention* be debauched? The faculty of really attending, of taking a little intellectual trouble, distinguishes progressive man from the savage. But the popular critic cries aloud for "popular" literature. That means literature which demands no attention, and the request is an injury and an insult to the populace. They are told that they have not the power of attention, their meat is ready chewed for them: anything that requires the reader to think is "dry and dismal." "You must not go deeply into things." A critic once amused me by writing about something of my own that it was "rather scholarly." That fault detracted from its value.

Now I do not wish to be disagreeable, but are your reviewers and literary journals all that you could wish? I know that there are laudable exceptions, but, on the whole, have the reviewers read the books? I do not mean the novels. Did they know, before dipping into the books, anything about the subjects of which they treat? Can they correct and instruct the authors? If they can, you are more fortunate than we usually are. In one English journal it is almost a regular formula for the critic to say that he knows nothing about his subject. The confession is honest, but superfluous and rather discouraging to author and reader. Are your literary journals apt to publish photographs, personal gossip, talk about literary earnings, rather than "scholarly" and maturely considered reviews? If so, this is another essay toward the demoralizing and, if one may say so, *dementalizing* "popular." The idea is that the public wants gossip and photography, and the public cannot but acquiesce. A supposed demand for trash is met by an overwhelming supply. Now literature cannot flourish, here and there, while a mere tradesman-like view of literature is taken by those who sit in the seat of criticism. The ignorance of some of these men or women every one must detect. I open the latest number of an English journal. A paragraphist is talking about the Shakespeare Society of New York. He says that something, it does not matter what, "arrides" the society. He means that this something irritates the society, it is "in a state of puerile indignation." But to "arride" means to "smile upon," to "please," not to irritate. Thus can a critic combine pedantry with incred-

ible ignorance. I have remarked similar absurdities in American literary journals. But I am losing my temper and thumping the cushions of my modest pulpit. There is no use in preaching, but I hate to see the literary public treated like small children.

As to the novels, they seem mainly to be historical novels (chiefly patriotic), or "mordant" studies of the society of to-day, or "daring" novels, from which we suffer more than you do. Oh, the "woman problem" and the "studies in sexual problems!" As to the other kinds, I am happy enough to be able to read almost any historical novel, except "Quo Vadis." The great interest in patriotic historical novels appears to me to be a most hopeful symptom. It is desirable that a people should be interested in the lives and deeds of its ancestors, and from the novel some may go on to the serious history and the document. The novels of to-day, as long as the authors do not think it should always be to-day, without a memory of yesterday, or a glance at to-morrow, provide a natural and wholesome recreation. Personally, I wish that some novelists would preach less, but we all like to preach when we get a chance. It might also be wished that there was less of the misdirected search after "style." Nobody imitates that of Swift, which is good enough. But there are still several novelists wise enough to write in a plain, natural manner the spontaneous expression of their thoughts. There cannot be too many novels, if they are good, but do let us try to remember that there are other forms of literature not wholly to be neglected.

Some one wrote a historical novel in the guise of a newly discovered set of medieval memoirs. People thought that the transparent pretense was a fact, and would not read that novel. They were unconsciously right, for it was, as a novel, badly done. But had it been what the persons alluded to thought it was, a genuine medieval narrative, nothing could have been more thrillingly entertaining. But the novel mania has come to the pitch that a contemporary account of things old and real must be necessarily "awfully dry." Just so far as this opinion prevails must literature suffer. We become a generation of children, crying out for fairy-tales. I am devoted to fairy-tales, but they are not everything.

It would be merely impertinent in me to praise the work in historical research, philology, archeology, ethnology and so on, that is being done in America, and we receive admirable examples of criticism. The literature is on a level with the contemporary literature of Europe, but the level is, tho often respectable, not on the same plane as that of the most favored ages, while *les sommités* (among writers under fifty) are few and far between. The great peril is the peril of the "popular," a term which means a voluntary and injurious and even insulting degradation of the literary standard.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

"The Moon! the Moon!"

By Louise Betts Edwards

O FOOLISH baby! what,—"the moon?"
Life's vainest longing waked so soon?
Your ball is round, your bells are bright;
Both close to touch as well as sight.
The moon's a great cold, empty thing;
It will not bounce, it will not ring.
For ages it has hung on high,
To tempt poor bye-low babes to cry.
Go bye-low, baby; close your eye.—
What! whimpering to the same old tune—
"The moon! the moon!"

O wisest babe, to want the moon!
Life's subtlest lesson learned so soon!
When sawdust dolls and trampled toys
Have shattered all our baby joys,—
Unspoiled, unbroken, unattained,
By feverish fingers unprofaned,
The lovely moon still swings on high,
That self-respecting babes may cry.
It keeps us looking to the sky,
When we have pricked our last balloon—
The moon, the moon!

The Labor Situation in New Zealand

By Edward Tregear

New Zealand Commissioner of Labor

RUMORS come to us from afar, even from distant America, that in the social and labor world we are regarded as a shocking example of what to avoid, and not a pattern for imitation. We are told that our Premier, the leading scout of the advance movement, has declared himself as against compulsory arbitration, and that we are in a state of industrial turmoil. To us this is news with a vengeance, and the most bitter part of the bad tidings is that the shaft is winged with a feather from our own wing, and the evil reports are said to have started within our borders.

I have said that it is news, because to most of us things seem very much as they were, but with steady improvement and ever increasing production. It behooves us, however, to put our house in order if but a tithe of the jeremiads have any foundation in truth, and it is necessary to give our friends at a distance reasons as to the origin of reports detrimental to our progressive legislation.

First, they may be assured that the main causes lie in the triumph of the principles of collectivism. The unity evolved by the spread of trade-unionist ideas has reached beyond the industrial world till it now embraces almost every calling in the colony for which employment is offered and wages received. Not only have employers in trades and industries found out that it is as absolutely necessary for them to organize into unions of employers as for their men to form unions of workers, but the farmers and pastoralists have begun to recognize the importance of solidarity. Associated farmers, many thousand strong, have banded themselves into a union, and their ranks are moving into order of battle against the disciplined forces of the town workers. The farmers recognize that organization has enabled the artisans, moving under the Compulsory Arbitration act, to improve their condition by getting better wages and shorter hours, with the result that higher prices have to be paid for goods and for services, and therefore exchange goes against the country people so long as they can be cut off in detail and not present an equally united front. So much is this the case that the country members in the House of Representatives, hitherto the bitter enemies of compulsory arbitration (on the ground that farm work must be done at any hour of the day or night, in spite of court awards as to the working hours), have this year reversed their tactics, and on a recent occasion, when it was proposed to exempt agricultural and pastoral occupations from the jurisdiction of the act, they indignantly inquired "Why their constituents should be shut out from the privileges of the conciliation and arbitration act?"

I regard this as the greatest triumph compulsory arbitration has yet achieved, and the most complete answer possible to the assertion that we ourselves acknowledge the principle to have failed. So soon as all employments are organized, so soon can we argue the points of difference from the collective base. Trades, callings and occupations of every kind, masters and workers, will be able to join issue on a broad and comprehensive footing. We have already stopped the cutthroat competition of workmen in a trade underbidding each other for bread; we shall soon see also an end of the spectacle of one employer driving another to the verge of bankruptcy in a struggle which leaves both poor and overstrained. There will prevail a more brotherly and comrade-like spirit which, when a campaign is contemplated, will make it like Grant's forward movement, an advance of the whole line, and not erratic flights of individual energy.

This solidarity, however, has had one curious tho natural effect—there has been a determined attack against the citadel of labor. The banded employers have made a simultaneous charge against labor legislation. In every town, in the pages of the newspapers, at public meetings, before committees of the House, efforts have been made to excite resistance

to the conciliation boards and to prevent any further alteration of the laws relating to factories and shops. It is the echo of this agitation which has reached your ears, and it is to this we owe the far-spread reports of the colony being in a state of industrial turmoil. As to the latter statement being true, no one could believe it who came among us and saw how quietly and steadily men continue at work at their different occupations and how fully employed they all are. It is true that the conciliation boards are often in session, but they can hardly be said to produce a disturbance. For these a few men sit in conference in a quiet room, and, having heard evidence on both sides, decide industrial conditions so far as they can. In the meantime the trade under review goes on with its business. Indeed, it is the very essence of our law that the men must go on with their work (if they choose to work at all) on the old lines until the new are ready for adoption. Is there any comparison from a rational point of view between this mode of adjusting differences and the fierce unreason of the strike and lockout with their ever-widening circles of disaster and suffering? Industrial unrest! This is the healthy unrest, the flow of life that brings all evil humors to the surface and to the vitalizing air of publicity; not the sullen apathy which hides its sores till disease eats into the body of labor under the concealing rags of so-called "liberty of the subject" and "freedom of contract."

We are every year amending and improving the law of compulsory arbitration, easing off the points of friction as they reveal themselves through experience and action. Such a measure could not leap into the world in absolute perfection as from the brow of Jove; its divinity was concealed under its humble birth in a colony, but it is hourly gaining strength, not losing it. The man who would propose that we in New Zealand should go back to the terrible days of open industrial war, and that the equity of labor's demands should be put to the ordeal of "the longest purse," would have a short shrift in a political sense and a good send off.

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

The Richardson Revival

By William Lyon Phelps, Ph.D.

LAMPSON PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AT YALE UNIVERSITY

AT the dawn of the twentieth century, when the boisterous and bloody historical romance is the predominant form of prose fiction, it is a rather curious fact that we should also be witnessing a serious revival of interest in the analytical novels of Samuel Richardson. New issues of his complete works are widely advertised. Two editions are under way in England, and in New York a sumptuously printed and illustrated edition in twenty volumes* is attracting the notice of book buyers. A reprint of Jones's condensed version of "Clarissa" has just appeared; and, according to the literary journals, that student and lover of eighteenth century life, Mr. Austin Dobson, has completely retired from his official duties in order that he may devote all his time and energy to writing a biography of the great novelist. Only last year there was published in London a biographical and critical memoir by Miss Clara Thomson, representing the results of her researches among the vast number of Richardson's unpublished letters in the Forster Library at the South Kensington Museum. And, altho she has found out many things we did not know before, she has been unable to discover the exact place and the exact date of his birth.

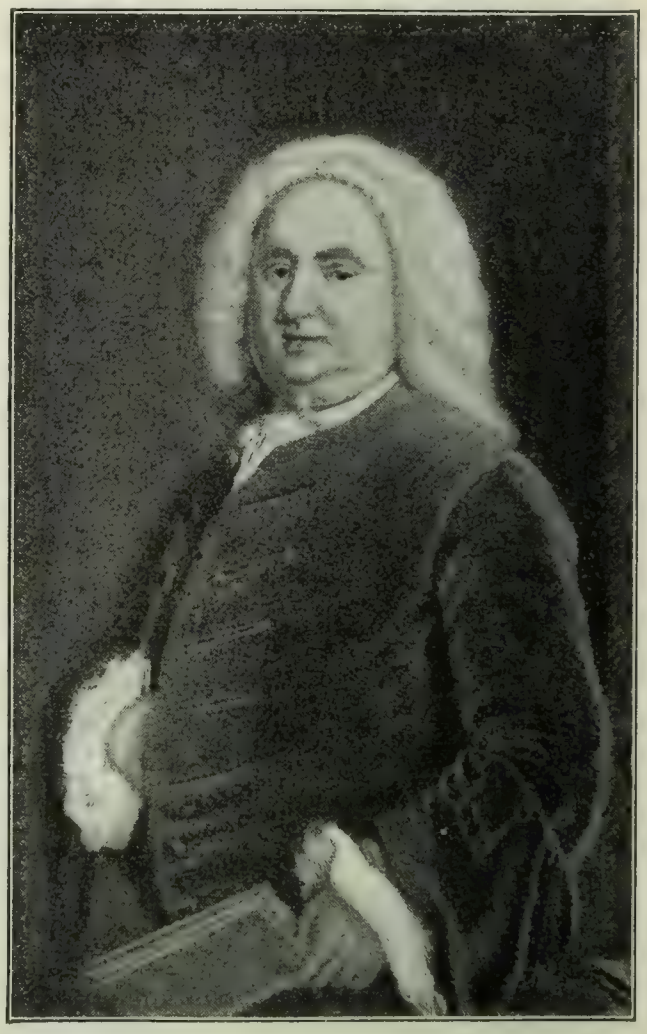
Nothing is more capricious and whimsical than the taste of the reading public; and it would be difficult to explain satisfactorily why the huge tomes of Richardson, which for many years have been neglected by the mob of gentlemen who read with ease, should, with comparative suddenness, regain something of their ancient popularity at the very

* Published by the Croscup & Sterling Co.

moment when the market is crowded with pseudo-historical romances, and so-called "dramatic" novels. Possibly the demand for Richardson indicates the turning of the tide, for fashions in literature are as changeable and as difficult to predict as fashions in clothes. It may be that readers are becoming weary of strange oaths and technical terms of fence, and that the voice of the realist will again be heard in the land. But so far as any one individual can be said to deserve the credit of the Richardson revival, it is to a Frenchman and not to an Englishman that the award must be given. The late Joseph Texte, whose recent death is so deeply lamented by all literary scholars and critics, did more in his short life to arouse intelligent interest in Richardson than has been accomplished by any writer now living. Seldom has any truly scholarly work been accorded such instant acclaim as greeted in 1895 the publication by this gifted young writer of his "Jean-Jacques Rousseau et les Origines du Cosmopolitisme Litteraire." This was an attempt to treat the literature of Europe as a whole, without regard to geographical or linguistic divisions, and it pointed the way to what may become the natural method of literary research. In particular the book discussed the relations between English and French literature during the eighteenth century, and exhibited with an impressive mass of testimony the enormous influence on French writers exercised by the three novels of Samuel Richardson. In a general way, of course, this fact was well-known to all students; but it had never been demonstrated before with such clearness and detail. M. Texte's book was widely read in England, and to some extent in America; it was translated into English, and enjoyed a much greater vogue among cultivated readers than a genuine piece of research usually obtains. When the great part that Richardson was seen to have played in the development of French literature became apparent on his own side of the channel, it is no wonder that his countrymen decided that it was time to know something about him at first hand. M. Texte's book must accordingly be reckoned as one of the exciting causes of the present widespread interest in the works of England's first great analytical novelist.

For many years past it has been rather the fashion, especially among those who have never read him, to ridicule Richardson, both as a writer and as a man. Many have regarded him as his contemporary, Horace Walpole, estimated his worth:

"Richardson wrote those deplorably tedious lamentations, 'Clarissa,' and 'Sir Charles Grandison,' which are pictures of high life as conceived by a bookseller, and romances as they would be spiritualized by a Methodist teacher."



SAMUEL RICHARDSON

From the painting by Highmore

But Walpole never could understand anything that did not appeal to his sympathies and prejudices, and his temperament was as unlike Richardson's as was that of the little printer's rival, Fielding. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, every whit as sophisticated, *blasé*, and worldly-minded as Walpole, said:

"This Richardson is a strange fellow. I

heartily despise him, and eagerly read him, nay, sob over his works in a most scandalous manner."

Very few writers have combined in their nature so much of the Philistine and so much of the artist as is displayed by the character of Richardson; his sentimentality and obtrusive morality both savor of the former, while his uncompromising realism is the result of the latter element. This is the reason why Lady Montagu gave him at once the defiance of her scorn and the tribute of her tears. It explains also why a book like "Pamela," which many regard as immoral, was publicly praised from the pulpit. And the fact that while maids and footmen read it, re-read it, and cried over it, French critics crowned it with the most extravagant praise, is deeply significant. The things that made it detestable to some readers were in the eyes of others its chief virtues; whereas qualities entirely hidden from one class recommended it most strongly to another.

The excitement aroused among all ranks of readers in the middle of the eighteenth century by the publication of Richardson's novels is something that stirs contemptuous wonder in the breast of the modern iconoclast, and yet to one acquainted both with "Clarissa" and with the literary conventions of that period the matter is not so difficult to explain. In the first place "Pamela" (1740) had proved an enormous success, the *Gentleman's Magazine* remarking that it evidenced just as great a want of curiosity not to have read "Pamela" as not to have seen the Italian dancers. When it was rumored four or five years later that the famous author was busy narrating the fortunes of another heroine, all eyes were turned expectantly in his direction. Favored friends read portions of the work in manuscript and

Mr. Ed. Mulso — Miss Mulso, afterward Mrs. Chapone — Miss Prescott, afterward Mrs. Mulso

Mr. Richardson — Mr. Mulso — Miss Highmore, Rev. Mr. Duncombe afterward Mrs. Duncombe

Mr. Richardson in his usual morning dress reading the manuscript of "Sir Charles Grandison" in 1751 to his friends in the grotto of his house at Hammersmith. From a drawing made at the time by Miss Highmore, and engraved by Stadler (1804).

talked mysteriously of its wonders; and the method of printing the book in sections brought public excitement to fever heat. A hundred years later Dickens and Thackeray issued their long novels in monthly numbers and thousands eagerly read and discussed these fragments as fast as they appeared. When Thomas Hardy printed his "Far from the Madding Crowd," in the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine,* the interest and anxiety of his readers increased with cumulative force as the story advanced from climax to climax. Literary London had much more solidarity in Richardson's day than it has now, and when the long waited first installment of "Clarissa" appeared in November, 1747, it was practically the only thing talked about at the clubs, coffee-houses and fashionable drawing-rooms. The title of the new work was surely unpretentious enough—"Clarissa; or, the History of a Young Lady." But after readers had finished the two duodecimos, which were all the crafty Richardson allowed them at the start, they clamored wildly for more; and they literally flew at the third and fourth volumes, which came from the press in April, 1748. "O, what shall I feel," gurgled one of the fair enthusiasts, "when I read—'This day is published a continuation of the History of Miss Clarissa Harlowe!' I am ashamed to say how much I shall be affected." The last three volumes, completing the whole work, Richardson held back until December, so that for over a year the novelist kept his readers in a constantly increasing torture of suspense, only to shatter their hopes at the end. As soon as evidences of a possible catastrophe began to appear, epistles written in every key of passionate entreaty were directed at the grave and dignified author. No handsome criminal of history ever had so many feminine pleaders as besieged the executioner of the lovely and virtuous Clarissa. Women of all classes, from the highest circles of fashion to the humblest housemaids, united in a wail of lamentation, like the black-robed ladies at the feet of Theseus; they implored, cajoled, flattered, wheedled and unmasked all the batteries of female ammunition. The sterner hearts of men were shaken as well; they might have wept with their wives and sisters, had not, as a famous Hoosier poet has remarked, "the Almighty given them the blessed gift of cussin'." Colley Cibber, when Loetitia Pilkington informed him that Clarissa was to die, shouted:

> "G—d d——n him, if she should; and that he should no longer believe Providence or eternal wisdom or goodness governed the world, if merit, innocence, and beauty were to be so destroyed; nay (added he) my mind is so hurt with the thought of her being violated, that were I to see her in Heaven, sitting on the knees of the blessed Virgin, and crowned with glory, her sufferings would still make me feel horror, horror distilled."

But the profanity of the men and the tears of the women made no impression on the sturdy soul of the novelist; and with the resolution of a really great artist he slew Clarissa, knowing that she would rise again in glory to reign immortally with Cordelia, Desdemona and all the aureoled saints of poetry and romance.

I repeat that to one who has himself followed the inexpressibly affecting career of this heroine the excitement of those who witnessed her sufferings for the first time arouses to-day no smile of contemptuous superiority. The element of suspense which played so loudly on their emotions has now vanished; to-day every one, before reading the story, knows the conclusion. But even the most hardened reader or critic of the twentieth century must be deficient alike in feeling and in judgment who can behold the slow unfolding of this awful tragedy without a swelling heart. Until an entire change takes place in human nature the history of this young lady will never cease to be thrilling in its intensity and powerful in its accumulation of wo. Mr. Augustine Birrell, as sane and clear-headed a critic as one could wish, remarks, shaking his finger at those who sit in the seats of the scornful:

> "There is nothing to be proud of, I can assure you, in not being able to read *Clarissa Harlowe,* or to appreciate the genius which created Lovelace."

Joseph Texte said that the story of Clarissa was "the first complete biography of a woman in modern fiction." No attack upon Richardson can be made without calling to arms hundreds of his admirers, and no man who weeps to-day over her fate need blush either for the impulses of his heart or for the accuracy of his literary judgment.

Richardson's House at Hammersmith

The fact is that Richardson, with all his fondness for sentimental conversations and for the aroma that ascended from the tea-cups, was in reality one of the sternest and most uncompromising realists that ever put pen to paper. The squeamishness that seeks refuge behind gossamer phrases, and the amenity that endeavors only to tickle the palate, find no place in his method. If Neighbor Pliable will not follow him through the slough, and if Neighbor Obstinate rebels at the prodigious length of the journey, they must go elsewhere. He knew that the timid would shrink from the pollution of the dens of vice which he enters with a firm tread, and that mere sensation-seekers would soon weary of the road stretching interminably into the distance; but neither the affected horror of the prude nor the frank yawns of the *ennuyé* deterred him from the end he had in view. There are many persons in every age who, for a variety of reasons, cannot read Richardson with pleasure; but there will never be lacking the judicious lovers of great art, to whom the pages of "Pamela" and "Clarissa" will be a perennial delight. The greatest thing in the world may be Love, but the rarest thing in the world is Genius; and every generation contains a sufficient number of the wise who know how to appreciate it. The present revival of Richardson is not the resurrection of an obsolete curiosity; following the lead of an excellent French critic, it is the spontaneous return, on the part of those who are weary of glitter and tinsel, to a great literary genius who can teach us many important lessons in the art of true realism, and whose work abides because it is genuine.

New Haven, Conn.

But We Did

By Edmund Vance Cooke

WHEN the fathers of our history declared that men are free,
And flung their buckskin gauntlet at the power across the sea,
There were fearful faltering ones
Who declared by all the suns
Of the hoary headed centuries that it could never be,
We could never, never do it—
But we did.
Tho the narrow ones were nervous,
There were sturdy souls of service,
And we did.

When they welded all our feeble States to one united chain,
And proclaimed an open market to the wide world's brawn and brain,
Kings and tyrants of all lands
Rolled their heads and raised their hands
As they clamored at the notion of a nation gone insane;
And they said "You'll never do it!"
But we did.
Spite of friction and of faction,
There was singleness of action,
And we did.

When they placed the power of government in reach of rich and poor,
With a ballot held in every hand to make its meaning sure,
Every fossillated fogy
Conjured up a special bogy,
With a "What! the serving and the served, the gentle and the boor?
O, you must not, dare not do it."
But we did.
For we knew man, born of woman,
If he's nothing else, he's *human,*
So we did.

When contention in the council of the commonwealths was rife,
And the long-fanned, smoldering embers leaped to furious flames of strife,
At the sounding of the drum
Half the world cried "It has come!
Neither God, nor man, nor devil can preserve the Union's life;
You can never, never do it."
But we did.
Tho it tore our every vital,
There was this much in requital—
That we did.

When the weary war was over, and the blackness of a skin
Ceased to be the sign and symbol of a nation's blacker sin,
Still the cry was "All your slaughter
Only leaves you oil and water,
Stirring in a common measure, but no unity within.
You can never reconcile them."
But we did.
And our compass shows no section
Harboring discord and defection,
For we did.

Now, again we face a problem, with its settlement in doubt,
And in trouble and in travail we must work the answer out,
Do it with our own brains solely,
Do it with our own hands wholly,
Hampered by no foreign nation, hampered by no party shout.
You and I must face and do it,
And we will.
There's a shifting way and wrong way,
There's a lasting way and strong way;
But we will.

Far across the western blueness is the glint of crimson bars;
If we're right, the colors stay there, spite of all the might of Mars;
If we're wrong, we will withdraw them.
Better mankind never saw them
Than to flaunt them over empires with a stain upon the stars.
Time and Truth can solve the question,
And they will.
Maybe your way, maybe my way,
But, O Flag of Freedom, thy way,
That they will!

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The Decadence of England

SOME SIGNS OF A STRICTLY PERSONAL NATURE WITH GENERALIZATION THEREFROM

By Poultney Bigelow

IS there an American who does not love England? I suppose not. Of course this does not mean the consuming love that excludes affection for other things as well—I mean the sort of love that we sign at the foot of our letters to various members of our family for whom we have, mainly by inheritance, a vague attachment that does not necessarily prevent us from quarreling with them now and then.

We have spent the best part of the last 250 years in quarreling with England—and to-day we think more of her than ever.

It is not only the American of English extraction who looks with tenderness to the mother country—the land which holds the bones of Chaucer and Shakespeare—the land which produced Wesley and John Knox. The German-American loves England, or ought to, because in the great struggle for liberty against Napoleonic tryanny it was English help that enabled Prussia to take the field—indeed many a German marched out in British uniform bearing a British rifle.

The French-American loves England because it is "perfidious Albion" that is his best customer.

The American negro loves England, because her flag has for many generations symbolized protection to native races in Africa when all the rest of the world stood by consenting to the trade in slaves.

The Chinaman shows himself grateful to British rule in the Far East by settling under that rule in preference to that of any other.

And it is because we Americans of every shade love this little island that we can afford to criticise her freely—to scold, even to quarrel with her.

We flatter only our enemies—England need never fear injury in that insidious form.

But just now she is rubbing her eyes and asking why it is that Americans are crowding her in commercial matters. English papers talk of the American invasion as we once spoke of the Yellow Terror!

This is a vast theme which I shall not presume to treat technically; let me but give one or two trifling illustrations that have come under my personal notice—they may serve as a text for us to think on. To me they indicate that England is going "down hill," and if some miracle is not soon performed she will reach the bottom with a dull thud and stay there along with Spain and Holland and several other picturesque communities that have "had their day."

Do you want some clothes made in London? You go to a first rate tailor and are elaborately measured and cross measured. The cloth is excellent, the price moderate, as compared with New York. You are requested to call and try them on in three days. You come to be tried on and find that the clothes are basted together and that the fit is merely a preliminary one; the basting is all ripped open and you are pinned up again. The tailor expresses no surprise that his work is badly done; he does not know that it is a wretched job.

You call, after a long interval, and try them on again. The sleeves are an inch too long, the collar fits as tho it were made for a horse, the jacket is tight across the chest, and obviously intended for a fat man around the belt.

You ask if he did really take measurements in the first instance. The tailor complacently rips up all his seams again and once more proceeds to make chalk marks all over you and insert a number of pins.

You are inclined to use profane language, but curiosity masters your other feelings and you wonder how any establishment can succeed when so much time can be wasted over one suit of clothes.

You return for another "try on" in three more days and the tailor is made to see that the coat pinches under the arm

pit, that the back is full of wrinkles, that you would be ashamed to show yourself in such a garment.

Once more he proposes to rip you up, chalk you over and raddle you with pins. This time you give the matter up as a bad job; you cannot afford to waste any more time in this manner. An average man of letters could earn $100 in the time that you are wasting over an English suit of clothes.

So you bundle the ill-fitting things into your trunk, wear them once or twice aboard ship in order to evade the New York customs and then give them away to some poor relation as soon as you can conveniently do so.

This is no isolated case. I ask my English friends on the subject and they answer me that all tailors in London are pretty much the same. They do not know how to take measurements, and if they did they would have to unlearn it because there is a trade union feeling among that fraternity to the effect that it is good for them to make customers come three or four times to be tried on.

The American tailor cuts accurately because he is accustomed to good tools. The English tailor still works by rule of thumb and is consequently losing a valuable trade.

In Germany I find the tailors cut perfectly because they are accustomed to exact measurement. I have been to tailors in Berlin and have had them make me a suit of perfectly fitting clothes in thirty-six hours. I venture to say that a second rate German tailor will make in thirty-six hours a better fitting suit of clothes than a London tailor in thirty-six days. The price will be about the same, and as to the "style," the German tailor will turn you out a suit quite as "English" as any Bond Street "butterfinger."

For my part, after an experience of many years with tailors in New York, London and Berlin I have come to the melancholy conclusion that the London tailor is hopeless, excepting to the man who finds pleasure in being pinned, ripped and chalked at short intervals, yet interminably. To the American coming abroad I offer this warning—steer clear of the London tailor; get your clothes in Hamburg, Bremen or Berlin.

Here let us note another British specialty—railway service. England has today the most expensive, the slowest and the dirtiest railway service of any civilized power in the whole world. In every respect the United States are superior to her—comparing like with like—but what is more notable, in Germany and France railway travel is cleaner, more speedy and cheaper.

No week passes that I do not run out from London for country air, and whenever I find a train that reaches its destination on time I make a note of it as a strange thing. There are one or two trains that run fairly fast, according to British notions, and are tolerably good, owing to a faint degree of competition, but in the majority of cases the Englishman is satisfied to travel twenty-five miles an hour in dirty carriages which are not heated in winter and which are habitually late in starting and arriving.

And as to overcrowding, I have frequently found myself in railway carriages wherein passengers have had to stand up all the way after having paid their fares.

So far as my experience goes, I can travel with more speed and comfort in a German third-class carriage from Berlin to any big town like Hamburg, Frankfort, or Cologne than in a first-class carriage in England, and it will cost me about one-fifth of the English price.

Turn now to steamships, and what do we see in this country that has been the "ruler of the waves?"

There is hardly a British steamer carrying passengers around the coast or across the channel that would not be, in the United States, regarded as unfit for decent people. In many cases such a thing as a bathroom is unknown, pillows are not provided, not even sheets, let alone private cabins. The passengers are expected to sleep on the benches around the after cabin, over the screw, and to feed on the sort of stuff that would be scouted by third-class passengers on an Atlantic liner.

Perhaps I hear you say that it is rough because it is very cheap. On the contrary, it is very dear, twice as dear as with us.

This sort of roughing it one is prepared for when seeking passage in out of the way parts of the Caribbean Sea, or in the Malay Archipelago, or the Levantine Islands. But here I am referring

to the regular boats of the best English companies running from London, Southampton, etc., to the most frequented Continental resorts. Such boats in England are about fifty years behind corresponding craft in the United States.

When it comes to Atlantic travel, the Englishman appears as a diminishing quantity as compared to Germany, whose steamers are not only as fast and as big, but in most cases much more comfortable. What is true of the Atlantic is infinitely more true of the service to Africa, Australia and the Far East. German lines are steadily pushing the English to one side, and for very good reasons. Subsidy does not make good steamship lines. On the contrary, it is apt to make them indifferent to wholesome competition. The trouble with English lines today is that they are managed in the spirit which prevailed fifty years ago. The British steamers going to the Cape give such bad food that no one who has tried them once wants to do so again. Out to China no one cares to go on a British steamer who has ever traveled by a German, French or Japanese one. The German studies the needs of his passengers, the Briton is indifferent. The P. & O., a heavily subsidized British line to the Far East, charges six pence (twelve cents) for a drink of lemonade. The German steamers pass lemonade around as we do ice water. The British ships afford no laundry facilities on a journey lasting five or six weeks; the German line has an excellent Chinese laundry on each ship so that in the tropics all can wear suitable garments. There are dozens of minor items in which the Briton fails to meet the requirements of modern times. Suffice it to say at this moment that the Englishman wastes his time in inveighing against German and American competition. He has only himself to blame—he is doing badly what other countries are doing well.

Nowadays a fairly large item of national revenue is represented by the thousands of strangers who visit a country out of curiosity, or for the education of their children, for health, or for pleasure. The tide at one time set strongly in the direction of England, for obvious reasons. But what has England done to encourage this movement? Worse than nothing.

The English hotels are a byword throughout the world for badness and dearness. The sweet little inns which tempt the artist and the photographer from the outside prove on nearer acquaintance little more than a drinking shop where the pedestrian or the cyclist may find, if he is lucky, some badly cooked food, a poor bed, and the attendance of some gin-soaked girl who resents being called away from the bar to serve customers who do not make beer or whisky the main staple of their diet.

When you rise to hotels larger than the little wayside inns, you find as a rule German waiters, a tawdry look about the dining room, and a proprietor far too lordly to concern himself with the comfort of his guests. His existence is made manifest only when it comes to paying the bill. Then you find that throughout the hotel system of England, whether you go to a country inn or a noted hotel, whether to the simplest lodgings or the most gaudy of London caravansaries, the price will rule about the same. The proprietor does not charge you what the thing is worth, but he seeks to get as much out of you as he possibly can without being summoned before a magistrate. I have sampled a large number of hotels in my time—even in Greece—but for barefaced dishonesty in the making of bills commend me to the bluff British landlord. After charging twice what his food and rooms are worth he tacks on a further charge for service, another for lights, another for bath, another for fire. In short, my experience of country inns in England—and I can speak with some authority—is that I pay as much per diem at a shabby little country inn of England, where the food is poor and ill cooked, the attendance inferior and the beds poor, as I would at a good hotel in such towns as Springfield, Mass., or the very best in Switzerland or Germany. Indeed, it must have struck the average American that the incomparable Baedeker hardly ever finds it possible to recommend an English hotel.

In my own case it is a sore subject, for each Saturday I strap my pack on my back and start away for a day or two tramping among the byways of this beautiful country. I cannot haggle with a landlord, and I pay my bill next morning. If I ever get off under five dollars a day I

feel proud and much surprised. In Germany I never have to haggle. I am well treated; the food is excellent, the landlord comes personally to see if his guests are comfortable, and when I pay my bill it is always with pleasure and the secret resolution to return at the next opportunity!

What is the drift of all this? Not to indulge in the satisfaction of abusing England. No! But possibly to open the eyes of Englishmen to the fact that they are driving away thousands of strangers who would gladly take their holidays in touring about this sweet little island, but who cannot do so as things are—at least not more than once.

From personal experience I should say that touring in England is nearly twice as expensive as it is on the Continent, that the British innkeeper is indifferent to the comfort of his guests and is usually dishonest in his charges, for he makes one charge to his regular commercial customers, and quite another to the tourist.

But I cannot go on, the subject becomes too big. British decadence is a thing that thrusts itself upon the attention of the stranger at every step, whether in the generalship at the seat of war or the absence of electricity in the streets of London; whether in the slipshod education of the British boy or the filthy water supply of this great metropolis.

On every side we are painfully reminded that great nations commence to decline when they cease to learn from others.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

New York Public Library

By Sydney Reid

FOUR years hence, if all goes well, the stranger who visits New York will find that the city has gained another architectural gem, for if he walks up Fifth Avenue to the neighborhood of Fortieth Street, he will see, set in a frame of vivid green, a pure three-storied white marble building whose architecture will recall the chaste productions of classic Greece.

Should the stranger inquire what this is, proud citizens will doubtless inform him that it is the main building of the greatest institution of its sort in all the world—the New York Public Library, and in this they would not be altogether wrong, for when opened it will certainly be, in some respects, superior to all others.

The building will stand upon the plot of land bounded by Fifth Avenue, Bryant Park, Fortieth and Forty-second Streets —the site formerly occupied by the old reservoir. Its dimensions will be: About 366 feet long from north to south, and 246 feet wide from east to west; 68 feet high from the ground line to the top of the cornice on the center of the east front, and 98 feet high from the ground line to the top of the cornice on the center of the west front. Its wings are built around two open courts, each 81 feet square, thereby securing a great abundance of light in the daytime.

The following description of the important features of the interior plan of this building is taken from the *Library Bulletin:*

"A main stack room, 274 feet long, 72 feet wide, and 52 feet 6 inches high, containing seven floors, and having a shelving capacity for 1,250,000 volumes. Access to this stack is provided at each end and at the center on the east side from each of the three lower floors of the building, and also from the center of the reading rooms which are placed on the top of it. The central portions of this stack, on the lower access, will be lighted by electric light.

"The lending department on the basement floor, the lending delivery room being at the bottom of the north court, 81 feet square, lighted from above, and communicating directly with the lower tier of the main stack room.

"Three large public reading rooms on the first floor—namely: a children's room, 118 x 42 feet; a periodical room, 118 x 42 feet, and a newspaper room, 92 x 38 feet.

"Public reading rooms on the upper floor, including two main reading rooms, each 115 x 72 feet; two reading room extensions, with lower ceilings north and south of main reading rooms, each 38 x 92 feet, and a room for public catalogue, open reference shelves, and casual readers, 81 x 67 feet. The whole giving seats for about 800 readers, and being supplied

by a central delivery room placed over the center of the main stack, and communicating with it by book lifts, running from top to bottom.

"Special reading rooms for scholars and special students on the second floor, including a public document room, 38 x 92 feet; a room for Oriental literature, 38 x 52 feet; a room for sociology and economics, 18 x 48 feet; a room for mathematics and physical and chemical sciences, 42 x 77 feet; a map room, 42 x 38 feet; a music room, 38 x 52 feet; a Bible room and six special study rooms, each about 15 feet square.

"Picture galleries, Stuart room and other exhibition rooms, freely open to the public, occupying the west front of the upper floor.

"The grouping of the rooms for administrative offices on the south side of the building. These include: Printing office, bindery, packing and shipping rooms on the basement floor; receiving and checking room, business superintendent's offices, etc., on the first floor; directors' offices, order room, catalog room and accession room on the second floor."

On three sides of this building—facing Fortieth, Forty-second Streets, and Fifth Avenue—will be strips of grass fifty feet in width, while behind it, looking from the direction of Fifth Avenue, Bryant Park will be seen. Flowers and trees will decorate the sward, giving the library the sort of setting which will most enhance its dignified beauty.

As will be noted above, the main stack room is planned large enough to shelve 1,250,000 books, and other rooms have additional shelving for about 300,000 more.

New York Public Library as it will look when completed.—Front View

At the present time the New York Public Library has only about 800,000 printed books in all its branches, but the number is being increased so rapidly through purchase and donation that when the new building is opened it will probably have a million, of which 700,000 will be in the main building.

New York Public Library as it will look when completed.—Rear View

The British Museum, tho housed in a building which is only 360 feet in length, and a large part of which is taken up by sculpture, painting, coin, armor and nat-

ural history collections, has upward of 1,700,000 printed books in its library. But, on the other hand, the British Museum reading rooms only seat 300 people, while 800 will be accommodated in the reading room of the new building.

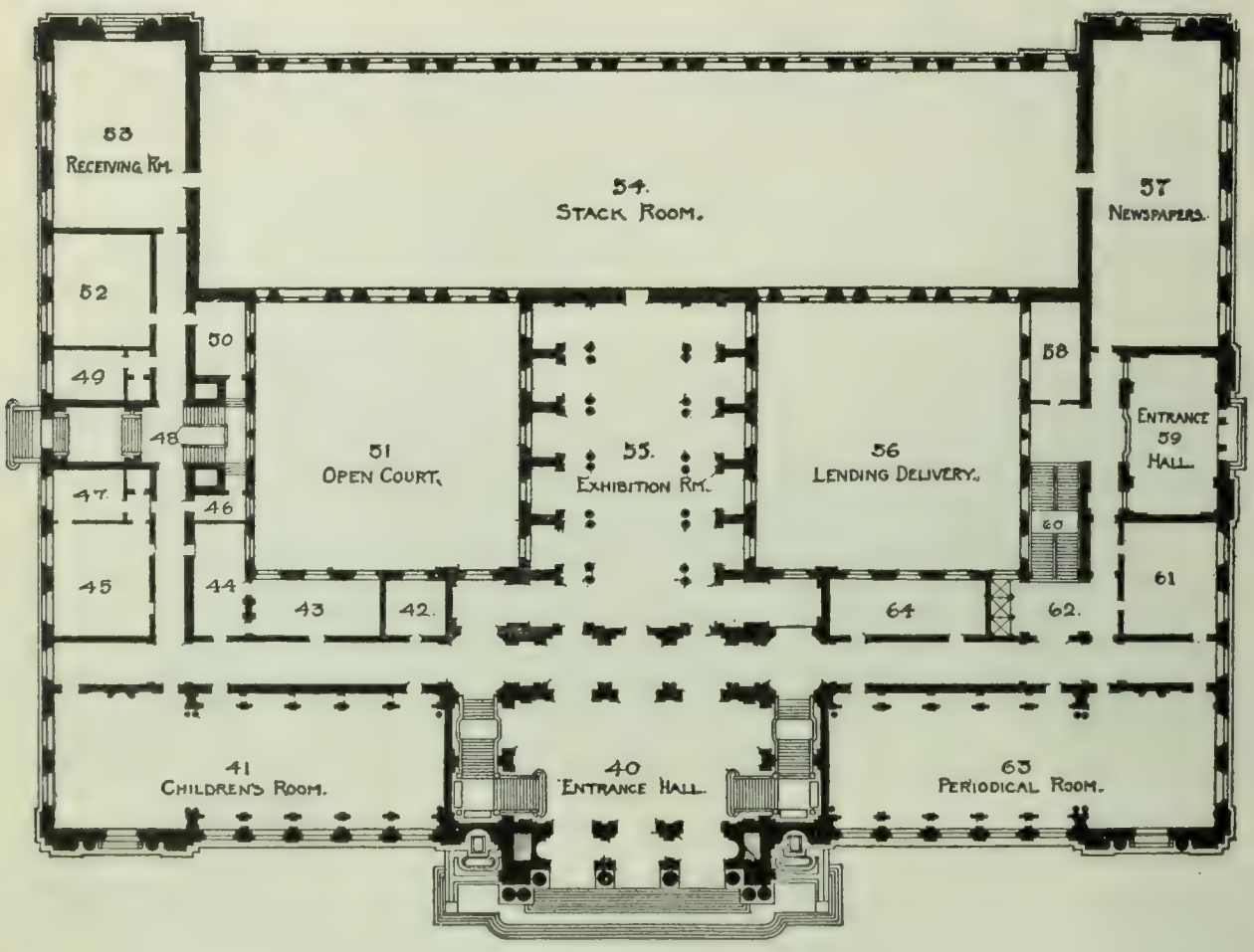
The New York institution will also be superior to the London one in the matter of cataloging, accessibility, light and conveniences for scholars and students, for whom the special reading rooms noted above are provided. Then again the New York Library will be public in the broadest sense, while to use the library of the Museum one must be vouched for by two householders of London, and must endure considerable red tape.

Only two other libraries in all the world besides that of the British Museum will be larger than the New York Public Library if it opens in its new building with 1,000,000 printed books, as is expected; they will be the Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris, which has the enormous number of 2,500,000 printed books, and the Munich State Library, which has 1,100,000 in its collection. Berlin's largest library contains 900,000, and the next largest in the world are probably the Strasburg University and the Boston Public libraries, which have about 600,000 books each.

So far as the number of books is concerned, therefore, the New York Public Library will step immediately into fourth place. Nor is it in other respects unworthy of comparison with the great ones of Europe.

It has its rarities and treasures, its priceless tomes that cannot be duplicated elsewhere, its triumphs of the arts of printer and bookbinder, and its peerless special collections.

In regard to the institution's collection of Americana, the director, Dr. John S. Billings, says in the report before alluded to:



First Floor Plan

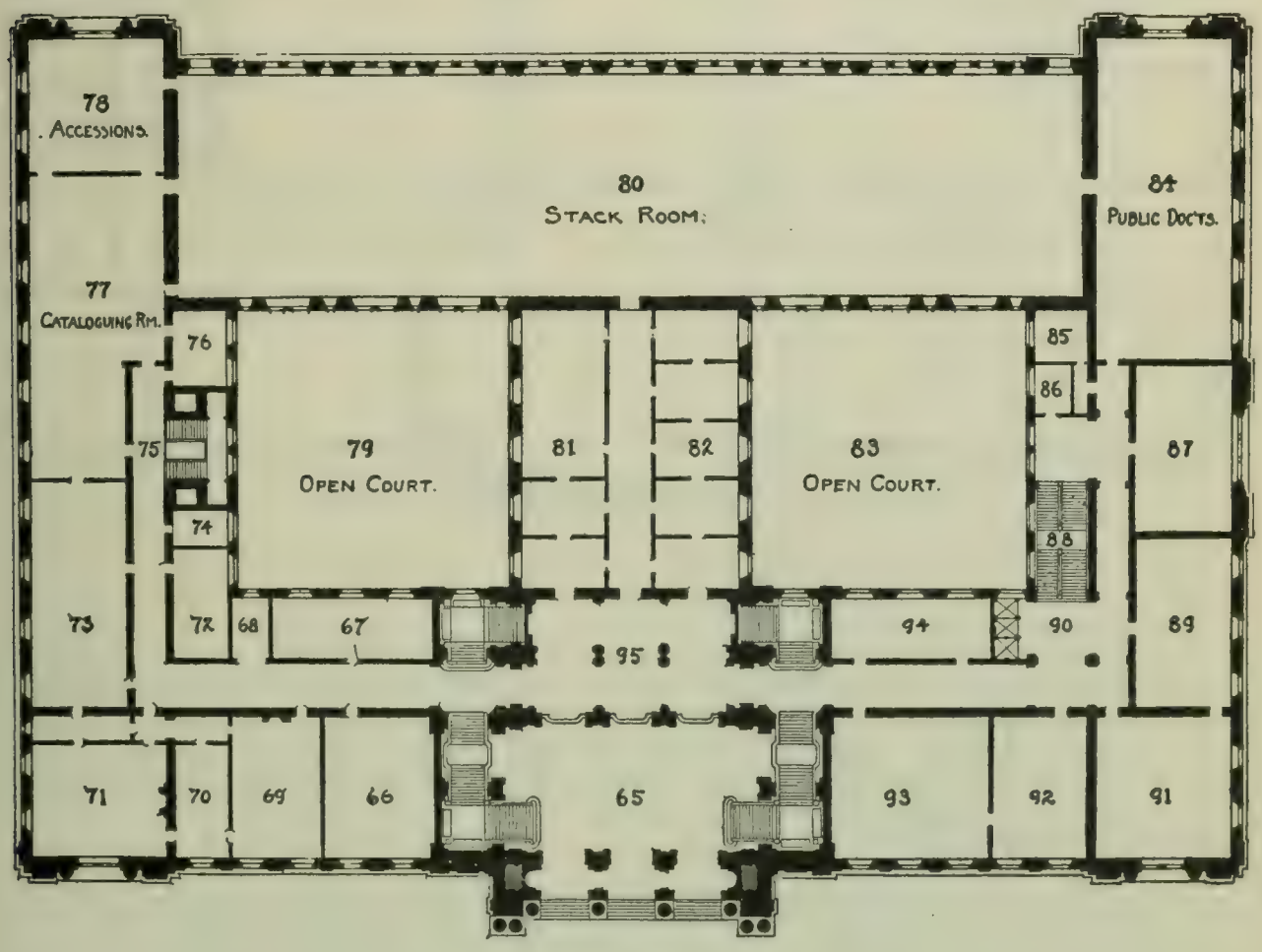
40, Entrance hall; 41, children's room; 42, extra room; 43, reception room; 44, reception room; 45, business superintendent; 46, telephone; 47, business superintendent; 48, stairways; 49, extra room; 50, extra room; 51, open court; 52, extra room; 53, receiving room; 54, stack room; 55, exhibition room; 56, upper part of lending delivery room; 57, newspapers; 58, extra room; 59, entrance hall; 60, stairways; 61, reading room; 62, elevators; 63, periodical room; 64, library for the blind

"The department in which the library is richest, and which gives it a distinctive character, is American history. The collections made by Mr. Lenox for early Americana and in colonial history, supplemented by the purchase of the library of the late Mr. George Bancroft, and by the gifts of the Ford and the Theodorus Bailey Myers collections, make this library one of the most complete in this department of any library in this country, and perhaps in the world. To maintain this and increase this completeness we have been buying all new books on the history of the United States and of Canada, on the history of the individual States, and on the history of counties and towns in the original thirteen States, and in New York especially. We have been completing our files of the publications of all American historical societies, State and local, and adding to our files of old American newspapers as opportunity offered."

The Lenox Library had 30,000 rare books at the time of its consolidation with the Public Library, and these alone would suffice to give high distinction to the reference department. The Lenox collection of Bibles printed in English is the best in the world, and the collection of early printed books worthily famous. This includes a Gutenberg Bible, and some of the first books printed from movable types by Caxton.

The Library has about 25,000 MSS., and nearly an equal number of maps. The British Museum has 120,000 maps. Other great libraries' collections of MSS. are as follows: Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris, 90,000; British Museum, 60,000; Vatican library, 30,000. The Vatican library, founded in the fifth century, is in some respects unequaled, while in other departments the British Museum or the Bibliotheque Nationale bears the palm.

The British Museum has in its collection what are said to be the oldest books in the world, some dating from 2000 B. C., inscribed in cuneiform char-



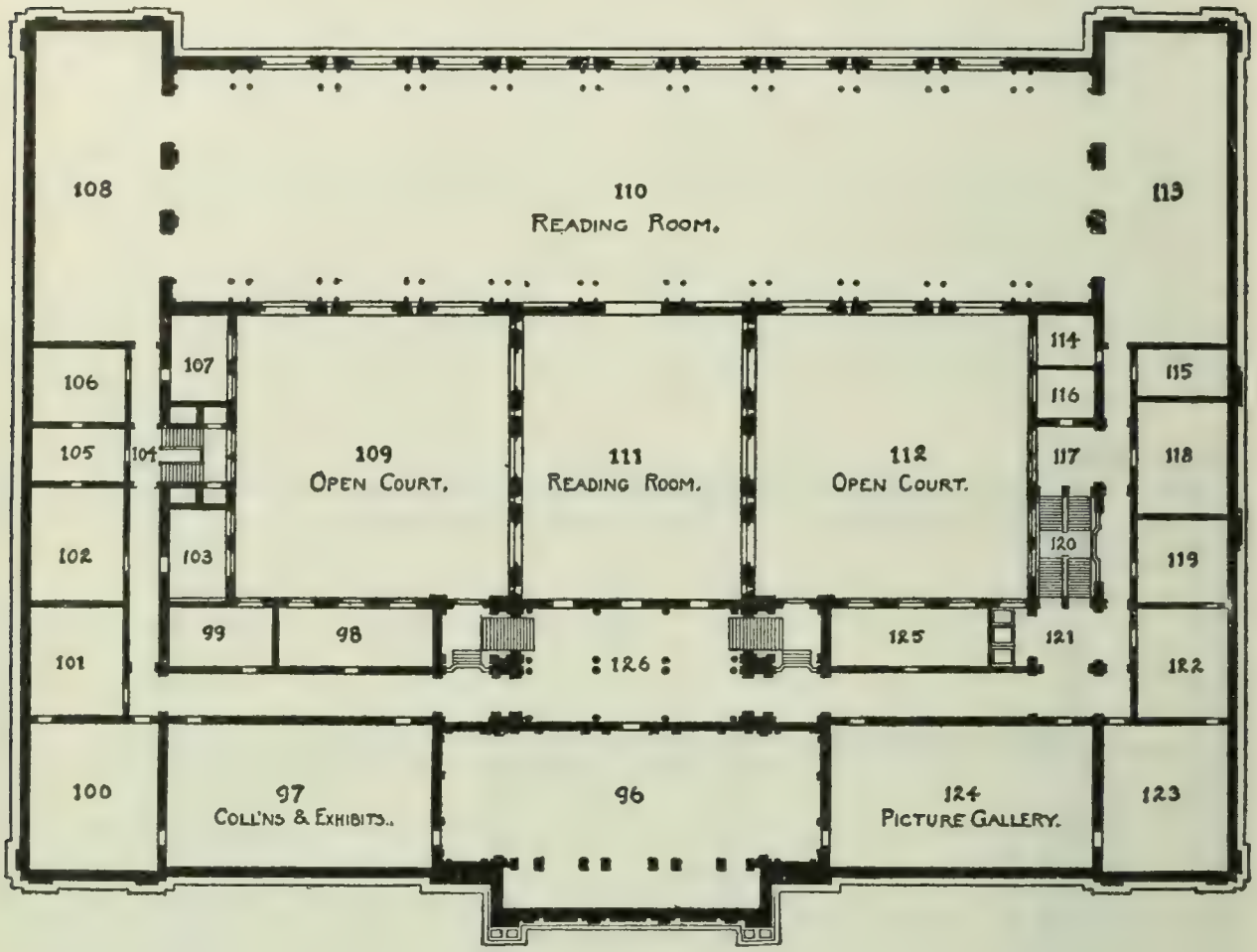
Second Floor Plan

65, Upper part of entrance hall; 66, class room; 67, special reading room; 68, extra room; 69, trustees' room; 70, director; 71, director; 72, extra room; 73, order room; 74, extra room; 75, stairways; 76, extra room; 77, cataloging room; 78, accessions; 79, open court; 80, stack room; 81, Bibles; 82, special reading rooms; 83, open court; 84, public documents; 85, toilet room; 86, toilet room; 87, special reading room; 88, stairways; 89, music room; 90, elevators; 91, maps; 92, special reading room; 93, special reading room; 94, special reading room; 95, gallery

acters on brick cubes, which vary in size from an inch to a foot diameter. They once constituted part of a royal Assyrian library. It also has a great abundance of ancient Egyptian, Persian, Sanscrit, Turkish, Arabic and Chinese MSS. While not so large as the Paris collection, that of London is better in many respects, and its systematic arrangement and cataloging renders it far more accessible.

In the Vatican library are some of the most valuable MSS. known to mankind. Among these are the palimpsest *De Republica* of Cicero; a Virgil of the fourth or fifth century, and a Terence that is equally ancient, but want of proper catalogs is a great inconvenience in the Vatican library.

But it is not by reason of its beautiful new marble building—the flat cost of which, exclusive of the land, will be about $3,500,000—or the extent of its collection or the rarities and treasures that it possesses that the New York Public Library can best establish a claim to precedence. It is by reason of the breadth and excellence of its public service. In that respect it will be unrivaled by the time the new building is opened.



Third Floor Plan

96, Stuart collection; 97, collections and exhibits; 98, special reading room; 99, toilet room; 100, collections and exhibits; 101, collections and exhibits; 102, manuscripts; 103, extra room; 104, stairways; 105, manuscripts; 106, manuscripts; 107, extra room; 108, reading room; 109, open court; 110, reading room; 111, reading room; 112, open court; 113, reading room; 114, extra room; 115, photographer; 116, toilet room; 117, stair landing; 118, special reading room; 119, special reading room; 120, stairways; 121, elevators; 122, picture gallery; 123, picture gallery; 124, picture gallery; 125, special reading room; 126, hall

Besides the Astor and Lenox, which are parts of the Public Library, there are at present these branches: Bond Street, Ottendorfer, Bruce, Jackson Square, Harlem, Muhlenberg, Bloomingdale, Riverside, Yorkville, Thirty-fourth Street, Chatham Square, St. Agnes. In addition there is the traveling library

and small collections of books in several public schools.

But this is only a beginning. Andrew Carnegie recently gave $5,200,000 to erect branch libraries throughout New York on condition that the city furnish sites and agree in satisfactory form to provide for their maintenance as built. The city agreed, and the enabling act passed by the Legislature provides that the city shall acquire not more than forty-two library sites in the Boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx and Richmond, upon which sites the Library Trustees are to erect library buildings from funds provided by Mr. Carnegie. The city has bound itself by agreement of its officials with the Library Trustees to maintain these branches by means of an annual appropriation of at least one-tenth of the sum contributed by Mr. Carnegie.

On every day of the week, except Sunday, but including all legal holidays, the lending delivery and one or more reading rooms of each building are to be open to the public from 9 A. M. or earlier to 9 P. M. or later. On Sundays such parts of any libraries are to be open in such manner and during such hours "as may be from time to time agreed upon between the Board of Estimate and Apportionment and the New York Public Library."

The government of the New York Public Library is a law unto itself. Altho administering many millions of dollars' worth of public property, it is to a great extent independent of the public and public officials. It is self-perpetuating and the members serve without compensation.

There has been some protest against this as a violation of the fundamental democratic dictum concerning the rule of the people, but the result has been the selection of a Board of Trustees distinguished for culture, high intelligence and broad sympathy with the city's needs.

On the whole the outlook is extremely bright and New York is to be congratulated upon the possession of an institution whose growth is no more marvelous than its inherent vigor.

NEW YORK CITY.

A Chat About Sherlock Holmes

By Harry Thurston Peck

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN

IT is, or ought to be, a truism that professional critics of literature are generally the very last persons in the world to recognize new literature when they see it. This is partly because such standards as they have are purely conventional, and partly because they themselves are timorous and mistrustful and afraid of making mistakes. Hence they hesitate to commit themselves to a definite opinion until they are pretty sure that they are on the side of the majority. The result is that they follow where they ought to lead, and are apt to come in at the tail of the procession when they ought to come in at its head. Just as the venerable Austrian commanders in Italy were convinced that Napoleon knew nothing about the art of war because he was defeating them in reckless defiance of the rules laid down in the military textbooks, so our literary critics would not admit that Kipling's first five books had any value, for these were brilliant in an utterly new way, and not in a thoroughly approved old way. Originality is terribly disconcerting to unoriginal people. They think it frivolous or "unsound" or "queer." They never quite approve of it. This is why they glorify Robert Louis Stevenson for those productions of his that are good in a conventional way, but ignore his one extraordinary *tour de force* which is unique in literature. Yet a century hence "Treasure Island" and "The Master of Ballantrae" will be only names to the reading public, while "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" will stand as the most striking allegory ever written on the curious duality of man's moral nature.

The case of Dr. Conan Doyle is almost as interesting as the case of Kipling, in kind tho not in degree. Dr. Doyle does not take himself and his writings very seriously. Neither did Plautus

nor Shakespeare, for that matter. Dr. Doyle is a genial, wholesome, sensible Anglo-Celt who turns off his work in a comfortable sort of way. He is not a genius, but he has a leaven of genius in his make-up, and he is a born story-teller as truly as was Herodotus. Most of his books are just admirable examples of the story-telling quality which in some mysterious fashion renders its possessor able to give real interest to even a commonplace narrative. In fact, the least important of Dr. Doyle's stories—as for instance some of those in "Round the Red Lamp"—are readable. They may be as improbable as the one about the resuscitated Egyptian mummy or the electrocution at Los Amigos; but all the same you will be glad to read them and you will wish for more. In "The White Company" and "Micah Clark," this story-telling quality is of a very high order, yet still not going beyond the limits of great cleverness. The critics, however, would select these books as containing the best of which Dr. Doyle is capable. The one thing of his that is really indicative of creative genius they merely smile upon indulgently and pass by with as little notice as they would give to a dime-novel, and with much less notice than they often give to some schoolgirl's machine-made historical romance. It never occurs to them that English fiction was permanently enriched when Dr. Doyle began his cycle of stories whose protagonist is Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

DR. A. CONAN DOYLE

It is likely that most literary critics, if asked to give an opinion about these remarkable stories, would at once compare them with those of Gaboriau and feel that there was nothing more to say. But, as a matter of fact, the Sherlock Holmes stories are not only immensely superior to anything of Gaboriau's, but in some respects the best of them are better than those tales of Poe which treat of crime and its detection. Gaboriau is an excellent literary mechanic. His mysteries are very neatly constructed. The parts all dovetail perfectly. But they have no artistic value whatsoever, and the unraveling of their complicated plots is like the dissection of a Chinese puzzle which interests by its ingenuity, but appeals neither to the intellect nor to the imagination. Poe, on the other hand, is highly intellectual, and in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," for instance, he stirs the imagination very powerfully. He can rouse the sense of horror and make his mystery deepen into ghastliness and terror.

Dr. Doyle, however, can do these things and give us still another ingredient—the human element. In the very best of the Sherlock Holmes stories he is as ingenious as Gaboriau, as imaginative as Poe, and in addition he creates for us characters that are broadly human and that interest us wholly apart from their relation to the plot. Take the personages in Gaboriau's "Monsieur Lecoq," for example, and compare them with those of Conan Doyle. There is Monsieur Lecoq himself, the aspiring young detective. We are curious about what he does in the story, but we are not made to care at all for what he *is*. He is a puppet-figure, a factor in a mathematical problem. There is Gevrol, the established detective, commonplace, devoid of the detecting instinct, and jealous of Lecoq's very evident superiority. There is May, the re-

markable and mysterious criminal, who outwits the whole detective force and finally escapes. Now these are not human beings at all. They are merely counters in an exciting game. Apart from the game they have no tangible existence. The same is just as true of Poe's M. Dupin. But Sherlock Holmes himself would interest us simply as a man. His curiously varied tastes, his fondness for good music and rare books, his disorderly rooms, his utter boredom when not absorbed in disentangling mysteries, his prodigious consumption of shag tobacco when working out his problems, his addiction to the cocaine habit—a curious touch—all these things amuse or interest or pique us until we grow fond of him and get at last to know him almost as well as tho we, too, shared his rooms in Baker Street. Watson is another creation. Like all true artists, who do their best work by instinct rather than self-consciously, it is probable that Dr. Doyle had no idea of how supremely clever a thing it was to make Watson the companion and chronicler and also the foil of Sherlock Holmes. Watson, the matter-of-fact, sensible, and friendly surgeon, always planting both his broad feet squarely on the earth, is a typically British character, and his lack of insight makes Holmes's wonderful intuition appear twice as wonderful by the force of contrast. Moreover, by making Watson the narrator of the stories, they are made to seem always plausible to the reader, because of their sober, unemotional manner. Lestrange and Gregson, of the regular detective force, are also types drawn adequately with a few broad strokes. Beside them Gaboriau's Gevrol is shadowy and unreal. The creation of Mycroft Holmes was a stroke of genius. That Sherlock Holmes should have a brother superior in inductive reasoning even to Sherlock himself is interesting; that he should be fat and luxurious and far too lazy to use his gifts in any practical way is delicious. The likeness of mind and the utter unlikeness of temperament between the indolent Mycroft and the keen, nervous, high-strung Sherlock is fascinating. That Mycroft Holmes is introduced in but a single story—that of the Greek interpreter—shows a remarkable artistic self-control on the part of Dr. Doyle. The glimpse that is given of him is tantalizing. One longs to know more about him, but his creator has very wisely stayed his hand.

The very best of all these stories are not the long ones—"The Study in Scarlet" and "The Sign of the Four"—tho each of these contains many very striking things, and the first of them (which Dr. Doyle himself is said to have thought so little of that he sold the manuscript outright for $125), introduces us to Sherlock at the outset of his career. There is no doubt that the most finished and most effective tale is that of "The Speckled Band." This is a marvel of construction and of execution worthy of Poe, and better than Poe's best. From the very first page the reader's interest is riveted upon a mystery which, as it develops, is utterly inscrutable and fascinates one by its undefined yet very evident horror. The inexplicable death of the elder sister, the warnings given to the surviving girl, the peculiar whistle in the night, the clanging sound of metal, the strange discoveries made by Holmes, and then that nerve-racking vigil in the blackness of midnight with the hideous revelation at the end of it—I know of nothing in this sort of fiction which possesses an interest so absorbingly intense. Of a different character is "The Naval Treaty," which I place next to "The Speckled Band" in merit as a story. This tale affords a good example of the method by which the circumstances of a mysterious event are set forth quite frankly and yet in such a way that the perfectly simple and obvious explanation never once occurs to you. The draft of a secret naval treaty between France and Italy is to be copied by young Phelps, of the British Foreign Office, who is a near relative of Lord Holdhurst, the Foreign Minister. No one but Phelps and Lord Holdhurst know of it. The reputation of both these men is at stake if the terms of the treaty shall be discovered, and, moreover, serious diplomatic complications will ensue. Phelps remains at his desk in the Foreign Office after every one but the janitor has left, and then he begins to make the required draft. Finding that it will keep him later than he had expected, he goes down stairs to ask the doorkeeper to get him a cup of coffee. While he is giving this order he hears the bell in his room ring, and, rushing back again, he finds the room

empty and the treaty gone. Now, in the first place, as no human being knew that the treaty was there, and as in the second place, the thief, instead of stealing it and sneaking quietly away, rang the bell to announce his presence, the problem seems on the face of it insoluble; yet the explanation of it is really the simplest and most natural thing in the world. Herein Dr. Doyle's plots differ so utterly from Gaboriau's. Those of the French writer are complex to a degree; those of Dr. Doyle are simplicity itself. The reader is just as hopelessly puzzled by them, but the solution, when it comes, comes not as a mathematical demonstration, but as a flash of light in a dark place—illumining, surprising, delighting all at once.

After the two stories just mentioned, I should place, without attempting to assign them a definite order of merit, "Silver Blaze," "The Resident Patient," "The Engineer's Thumb," "The Boscombe Valley Mystery," and "The Five Orange Pips." Three stories make too strong a demand upon the reader's credulity. These are, "The Red Headed League," "A Case of Identity," and "The Man with the Twisted Lip," yet the first of them is none the less one of the most absorbing interest. There is, indeed, not one story in the whole cycle which does not contain many touches that positively fascinate one by their ingenuity and unexpectedness.

Dr. Doyle will sooner or later get the recognition from the critics which he has already won from the reading public. His hold upon that public is an extraordinary one. Many books of the day sell by the hundreds of thousands, yet they are not talked about and no one clamors for more from their authors' pens. But in the case of the Sherlock Holmes adventures, the public not only buys and reads, but discusses them continually; and it has so strenuously insisted upon having more that Dr. Doyle has been obliged to yield to the demand, and in the story which is now appearing as a serial ("The Hound of the Baskervilles") he seems to have attained the perfection of his method. The first number of this tale disappointed many readers because it seemed to introduce the incongruous element of the supernatural, but it has already become clear that there is really nothing supernatural at all about it, and that instead we are to have what will probably be the most remarkable story of them all.

NEW YORK CITY.

Leaves from the Diary of a Tramp

I

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE

By Prof. John J. McCook

OF TRINITY COLLEGE

[No one in this country knows more about tramps than Professor McCook. It is with great pleasure that THE INDEPENDENT is able to announce to its readers that this article will be followed from time to time by several others—all making a pretty complete autobiography of a tramp.—EDITOR.]

EARLY in May, 1893, on a bright, pleasant morning, I saw two men coming toward me whom I took to be tramps. One of them was white, the other black. I suffered them to pass; then, after convincing myself further by a rear view, caught up with them and broke the ice by the usual salutation:

"Out of work?"

To which the usual reply: "Yes."

Then followed other inquiries, as "Been on the road long?" "Where do you come from to-day?" and the like, through which assurance was made doubly sure, and the foundation laid, as our legal friends say, for the somewhat delicate question, "Do you want to earn a quarter to-day?" "Yes? Well come up and have your picture taken for me." Both instantly and cheerfully consented. And it was not long before a white "hobo" and a youthful "shine" were added to my slowly increasing gallery.

After the sun had done his work upon the outward man I applied myself, after my customary fashion, to secure a vision

of their inward make-up. This was soon over so far as the "shine" was concerned, for he was neither very learned in the ways of his calling nor very communicative. It was otherwise with "Connecticut Fatty." And the back passageway leading out of the protographer's room, if it had had ears, would have become the depository of some very curious facts—things that are so and that are not so, I dare say—for the conversation lasted not far from four hours.

At its close, having heard much of the

"Roving Bill"

traveling facilities and rapid flights of the genus jumper Tramp, I placed in the hands of "Connecticut Fatty" six postal cards, directed to me, which he faithfully promised to drop in the mail, with suitable memoranda, from time to time, on his way toward the far West.

In a few days one of these came back, much soiled and marked with spots suspiciously suggestive of housekeeping without napkins. It now lies before me and reads thus:

"JEWIT CITTY, CON., May 18, 1893.

"KIND SIR: I received this Postal Card from a gentleman of leisure I met on my Route; he said you was seeking information from the fraternity of Haut Beaus. I suppose you are writing some Book. Now if you want any points on this kind of a life I can give them to you. I went into the U. S. Army in 1861 when but 16 years old; served all through, have been on the Road ever since Discharged; been across the Pond to all European Ports to Calcutta and Bombay; in all Australian Ports, California. Just come from the South, was in Florida, West Indies and Mexico all this winter.

"You can write to me at Providence, Rhode Island. Gen. D(elivery.)

["Signed] WILLIAM —— ——."

I preserve, and shall preserve, as near as may be, his spelling and capitalization, because I wish to let him make his own impression with as little editing as possible. His name is withheld. We shall call him "Roving Bill"—of which the first part at least can be vouched for as being his favorite road name. And in signing it he generally prefixes the formula, "Yours Fratulently."

My friend of the photographic gallery and the long colloquy had given a name very different from the one which this missive bore. Also he had professed to be headed West, while this was from a point east of Hartford. What did it all mean? I suspected a trick. Was it mere mystification for the pure fun of the thing? Or had the fellow thought it over and concluded that he had found a literary chap with whom a stroke of business could be successfully done? How was I to find out? I feel very proud of the scheme which, after long and painful weighing of pros and cons, I contrived to evolve from my inner consciousness.

I inclosed a copy of the photograph of "Connecticut Fatty" to the Providence postmaster, explaining my difficulty, stating that within twenty-four hours I should send a registered letter to "Roving Bill," and requesting the postmaster to direct his registry clerk to compare the person who should apply for it with the picture, of course, without letting the applicant become aware of the inspection, and detail the result to me.

In due time the obliging official informed me that the letter had been called for, that the person was obviously not identical with the original of the portrait, and that before receiving the letter he had shown papers which convinced them

that he had given me his true name, that he was a pensioned soldier, &c.

This reply gave me a pang, for I had written very rudely to my wandering friend, on the supposition that he had been trying to deceive me, and now feared that a coldness would have been thrown over his spirits which would check all further disposition to epistolatory correspondence. But in this I reckoned very decidedly without my host, for I am now in possession of a parcel of letters from his hand more than six inches through by actual measurement. They vary in length from a brief message on a postal card to fifty-one pages of closely written commercial notepaper.

Connecticut Fatty's Shine

Connecticut Fatty

"There's just two kinds of people in the world that's really happy—the millionaire and the bum"

Their author has revealed to me with excusable pride that he was once the correspondent of a rural weekly newspaper. And I cannot help reflecting with something like bitterness upon the blindness of fate which has diverted from fields of journalistic activity one capable of turning out such unlimited supply of "copy."

My first letter, which was from Providence, had, as was to be expected, a business end. But I immediately replied that there was absolutely no money in the affair, and that the only compensation to be hoped for was the satisfaction and distinction which might result from possible mention of the writer and use of his facts in anything I might chance to print concerning tramp life. In a following letter he returned to the charge. Whereupon I appealed thus to him:

"If it were to become known—and it would—that I had been paying you in any way whatsoever there would not be lacking persons suspicious and ill-natured enough to say, 'There! One more greenhorn taken in by a tramp! Spinning yarns to order for pay! The old story!' And you could not afford to expose yourself to this, any more than I."

This had the desired effect. And I am able to say that from that day to this not a hint has fallen from him in regard to compensation. And he has had neither pay nor reward. From time to time blocks of paper have been sent, of which

Water Works Men, West Hartford, Conn.

every scrap has come back; and postal cards and stamped envelopes have been furnished—always addressed, however; and they, too, have come back. And once ten cents' worth of tobacco was sent, which arrived after he had passed through the place addressed, and since, following his invariable custom, he had directed the postmaster to forward his entire mail, the poor fellow had fourteen cents postage to pay on that. As an offset to which I sent him at Christmastide a modest pipe, which I hope he is using now and will never pawn.

Sample "Water Works" Bums.—"A week's work won't kill you"

Sample "Water Works" Bums.—"Work didn't suit"

Whatever, therefore, may be said of the letters it cannot be alleged that they belong to that mercenary, or commercial, order of literature, which we are given to understand is driving out the old-fashioned ideals. "Roving Bill," at least, is in literature for the love of it.

Before quoting, it is proper that I should record one fact. In his first letter he gave the name and address of his captain, of a former employer and of a personal friend. I wrote to all three and from the first learned that Bill had been a brave and faithful soldier during the Civil War, had been wounded three times, and was drawing a deserved pension. From the second it appeared that Bill had been taken from the road into the writer's factory, had been promoted to the charge of a room, and had at last taken to drinking and disappeared. From the friend I learned that Bill was of a respectable family; had been a wanderer from his sixteenth year, and that his stories of travel were entirely credible.

Learning that one of his wounds was in the head, I further inquired whether any symptoms of brain disturbance had ever showed themselves, but was answered, from his captain, by an emphatic negative.

I take pains to make these things clear in advance, not because anything has been related by "Roving Bill" that is in the least improbable. On the contrary,

I have knowledge of more extraordinary doings and happenings from other tramps. But this is a sketch of experiences and feelings during a tolerably long itinerary, which possesses the advantage of being in the tramp's own words, written at the moment, on the spot; and it is important that its author's genuineness should be well established.

He shall speak for himself and I shall simply claim the privilege of weaving into his story from time to time what may occur to me from my own observations in confirmation or correction.

"I think," he remarks in his first formal letter, dated Boston, May 26, 1893,

"I think I can say without doubt that I have tramped and Roamed about more in my life than any man of my age in America, went through all the Vissisitudes and Hardships it is Posible for a Human to stand and live. At the same time I am Hale and Harty."

Hale and hearty after thirty-eight years of hardship and vicissitude! This is one of the mysteries of vagabond life. Go into the police station of a nasty night and you will see these people come in dripping and soaked. They pull off their shoes and jackets, lie down on oak plank or cement floor, and in a little while are sleeping as soundly and quietly as you contrive to do on your wire mattress. You may hear snoring, but rarely coughing. And they all but invariably admit that their health is good. This in spite of alcohol, in spite of licentiousness, in spite of scant clothing, in spite of seeming precariousness of living. The grip winter, about 1100 out of 1350 of them questioned by me admitted that their health was good, at the same time that three-fifths of them also admitted that they were intemperate, and divulged places of lodging ranging all the way from camping-out, barns and box-cars to shanties, boarding houses and hotels.

How explain it? Do all but the most robust die off? I doubt that. Can the explanation possibly be in this—that their life, as compared with the average, is free from worry and responsibility? "There are just two kinds of people in the world that are really happy," said one of them to me—it was "Connecticut Fatty"—"the millionaire and the bum." "The only time I ever feel worried," he added, "is when I am going into a bad city." He meant a city whose police officials are rude and inconsiderate in dealing with wanderers. This man attached prime importance to keeping the digestive organs in good working order, always carrying medicine with him for that purpose, and one of his most earnest objections to the Southern country was based upon the alleged indigestibleness of the meat and bread of that locality. "They give you nothing," he said with scorn, "but pork so fat it fairly shakes, and that coarse yellow bread," meaning corn bread, I suppose. From this criticism it is evident that he had not wholly mastered what may be a further element in the health of the vagrant—moderated desires.

It does, however, seem to be a serious fact that the parasite life, of which this is only one phase, is conducive to longevity, which means health. Life seems to be protracted beyond the average in our almshouses, and Paris pauperism shows similar phenomena. The curious will be interested in consulting the Hartford report on outdoor alms on this point.

But we must not be led away by our meditations. And, returning to "Roving Bill," we are called upon to note his protest:

"Now I want you to distinctly understand me. I am not a Bum. I would rather be kicked than go up to a House and ask for something to eat. I have went hungry a many a time almost starved before I would ask. I often wished I was more of a Bum when I was good and hungry, but I am constituted of to much Pride and Manhood."

How, then, has he been in the habit of supporting himself?

"I traveld all through the South and the West Indies and Mexico last summer, fall and winter fixing clocks and sewing M(achines). I have taken up Mush Faking or Umbrella mending since I left N. York and am traveling on that now. I go pretty hungry at times in this country, as there is to many of a kind."

And so he announces that he is "going up into N. Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine," "and then," he says, "I will strike West to the World's Fair."

"To the World's Fair!" You remember the Columbus naval *fête* in New York City, of course. One morning early I found an extremely seedy and rather unusually aged wanderer serenely washing off the patrol harness at the Hartford police station in courteous ac-

knowledgment of his indebtedness to the city for a night's lodging. He had come from Meriden the day before, he said. And thereupon I remarked: "I suppose you took in the naval parade there?" "Of course I did," he replied, with a tone of gentle impatience at the superfluousness of the inquiry. "Why, you won't see such a thing as that again in the course of your whole life."

That was quite true and I felt it deeply,

A Common "Shovel" Bum

for I had not been able to go myself, and realized that my chance was now gone. He, however, had contrived to go, having given up a job to that end, and seemed in no wise downcast, albeit not particularly gay—even tho he was returning afoot. For he had become intoxicated and then, as he said, his companion, with whom the journey from Boston to New York had been made, had, in company with others, robbed him of all his money, and left him to shift as he might. This, by the way, is a common incident among these wretched folk. The "butty," or "buddy," is by no means the ideal friend.

As for the Chicago trip. It was common at the time among philanthropists and others to speak of the great multitude of men attracted to the Western metropolis by the temporary work afforded by the colossal constructions of the fair and their equipment; and there is much in that. But there is also much, if not more, in that insatiable curiosity which impels the average tramp, as far as my observation goes, to flit about in search of every novelty, be it spectacular or industrial. Knowledge of a new piece of public work spreads among them with incredible rapidity, and they flock toward it from every quarter—partly, it is true, because such work is as easily laid down as taken up, and fixity in work is as little agreeable, to say the least, as fixity in any other condition of existence. But partly, also, I am persuaded, because they merely want to nose it over and feel of it, see whether they like it or not. Generally they do not like it. I have conversed with a considerable number of the men lately employed on the West Hartford water works reservoir, and with but one exception, as far as I now recollect, they criticised the food, the lodging and the character of the work. Several I met had run in on Saturday night and got two or three meals on a promise to begin on Monday, and had then retired. They had come a considerable distance merely to inspect, and the discovery that they were able to "beat" the contractor out of a square meal or so had evidently added zest to the enjoyment of refusing the work on the ground that "it didn't suit." One of the hands had heard of the job in Australia, so a fellow laborer told me, and had come all the way from thence to make trial of it. They rarely stayed longer than a week.

Lowell is our friend's next writing-place. "I did not fare well on Sunday," he says.

"I had one five cent loaf of Bread and 5 cts. worth of Bolona, all I had yesterday and it is 11 A.M. and no Breakfast yet. Slept in Box Car last night."

I had written for his photograph; so he says:

"I will try and get you a photograph just as soon as I Can raise the Stuff. I go from

here to Nashua and Manchester, N. H. Can write to either. Will write a letter in a few days.

"Respectfully, ROVING BILL."

This was a postal card. Quick upon its heels came the promised letter—thirty-two pages long, closely written. I had asked concerning his method of locomotion during his recent travels. He answers:

"My Present Business will not allow of me going by Rail. If I went so I would not get Mush-Faking or Umbrella mending to do. I have walked ever since I left N. Y. City. Came by the way of Bridgeport, New Haven, Hartford and all intermediate towns and then to Willimantic, Jewett City. I have asked no one for any alms since leaving New York. Have made enough to live by going hungry at times. I have slept most of the time in the Haut Beaus' 'Sweet Home,' the friendly Box Car; and nights that are too cold for the Box Car I look along the R. R. for a secluded nook and build a fire out of R. R. ties and sleep as comfortable as I would in a king's palace; and when it rains I find a box Car or some Barn. The day before I arrived at Jewett City I stoped one day and two nights in a Barn; it rained all the time.

"You wanted to know if I ever Rode trains. I have rode on the Baggage Car, just in rear of the Engine and on the Engine under the Head Light, in Box Cars and between Cars, but never under Cars, as that way of getting along always looked to dangerous for me and I preferred to walk; but still there is many a one rides the trucks and rods. I have seen them on."

How they ride will appear in my next.

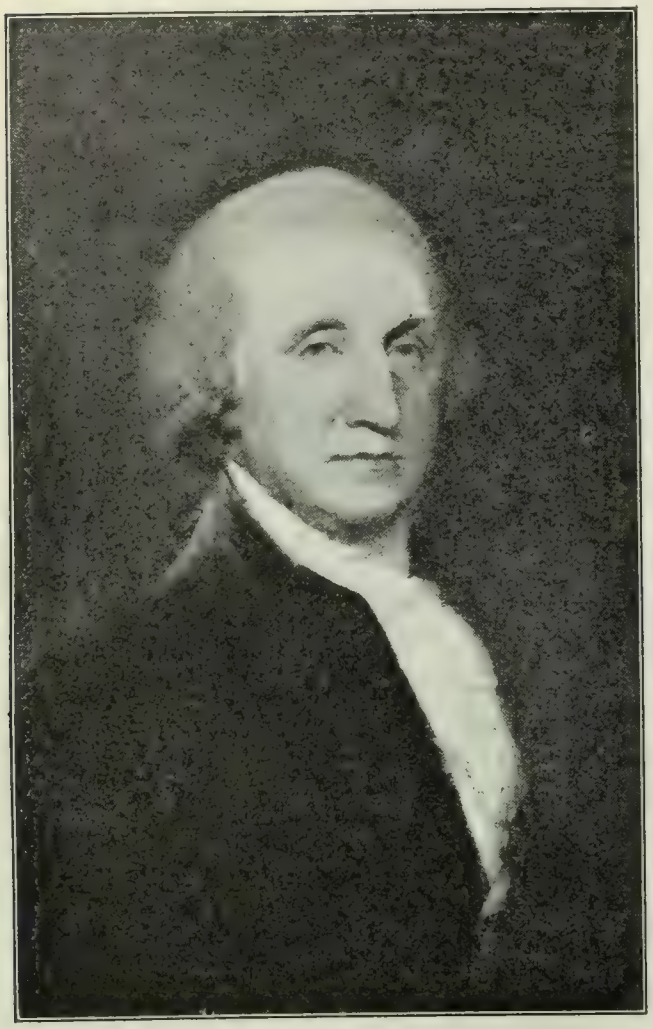
HARTFORD, CONN.

The Yale Bicentennial Publications

ALTHO the splendid pageantry of Yale's splendid four days' celebration overshadowed at the time all other features of the *fête,* the occasion was signalized by less obtrusive but perhaps more permanent memorials. As a prominent professor stated it, "We wish to show that Yale University is a seat of learning, and not merely a seaside resort." For some years past it had been planned to present in some impressive manner the kind of scholarship and original research that the active teaching force of the university was engaged in, outside of the classroom. It was finally decided that those men who happened to be pursuing some definite line of independent study should endeavor to produce definite results of it in printed form, the whole series to appear at the moment of the great celebration. These books were not meant to be a mere parade of pedantry, nor were they made to order for the occasion, like the decorations that adorned the public buildings; they are works representing years of thought and painstaking research, the only bond between them being their simultaneous appearance. Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, are the publishers of all the books.

First in order comes "The Education of the American Citizen," by President Hadley. This is a collection of papers directly bearing on political necessities, political methods, and political ideals. It shows very clearly that combination of practical good sense and lofty moral sentiment so characteristic of its author. Professor Sumner's book, "Societology," will appear in December. This is a text-book, the result of many years of special study and teaching to large undergraduate classes. It is a treatise on the science of society from the anthropological point of view and will unquestionably be an important contribution to the subject. "Two Centuries' growth of American Law, 1701-1901," has been prepared by members of the Law Faculty of the University. This is a sketch of the historical development of the main branches of American law, and as each section is written by a specialist, the book may be taken as a partial indication of the collective scholarship and ability of Yale's instructors in jurisprudence. The next volume is one of the most important, if not the most important, of them all. It is called "The Confederate States of America, 1861-1865; a Financial and Industrial History of the South During the Civil War." This work, by Professor John C. Schwab, of the Department of Political Economy, has thus far received more favorable notice than any other issue in the Bicentennial Series. The financial and indus-

trial history of the South during the great struggle has never before been written, and for the last ten years Professor Schwab has made this subject his special study, searching through every

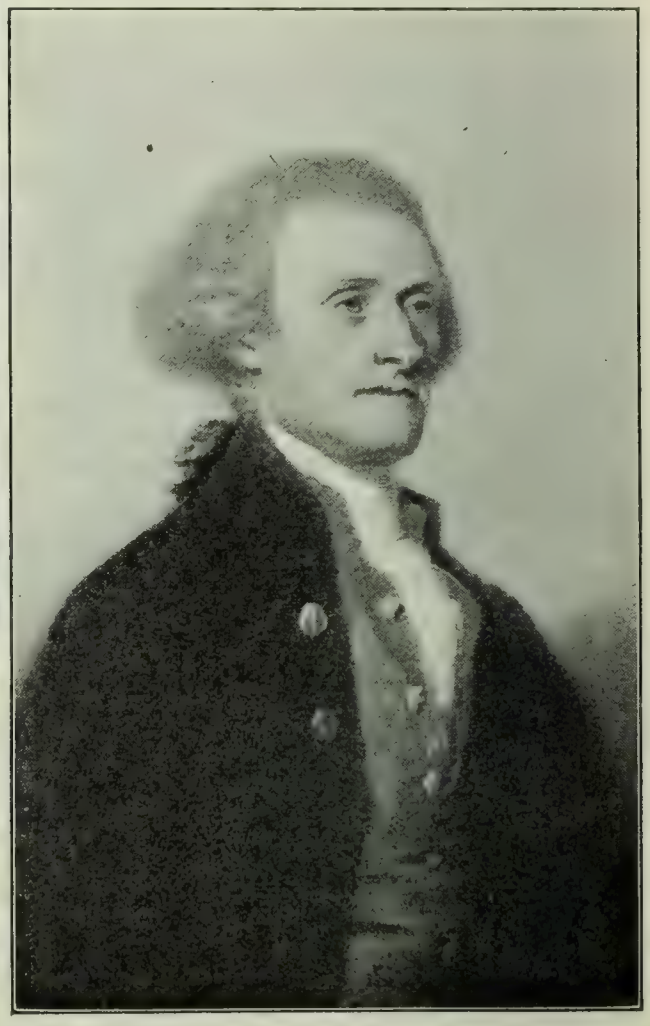


PRESIDENT WASHINGTON

Painted in 1793 by Trumbull

contemporary document that could possibly be found. He has shown all the schemes and methods tried by the Confederate Government to keep their ship of state afloat. It is a clear, exhaustive analysis, and has immediately been accepted as a standard authority among the experts of finance.

Professor E. G. Bourne, of the Department of History, has published a volume of "Essays in Historical Criticism." The place of honor in this work is given to "The Legend of Marcus Whitman," and with relentless accuracy Professor Bourne has disentangled this intricate subject, thereby obtaining at once the gratitude of scholars and the hatred of certain persons whose interest in the subject exceeded their knowledge of it. Other papers treat of the authorship of the Federalist, "Prince Henry, the Navigator," "The Demarcation Line of Pope Alexander VI," and other important historical themes. "India, Old and New," is the comprehensive title of a volume by Professor Edward W. Hopkins, the head of the Department of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology. This is a collection of ten essays and addresses, some of them gathered from the author's personal experiences in India during the year 1896-97. It will appear in December. Professor Hopkins has also contributed a volume on "The Great Epic of India; Its Character and Origin."



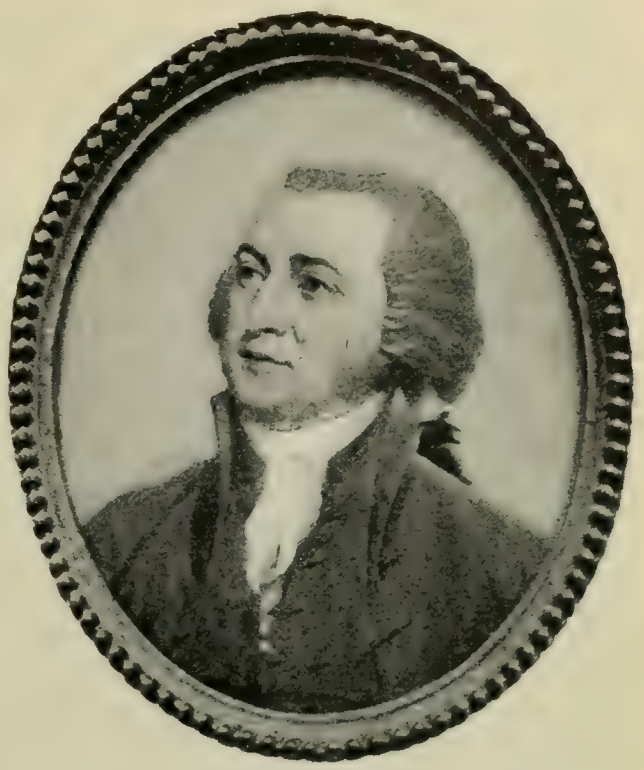
THOMAS JEFFERSON

From the "Declaration of Independence," by Trumbull

This is a thorough analysis of the great Hindu epic, the Mahabharata, work which has long awaited complete and scholarly handling. The book has already been reviewed in England, with the highest terms of praise. "Plutarch's Themistocles and Aristides" is the title

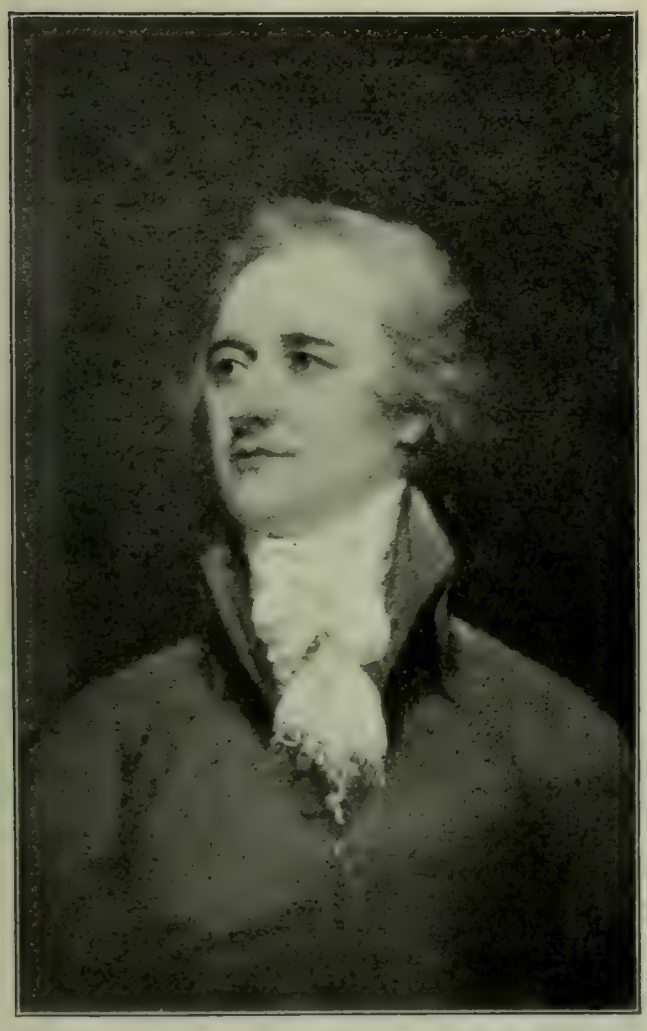
of a beautifully printed volume, and comes from the well-known pen of Professor Bernadotte Perrin, Lampson Professor of Greek. This is a new translation from the original, in a peculiarly elegant English style; it contains a most valuable and charming literary introduction and a body of useful notes. It is to be hoped that this translation may some day appear separately in a cheap form, and it would be a good idea also to issue these scholarly notes with an edition of the Greek text. Professor Perrin is one of the most human teachers of Greek that ever inspired college students; and the same qualities of broad sympathy and literary appreciation that have made him so powerful an addition to Yale's teaching force are abundantly illustrated in this delightful volume.

"The Elements of Experimental Phonetics" comes from the Philosophical Department, and is contributed by Professor E. W. Scripture, whose specialty is experimental psychology. This will appear some time in November. The members of the Biblical and Semitic Faculty have combined forces, and issued a volume on "Historical and Critical Contributions to Biblical Science." The aim of these papers is to present the latest results of Biblical research in popular form, so that they may be read intelligently by all lovers of the Bible. Professor Cook's book on "Biblical Quotations in Old English Prose Writers," which was published some years ago, is now included in the Bicentennial Series. A particularly important work, and one that is eagerly welcomed by scholars, is Professor Lounsbury's volume, called "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist." It is the first of a set, the whole work to be entitled "Shakespearean Wars." In this preliminary volume Professor Lounsbury discusses the various opinions that have been held by critics concerning the great dramatist, from 1660 to the present time. The question of "classical rules" and the attitude of English playwrights toward them is also treated at length in this author's vivacious and forceful style.



JOHN ADAMS

Painted in 1792, when Vice-President, by Trumbull



ALEXANDER HAMILTON

By Trumbull

Philological work is represented by Professor Morris, in Latin, with a book on "Principles and Methods in Syntax;" by Professor Oertel, in Linguis-

tics, "Lectures on the Study of Language;" by Professor Goodell, in Greek, "Chapters on Greek Metric;" by Professor Lang, in Romance Philology, "The Gallego-Castilian Court Lyrics of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries."

From the men of science we have Professor Hastings's work on "Light." This is a study of the phenomena of optics, with a particularly full treatment of Atmospheric Optics. "Contributions to Mineralogy and Petrography" is the title of a volume written jointly by Professors Penfield and Pirsson, of the Sheffield Scientific School. Professor Gibbs, one of the greatest authorities in the world on Mathematical Physics, and one of the most illustrious names on Yale's long roll of mathematical geniuses, has written a book on "Elementary Principles in Statistical Mechanics," which will appear this month. Dr. E. B. Wilson, the youngest of all the authors in the series, and a most promising scholar in mathematics, supplies a volume on "Vector Analysis." Professor H. L. Wells has edited in two volumes "Studies from the Chemical Laboratory of the Sheffield Scientific School." The Dean of the School, and a scholar of international reputation, Professor Chittenden, contributes "Studies in Physiological Chemistry," a field where he has no equal in America. "Studies in Evolution" is the title of a large volume by Professor C. E. Beecher, and Professor Gooch has edited in two volumes "Research Papers from the Kent Chemical Laboratory," containing 108 separate papers, illustrating the work of this laboratory for the past twelve years. The following two books are not yet in press, but are to be included in the series: "The Mechanics of Engineering," by Professor DuBois, and a work that will be of great interest to classical students, "Life in Greece in the Homeric Age," by the well-known authority on Homer, Professor Seymour. Altho not a formal part of the Bicentennial publications, mention should be made of Professor Weir's new book on the life and work of the painter, Trumbull, whose pictures adorn the Yale Art School.

It will be seen from the above list how impressive in quantity, excellent in quality and rich in variety are the Yale Bicentennial books.

Mayor Low's Opportunity

By Walter L. Hawley

[As President of the Association of City Hall Reporters and as close friend of many of the city officials Mr. Hawley has had excellent means of finding out the facts upon which this article is based.—Editor.]

THE Hon. Seth Low, when he enters upon the discharge of his duties as Mayor of New York City, will be face to face with the most important and magnificent opportunity for valuable public service that has ever confronted the chief executive of an American city. During the two years of his term he may, if he will, render a public service that will in time be of inestimable value to the people of every municipality in the United States. Students of municipal government and writers upon the subject have for some years contended for business methods in the management of the affairs of cities. Their favorite illustration is to compare the business of a city to that of a great private corporation, and from that basis argue that business methods should prevail. Business methods do not prevail in the government of any city in this country.

New York has for some years been on the high road to paternalism and bankruptcy. The business methods of its government would wreck the Steel Trust in six months. The city receives less labor, less material and less permanent value for the money it spends than any other municipality in the world. For nine months of the year the city borrows money from day to day for current expenses, paying $700,000 annually in interest charges. Then for three months it crowds the strong boxes of threescore banks of deposit. This condition should be more than reversed. The city would be able to loan money at interest eleven

months of the twelve if it collected taxes at the beginning instead of the end of the year.

The great opportunity of Mayor Low, however, lies chiefly in another field. Under the amended charter he can restrain reckless expenditure for inefficient and unnecessary service. He has been elected under political conditions that leave him free to act along that line, and he must bear full responsibility for success or failure. During the past four years Tammany has packed every department of the city government with useless office holders and employees. There are 44,000 persons in the service of the city on the payroll, aggregating $50,000,000 a year. Ten thousand of these employees might be dismissed in a day with benefit to the public service, provided those remaining were compelled to render faithful and efficient labor for the pay they receive. The saving in the salary account might be $10,000,000 a year. Mayor Low and his Board of Estimate will have full power to amend the budget of 1902 at any time from January 1 to May 1, so reforms may begin the day he is inaugurated.

There are now employed in the various city departments more than 100 private secretaries to commissioners and deputy commissioners. They are all exempt from civil service regulations and their pay ranges from $1,800 to $5,000 a year. A score of stenographers and typewriter operators of fair ability could perform all the work for the city now performed by more than five score secretaries. The average city commissioner, if able to write or dictate a letter in good English, does not need a private secretary at $5,000 a year. There are now employed several hundred confidential clerks and messengers at high salaries who have so little to do that their presence is rarely required at the offices where they draw their salaries. Mayor Low might single out the Dock Department as a sample of the reckless way in which public money is wasted. There he will find a private secretary and a staff of confidential clerks and messengers to each commissioner, in addition to a large general clerical staff. An examination of the books, letter files and letter copybooks for a period of three months might disclose positive evidence of the trifling amount of public work performed by some twoscore high salaried employees.

The reform Mayor may send his Commissioners of Accounts into every department of the city government, where by a little caution and careful detective work they would be able to check off the hundreds of employees who are on duty only on pay day. They should be able to find the record of high-priced clerks and secretaries who for three months at a time do not enter the buildings where they are supposed to be employed. If Mayor Low leaves to his subordinates the discovery of all these abuses the latter may encounter pressure too strong for political nature to resist. Back of every man in a sinecure there is some powerful political or social influence. Under Tammany, heads of departments who sometimes try to get public work done find they cannot control their subordinates because each one has a "backer." In the matter of public service and labor the city of New York does not receive twenty-five cents on the dollar expended. There are on the payroll hundreds of men as laborers at $2 and $2.50 a day and mechanics at $3 to $4.50 per day who, for the service they render the city, could not obtain thirty cents a day in private employment. A time and salary account kept recently on a small repair job in a city building disclosed that the cost of the work in the wages of the men employed was $33. An outside man would have done the same work by contract for $5. The custodians of the public buildings often excuse the disgraceful condition of those structures with the statement that they cannot make the men under them work because "every man has a leader back of him." The man in city employment to-day who tries to render honest and efficient service for the pay he receives is laughed at for a fool by his associates.

Civil Service regulations are supposed to govern the appointment of more than ninety-five per cent. of city employees. Tammany office holders use the civil service as a buffer to protect themselves from persistent office seekers. The regulations can usually be "regulated" to help the "right" man get a place. Mayor Low need not expect to abolish sinecures by appointing good men as heads of departments and trusting to

them and the civil service. Mayor Strong appointed some good commissioners, but during his administration the number of city employees was increased from 19,000 to 28,000. Tammany has ever since been profiting by and improving upon that example.

Mayor Low will have the power to abolish every useless place and compel the remaining employees to render fair service. The idea that city employment is a political or personal reward has in recent years developed into conviction in the minds of thousands of men in New York. The scale of salaries and wages in the public service in New York is from twenty to seventy-five per cent. higher than in any other city in the world, and the standard of service rendered in return is unquestionably the lowest. The present head of one of the most important departments of the city has often said that among the 500 employees under him there were 100 who were not worth five cents a week each, and yet he could not remove one of them.

New York has suffered severely from a manufactured public sentiment that has been rapidly paving the way to paternalism in government. Politicians of both parties have trembled at the mention of that mythical bugaboo called the labor vote. There has been a scramble at Albany and in the City Hall to see which party could do most for "labor." For ten years several score professional agitators have prospered by the business of waving aloft a great "raw head and bloody bones" labeled "labor vote." The fact that no such thing exists has not saved the money of the taxpayers. The city has been robbed of millions of dollars to make planks in political platforms. New York is now paying for every school house or other structure it builds—in fact, for nearly everything it builds or buys—from ten to fifty per cent. more than a private corporation or individual would have to pay for the same work or material. The fact that the Court of Appeals has declared the worst of the so-called Labor laws unconstitutional has had little effect toward checking the drain on the city treasury.

If city government is a business to be conducted on business principles then every municipality should be able to buy labor, land and goods in the open market at the lowest price. Any other principle is absolutely incompatible with business methods of government. A great city like New York should buy the best of everything, but it ought to be able to obtain full value for the money it spends. To-day the city does not receive honest value for any expenditure. A system of buying from favored firms and agents has been growing for years. The spirit of the laws providing for competitive bidding is evaded every day. Testimony before the Mazet Committee disclosed the fact that the specifications of the Board of Education for certain fire proof material for school houses were identical with a circular advertisement of a company in which a son of Richard Croker was interested.

Mayor Low may be handicapped by ill-advised laws, but if he is vigilant and energetic he can quickly check the vast system of favoritism and excessive payments that has grown up during the past four years. He can easily and quickly check the system of condemnation proceedings under which the city pays from ten to twenty per cent. more for all the real estate it acquires than it would have to pay by direct purchase. He can stop at once the system of extensions of time and other favoritism to certain contractors, by which nearly all public work is delayed and the cost of it increased.

If Mayor Low can induce the Board of Aldermen, that is to serve the city with him, to pass a practical license ordinance that can be enforced he will thereby add $1,000,000 a year or more to the revenues of the city, and at the same time abolish a dangerous and vicious system of political patronage and persecution. The license ordinance now in force does not provide punishment by fine or imprisonment for violations or failure to take out a license where one is required. A penalty to be recovered at civil action by the Corporation Attorney is the only punishment, but every stand within a stoop line or under the stairs of the elevated railroad must have a permit from the Municipal Assembly. The result is that the Councilmen and Aldermen make these permits political patronage, and once they are granted few holders of them pay the additional license fee required. The receipts of the former City of New York for li-

censes for stands within stoop lines were nearly $350,000 in 1897. In 1900 the receipts from the same source for the Greater New York, license fee the same, were $3,600. The city should receive in license fees considerably more than $1,000,000 a year, where it now receives less than $100,000.

Unhampered by political affiliations or ante-election promises, Mayor Low will have ample power and full opportunity to demonstrate that the business of a great city can be conducted on business principles. He should be able to save to the treasury more than $10,000,000 a year of useless expenditure, and to enforce the simple proposition that for every cent expended the municipality should receive full value. He should be able to check the steadily growing and dangerous tendency of the public to rob a city because it is rich. If he can establish in all branches of the city government the same rules of honesty and the same methods of business that prevail in private employment, he will have rendered his country a service the ultimate value of which cannot be estimated. No man ever had a better opportunity to render such a service.

In Defense of the Officers of the Navy

By Park Benjamin

THE revival of the so-called Sampson-Schley controversy, culminating in the Court of Inquiry, now considering its decision, was caused by the appearance last summer of the third volume of Mr. Edgar S. Maclay's "History of the Navy," wherein Rear-Admiral Schley was denounced for cowardice and prevarication. The reason why this attack was regarded of importance was that Mr. Maclay gave "commanding officers" of the navy as authority for his aspersions. This he stated in his preface in the following words:

"As a further safeguard nearly every commanding officer concerned has read and corrected proof sheets dealing with actions in which each figured."

Inasmuch as the names of the commanding officers serving with Rear-Admiral Schley in the various actions were readily ascertainable, Mr. Maclay's allegation amounted not only to a direct designation of persons, but of persons whose distinguished position and known public records gave to the charges a weight which they could equally have derived from no other source.

The evidence taken before the Court of Inquiry does not deal with Mr. Maclay's accusations, nor was any officer questioned concerning them. This, despite the fact that several of the commanding officers implicated by Mr. Maclay appeared as witnesses. In consequence, there has been much public criticism of the officers of the navy for omission to repeat these charges when under oath, for descending to calumny and slander, and for entering into a substantial conspiracy to crush a brother officer. Hence, "dry rot" and "a distinctly lowered *morale*," in the naval *personnel* has been argued, and a Congressional investigation aiming at "drastic reforms" has been advocated.

My present purpose is to show that for such contentions there is not now, and never has been, any foundation whatever; that the officers of the navy have not resorted to slander or calumny, or conspired against any one, either through Mr. Maclay or anybody else; that specifically the "commanding officers," and Rear-Admiral Sampson in particular, never directly or indirectly gave Mr. Maclay any justification for his charges, and that the whole present trouble, so far as it has been occasioned by Mr. Maclay's book, rests on nothing but an innocent blunder, pure and simple, made in the use of the English language by Mr. Maclay himself.

I proceed to tell how this has been demonstrated. The accepted meaning of Mr. Maclay's statement is that nearly all the commanding officers concerned in any action in which each figured read and corrected his proof sheets. This would implicate most of the captains

present at the Battle of Santiago, or with Schley in his earlier operations. Yet no one who knew these gentlemen could read their collected names without wholly disbelieving that they could so act.

It was decided to investigate. Through personal letters and other means the direct denial of nearly every officer involved, including the great majority of those of high rank, has now been obtained. Rear-Admiral Sampson had already repudiated responsibility. He is now followed by Rear-Admirals Higginson, Cotton and Taylor, Captains Sigsbee, Chadwick, McCalla, Jewell, Wise, Clark, Cook and Lyon, and Lieutenant-Commander Southerland. The assertion that nearly "every commanding officer concerned" had read and corrected Maclay's proof sheets has thus been utterly demolished.

The question at once arises why Mr. Maclay should ever have cited such authority. No motive for deceptive intent on his part is discernible. He could gain nothing, and he risked the prejudice of the very men who could give his work the most powerful support. The presumption is that he had no such intent. The alternative of error is at once suggested.

Now what is the fact to which his statement refers? This is answered by his own pages. All through them are quotations from letters sent him by officers, each identified by a foot note showing the source, as "Captain Sigsbee to the author," "Admiral Sampson to the author," and so on. There are twenty-seven such ascriptions. In seventeen instances the person quoted was a commanding officer—in all of them he took part in the action described. Thus Captain Sigsbee tells of the destruction of the "Maine," Naval Constructor Hobson relates the "Merrimac" exploit, and so on—each writer confining himself to a particular incident in which he figured. In no case do nearly all the officers co-acting in any one event unite in describing it. Add to this the fact that in every instance where an officer has informed us that he did read and correct Maclay's proof, he has expressly declared that he neither saw nor knew anything of any other proof sheets than those wherein his own doings were chronicled [the pages relating to Schley were never among these], and the problem at once unravels itself.

Mr. Maclay obviously endeavored to state the nature of his first-hand sources of information—and this in accordance with what the pages of his book actually showed to be the fact. Unfortunately he missed his aim. He said:

> "Nearly every commanding officer concerned has read and corrected proof sheets dealing with actions in which each figured,"

when what he *meant to say* was:

> "The proof sheets dealing with the several actions have been read and corrected in nearly every instance by a commanding officer who figured in the action described."

And what a world of trouble, what a host of recriminations, animosities, reflections, slurs and accusations would have been saved, if only he had done so!

The clearing up is not yet quite complete. Mr. Maclay specifically charged Admiral Schley with cowardice at the battle of Santiago. Excepting Admiral Phillip, now deceased, who is quoted once in the description of the engagement, Admiral Sampson appears to be the only person sending Maclay direct information on the subject, and he is quoted twice. In other connections he is quoted five times. In the heat of this controversy Admiral Sampson has been repeatedly charged with derogatory statements concerning Admiral Schley, and even with having directly inspired Mr. Maclay's attack. Manifestly if there be any foundation for this it should appear of all places in such correspondence as Admiral Sampson had with Mr. Maclay while the work of the latter was in progress and the existence of such correspondence appears to be proved by the apparent quotations therefrom above noted.

At this point Colonel Robert M. Thompson, who has already appeared as Admiral Sampson's stedfast friend and advocate, has lent his assistance, and at his request a thorough search has been made through all of Admiral Sampson's letter-books and papers. But one letter to Mr. Maclay has been found. It is printed below. The part in brackets only is quoted in Maclay's book:

> "NAVY YARD, BOSTON, MASS., Dec. 14, 1900.
> "MY DEAR SIR:
> "I have received and read your proof, and find little to criticise. I assume that the actual operations of the American forces in the West

Indies, which were coincident with some of the dispatches you have mentioned, and the movements of the Spaniards, will be set forth in the following chapters—the attack on Porto Rico, etc.

"One inaccuracy is your statement that Ward and Buck were promoted. I think they were recommended, but the recommendation was not acted upon. I am also inclined to think that you have an exaggerated impression of the speed and the mobility that Cervera's fleet possessed. [It always seems perfectly natural to me that Cervera, after his long trip across the ocean, would have put into some port for coal, repairs and information before attempting any depredations;] and as soon as we knew where he was, it was simply a question of so disposing our ships as to insure meeting him with an equal force whichever way he might have proceeded. His fate was assured within a very few days after his arrival at Santiago. But he appreciated the unavoidable result of coming to this side with an inferior fleet, and put himself on record to that effect time and again, even before war was declared. However, these are minor points.

"Very truly yours,
"W. T. SAMPSON."

"MR. EDGAR S. MACLAY, 1224 Hancock street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A parallel scearch in Mr. Maclay's papers corroborates the fact that there is no other letter. The remaining five quotations in his book appear as isolated notes in the handwriting of Admiral Sampson's secretary on the margins of the proof sheets. The two quotations contained in Maclay's description of the battle of Santiago were on proof sheets among those which Admiral Sampson never saw, and which he refused to look at, because of his total disapproval of the extreme charges against Schley. The allegations against Admiral Sampson therefore stand contradicted. The accusations against Admiral Schley made by Mr. Maclay rest on that author's own personal opinion and not on the authority of the Commander-in-Chief of the American fleet or that of any of his captains.

This has nothing to do with the issues now before the Court of Inquiry. It does not relieve Mr. Maclay from blame for his unguarded expressions, altho it does exonerate him from apparent misrepresentation. It should end finally the charge of conspiracy. It certainly goes to show that the officers of the Navy are as they always have been, loyal, honest and truthful gentlemen, and not slanderers or calumniators, as their enemies have sought to establish: that there is no impairment in their "*morale*," or degradation of the high sense of honor which has always characterized them.

A great deal of trouble has followed Mr. Maclay's misuse of his mother-tongue, but perhaps it has not been without its value. We were very proud of our Navy. It was worth something to learn that, despite everything that has been said, our pride in it need have no fall.

A Love Song

(Seventeenth Century)

By Duncan Campbell Scott

IT is not I alone
But all the flowers that love thee;
They hoard their hue and honey up,
And strive to prove thee
The fairest of their train;
They try
To vie with thy lip's ruby stain,
But fade and die.

It is not I alone
But all the stars that love thee;
They gather in the early dark,
And bend above thee
With all their twinkling light;
They try
To mock thy glances in the night,
But pale and die.

It is not I alone
But all the seas that love thee;
They heap their ambergris and gold
And strive to move thee;
Or, rocking with their tides at rest,
They try
To counterfeit thy heaving breast,
And ebb and die.

It is not I alone
But all the world that loves thee;
It is because thou art so fair;
And as behooves thee,
Thou and the world are one in heart,
And try
Each to be other beauty's counterpart,
Nor fade, nor die.

OTTAWA, CANADA.

LITERATURE

Books of the Year

In this partial survey of the books of the year, The Independent does by no means purpose to mention all the works in every subject which are worthy of recollection. To begin with, it will be observed that no place is given to scientific books, for the reason that it would be necessary to draw an impossible line between strictly technical and non-technical works, or else to enter a field occupied by professedly scientific journals. So, too, in the subjects treated, it is probable that every one will remark the absence of some work which seems to him worthy of mention among the books of the year. Our effort has been to name no book unworthy, we have not sought to include all the worthy ones. As it is, the lists are sufficiently long to show the great and in many ways admirable literary activity of the year.

Novels

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Tommie and Grizel. By James Barrie. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Harper & Bros. $1.50.
An English Woman's Love Letters. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
The White Cottage. By Zack. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Sister Teresa. By George Moore. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
Crucial Instances. By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Arrows of the Almighty. By Owen Johnson. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. Harper Bros. $1.50.
The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle. The Century Co. $1.50.
In the Palace of the King. By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Richard Yea and Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Cardigan. By Robert W. Chambers. Harper & Bros. $1.50.
Days Like These. By Edward W. Townsend. Harper & Bros. $1.50.
Stringtown on the Pike. By John Uri Lloyd. Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50.
The Octopus. By Frank Norris. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
The Heart of the Ancient Wood. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.50.
The Forest Schoolmaster. By Peter Bosegger. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
The Beleaguered Forest. By Ella Pettie. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

"Criticism is the gospel of literature," said Maurice Thompson. But the iniquities of life and fiction outlast all kinds of scriptures. Of the two hundred and fifty novels reviewed in The Independent this year, scarcely three deserve a permanent place in literature; yet more than fifty have been phenomenally popular. The truth is, the average reader, he who determines the failure or success of a book, cares little for the catechism of art, or the gospel of literature. His object is not to expound judgments, but to discover by the aid of the publisher's advertisement what will interest and amuse him. The effect upon the people who write is demoralizing. It gives too many a chance at the popular wreath, encourages license in genius, and places the real artist at a disadvantage in the scramble.

Only a few books of the year have come from authors whose fame is not merely the fleeting breath of popular acclamation. *Kim* will be reckoned first on the list by many, tho we doubt if the book will have the vogue which some of Kipling's less pretentious stories have had. This is a tale of modern life in India, a drama of the Grand Trunk Road —with never a hint of that other road, the Mystic Way, whereon the lama of the story goes seeking the River of the Arrow. But only the student of ancient religious books of India will notice this omission. The "average reader" is exotic. He will not miss the grave dust flavor of old philosophies which should season even a story of modern India. But if for conscience sake we accord the first place to *Kim,* we keep happier recollections of *Tommie and Grizel,* old acquaintances whom we met several years ago in a cave somewhere on the winter rim of Thrums. Charming children they were then, known as "sentimental Tommie" and the "painted lady's" little girl. And in this sequel romance of their maturer years Mr. Barrie shows not only the mournful power of great thoughts—which lie like heredity at the base of his plot and thrust up the characters one by one for merciless inspection—but that rarer quality of sunshiny genius. Across each morning page slants a ray

of youthful humor, a red spark in Tommie's brave eye or a little "crooked smile" of springtime on Grizel's fair face.

Psychological novels are commonly the ones which make the deepest impressions. For, whether the motive is moral or satanic, we have an abiding interest in this fiction of spiritual struggles. And of this class *Eleanor* is the most notable example. In it Mrs. Humphry Ward deals with social conditions in modern Italy. She lays out her story in the midst of a political situation, and keeps it touching at all points, from the withered white smile of the Pope down to the vanity of secular ambition in the hero. But above it all climbs Eleanor, the frail ghost of a beautiful woman, whom the loss of love chastens into something almost ethereal, and even sends her up through the very gates of heaven, ransomed out of the flesh by the sacrifice of her love and happiness. The young girl who is supposed to have written *An English Woman's Love Letters,* which is one of the sensational books of the year, shows in a curious contrast to Mrs. Ward's heroine. This "English woman" is at bottom another pagan in Eve's garden—infinitely capable of loving, as all women are, but somehow shortened of her spiritual growth by happiness. And when sorrow passes her way, it leaves her not so much the winged ghost of beauty as it suggests the withered tear-stained face of an eager dying woman, who, having lost her "share of the world," faces the next with the mournful question of an agnostic. A woman is always the preferred subject for such novels—possibly because love is the pivot upon which her whole life turns, and because with her any life, whether good or bad, is more or less a romance of the spirit. Her dust is sublimated, and even her carnal nature has a spiritual fever in it. "Zack," in her story of *The White Cottage,* having proved that love is the woman's dynamic power, the force which sends her up or down, causes it to appear therefore that a battle against her own heart will be futile, that virtue even in a good woman is defenseless. Few will agree with her point of view; still no more convincingly written story of its kind has appeared this year than this tale of humble love passing through sorrow and shame, triumphing over law and remaining ethically pure to the last. But the list of eminent psychological victims will be incomplete without Mr. George Moore's nun, *Sister Teresa.* This is an analytical novel in which the author sits quietly down and takes his heroine to pieces, thought by thought. And his style, which is hard, brittle, totally devoid of charm, is admirably fitted for such mental surgery. The book is recommended chiefly as an antidote for the blood and thunder literature of historical novels. But even Mr. Moore has not finished his work with the delicate precision and figurative accuracy which distinguishes Edith Wharton's volume of *Crucial Instances.* Here, also, the writer deals with life subjectively, and works out her really difficult conceptions with the skill of an accomplished artist.

Owen Johnson's novel, *Arrows of the Almighty,* which appeared last spring, is a story written with another kind of decision and power. His purpose is to prove the supremacy of a man's will over his destiny. He creates a spiritual adventurer in a material universe and presents him with the keys of life and death. Those who have read the story will recall it as a very inspiring hallucination, in which the author's magnificent imagination soars high above the dust hole of fate. The last to appear, and one of the most fascinating novels of this class, is Gilbert Parker's new story, *The Right of Way.* The plot is founded on questions of moral casuistry, which stimulate interest and provoke argument, but really the problems presented defy solution. Mr. Parker's genius is constructive and he has a style which fits in with nature or fashion according to the necessities of the tale.

No matter how much the critics blaspheme, the popularity of the historical novel continues undiminished. Apparently the public keeps a welcome ready for every little dough-faced representation of historical personages. *The Helmet of Navarre* taxes credulity to the uttermost, and even grows absurd when we consider the impossibility of the performances set forth in it. Still this has been one of the most successful novels of the year, and we are compelled to admit that the charm of the story actually consists in the miraculous nature of incidents re-

corded. *In the Palace of the King,* a royal tragedy worked out in the magnificent palace of old Spain during the reign of Charles IX, and *The Life and Death of Richard Yea and Nay,* both of which appeared early last winter, were far more deserving of favor. In the latter novel the author's style is excellent, the character drawing superbly fine, the whole run of the story vigorous and swift. Of American historical novels two deserve especial mention, *The Crisis,* a mysteriously popular book in spite of the fact that as a story it contains neither plot nor movement, and *Cardigan,* which does not differ violently from other novels of its class. But the descriptions are good, the story well balanced and entertaining, and if the reader should be limited to one novel of the Revolution, *Cardigan* would not prove a bad choice.

During the past year the Harpers have made an effort to localize American fiction. In their series of "novels of American life" we have twelve stories with the scenes laid in different parts of the country and representing different epochs. The scheme has not proved altogether successful, if we may judge by the literary merits of some books of the series. But Mr. Townsend's New York novel, *Days Like These,* survives in spite of his indifference to the canons of art, on account of the book's cosmopolitan characteristics. In it all the cleverness, all the shallowness and worldliness of the American spirit speak. And when a man interprets for so great a thing as this, for a spirit which has not quite outgrown the vitality of western barbarism, nor stiffened into the sympathy of civilization, nor sobered into cant and old age philosophy, surely he is excusable if he forgets his art and becomes simply an inspired interpreter of "days like these." After all, there is something disconcerting to the classical mind in American life. Our adventures and heartaches cannot be told according to "the rules of the best writers and speakers." We are at the poster stage of our literary development and require that our emotions shall be writ large, a condition which Mr. John Uri Lloyd illustrates in his Kentucky novel, *Stringtown on the Pike.* Where he fails in grace and symmetry he makes up with the energy of his imagination and a hypnotism which enables him to tell the most monstrous lies with such an earnest devotion to the truth that we are fascinated into belief.

But perhaps the most magnificent literary shortcoming of the year is Mr. Frank Norris's Epic of the Wheat, *The Octopus.* There are chapters in the book which call to mind the ancient Greek tragedies. But the author does not understand the restraint of that noble art. He is bent upon death and destruction; and if, as he declares, this volume is the first of a trilogy on Wheat, little will be left in the world to hope for by the time the last one appears.

This survey would be incomplete did it not include some comment upon the effect of forest life upon recent fiction. Kipling, Thompson Seton and others make use of the woods as a lair for their creature heroes and heroines, and occasionally we find a human incarnation of the woodland spirit, as in the life of the child who figures in that refreshingly pure and primitive story, *The Heart of the Ancient Wood;* but those who do not recognize the fact that trees are becoming significant characters in modern novels should read *The Forest School Master,* in which the psychological effect of a forest upon men is given—where every oak has outlasted ten generations of them. Or, let him read *The Beleaguered Forest,* where the overmastering, terrifying influence of trees is showed upon a refined and sensitive nature suddenly thrust into their midst from the "clearing" of the outside world.

Biography and Letters

Life and Letters of Thomas Huxley. By Leonard Huxley. D. Appleton & Co. $5.00.

Grant Allen. A Memoir. By Edward Clodd. M. F. Mansfield & Co. $1.50.

Theodore Parker, Preacher and Reformer. By John White Chadwick. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.00.

Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. By Alexander V. G. Allen. E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50.

Peter Abelard. By Joseph McCabe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

The Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise. J. M. Dent & Co. 50 cents.

Napoleon: The Last Phase. By Lord Rosebery. Harper & Bros. $3.00.

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. By W. D. Green. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Marcus Whitman, and the Early Days of Oregon. By William A. Mowray. Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.50.

The Love Letters of Victor Hugo. Harper & Bros. $3.00.

The Love Letters of Bismarck. Harper & Bros. $3.00.

Letters of Thomas Edward Brown. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.00.

Up from Slavery. An Autobiography. By Booker T. Washington. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

The Story of My Life. By Augustus J. C. Hare. Vols. III, IV. Dodd, Mead & Co. $7.50.
The Autobiography of a Journalist. By William James Stillman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $6.00.
My Autobiography. By F. Max Müller. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

In no field of literature has the activity been greater or the results more satisfactory than in the output of Biographies and Letters. First in time and importance is the *Life and Letters of Thomas Huxley,* in which almost all the traits of a good biography are united. Unlike Darwin, his greater cotemporary, Huxley never let science dry up the genial sources of life within him, and everything about the man is interesting. In his letters we have the interest of following the career of a great scientist, a philosopher concerned in the most important disputes of the day, and a man of noble and fascinating personality. Smaller in size and less important in substance, yet very interesting and enlightening, is the *Memoir of Grant Allen.* He was much more than a scientist. His personality was winsome, his vivacity, his sincerity, his learning, his warmth of heart were fused in a charm of manner which touched all who knew him; and something of this charm transpires in the printed life of the man.

If we turn from science to religion, we have the *Lives of Theodore Parker* and *Phillips Brooks,* both of them giants in their own way. The life of the former may be of more real and more permanent concern to the Christian world, but while the memory of the great-hearted Bishop Brooks is still fresh, multitudes will be eager to read the two volumes in which his career is related in minute detail. Artistically considered, the volume on *Peter Abelard* holds a high rank among the religious biographies of the year. Mr. McCabe has written on the old controversialist and lover from wide knowledge and with great appreciation, and the result is a most interesting book. As a comparison to this life should be mentioned the little volume of *Love Letters* that passed between Abelard and Heloise, and that now in their English translation form a volume of Dent's "Temple Classics."

Lives of statesmen and soldiers have not been so numerous during the year. Mention, however, should be made of Lord Rosebery's *Napoleon.* English writers, owing to their political experience, are peculiarly fitted to write such studies as this, which treats of the Emperor's last years. Another important work of the sort is the life of *William Pitt,* in the "Heroes of the Nations" series. This is the first life of the great orator and statesman which can be called in any way adequate. Until now it was necessary to study Chatham's life in the public documents and in the general histories of the period. But this want has at last been supplied. Mr. Green has brought the great mass of material into systematic order and disposed it about the critical points in the career of the statesman. *Marcus Whitman* does not belong among the great statesmen, but the story of his journey to the far West and of his experiences in Oregon is interesting and throws light on a moot question of American history. The book is well written.

Perhaps the most remarkable books of biography have been the love letters of famous men which this year has seen ruthlessly dragged into the light. The first of these to appear were *The Love Letters of Victor Hugo.* To most persons this volume of letters was a disappointment, for somehow they seem to be the writing of an ordinary man and not of a great poet. In such a work as this, however, the literary quality is incidental. Hugo rested from his literary labors in the evening when he wrote his letters to Adèle. They are beautiful, but in no wise great. The world received with equal avidity *The Love Letters of Bismarck,* as it would receive with interest anything throwing light on the character of the Iron Chancellor. As these letters reveal him politically, Bismarck could not have been taken up with personal ambitions, but was rather a man determined to accomplish the destiny of a whole nation. And as his ambition was national so these love letters are primarily interesting for the insight they give us into a personal phase of German character. They bring out in a peculiar manner that combination of sternness and sentimentality which we have learned to expect in German literature. Bismarck as a statesman was the "incarnation of the medieval spirit," a man who, having conceived a plan of government, could conscientiously shed half the blood of Europe if necessary to carry forward his

purpose; but Bismarck as a lover could show German sentimentalism in its purest and softest form. While speaking of letters, we may mention one of the most interesting collections of recent years, tho they have little or nothing to do with the passions and tho the writer of them was a man of comparatively little fame. These are *The Letters of Thomas Edward Brown.* Brown was a poet of some repute who had published several volumes in the Manx dialect, but his letters were a revelation to the public. Not since the correspondence of Edward Fitzgerald was published had we seen anything so full of personal charm and of quaint fancies as were displayed in the present volumes. To those who enjoy books of letters they may be heartily recommended.

Several autobiographies of the year have peculiar interest. In *Up From Slavery* Mr. Booker T. Washington has told without false pride or false shame the story of his rise in life. He was at first a poor slave boy; he is now the head of Tuskegee College, a man everywhere trusted and honored. Hard work and good cheer are the characteristics of the man and of his school. Sometimes, perhaps, we think Mr. Washington has been too liberal in printing the letters of praise for his work that have come to him from all quarters; but as a whole the book is modest and inspiring. It is a curious contrast to turn from the life of this self-made man to the *Autobiography of Augustus J. C. Hare.* Mr. Hare knew intimately all the great folk of the world, and his volumes are filled with the story of their doings and with anecdotes, sometimes racy enough, of their foibles. Many curious bits of information are gathered up, as, for instance, the fact that the slang word "chestnut," on the authority of Mr. William B. Astor, is derived from the old-time rivalries of the Chestnut Street and Walnut Street theaters in New York. Something of the same kind of interest is found in *The Autobiography of Mr. William James Stillman.* Mr. Stillman was born in Schenectady in a Calvinistic Sabbatarian family of Rhode Island descent. This perhaps may account for the strength and purity of his character, but not for the strong art instinct which led him to go abroad for study on the munificent capital of $30. He saw much of the world and many of the world's great ones, but to us the most interesting chapters are those which tell of his relationship with Emerson and the other New England celebrities.

Professor Müller's *Autobiography* brings us into a somewhat different atmosphere. We have here the life of a scholar, but it is remarkable how much of the great world passed through this eminent philologian's study at Oxford.

Politics and Sociology

The Transit of Civilization from England to America in the Seventeenth Century. By Edward Eggleston. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The Education of the American Citizen. By Arthur Twining Hadley. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

History of Intellectual Development on the Lines of Modern Evolution. Vol. III. By John Beattie Crozier. Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50.

The English Utilitarians. By Leslie Stephen. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 3 vols. $10.

The Child: A Study in the Evolution of Man. By Alexander Francis Chamberlain. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The Play of Man. By Karl Groos. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The British Constitution. By Leonard Courtney. The Macmillan Company. $2.

A Century of American Diplomacy. By John W. Foster. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.50.

The Civil War and the Constitution. By John W. Burgess. Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols. $2 net.

The History of Tammany Hall. By Gustavus Myers. Published by the author, 52 William street. $1.50.

Government in Switzerland. By John Martin Vincent. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The Referendum in America. By Ellis Paxson Oberholzer. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

The Gospel of Wealth, and Other Timely Essays. By Andrew Carnegie. The Century Company. $2.

The American Workman. By E. Lavasseur. Johns Hopkins Press. $3.

An Introduction to the Industrial and Social History of England. By Edward P. Cheyney. The Macmillan Company. $1.40.

Individualism or Collectivism. By Edmund Kelly. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.

Contemporary Socialism. By John Rae. Third edition, with a new chapter. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Substitutes for the Saloon. By the Rev. Raymond Calkins. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.30.

Improvement of Towns and Cities. By Charles Mulford Robinson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

The Heart of the Empire. By Various Writers. T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.

'Twixt Sirdar and Menelik. By Capt. M. S. Welby. Harper & Bros. $2.50.

Newest England. By Henry Demarest Lloyd. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50.

The Spanish-American War. By Russell A. Alger. Harper & Brothers. $2.50.

The Philippines. By A. G. Robinson. McClure, Phillips & Co. $2.00.

Aguinaldo. By Edwin Wildman. Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.20.

Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War. By E. T. Cook. Imported by Longmans, Green & Co. $5.00.

Blue Shirt and Khaki. By James F. J. Archibald. Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.50.

The Settlement After the War in South Africa. By M. J. Farrelly. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

he Problem of Asia and Its Effect upon International Policies. By A. T. Mahan. Little, Brown & Co. $2.
he Real Chinese Question. By Chester Holcombe. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
hina: Travels and Investigations in the "Middle Kingdom." By James H. Wilson. [Third edition, with new matter.] D. Appleton & Co. $1.75.
Year in China, 1899-1900. By Clive Bingham. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.
hina: Her History, Diplomacy and Commerce. By E. H. Parker. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00.
hina and the Allies. By A. Henry Savage Landor. Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols. $7.50.
hina in Convulsion. By Arthur H. Smith. Fleming H. Revell Company. 2 vols. $5.00.
he Lore of Cathay. By W. A. P. Martin. Fleming H. Revell Company. $2.50.
sia and Europe. By Meredith Townsend. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

THE number of good, if not great, vorks of a social and political nature ublished during the year has been so arge that separate mention can be made f only a few of the more significant nes.

In General Sociology there is first to e noticed Dr. Eggleston's *Transit of Civilization.* It appeared nearly a year go, and won high praise immediately, or its permanent value was easily recognized. The motives, purposes and tandards of our colonial ancestors are keenly interpreted and there is a fascination about the rendering which is but rarely met with in political narration or exposition. Professor Hadley's collection of essays and lectures has a more modern bearing. A variety of subjects—trusts, socialism, pedogogy, political ethics and he like—is dealt with, thoughtfully and ably. Mr. Crozier's *Intellectual Development* is the third volume of his projected work; the second, requiring minute researches in preparation, having been put aside on account of the author's failing eyesight. The present volume, which treats entirely of present-day matters, reveals again the accurate scholarship and profound thought of the earlier volume, and assures for the complete work a high rank in the realm of politico-moral philosophy. As for Mr. Stephen's *Utilitarians,* which, by the way, is not only sociology, but philosophy, psychology, economics, law and literature, happily interfused, nothing in its way could be better. It is a monument of learning and care, admirably planned and brilliantly written.

Of another class of sociological works, two important numbers are to be noted —Professor Chamberlain's *The Child* and Professor Groos's *The Play of Man.* The former, a summary and critical review of the literature of child study, deserves all the warm praise which has been given it; and not less can be said of the more original and more speculative work of Professor Groos.

Political History has also its important contributions. Mr. Courtney's *British Constitution,* treating historically and descriptively the whole system of British government, is a work of enduring merit. A much-needed authority on an interesting subject is furnished by Mr. John W. Foster's *History of American Diplomacy.* Most readers will learn with surprise how much of a diplomatic history America has had, and the patriotic sense will be gratified to learn that this statecraft has been exercised upon high planes of political morals, and that it has been on the whole a winning game. Professor Burgess's *Civil War and the Constitution* is a recent book which not only relates the history of the stirring times of forty years ago, but also discusses the relation of the Constitution to the then dominant issues and the resulting changes due to the great struggle. The long and evil record of Tammany Hall, with which the great mass of the public was entirely unfamiliar, has now been laid bare in Mr. Myers's history. It is an invaluable narrative, which should be read by every student of politics. Dr. Vincent's *Switzerland,* also, should be widely read; it is both a history and a Government manual, and the seeker after information concerning that sterling little democracy will find his every question answered in these pages. Lastly, there is to be mentioned Dr. Oberholzer's work on the referendum, which should be studied carefully even by those who disagree with its conclusions.

Political Economy is largely represented in the year's output by essays on the subject of trusts. None of these, however, seems to us of great importance. A work of considerable interest, much of which is doubtless due to the author's mastership of millions, is Mr. Carnegie's *Gospel of Wealth.* The reader will find therein the elaboration of the magnate's theory that rich men should die poor, as well as his conclusion on a number of other subjects. A work of the highest value is M. Levasseur's *The American Workman;* Professor Chey-

ney's volume has deservedly met with a cordial welcome. An interesting and well-sustained argument for Socialism is made by Mr. Kelly in his *Individualism or Collectivism,* and Professor Rae, in a new chapter to his *Contemporary Socialism,* gives us a clear insight into the changing conditions of the German Social Democracy.

Certain municipal questions are well handled in the three books listed above. The most scholarly of these works is *The Heart of the Empire,* by a number of London writers who have lived in the slums, and tho the problems treated therein are peculiarly English problems, the lessons to be learned are applicable also in this country.

Next to fiction, Current History has had the run of the year. The troubles in South Africa and China have brought forth a roaring flood of books. Many of these, tho entertainingly written, are mere narratives of striking incidents or records of personal impressions, and are therefore outside the province of this review. Of a different character is Captain Welby's work, on the Abyssinian frontier, while Mr. Lloyd, in picturing New Zealand and Australia of to-day gives us a highly valued contribution to social science. Ex-Secretary Alger makes a laborious and not wholly unsuccessful defense of his official career in his *The Spanish-American War.* The Philippines are described—we believe honestly and fairly, by Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Wildman contributes a needed history of island affairs from 1896 to the present day. The Transvaal troubles have furnished enough literature to stock a library, but not much of it is permanent. Mr. Archibald's *Blue Shirt and Khaki,* with its careful comparisons of the British and American armies, is the best work of any of the correspondents. The more enduring contributions to this subject are furnished by Mr. Cook and Mr. Farrelly.

The China list, if printed in full, would swamp our columns. We can only pick out and catalog the eight or nine numbers which seem to us most likely to be read in the future, giving an incidental mention to a few. Dr. Smith, who has for several years been regarded as the popular expositor of Chinese life, presents a new book which is likely to achieve the success of *Chinese Characteristics.* Dr. Martin's *Lore of Cathay,* just issued, is already attracting attention, and General Wilson's soldier-like narrative has won a deserved standing. But if it is the larger political aspects of the Chinese question that the reader craves, he will find these most exhaustively treated by Captain Mahan and Meredith Townsend.

Religion

The Historical New Testament. Edited by James Moffatt. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50.
A Century's Progress in Religious Life and Thought. By W. F. Adeney. Thomas Whittaker. $1.20.
Principles of Religious Education. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
What is Catholicism? By Edmond Scherer. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
The Atonement in Modern Religious Thought. Thomas Whittaker. $1.50.
The Theology of Albrecht Ritschl. By Albert T. Swing. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.40.
Reconstructions in Theology. By Henry C. King. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
The First Interpreters of Jesus. By George H. Gilbert. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
The New Epoch for Faith. By George A. Gordon. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Christian Ordinances and Social Progress. By W. H. Fremantle. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
The English Church from the Norman Conquest to the Accession of Edward I. By W. R. W. Stephens. The Macmillan Co. $2.00.
A History of Babylonia and Assyria. By Robert W. Rogers. Eaton & Mains. $5.
Early History of Syria and Palestine. By Lewis B. Paton. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
Social Life of the Hebrews. By Edward Day. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
An Introduction to the New Testament. By Benjamin W. Bacon. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.
Bible Studies. By Adolf Deissmann. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.
Topographical and Physical Map of Palestine. By George Adam Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.
Jewish Cyclopædia. Funk & Wagnalls. $6.00.

The Historical New Testament is a splendid work of Christian learning, a monument of painstaking scholarship. As a complete exhibition of New Testament criticism in its present stage of advance, it is a very desirable book for a minister's library. For the best *résumé* yet published of the changes in religious and doctrinal views during the last century, we may turn to *The Century's Progress in Religious Life and Thought.* Professor Adeney's all round treatment of the subject takes account also of the changed attitude of the Church to social questions, art, literature and recreation.

Turning to education, it would not be easy to find a more instructive and enlightening work on the subject than *The Principles of Religious Education,* a series of lectures given under the auspices of the Sunday School Commission of the Diocese of New York. Eminent special-

ists, as President G. Stanley Hall, Professor Moulton and others here teach the teachers.

If from religious education we pass to Catholicism, we may find Edmond Scherer's work a clear exposition of its nature. This book, which was originally called forth by the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, was a timely publication in view of the ban recently laid by the Church upon the late Professor Mivart. With equal incisiveness and courtesy the pretensions of Rome are here reviewed by a critic distinguished alike by his knowledge, his dialectic skill, and his literary style.

The Atonement in Modern Religious Thought is a theological symposium to which have contributed seventeen of the most eminent European and American writers, including such men as Godet, Harnack and Sabatier, and representing both conservative and liberal tendencies.

The vigorous vitality of the Ritschlian school is indicated by recent publications pro and con. *The Theology of Albrecht Ritschl,* by Albert T. Swing, sympathetically exhibits Ritschl's fundamental positions and corrects the misconceptions of his critics. Professor Swing's work is an exposition of Ritschl's little book, "Instruction in the Christian Religion," which for the first time in an English dress and copiously annotated is incorporated in this volume.

On the Ritschlian ground that the idea of religion as friendship with God requires Christian theology to be construed in terms of personal relation with God as revealed in Christ, we have Professor King's *Reconstruction in Theology.* While Professor King attempts no full statement of theology in this line of thought, he clears the ground for it in an all round way.

The First Interpreters of Jesus cost Professor Gilbert his position in the Chicago Theological Seminary. The book is exegetical rather than theological, and is in the closest affinity with the Ritschlian Christology in its insistence on the ethical and religious point of view in which Jesus has "the value of God" for us, instead of the metaphysical deity which Ritschl declines to attribute to him. Professor Gilbert's work is thoroughly constructive, tho rather scholastic in its exegetical minuteness.

Dr. Gordon's volume on the *New Epoch for Faith* is, on the other hand, distinctly literary in treatment, altho the underlying interest is theological. The book shows marked freedom and vigor, and is full of broad sympathy and rich imagination, virile, optimistic, and charged with vital force.

The *Noble Lectures* for 1900, by Dean Fremantle, are the work of an Anglican Churchman and are highly significant for their substitution of a statesmanlike for an ecclesiastical view of the Church and its ordinances. The individualistic gives place throughout to the social view of those as means to a social end, and the establishment of righteousness upon earth.

Turning to historical works, we may commend *The English Church from the Norman Conquest to the Accession of Edward I* as a work of the highest order of excellence in the period it covers. And this period is one that appeals equally to the historian and to the reader by its great personages and its brilliant actions.

By his *History of Babylonia and Syria* Professor Rogers brings fresh credit to American scholarship and illumination to various points of the Old Testament narrative, whose parallels to the history in hand are frankly treated. Other volumes on these ages are, *The Early History of Syria and Palestine,* and *The Social Life of the Hebrews,* recent issues of the Semitic series, which while popularly written are highly important for Biblical students and pastors in the exhibition of the results of archeological research and historical criticism. In this connection *An Introduction to the New Testament* deserves mention as a critical hand book of great value. Professor Deissmann's *Bible Studies,* derived chiefly from papyri and inscriptions, are, as we said last month, the most important contribution of our times to New Testament lexicography. Bartholomew's *Topographical and Physical Map of Palestine,* from the latest surveys and researches, is most valuable, not only to Biblical students, but also to tourists.

Beside the fresh volumes of the great Biblical cyclopedias that have appeared—Cheyne's *Encyclopædia Biblica,* and Hastings's *Dictionary of the Bible*—the first volume of the *Jewish Cyclopædia*

has appeared from the press of the Funk & Wagnalls Company. This great work, to be completed in twelve volumes, will be "a descriptive record of the history, religion, literature and customs of the Jewish people from the earlist times to the present day." The list of collaborators includes over four hundred Jewish and Christian writers, and no work of its class evokes larger interest and support among scholars generally as well as among the Jewish people.

Philosophy

Greek Thinkers. A Story of Ancient Philosophy. By Theodore Gomperz. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.00.
The Philosophy of Religion in England and America. By Alfred Caldecott. The Macmillan Co. $2.50.
The Limits of Evolution and Other Essays. By G. H. Howison. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
The Riddle of the Universe. By Ernst Haeckel. Harper & Bros. $1.50.
Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology. Edited by James Mark Baldwin. The Macmillan Co. $5.00.

For a solid and learned work on the early period of Greek thought to the time of Socrates we may commend Professor Gomperz's *Greek Thinkers.* The treatment of the subject is often fascinating, and at times strikingly original, particularly in the parallels drawn between the ancients and the moderns.

Dr. Caldecott's work unites brilliantly the fields of philosophy and religion. It is an introduction to the history of Theism, of which he distinguishes many types, and makes a critical survey of their merits and defects. The scale of the work and the critical ability it evinces give real uniqueness to it in present philosophical literature.

Professor Howison's *Limits of Evolution* specially deserves notice. While monism, in one form or another, is now the regnant philosophy, it is disputed by some thinkers of great ability, who fear it as tending to pantheism and the wreck of moral interests. It has no abler antagonist than Professor Howison, who here expounds with great acuteness the antagonistic philosphy of pluralism. It is a remarkable reproduction, with some difference, of Liebnitz's doctrine of indestructible "monads," set forth two centuries ago.

Still more notable, but in a different way, is Professor Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe,* which confessedly holds the front rank as an exposition of the materialistic monism and the scientific atheism which is stedfastly losing ground among scientists as well as philosophers.

In the first volume of Professor Baldwin's *Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology,* we have the result of the co-operation of eminent specialists of the leading nations, which gives this the character of an international work. Under their hands philosophy now faces science instead of logic, and modern rather than ancient life. Consequently it addresses itself in this volume to a wide range of practical as well as speculative interests.

Criticism

A Literary History of America. By Barrett Wendell. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.
A History of Chinese Literature. By Herbert A. Giles. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Victorian Prose Masters. By W. C. Brownell. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Life in Poetry: Law in Taste. By William John Courthope. The Macmillan Co. $4.00.
Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. By Georg Brandes. The Macmillan Co. $2.25.
Ephemera Critica. By John Churton Collins. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00.
A History of Criticism. By George Saintsbury. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.
Colloquies of Criticism. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.
Ideals in Ireland. Edited by Lady Gregory. M. F. Mansfield.

If for nothing else, Professor Wendell's *Literary History of America* would be memorable for the amount of discussion it provoked. One critic objected to the slight or supercilious notice of a certain pet author, and another critic to another shortcoming of the kind. It must, in fact, be admitted that the book has a pretty long list of real shortcomings to answer for, yet as a whole it is the most readable and the maturest history of American literature yet written. Among the other literary histories of the year we may single out Professor Giles's *History of Chinese Literature,* which for novelty of theme, skillful disposal of vast masses of material, and delightful telling possesses an unusual claim on our attention. Not the least entertaining part of the volume is the succession of brief translations which have, for the most part, the beauty of delicately carved gems.

In criticism pure and simple the year has produced several books of more than passing value, and it is pleasant to note that the most important work of this sort comes from our own side of the Atlantic. We allude to Mr. Brownell's *Victorian Prose Masters,* a volume of essays deal-

ing with Thackeray, Carlyle, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin and George Meredith, and in the case of Thackeray at least saying almost the final word. Mr. Brownell's method is purely psychological, which accounts for the fact that his treatment of the novelists is more satisfactory than that of the other three prose masters. As a whole he has made a book of real and vital criticism. Professor Courthope's *Life in Poetry* is a work of a different sort entirely. From training and disposition he approaches literature from the historical point of view almost exclusively, and the interest of the book lies largely in the spirit of culture and of intimacy with the great past which pervades every paragraph. It is something to feel ourselves now and then in the company of those who name Plato and Aristotle and Longinus with veneration. It was a good thing to give us a translation of Georg Brandes's *Main Currents,* but it would have saved most of our English and American reviewers from exposing their shocking ignorance if the publishers had made it plain that this was an old work now first translated and not a new work. The book has long been a standard, in spite of serious shortcomings, among literary students, and is now made more generally accessible. Mr. Churton Collins's *Ephemera Critica* is engaged almost entirely with the present and with a stinging castigation of present day critical methods. The book is bitter and at times demonstrably unjust, but as a whole it is a brave and salutary pronouncement of disagreeable truths. Still more avowedly a critic on critics is Professor Saintsbury in his *History of Criticism.* In the first volume of this portentous work the author goes over the classics in a manner which shows infinite capacity for reading and remembering print, and no little acumen besides. The book as a storehouse of materials is very useful; unfortunately, in matters of broader concern it too often displays Professor Saintsbury's headlong method of jumping at conclusions.

Two books of lesser scope and importance should not go unremarked, *Colloquies of Criticism* and *Ideals of Ireland.* The former little book is a series of clever dialogues which contain much sound appreciation of the present state of literature; the latter in a group of pleasant essays treats of the pathetic attempt to revive Celtic as a literary language.

Poetry

Herod. By Stephen Phillips. John Lane. $1.50.
A Reading of Life. By George Meredith. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Poems. By William Vaughan Moody. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Very much or very little might be said about the poetry of the year. There has been produced a considerable body of verse in nowise bad, and, so far as temporary enjoyment goes, notably good. Mr. Phillips's *Herod,* however, rises distinctly above the class of books that can be grouped together. The old magic of the poet's style is there, and a touch more of deep and serious passion than his earlier works possessed. Yet one cannot but feel, almost against his will, the absence of any very sure ideal in Mr. Phillips's mind, and this alone detracts from the high praise which the drama has received and deserves. Mr. George Meredith's *Reading of Life* is noteworthy more because it is written by the great novelist than because of any intrinsic greatness. Yet the inevitable subtlety of the author's intellect saves his verse from ever becoming commonplace. More remarkable because showing hopeful promise is Mr. Moody's little volume of *Poems.* One of the odes at least has already attained a pretty well established fame, and almost all the work gives expectation of good things to come. May we not be disappointed.

THE BATTLE INVISIBLE. *By Eleanor C. Reed.* (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.) A collection of five short stories of village and farm life. The book takes its name from that of the first story, which relates the inner struggle of a soured and disappointed old man, whose mood is finally softened through the influence of a little child. There are certain indications of the writing novice discoverable in these pages; and yet there are such evidences of minute observation, of keen insight into character and of tender sympathy for the homely folk whom she writes about, that criticism is in a measure disarmed. With few or

none of the familiar tricks of fiction-writers, and employing a method of the plainest simplicity, she convinces us of the actuality of her creations. It is good work, and promising of better things to come.

JACONETTA: HER LOVES. *By M. E. M. Davis.* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 85 cents.) Jaconetta is a little girl of the *ante-bellum* South, a willful and impulsive creature with a surprising number of love affairs, in and out of which she passes with a marvelous celerity. It is a sweet and pathetic tale. The engrossing tho transitory devotions, the overwhelming sense of injury, the deep resentments, the terrors and delights of childhood, refracted through the haze of years, are brought to us again, and we live over the days before the "shades of the prison house" began to close in upon us. It is surely a rare art which can reconstruct so enchantingly the wonder-filled period of infancy and youth. We do not call to mind another writer who has done it so admirably since Mr. Kenneth Grahame published "The Golden Age."

THE OUTLAWS OF HORSESHOE HOLE. *A Story of the Montana Vigilantes. By Francis Hill.* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00, net.) It comes with something of a shock to the hardened reviewer who has lighted upon a tale so stirring that he must read it from title-page to *finis,* to discover afterward that it is advertised as a book "for young people." There are none of the customary ear-marks of boys' literature in this story; none of the vapidity that characterizes one extreme of this class of writing and none of the hair-raising absurdities that mark the other extreme. It is a spirited record of adventure, forceful and direct from start to finish; the episodes are not too improbable, and while the general tone is healthful, there is a notable absence of that tawdry moralizing which often disfigures such books. The story will be read with as much pleasure and interest by men as by boys. It is the work of a new author; and we confidently predict that he will be heard from again.

Pebbles

"'Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.'

"Nowadays to meet the full requirements of polysyllabic science he must paraphrase it thus:

"Infinitesimal particles of saline humective fluidity,
Minute corpuscles of non-adhering inorganic matter,
Conjointly cause to exist the unmeasurable expanse of aqueous sections,
And the resplendent superficial area of dry solidity."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

....A novel appeared recently in which it was described how the hero, rescuing his lady from the battlement of a castle, clasped her in one arm, swung himself from the bough of a tree with another, and struck the villain, presumbably with a third. But this record is now beaten. In a translation of a French novel it is written that "her hand was cold like that of a serpent!" Other feats recorded by novelists are not less wonderful. What book was it in which the Colonel was described as "pacing backward and forward with his hands behind his back reading the newspaper?" With a patent paper stand and an ingenious system of looking-glasses it would perhaps be just possible.—*St. Louis Review.*

GOOD TIMES ALL AROUND.

Still ol' Georgy's raisin'
The merriest kind of tune;
Roses in December
Whisperin' of June.
When you think it's winter,
With its skies of gloom,
Suddenly a frostflake
Melts into bloom!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

An' here in Luzeanner,
Why, everything's in bloom,
An' even when it's rainin'
It's pourin' down perfume.
The birds are always singin',
In sunshine an' in rain,
An' Luzeanner's raisin'—
Well, everything and cane.
—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

An' up here in Chicago,
Where culture fairly hums,
Society is sportin'
Its big chrysanthemums.
The gayest lot of people
You ever come across—
We're puttin' in our evenin's
A-worshippin' the hoss.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

In Maryland we're happy—
The nor'west breezes pipe;
The canvasback is blooming
And the terrapin is ripe.
The hardshell crab is tempting
The jaded appetite;
The oyster makes us joyous—
The world is running right.
—*Baltimore American.*

EDITORIALS

The Railway Millionaires

THE agreement by which the war of capitalist groups in the railroad world was ended has now been set forth in binding and legal forms. It will be recalled that the movement for control of the railroads by "community of interest" was suddenly checked by a quarrel. One group of capitalists, controlling the Union Pacific, had bought the Southern Pacific. Another had practically consolidated the two Northern competing transcontinental lines, Great Northern and Northern Pacific. Reaching out for something more in the region between Chicago and the Rocky Mountains, the northern (or Hill-Morgan) group sought control of the St. Paul system. This could not be obtained, and therefore the same capitalists decided to take the Burlington road. But the Burlington system parallels a part of the Union Pacific, and therefore the Rockefeller-Harriman group demanded an interest in the Burlington for the protection of its lines. This interest having been withheld, the war began, and in a short time it became known that the southern group had cut away the support of the northern party by purchasing and holding a majority of the stock of the Northern Pacific road itself. The Southern group was then clearly in a position to dictate the terms of a settlement.

Time is required for the completion of an agreement affecting interests of such magnitude, but at last the work is done. A new company, with a capital of $400,000,000, takes over the stock of both the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific; and in this company the Rockefeller-Harriman group, holding about one-fifth of the shares, is represented by at least one-fifth of the directors. But in the Burlington system (to be operated by a distinct company) it has one-half the voting power. Thus harmony is restored, and a great quantity of shares, for months jealously held, will be released for sale to the public. The parties to the agreement now control all the transcontinental roads except the Atchison. Their control is extended eastward to the Atlantic by ownership, alliances and "community of interest" established in various ways.

This formal compact of the forces that were at war discloses the great progress made in a short time toward a consolidation of our railways. While it relates directly to companies having about 34,500 miles of track (more than one-sixth of the entire mileage in the United States), and about $1,500,000,000 in stock and bonds, it is really supported, in a more or less intimate connection, by companies and capitalists controlling four-fifths of that entire mileage. This is seen when we look at the names of the directors of the agreeing Western companies, trace the affiliations and holdings of these men east of the Mississippi, and recall the recent grouping of railroads east and south of Chicago. Smaller and subsidiary roads in the West will soon fall under the control of the dominant capitalist groups there, if the acquisition of them be desired. East of the Mississippi the few controlling railroad systems and groups of railroad capitalists are quite clearly defined, and in time they will become more closely associated. A considerable number of multi-millionaires are now engaged in the movement for consolidation, but in the near future it may be possible to count on the fingers of one hand the rulers of the railways of the United States.

What is to be the effect of this great consolidation of railway interests? The immediate effect of a formal and binding settlement of the Burlington controversy upon the financial and industrial condition of the country will probably be good; the effect of it upon that part of the country which the transcontinental roads serve will be favorable, unless the combined owners shall be guilty of the folly of increasing rates, subjecting shippers to injustice, and undertaking to control the action of legislatures for their own advantage. The settlement ought to assure stability and

fairness in charges for service. It should put an end to unjust discrimination in freight rates from the Missouri to the Pacific. We are inquiring, however, not as to the effect of this settlement alone, but concerning the problem presented by the approaching virtual consolidation of all our railways under the rule of a score or half a dozen men. Will consolidation cause an imperative popular demand for the acquisition and operation of the railroads by the Government?

Some think so. When a majority of the American people become convinced that the Government ought to own and operate the railways, the work of acquiring them for public ownership cannot be long postponed. But it may be that consolidation will not tend to convince them that this great change should be made. On the other hand, because it will facilitate regulation and restraint by the Government (representing themselves), it may even decrease the number of those who think the Government should take the roads. Much will depend upon the course of the capitalists in possession. Now that public attention has been drawn to this process of rapid consolidation, we should say that they would naturally be conservative in their management, to avoid popular resentment that would be manifested in hostile legislation. We expect that they will be conservative and show a due regard for law and public opinion. If they should take the other course, using their power to exact high rates and to serve the strong at the expense of the weak, they would speedily be checked and controlled by new laws and agencies. In either case the public will see how much more easily legislation and commissions can deal with a few than with many, how consolidation tends to make regulation less difficult and restraint more speedily effective.

We can imagine conditions under which such concentrated control would become intolerable, justifying the acquisition of the entire system by the Government, and making it expedient for the people to take up this burden of operating 43 per cent. of the world's railroad mileage, with its $12,000,000,000 of capital and 1,000,000 employees. But until the situation does become intolerable, so momentous a change of policy, adding so enormously to the risks of national elections, should not be made. We do not think that the power of the railways, which are so exposed to legislative restraint and taxation, will be so exerted as to compel the Government to own them and carry on their business. We believe it is reasonable to expect that consolidation, under such regulation as will be facilitated and suggested by it, will tend to make the management of the railways more acceptable to the American people.

Confusing the Issue

Every one knows what is the so-called negro question. It is, how to keep the peace while keeping the negro under. It is a very difficult question, and we think insoluble. The only real solution of it would be slavery; for it is only in slavery that the negro can be prevented from rising. Give us slavery for any race whatever, with education barred, which is essential, and the task is done. We tried it for a century or two with the negro; it has been tried with white serfs in every country in Europe. No other solution will succeed. The opportunity of education, and the example of the white people, and all the incitements of religion and thrift are against it. The attempt to shut out the negro from the ballot cannot successfully prevent his getting education, or getting wealth; it may indeed spur him to it. The attempt to limit his education to the lower branches, as in New Orleans and elsewhere, or to divert him to an inferior manual education, cannot succeed, as there is sure to be a considerable number who cannot be prevented from seeking a higher education and becoming intelligent leaders of their people. Peace and success can only come where the attempt is given up to keep any one under, and where every one is allowed and encouraged to achieve all the wealth and intelligence and character and success he can.

Perhaps the most absurd of all the plans by which it is proposed to solve this insoluble problem is that which just now is drawing so much attention and discussion—namely, by not inviting the

negro to dinner. No doubt it never occurred to President Roosevelt, when he asked Booker T. Wasington to remain to dinner, so that he might discuss with him more at leisure the proposition to put white Democrats into office in the South, that these very men in whose interest the interview was held would make any fuss about it. But it has raised a commotion past all belief. Every white man of mark in the South has been asked to utter himself on the subject. For a month an entire page of these letters is now running every day in a syndicate of our most widely circulated newspapers. We find a dozen or two letters on the subject in one issue of a leading Baptist paper in the South, from Governors and College Presidents. The general drift of them is that there must be no social recognition whatever of the negro, or else he will want to marry our daughters. At the same time it is inconsistently declared that the negro does not want or ask social equality, that he prefers his own social relations, where he should be kept.

Now this last statement is largely true. Few people of any race, or of any social state, be they Caucasians, Mongolians, negroes or Indians, be they grandees or tradesmen or servants, choose to associate or marry except in their own class. A marriage out of one's rank is called a *mesalliance*. Negroes are not begging for social relations with anybody. That is a matter of individual preference; it goes by favor, not by right. To refuse to invite a negro to dinner no more keeps the negro under than to refuse to invite a white man to dinner keeps him under. He can rise, if he will, get cultivation and wealth, and invite whom he pleases to dinner, and the invited will accept or not as they please.

The discussion of the dinner question, the social equality question, absolutely confuses the issue. Nobody demands, nobody has the right to demand, social relations with anybody. What we ask is official, legal, political, educational equality, the privilege of an equal chance for every man to do the best he can for himself. If the suffrage is given only to those who can read, then apply the rule equally to all citizens. If education is provided, let good schools, of equal grades, be provided for both whites and blacks. That is the way we do in the North; negroes can go to our best public schools or to our universities. The attempt should be given up to keep anybody under. Let all rise, and if the Caucasian is abler than the negro, he will keep ahead.

We are glad to believe that the excitement over the President's asking Mr. Washington to dinner is in good part superficial froth. The invitation from Charleston to President Roosevelt has not been withdrawn, as was suggested by some foolish people. He has not thereby lost the respect of sensible Carolinians. The invitation did not lose Republican votes in Virginia, as Chairman Ellyson, of the Democratic State Committee, declared it would.

Dr. Francis Galton's Utopia

One of the Huxley Lectures before the Anthropological Institute, London, was delivered by Dr. Francis Galton last month, and is reported in full in *Nature* of October 31st. Dr. Galton is famous for his studies of hereditary genius, and equally of other hereditary traits of men and animals, physical and intellectual. In this lecture he presents the most important question, whether it is possible, under our present laws of morality, to raise the intellectual and physical quality of the human race. He believes it is, and the ways in which it can be done indicate the direction in which he would look for his Utopia.

The average hight of an Englishman is very nearly 5 feet and 8 inches. Half the men come within 1¾ inches of that medium hight, and as the inches increase or diminish the number of people diminishes much more rapidly. Where there are 5,000 people out of 10,000 whose hight exceeds the medium by 1¾ inches or less, there will be but 35 who reach 6 feet and 1¼ inches.

Now let us apply similar figures to human ability, physical and intellectual. Following the biblical parable of the ten talents, we may suppose the lowest endowment to be one talent and the highest ten. There will then be, says Dr. Galton, in every ten thousand people, 35 with 1 talent, 180 with 2, 672 with 3,

1,613 with 4, 2,500 with 5, 2,500 with 6, 1,613 with 7, 672 with 8, 180 with 9 and 35 with 10. Thus 50 per cent. hover just about mediocrity, while the two lower classes, those with only one or two talents, make but about two per cent. of the whole, just as the two upper classes, those with nine and ten talents, are two per cent. The lower classes are the criminals and loafers, while the upper classes include the geniuses and the leaders in business and knowledge. Dr. Farr calculated that the money value to the world of a new-born babe born to an average Essex laborer's wife, and living his father's life was $25; but the value of one of the ten talent children would be many thousands of dollars to the nation.

Now Dr. Galton's Utopia looks to the increase of the number of the children born with more than five talents, and the decrease of those with less than five. He reckons that, under the law of probabilities, if 35 ten-talent parents, fathers and mothers, had 35 children, 6 children would have 10 talents, 10 would have 9, 12 would have 8, 6 would have 7 and 1 would have 6; none would have less. The figures would correspond, but reversed in direction, with children of parents with one talent; none would rise above 5 talents. From 5,000 parents below mediocrity, not one child of 10 talents could be expected, and but 3 of 9, and 48 of 7. Altho there is always a tendency downward, in the higher grades, owing to inferiority of some ancestors, yet an immense proportion of the talented children will come from talented parents, and of inferior children from inferior parents. That is, supposing marriage to be in the same grade, out of the 35 children in 10,000 born with 10 talents, 16 will be born from parents with 9 or 10, and, similarly, out of 35 children with only 1 talent, 16 will be born to parents with only 1 or 2 talents.

Prisons, workhouses and asylums do something to reduce the likelihood of marriage in the lowest classes. It is to the interest of society to prevent or delay the marriage of such persons, incompetent or depraved, whose offspring are almost sure to be an expense and a curse to the community. Beyond this very little can be done to prevent the marriage of the improvident and those who depend on casual means of support. Dr. Galton looks rather to those highly endowed to raise, through their children, the average of human ability. He recognizes that it is just these persons, however, who consult prudence in delaying marriage, and who, in our present social conditions, are likely to do less than their share to maintain a succession of improved generations. The wealth and strength of a country will depend on the proportion of its highly endowed men and women. What Dr. Galton would desire is, therefore, that in some way it should be made easy and desirable that young men and women of choice ability should marry young and bring up families of children. It will mean an immense deal to the country if such women should marry at 21 or 22, instead of at 29 or 30.

How shall the marriages of such highly endowed youth he encouraged? Dr. Galton suggests, for one thing, an appeal to their own sense of their obligation, patriotic and religious, to their country and to the world. He would have parents and teachers inculcate such obligations, and the duty of marriage less for wealth or ambition, and more with a view to the worth of the coming generations. He would have some way by which it might be known who are the able and promising youth in our schools, that attention may be directed to them. He would have men of wealth, who give millions for charity to the poorest and most worthless, seek out young people of ability and worth, and make it possible for them to marry young and support their families in comfort while they are achieving their financial independence. There may be a kind of most honorable patronage, very different from that conceived of by Dr. Johnson, who defines a *patron* as "a wretch who supports with insolence and is repaid with flattery." Parents of wealth with talented children should make it easy for them to marry partners of similar talent, by providing temporarily for their comfortable support. Dr. Galton has dared to imagine a benevolent society which shall have for its purpose to facilitate early and fruitful marriages of such young people of more than usual talents; but first it is necessary to teach the lesson that each generation owes a duty to the next, and

that this duty rests far the most heavily on those whom nature has endowed with more than the average ability. Under our present and fixed laws of social morals it is quite possible to raise the standard of human ability; and what nobler aim can be set before the race?

Postal Savings Banks

We are inclined to think that not any other one of the proposed economical reforms, at the present time, holds out more of advantage to the country population, especially to the day laborer, than the establishment of Postal Savings Banks. Farmers' clubs and Granges have with great unanimity passed resolutions in favor of these institutions. The Central New York Farmers' Club recently resolved that "We look with enthusiastic favor upon the proposition to establish Postal Savings Banks; and as farmers and citizens, affiliated with all parties, we hold this issue to be vital to the economic prosperity of the laborer." In 1897 Postmaster-General Gary, proposing that we establish Postal Savings Banks in the United States, said that through their instrumentality "those who have been improvident in little things, and who have not learned from experience that money makes money, would be educated slowly but surely to save a surplus over and above their living expenses, so that in the end they would have a fund ready for sickness or when old age should overtake them." Referring to the experience of Europe, he argued that the saving tendency created in the fathers became an instinct in the children. Workingmen were turned into small capitalists, and their wives and children were benefited more than themselves.

The idea was not new with Mr. Gary. His predecessors had urged the establishment of such banks, at least as far back as Postmaster-General James, in 1881. The latter said: "It is my earnest conviction that a system of this description, if adopted, would, more than almost any other measure of public importance, inure to the benefit of the working people of the United States." Postmaster-General Wanamaker emphasized the same idea. He showed that there were twelve millions of people in the United States who were dependent upon their daily wages; and that the Government, in the interest of better citizenship, should extend every encouragement to make of these men savers. He demonstrated that private banks could not cover the case; because the common people did not have entire confidence in them, and partly because they were not always conveniently located. The arguments in favor of Postal Savings Banks reached beyond the judgment of these distinguished officials and citizens. They would bring a large amount of dead money into circulation. It was estimated, by Mr. Gary, that hoarded money averaged ten dollars to every person in the United States. This would make a total of seven hundred millions —a very large amount to be withdrawn from circulation, even in ordinary times; but in financial crises a dangerous amount. It has been found that in those countries where the Postal Savings Bank is in operation these hoarded deposits are at once greatly decreased. Such banks are in operation in France, in England, in Canada, in Austria, and in Australia.

Nor must it be forgotten that they are also to be found in one of our recent acquisitions—Hawaii. This little territory of ours introduced Postal Savings Banks in 1886, and with decided advantage to the finances of the island. Within three years there were nearly three thousand depositors, putting away in small sums about a million of savings. In Great Britain there are over seven millions of depositors, holding five hundred and fifty millions in this sort of banks, and this amount steadily accumulating; while in Canada, during a little over twenty years, the deposits have reached nearly twenty-five millions. Maximum deposits vary from 285 dollars in France to 2,435 dollars in New Zealand. It has been said, and we believe correctly, that the safety of France is dependent upon the thrift of her rural population; and that this part of her population owes its stability to its bank deposits. France remains on the map of Europe because of her small farmers. One of her distinguished writers says: "It is the savings bank which has taught the workman of France to moderate his con-

sumption below his production; and in amassing the excess, called savings, in a fruitful place, in complete security, he learns how capital is formed. It teaches a man how to govern himself, and so aids in building up a sound discretion which is the first success in life." In 1861 Sir Robert Peel said that the Postal Savings Banks were an institution of so great value that he wondered that the bill to create them had ever got through Parliament. One hundred millions of dollars were deposited during the first ten years of their existence. Great Britain earns a surplus yearly of something like one hundred thousand dollars, after paying two and one-half per cent. interest on about five hundred millions of deposits. In 1895 France made a clean profit of nearly two hundred thousand dollars, besides paying three per cent. interest on deposits. The number of accounts during that year in France amounted to two and a half millions, while the number of accounts in England was six and a half millions.

The working of the Postal Savings Bank is so simple that in England the depositors are very largely to be found among children, and the most ignorant. Any one can deposit the minimum amount of twenty-five cents. He then receives a book signed and stamped. If any one wishes to make a withdrawal he notifies the postmaster three or four days ahead of time, in order to receive notice from London, allowing the request. At the end of each year, after the account is opened, all books are sent to London for auditing, at which time interest is added to the deposit. Those who cannot deposit twenty-five cents are allowed to purchase penny stamps until they have aggregated that sum. In this way children are stimulated to save their pennies. But while children above seven years of age can become depositors, they cannot, until they are twenty-one years of age, withdraw their deposits, without showing before a magistrate good cause for doing so. In this way a snug sum is accumulated in many cases—enough to start a young married couple in life. Deposits are allowed not only in the town where a person may reside, but wherever he may be traveling. The telegraph can be used in making withdrawals. Altogether in England are eleven thousand offices for deposit. Trustees may make deposits for those whom they represent, and for industrial societies. The system in Canada is not unlike that of England. The depositor must send his book to headquarters once a year for comparison with the books of the department. There are over seven hundred banks, but they are all so closely united that they are practically one. A depositor at one bank, or postoffice, may continue his deposits at any other with the same passbook. The total savings throughout Canada show an average of fifty dollars for the whole population.

The question of most importance is, perhaps, what would the Government do with so large an amount of money as would be placed in its hands. Supposing the deposits in America were in the same ratio as in England, there would be over 750 millions of dollars to be handled. If the money could be invested wisely, it would pay all the expenses of the savings bank system, and leave a handsome surplus. If used for the retirement of Government bonds, it would distribute the debt of the country among private citizens, and release us from foreign and corporate money lenders. At the same time the distinction between capitalist and laborer would be in the process of breaking down. Perhaps the best that we can say on this subject is that not one Government now experimenting with the system has failed to make it profitable. If France can make a clean profit of two hundred thousand dollars a year, after paying the high rate of interest of three per cent., there is no reason why the United States cannot do as well or better.

The Model Farm

THE model farm of the twentieth century will not conform itself to the ideals of the nineteenth century. In 1850 the farmer who endeavored to be a thorough success held that he must own at least 100 acres, and grow large areas of corn, wheat and potatoes—a few crops on a large scale. This method gradually developed monster establishments, including thousands of acres. Corn fields of one hundred acres were

the pride and amazement of the Prairie States. The cars steamed through not only mile long corn fields, but mile long fields of wheat and oats. A writer of the 60's says:

"I am positively sick of the smell of clover, from these interminable fields—without beginning and without end—the sweet fragrance is overpowering. I long for just a whiff of clear, unperfumed atmosphere."

The natural consequence of this sort of farming was the increase of mortgages, the larger proportion of tenant farmers, and the gradual accumulation of capital in fewer hands. The farmer went through an era of consolidation, some time before manufacturers entered the period of trusts. Another consequence was the effort to aggregate farming in enormous ranches, wheat fields and corn fields—so that the mile long field stretched out to fields of ten miles in length. Extensive farming, however, was a failure. The ideal farm of the future will not exceed from twenty to forty acres. For most tillers of the soil ten acres will prove to be enough. The outlay for such a place will be moderate, and will greatly diminish the necessity of mortgages.

The model farm of the future will have different ambitions from those of the past. Its ideas of the beautiful and of the useful will both be changed. There will be an understanding that the whole property must be kept in presentable condition. There will be more shrubbery, more ornamental trees, while the drives and walks will carry the owners to all parts of the gardens and orchards. These will not be so elaborate as to require heavy expense; but they will involve so much convenience as to excuse a degree of cost. With the house near the center of the property, and remote from the dust of the road, it will be understood that easy access to all parts of the grounds is a prime necessity. It will not be the ambition to have a front yard painfully full of posies; but every part of the plantation will admit of the ornamental. In the place of rough fences will be handsome edges of blossoming shrubs, or evergreens, and where the old farm had weed-dotted pastures, the new farm will have its berry gardens, its silage, and its orchards. In other words, the new farm will be understood to be, in all parts of it, a home and a homestead. Every building, every crop, every fence, and all other appurtenances, will conform to this idea.

Windbreaks will constitute a marked feature of the new model farm, because we have lost so much through the destruction of forests that we must protect ourselves from destroying winds. This will be a primal law—to adjust ourselves to the new climatic conditions. The old-style farming has revolutionized wind and weather as well as soil. Windbreaks will not only be useful, but also may be highly ornamental. A row of Buffam pear trees or of Norway spruce, or of our native hemlock, will add a character which never came from the old fashioned fences. The shelter will invite birds, so that we shall also add to our insect destroyers. Gradually we shall not only modify our climate, but the birds will learn to remain with us all winter.

The model farm will pay more attention to marketing. Every man will have, not only his crops, but his customers. The day of the middlemen is passing away. The farmers, co-operatively, will employ their own agents, precisely as they hire their help. The new farmer will understand exactly what he can afford to plant—not growing tons of fruit and cereals that he may, or may not, be able to dispose of. The future will not use corn for fuel, or feed wheat to the hogs. The relation of producer to customer will be so close that each one will have a sort of partnership. This will be an advantage almost inestimable to both parties. The telephone will keep the farmer in relation with not only his neighbors, in a social way, but with his customers in a business way. Trolley roads will come to his doors with freight wagons. He will be able to reach the market directly, and without unloading his produce.

The model farm will have among its appurtenances a good deal of mechanical convenience. We shall go back to the old style of a larger degree of combination of manufactures and agriculture. The shop will be considered an absolute essential on the farm, both for repairs and for construction. These changes will enliven the spirit of farming; giv-

ing greater variety to the work, and a chance for the development of different tastes and tendencies among the children. Electricity will give a grand impulse to experiment, so that the smaller homesteads will be engaged not only in raising crops, but in inventing new crops. The impulse begotten by Goodrich, Hovey, Kirkland and Downing about half a century ago has grown steadily in force until the present day, and it gives no sign of abatement. The model farmer of the future will pretty surely hold himself to be a failure if he has not added to the fruits, vegetables and cereals something in the way of betterment.

The model farm will grow nearly all the food supply of the family, including fruit, vegetables, milk, eggs and fowls. The surplus will not be large in any one direction; but the aggregate will be sufficent to bring into the family needed money for the year. The upsetting craze for accumulating money is already losing its hold on the intensive farmer. He has a safe and reasonable income, and is learning that content is better than wealth. The idea of building a peaceful home will get to be uppermost. The handling of capital in public enterprises will be left more and more to a special class of capitalists. Trusts will do the farmer very little harm directly; they will advantage him in some directions. Meanwhile tenant farming, which has increased enormously, owning to the break up of extensive farming, will once more greatly decrease. Small farms will mean small homes. Rent should never be an item in the account.

On the model farm woman will be closer in co-operation with man; outdoors as well as indoors. Work will not be so sharply differentiated into man's work and woman's work. Every farm laborer will have to be an electrician, and he will have to be able to manage electrical machinery. The same power plant will run the washing machine and the hay cutter; will cook the breakfast and pump water for the cows. This will bring the work of the sexes into closer correlation. Some of these points THE INDEPENDENT has long advocated as essential to profitable agriculture. They are rapidly becoming realities. Our land will be dotted with small farms, with equalized advantages.

The Swashbuckler Type

The stage ways of authors would be an interesting comment upon popular novels. Why, for instance, must every writer of historical romances insist upon the swashbuckler style in his male characters? And has anybody ever reflected upon the remarkable fact that we rarely happen upon the hero of any tale asleep? Mr. Norris gives a splendid picture of "Annixter" in the early morning pangs of returning consciousness. But as a matter of observation, we know that the women are the ones who sleep in fiction. There is an idea on the tip of everybody's imagination that when she sleeps, she passes out of the body upon the wings of dreams so innocent and foolish that the spectator is inclined to cross himself and make a prayer for her safety. As for the hero, let him rave in delirium, tear the blood-soaked bandage from his aching head, call upon his gods and goddesses—but to sink into an obviously healthful slumber would be monstrous! The fact is, a man asleep, whether stretched upon the page of a novel or somewhere in the daytime of real life, is a sight to be avoided. The most high-minded of them give the impression of being the bearded creatures of an aboriginal species. This is probably the reason why the eminently successful author closes the door and tips out to gossip with the reader while his hero is taking the necessary refreshment.

Political Interest Excluded

In three departments of the Government, President Roosevelt tells Mr. Clinton Rogers Woodruff, political interests will be absolutely excluded. These are the Army, the Navy and the Colonies; and the President says he wants this generally known. In the colonial service, he declared, "there should not be an iota of a concession to politics while he remained President, for the intrusion of such an element would be nothing short of a taint." The one argument that has been brought against the acquisition of colonies by the United States has been the fear that politicians would control the offices. We have a President whose most strenuous purpose it is to prevent this evil. He can control it. He will hold his office

for four years, very likely for eight. During that time it will be possible to establish the civil service in our Colonies on such a firm footing that there will be no danger of a reversion. Rules will doubtless be adopted which will guard that service, as well as anything can be guarded in a world of change. Our own hope is that before Mr. Roosevelt ceases to be President Porto Rico will be a self-governing State of the Union, and Hawaii also, either by itself or as a part of California. We expect in a few months to be quite rid of the question of civil service as far as Cuba is concerned, altho we do expect and hope that before many years independent Cuba will become an independent State of the American Union. The Philippines offer a problem of more delayed solution, owing to the multitude of barbarous tribes, but self-governing Territories we expect them to be; and if they advance to become States, who has the right to object? Tagals and Visayans and Moros have the same right as we to self-government, as soon as they can administer it; and it is not for us to belittle their capacity. The sooner we can get out of those islands the white common soldiers who call the people niggers and dagoes the better.

Carnegie Schools at Pittsburgh

The plans of the Carnegie Schools of Technology in Pittsburgh are simply magnificent. What is proposed is to supply the most complete and thorough course of education that can be devised, following all the experiments that have been made at the Armour Institute in Chicago, the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, and the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, as well as the best German technical schools. Money is not to be spared when needed for the best installation of the scheme. Already there is an endowment given of $2,000,000, while $5,000,000 or more will be spent on buildings and equipment, to be followed by a much larger endowment. The institution will consist of three separate schools. The highest of these will be the Carnegie Technical College. In this the best engineering and technical education will be given, with all opportunities for research. Students will come to this from such a mathematical and general education as can be had in our high schools and academies. Below this will be the Carnegie Technical High School, open to graduates of our grammar schools, and corresponding in its grade of technical study with the literary studies of our high schools. There will then be a lower grade, the Carnegie Artisan Day and Evening Classes, which will give more elementary technical instruction in the arts of common life and service to those whose school opportunities have been few. Such an institution will do an unusual service in teaching workmen to put intelligence and affection into their work, thus raising the grade of skill in the arts. We venture to say that, as in all education, it will be the highest of the three schools that will do the most serviceable work; not that it will reach the greater number, but that the influence on any art or business or profession of one highly educated person is worth more than that of scores of those of an imperfect education. It ought to be the ambition of Hampton and Tuskegee to add these two higher to their lower grade of instruction the technical grades, high school and college to their artisan classes.

A Southern Educational Board

What Robert C. Ogden and the Southern Education Board, which he is interested in, propose to do is to raise $40,000 a year for two years, in the North, to study the educational needs of the South and awaken the country to the necessity of improving its education. This is a noble scheme, but it must not be understood that it has thus far been neglected. Something like half a million dollars a year is now, and has been for many years, given by the North for just this purpose, perhaps two-thirds of it to develop educational interests within the race that most needs it, and one-third of it within the white race. It must not be imagined that precisely this work has been forgotten and neglected. There are five or six organizations, not to speak of independent schools like Atlanta University, Hampton and Tuskegee, that are vigorously developing this interest North and South. The field is a large one, and they cannot wholly cover it, so that this

new organization can well find good work to do. As we see the sad need of better educational privileges at the South we are still pained at the blundering stringency of the political moralists who refused to allow our national Government to give its aid to Southern education after the War, on the plea that it would pauperize the South. Now we have put national funds into popular education in Porto Rico, and nobody complains.

The Bootblacks of San Juan

Education is beginning to tell in Porto Rico. The boys are already learning the principles of American rights. The Mayor and City Council of San Juan passed an order limiting the number of bootblacks to thirty and making provisions for their education and control. Thereupon they have appealed to the Governor, presenting a typewritten paper in which they argue that the Mayor and Council had no right to make such an order, and they seem to have the better of the case. They declare that the ordinance is an attack on the principles of free labor, as found in the municipal law, which is quoted; they declare that it is legislation against a legal trade, and creates for the thirty fortunate boys a "dastardly and illegal privilege" by which they will be enabled to form a trust and to raise prices at will and destroy competition. The privilege to pursue their individual rights of liberty and happiness they declare is theirs under the American Constitution and is transgressed by this order; that the City Council could just as well limit the number of lawyers, physicians, masons or carpenters, and that the evident intention is to appoint as bootblacks only those whose fathers are in politics. Furthermore, the ordinance is illegal, inasmuch as the City Council is an administrative body and cannot legislate. Thus the case stands at last accounts, and however the decision goes it is evident that the Porto Rican boy has in him the making of an intelligent citizen who knows his rights and knowing dares maintain. To one who reads the Porto Rican papers the most striking thing is the rapid development of the public school system in city and country. Spain did not provide a single schoolhouse. Now they are everywhere, with garden plots attached, and a fine normal school ten miles out from San Juan.

Union of Methodism

It is to the borderland of Oklahoma that we go for a bright forecast of Church union. The Oklahoma and Indian Territory Conferences of the Methodist Church, North, met the other day in Shawnee, and Presiding Elder Riley presented a resolution extending fraternal greetings to the Southern Methodist Conference, then meeting in a neighboring town, and suggesting that the two Methodisms unite in the building of Epworth University at Oklahoma City, and thus begin a unity of Methodisms, in the hope of a complete union, all former differences having ceased to exist. The resolution was unanimously adopted. It was telegraphed to the Southern Methodist Conference, and there approved with but six dissenting votes. Committees were appointed on both sides to carry out the plan, and some $200,000 is pledged to the institution. Why should it not be that in this Territory of Oklahoma, and among the aborigines of the Indian Territory, there should be inaugurated the movement which shall speedily accomplish the complete union of the divided Methodist Churches? If the States move slow, let the Territories set the pace.

A Federal City

It is seldom that a new great city is created intelligently and purposively. Cities generally begin with cow-paths and man-tracks, and then the real estate man lays out square streets for his enlargement. Finally the city comes to a sense of its greatness, when too late to straighten out its crooked streets or to provide radiating avenues, and then Boston or Chicago or New York shoots out wide avenues, beginning some miles from the center. Only by some rare chance does an Alexander build a city to carry his name, or does a nation lay out a capital in a field, as did the United States at Washington, or as did the Czar Peter of Russia. But now the great Australian Federation is about to build a capital city, and the architects of Australia are discussing the plans. That the streets should radiate

from the center, as Washington set the example, and as in Haussmanized Paris, is taken for granted. Mr. Barlow, president of the Institute of Architects, would have the main thoroughfares triple avenues, about 150 feet wide, while other streets need not be more than 66 feet wide. There should, he says, be trees everywhere, deciduous trees, with the "eternal fig." Flowering trees, Japanese plums and cherries, should intersperse a blaze of blossom among the tender green. There should be ribbands of smooth turf separating the houses from the foot paths, and circuses at the intersections of the main streets, with a great fountain or monument in the center. There will be twenty great Federal buildings, besides libraries, churches, and gallery, theaters, markets, baths, public gardens and cemeteries; and all these will have to be created out of the vasty bush. It is a big scheme, and a fine one, for a city which will not for a generation have much more than 20,000 inhabitants, as it will be without commerce or manufactures.

The hardest of all languages to learn to read is the Chinese, and it is beyond question that a phonetic Romanized alphabet will some time supersede the current characters in both Chinese and Japanese. The Rev. William N. Brewster, of Hing-hua, South China, is one of the missionaries that have been devoting themselves to the problem and with most hopeful success. Besides the consonants and vowels it became necessary to indicate eight tones which differ from those in other districts. Using his new alphabet, two village farming boys learned to read anything at sight in a week. But they were unusually bright. It generally takes from three to six months of leisure time for working people to learn to read it. Two men past sixty learned to read comfortably in three months. Our children could do as well if the English language had a decent phonetic system.

One of the oddest additions to the growing mosquito literature is offered in the London *Times* by Mr. Hiram S. Maxim. Some one having published the statement that mosquitoes might be attracted by a humming sound, he tells that some years ago he put up an electrical apparatus for lighting the grounds of the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga Springs, and one of the lamps persisted in singing notwithstanding his efforts to prevent it. That lamp attracted a multitude of mosquitoes, all males, as shown by their feathered antennæ. Not a female mosquito was found. It is known that the male mosquito neither bites nor sings. It would appear that the male mosquitoes took the song of the lamp to be that of the female mosquitoes and were drawn to it, to their death. But this suggests no easy method of attracting the mosquitoes that we want to get rid of.

It was difficult for us to believe it, but we have evidence that there is a denomination in this country of German Lutherans who reject the Copernican system of astronomy, and hold that the earth is in the center of the universe, and that the heavens revolve around it after the Ptolemaic fashion. We have received a pamphlet learnedly defending that view, held by the Old Lutheran Church. Professor Pieper, of the Concordia College, St. Louis, President of the St. Louis Synod and of the Theological Seminary, supports this statement, as does the Rev. L. Lange, of Pacific Grove, Cal., author of a learned pamphlet opposing the Copernican astronomy in the interest of Bible truth.

We are greatly pleased to be able to announce the apparent ending of the Sampson-Schley navy quarrel, through the intervention of Mr. Thompson and Mr. Benjamin, as told by Mr. Benjamin in this issue. It is a grand work done by these two authorized representatives of the two sides of the controversy.

Female suffrage has gone so far in New Zealand the nuns in one of the convents have voted, a special polling booth being provided and forty votes being cast. Cardinal Archbishop Moran, of Sydney, is strongly in favor of woman's suffrage in Australia.

That President Roosevelt should retain Commissioner Evans at the head of the Pension Bureau was no more than was to be expected from a man who has always been loyal to official duty.

FINANCIAL

Germany's Tariff Bill

THE approval of the new German tariff bill by the Bundesrath, last week, was disappointing to some who had expected that the heavy duties of this bill would not be enacted. Approval was given by an almost unanimous vote, and in the bill thus approved all the essential features of the original measure are retained. Indeed, in some instances the high duties at first proposed have been increased. This action of the Bundesrath foreshadows, it is thought, an easy passage of the bill in the Reichstag. One effect of these demands from the Agrarian party was seen two weeks ago in the Berlin municipal election, when the Social Democrats gained six members of the Council in sixteen districts.

It is at a time of severe industrial depression and financial stringency in Germany that these new duties, designed to increase the cost of food supplies, are to be enacted. The folly of it is plain enough. To compensate for the higher cost of living, an increase of wages will be required and demanded. Such an increase will add to the cost of producing manufactured goods and tend to decrease exports, while making the domestic consumer's burden heavier. If retaliation in other countries shall cause a tariff war, hostilities will be opened by Austria and other European powers, rather than by the United States. Such losses as this country may suffer in its exports to Germany may be made good by gains in our exports to other parts of the world, owing to the restraining effect of the legislation upon Germany's exporting manufacturers.

Trolley and Steam

THE growth of trolley railroad mileage, altho it has ceased to be a prominent topic of public discussion, is marked by interesting features pointing to the future development of electric traction. Trolley competition began some years ago to affect steam suburban traffic; and in a few places it has affected the interurban service of steam roads. Such competition for considerable distances between cities will soon demand attention. The recent opening of a trolley line from Chicago to Joliet is said to have reduced the steam passenger traffic between the two cities by one-half. The trolley service is comparatively slow, but the fares are low, and the steam roads will probably reduce their rates. A company has just been formed to build an electric road from Syracuse to Rochester, a distance of about 100 miles. There is now almost a continuous line of trolley road along the lake shore from Cleveland to Detroit. The growth of such competition is retarded by the influence of the steam companies, exerted in various ways, but it cannot be stopped.

Many trolley systems have recently been planned for the accommodation of districts in which the steam service is inadequate. Thus, a company with $7,000,000 capital was organized two weeks ago to connect Lexington, Ky., with Versailles, Frankfort, Georgetown, and other neighboring cities, by 140 miles of road. Other similar projects are reported in Tennessee and West Virginia. Trolley competition with steam between cities will probably be promoted by the experiments now in progress near Berlin, where a speed of about 100 miles an hour has been reached, apparently with safety to passengers and cars.

Financial Items

CAPITALISTS connected with the National City Bank have bought control of the National Butchers' and Drovers' Bank.

....It is reported that the United States Steel Corporation has obtained control of the Pressed Steel Car Company by the purchase of stock.

....According to the reports of the *Electrical Review,* the capital invested in

the electric lighting industry in the United States is $668,830,312.

....Since April 1st Secretary Gage's purchases of bonds have amounted to $33,656,960 (par value), at a cost of $40,393,897.

....The output of pig iron in October broke the record. There is great activity in the iron trade, consumption exceeding even the unprecedented production.

....The Agricultural Department's November report indicates a corn crop of 1,359,970,000 bushels, against 2,105,000,000 last year, and an average of 2,090,000,000 for the last six years.

....Exports in October exceeded those of any previous month of the year, amounting to $145,640,000. The imports, $81,411,000, have never been equaled in any previous October.

....Dun's index number, which covers 350 quotations, with due allowance for the importance of each, shows that the cost of living in this country is now higher than at any other time in the last ten years.

....There has been incorporated a company, with a capital of $35,000,000, in which it is proposed that all the important concerns manufacturing photographic cameras and supplies shall be merged.

....The latest dividend of the Standard Oil Company—8 per cent., payable on December 16th—makes a total of 48 per cent. (or about $48,000,000) for the year. The dividends last year were 48 per cent.

....Thirty-one steel vessels, the cost of which will be nearly $8,000,000, are now under contract with the shipbuilders of the great lakes for delivery between the opening of navigation and July next.

....The United States continues to stand at the head of the list of the world's exporting nations. For the nine months ending with September our exports of domestic products were $1,024,605,181, against $1,018,845,768 for Great Britain.

....There is a great demand not only for freight cars but also for locomotives. Five railway companies have ordered 145 within the last ten days, and the orders received last week by the American Locomotive Company amounted to nearly $4,000,000.

....H. Sellers McKee and M. A. Verner, of Pittsburg, have addressed to the Municipal Council of St. Petersburg a memorial, offering to take over the 85 miles of horse car lines in that city, form a company with a capital of $50,000,000, substitute electricity for horse power, and add 215 miles to the system.

....The first full cargo of Pennsylvania anthracite coal to be shipped to Europe will be carried by the British steamship "Ormesby" from Philadelphia. It will consist of 3,600 tons, and its destination will be Berlin, where it will be laid down at $7.65, a little less than the price of Welsh cannel. This anthracite is to be used in American stoves.

....The Ninth National Bank, control of which was recently acquired by interests identified with the Hanover National Bank, is to be merged with the National Citizens' Bank, of which James Stillman (president of the National City Bank) has been elected a director. The two banks have been competitors in the dry goods district. The enlarged bank will have the support of both the National City and the Hanover.

....Colonel Constable, manager of a prominent railway in India, in a report to his Government concerning the comparative merits of American and British locomotives, remarks that while the American engine burns more fuel and wears out sooner than the English, and is a dirty looking machine, its great hauling capacity makes up for any defects. Americans, he says, do not expect their engines to last more than fifteen years, by which time they are ready to put them on the scrap heap and adopt others of improved design. "I would sooner have," he adds, "a dirty-looking engine that will haul 3,500 tons than a beauty to look at that can haul only 600 or 700 tons, as in England, or 1,200 tons, as in India."

....Dividends:

American Express Co. (semi-annual), $3.00 per share, payable Nov. 30th.

American Express Co. (extra), $1.00 per share, payable Nov. 30th.

INSURANCE

A Peculiar Policy

THE new twentieth century policy of the Bankers' Life, of New York, is a combination contract, covering "life, health and annuity." According to a form quite used now it is nominally for one year, but appends a clause giving the right of annual renewal. It is a policy on life, and as such is not distinctively peculiar, but it adds a health contract, thus being also an accident policy in effect, so far as accident may produce physical disability. In case of total disability from any gainful labor, from whatever cause, the policy holder is to draw $5 weekly per $1,000 for the first 13 weeks of such disability, $3 for the second 13 weeks, and $2 weekly thereafter while the disability lasts, even if it continues through life. Of course, this is conditioned upon the policy's being kept alive, according to its terms. The full sum insured is payable at death, regardless of any disability payments meanwhile. In case of death the beneficiary may elect to take settlement in the form of an annuity, which shall be payable to the estate for at least 20 years and also to the beneficiary for life if she survive that term. At the end of 20 years from its issue the policy expires absolutely in any case, and then the holder is to choose between a paid-up and participating policy for the original amount, or a life annuity for one-tenth of the original amount, or both the paid-up policy and the annuity, in which case each of them is halved. Guaranteed loan and surrender values, also an annuity table, are incorporated in the contract in detail. This policy is written on men only, at ages 21 to 60, and in amounts not less than $3,000. Some of its provisions as to options and the like we omit, but it is a novel policy which is well worth looking into, one of its peculiarities being that total disability, even if permanent, cannot endanger the insurance, for the disability benefit will considerably more than carry the premiums. In a sense, therefore, this policy is self-insuring.

WE find a floating story to this effect: a business firm which had profited by the high financial standing of its treasurer and had found his association with itself to be practically "good" with the loan market, had, one day, an application for discount before the directors of a certain bank. Such loans were no novelty at this bank, but on this particular day something prompted one director to raise a new question. "The paper itself is desirable," said he, "and the firm is good; but suppose this treasurer should die? I am disposed to ask them plainly if they hold life insurance in favor of the firm, or of the surviving partner, and if they can furnish or will undertake to furnish this security against the contingent liability I shall recommend the loan." The question was put to the firm. They had no insurance, but when the situation was explained to them they saw its business bearings and set aside $500 a year for premiums on life insurance, charging the outlay to expense. Probably this story is true in detail, as it might easily be, but it certainly is true in substance. We have repeatedly called attention to the very great practical value of life insurance as applied to the case of partnerships. It is used for that purpose, but not to such extent as it ought to be.

....Some year or two ago, a sleek young fellow named Miller set up a "money mill" far out in Brooklyn in an ordinary frame dwelling, where he ran a bank which promised to pay, and did pay, 10 per cent. weekly. If he had been let alone, he says, there would have been no trouble; but he was sent to Sing Sing, and his recent release for a new trial, on exceedingly technical grounds, recalls his case. There is some dispute now, of a rather grotesque sort, as to where the money went. The direction it took seems rather an academic question, because it certainly went, and perhaps one set if simpletons acquired a lesson in exchange. It is perfectly simple and easy to pay 10 per cent. weekly on money, and also for the conjurer to pull double eagles from the ears of some gentleman who kindly comes forward; the reality of the performance and the reality of the payment of the "interest" are precisely equal and are the same evident cheat. So there is always money for cheating and deceptive schemes, but many people cannot afford to buy any life insurance—they would like to, but it costs so much.

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Survey of the World

The Nation's Foreign Policy

At the annual banquet of the New York Chamber of Commerce the principal speech of the evening was made by Secretary Hay. President McKinley, a short time before his death, had accepted the Chamber's invitation, and the Secretary was asked to come in his place. Mr. Hay's subject was "American Diplomacy." Having pointed out that the comparative simplicity of our diplomatic methods would be a matter of necessity if it were not one of choice, because "secret treaties, reserved clauses, and private understandings are impossible to us," he said:

"The briefest expression of our rule of conduct is, perhaps, the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule. With this simple chart we can hardly go far wrong. I think I may say that our sister republics to the south of us are perfectly convinced of the sincerity of our attitude. They know we desire the prosperity of each of them and peace and harmony among them. We no more want their territory than we covet the mountains of the moon. We are grieved and distressed when there are differences among them, but even then we should never think of trying to compose any of those differences unless by the request of both parties to it. Not even our earnest desire for peace among them will lead us to any action which might offend their national dignity or their just sense of independence. We owe them all the consideration which we claim for ourselves. To critics in various climates who have other views of our purposes we can only wish fuller information and more quiet consciences."

Turning to "what we have tried to do, and what we are still trying to do" in the general field of diplomacy, he continued:

"We have striven, on the lines laid down by Washington, to cultivate friendly relations with all Powers, but not to take part in the formation of groups or combinations among them. A position of complete independence is not incompatible with relations involving not friendship alone, but concurrent action as well in important emergencies. We have kept always in view the fact that we are preëminently a peace loving people; that our normal activities are in the direction of trade and commerce; that the vast development of our industries imperatively demands that we shall not only retain and confirm our hold on our present markets, but seek constantly, by all honorable means, to extend our commercial interests in every practicable direction. It is for this reason we have negotiated the treaties of reciprocity which now await the action of the Senate; all of them conceived in the traditional American spirit of protection to our own industries, and yet mutually advantageous to ourselves and our neighbors. In the same spirit we have sought, successfully, to induce all the great Powers to unite in a recognition of the general principle of equality of commercial access and opportunity in the markets of the Orient."

Having spoken of the recent growth of our interests in the Pacific, he remarked that next in order would come "a Pacific cable and an Isthmian canal, for the use of all well-disposed peoples, but under exclusive American ownership and American control." In conclusion he said:

"I can assure you that so long as the administration of your affairs remains in hands as strong and skillful as those to which they have been and are now confided, there will be no more surrender of our rights than there will be violation of the rights of others. The President, to whom you have given your invaluable trust and confidence, like his now immortal predecessor, is as incapable of bullying a strong Power as he is of wronging a weak one. He feels and knows—for has he not tested it, in the currents of the heady fight, as well as in the toilsome work of administration?—that the nation over whose destinies he presides has a giant's strength in the works of war, as in the works of peace. But that consciousness of

strength brings with it no temptation to do injury to any Power on earth, the proudest or the humblest. We frankly confess we seek the friendship of all the Powers; we want to trade with all peoples; we are conscious of resources that will make our commerce a source of advantage to them and of profit to ourselves. But no wantonness of strength will ever induce us to drive a hard bargain with another nation because it is weak, nor will any fear of ignoble criticism tempt us to insult or defy a great Power because it is strong, or even because it is friendly."

Commenting upon this speech, the London *Spectator* suggests that Great Britain should formally acknowledge and accept the Monroe Doctrine, which might then be proposed to the other Powers for indorsement.

Political Topics

Upon the recommendation of Secretary Root, the President has ordered that the civil service rules shall again cover all the places in the Quartermaster-General's, Medical, Ordance and Engineer Departments of the army that were removed from the control of the rules by Mr. McKinley's order of May 29th, 1899. The number of places affected is 1,500, and it is said that Mr. McKinley had decided to rescind that part of his order which related to them. The President's message will be very long, nearly 30,000 words. Trustworthy reports say that he will not only recommend the re-enactment of the Chinese Exclusion law, but will also ask that the law be made thoroughly effective. A census bulletin published last week shows that there were last year 89,863 Chinese in the United States, 25,567 in Hawaii, and 3,116 in Alaska. On the Pacific Coast there were 45,753 in California (against 72,472 in 1890), and 10,397 in Oregon. In ten years the number in the far Western States has been reduced by 27,000. The census enumerators found 24,320 Japanese in this country, and 61,-111 in Hawaii. Ten years ago there were about 1,500 Japanese in the far West, and nearly all of these were in California and Washington. In these two States there are now 15,668. It is reported that last year's Ship Subsidy bill is not approved by the President. The appointment of Nevada N. Stranahan to be Collector of Customs at New York, in place of Mr. Bidwell, is still the subject of much discussion. The reasons for the refusal to reappoint Bidwell have not been given to the public, altho they are said to be a sufficient warrant for the action taken. A controversy between factions in Missouri has arisen concerning the filling of prominent places in the St. Louis Custom House. Richard C. Kerens, member of the Republican National Committee, asks that certain officers shall be reappointed; Secretary Hitchcock and the Republican Congressmen from Missouri ask that the places be given to others, and object to the continued control of Federal offices in the State by Kerens. The controversy is so bitter that a victory for Kerens, it is said, would cause Mr. Hitchcock to leave the Cabinet. The purpose of the Navy Department to give command of the European station to Captain Crowninshield, now Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, is not approved by a considerable number of persons, who think that the Navy should be represented at the coronation of King Edward by Admiral Dewey. The Georgia House of Representatives has rejected, by a vote of 113 to 17, a bill to disfranchise the negroes. In Alabama the officially reported majority for the new Constitution is a little more than 28,000, but ex-Governor Johnston and other white Democrats, who opposed the Constitution, assert that there really was a majority of 45,000 against it, and that the opposing majority of whites alone was 30,000. In Pennsylvania the removal of the Recorder of Pittsburg by Governor Stone is regarded as evidence that the Governor is no longer in alliance with Senator Quay. This Recorder was appointed as the result of the legislation that deprived Pittsburg of home rule by providing for an appointed Recorder in the place of an elected Mayor. Some say that the Governor is planning to be elected Senator as the successor of Penrose. In a published statement he resents attempted intimidation by friends of Quay and denies with indignation that he received $150,000 for signing the street railway bills at the recent session of the Legislature.

Canal and Cable

The Canal treaty having been signed, the report of the Isthmian Canal Commission has been completed for transmission to Congress. Altho the contents of this report have not been disclosed by author-

ity, what seems to be a trustworthy condensation of the most important parts of it has been published. This shows that the Commission, after giving due weight to all that could be said for the Panama route, and having in view the terms offered by the Panama Company, reports that "the most practicable and feasible route" for a canal to be "under the control, management and ownership of the United States," is the route in Nicaragua. The Panama Company did not name a price for its rights and property until the middle of last month, when it offered to sell out for $109,141,500. As the Commission's estimate of the cost of completing the Panama Canal is $144,233,358, the payment of this price would make the cost of a canal on the Panama route $253,374,858, against $189,864,062 for the proposed Nicaragua Canal. The Commission's estimate of the value of the Panama Company's rights and property is $40,000,000. "There are certain physical advantages," the report says, "such as a shorter canal line, a more complete knowledge of the country through which it passes, and a lower cost of maintenance and operation, in favor of the Panama route, but the price fixed by the Panama Company is so unreasonable that its acceptance cannot be recommended." Persons connected with the Panama Company, who appear to be angry because the company's offer was not accepted or approved, say that the cost of a canal on the Nicaragua route will be $400,000,000, and that within a year there will be 10,000 laborers at work on the Panama project. It is said in Washington that our Government will acquire coaling stations at Chiriqui Lagoon, on the Gulf of Dulce, in the Danish West Indies, and on one of the Galapagos Islands.—The Commercial Cable Company has already awarded a contract for the construction and placing of a cable from San Francisco to Hawaii. The line will be ready for use at the beginning of 1903, and the company promises to undertake then the extension of it to the Philippines.

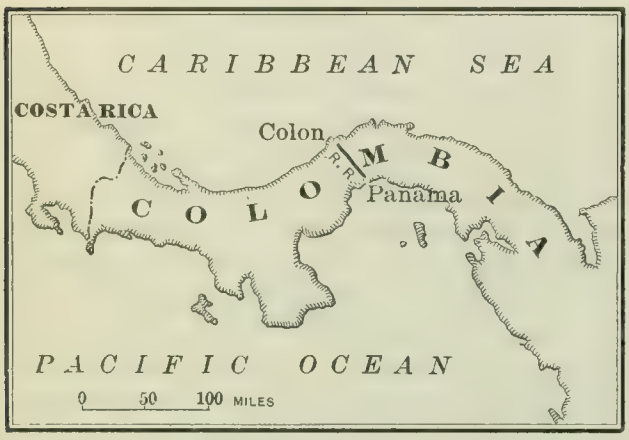
Cuba and Porto Rico

In the course of a tour of inspection General Wood arrived last week at Santiago, where he gave orders for important public improvements, among which are the construction of a sea wall, the dredging of the harbor, and provision for water supply and sewerage. It is reported that while he was in Santiago he said that Cuba was destined to be annexed to the United States by reason of economic conditions, because the sugar and tobacco industries would be much more prosperous after annexation than they could be in competition with the same industries in Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines. Moreover, a stable government (guaranteed by the United States) could not exist if the island's industries were depressed, and the United States would be morally bound to annex Cuba if the Cubans should ask for annexation. This appears to be General Wood's first public expression of opinion on this subject. A Commission of prominent Cuban merchants and officers of trade associations has arrived in this country, bearing the petition of the Chambers of Commerce and labor unions for the free admission of Cuban raw sugar at our ports, and for a reduction of our duties on tobacco and cigars. General Gomez is hard at work in the campaign for Palma, and an enthusiastic popular demonstration for that candidate in Havana is said to have depressed the supporters of General Maso. No case of yellow fever was reported at Havana in October. In October, 1900, there were 308 cases and 74 deaths, and during the last ten years the number of deaths has ranged from 25 to 240. The improvement is ascribed to the work of defense and prevention suggested by the discovery that mosquitoes are the agents of infection.—Because loans on good security in Porto Rico can be obtained only at rates of 10 or 12 per cent., Congress will be asked to facilitate the establishment of national banks there by so modifying the law—so far as this island is concerned—that it will not require that three-fourths of the directors shall be citizens of the United States and residents of the place for one year.

Colombia

Early last week the Liberals of Colombia, after two years of more or less intermittent warfare, captured Colon, the terminal of the Isthmian railroad on the Caribbean Sea, drove out the Government forces and killed about a dozen men. There would be little significance in this to out-

siders were it not for the fact that the United States has a treaty with Colombia whereby Colombia guarantees that "the right of way or transit across the Isthmus shall be kept open and free." This means that if the insurgents get control of the right of transit (*i.e.*, the railroad), they must either respect the treaty rights of the United States or fight our marines and sailors. Luckily we have two gunboats at Colon, the "Marietta" and the "Machias," while across the Panama is the powerful battle ship "Iowa," and all of these boats are in readiness to protect American interests. No sooner had the rebels captured Colon than they moved to attack Panama, but they were repulsed by the Government forces and the traffic is as yet unmolested. There is not likely to be any trouble between the rebels, if they are victorious, and our Government,



for the former do not care to hinder the traffic, and of course it makes no difference to us what faction is in control as long as the validity of the treaty is acknowledged. The Colombian rebels by the capture of Colon are apparently making headway. Indeed, the situation for the Government is so critical that there has been a movement to get General Reyes, who is now a delegate at the Pan-American Congress in Mexico City, to return with all haste and assume the Presidency. Just as we go to press it is reported that the Colombian gunboat, "General Pinzon," has arrived at Colon from Carthagena with 600 men, and they have given notice that they will bombard Colon immediately. But the commander of our ships has declared that he will not permit them to land in the town. Why he has said this is not yet known. There is an English and French man-of-war on the scene and the commanders of each have expressed their willingness to help the United States boats if necessary. Of course our marines will take no sides, they will simply keep traffic open and protect American interests. The accompanying map shows the theater of the war. The fighting is in the extreme northern section of Colombia, where the land is low. Bogota, the capital, is in the mountain fastnesses and the Liberals will not attempt to attack that until they get complete control of the Isthmus. It looks at present as if the Government was getting the worst of it, and yet it is idle to prophesy when the reports upon which all our information is based are so meager and partisan.

The New Star of Perseus

Prof. Edward S. Holden, astronomer of the West Point Military Academy, reports a unique and extraordinary phenomenon in the heavens. The new star in Perseus, which appeared in February of last year, it is well known has become, as in other cases of new stars, a nebula. Very likely, as some suppose, the new star was produced by the collision of two invisible stars; and the collision, by the sudden stoppage of motion, reduced them to hot vapor, so that they have become an immense continuous nebula. Now we are told that a photograph taken at the Lick Observatory proves that four principal condensations of nebulosity surrounding the main nebula are in motion and had moved at least one minute of arc during the six weeks preceding November 12th. No doubt they will be watched with great interest, for it is an old idea that planets have been produced out of just such condensations within an original nebula. Late discussions show that it is probable that the visible stars are but a very small portion of the number of bodies in the heavens, as the great multitudes of them will have cooled down and so lost their brilliancy. It is said that the sun is likely to continue visible only for fifty or a hundred million years, which is nothing in limitless time; and new stars and systems are created, it may be, out of the old and dead ones in some such way, very likely, as we have seen in

the nova of Perseus. The movement of the nebulosities is naturally very slow at first, one minute of arc in six weeks, which would require seven years to reach a degree, and 2,520 years for a complete revolution. The period of Neptune, the most distant of the planets of the solar system, is 167 years, but this new nebula probably has a much larger diameter than our solar system.

England A petty annoyance to the peace of England is the election to Parliament of a man who led a contingent of Irish troops in the Boer army of South Africa. In the Parliamentary election in Galway Mr. Plunkett, the Unionist candidate, received only 473 votes against the 1,247 votes of Col. Arthur Lynch, the Nationalist candidate. The election was quiet save for a few scrimmages due to drunkenness. In his address to the electors of Galway Colonel Lynch did not deny that he had borne arms against England, but thought this was no cause to debar him from sitting in Parliament. It is doubtful what course will be pursued by Parliament in regard to the matter, whether the newly elected member will be allowed to take his seat or be thrown out on the charge of treason. Mr. Plunkett says he will decline to take Colonel Lynch's place if the latter is rejected.—Of a more troublesome nature is the disturbance which was caused in Germany by Mr. Chamberlain's Edinburgh speech, where Mr. Chamberlain, it will be remembered, declared that the British army in South Africa had not shown as great barbarity as the Germans in the Franco-Prussian war. Naturally the Germans have taken offense at the statement. The more responsible German papers for the most part appeal to the nation to remain calm and not to take the speech too seriously. Other papers print inflammatory diatribes against Mr. Chamberlain in particular and England in general. Thus the *Neueste Nachrichten* says that "the German army of 1870 will forever tower above every English army;" while the *Deutsche Zeitung* declares that "a comparison of the doings of the British mercenary troops and their leaders is a serious insult to the Germans." In Paris the *Journal des Débats* sees in these attacks profound hostility on the part of Germany against England, and regards the Boer war as the occasion only and not the cause of this outburst of Anglophobia. The *Temps* on the other hand, a strongly pro-Boer paper, thinks that when Mr. Chamberlain compares the conduct of the British troops in South Africa with the acts of any other nation he insults the whole people. The Vienna *Vaterland* takes the occasion to attack Germany. It says:

> "Just at the moment when the agitation in Germany against the barbarism and brutality of the English in the South African war has reached a climax, it is proved by judicial sentences that, in the midst of peace, Polish children under German rule are subjected to sanguinary ill-treatment, and that Polish parents, guilty only of protesting, are thrust into prison."

The Glasgow Exhibition The great exhibition which has been open in Glasgow for six months has at last closed, and in contrast to the ordinary experience it has been a marked financial success. The managers of the exhibition after closing their accounts will find themselves in possession of a surplus not less than £100,000, which will be turned over to the city corporation to be spent by them in the promotion of science and art. It is not certain in just what way the money will be used. Probably, however, the city authorities will decide to employ it in purchasing objects of art to go in the new galleries. In all, 11,500,000 separate visits to the exhibition have been recorded, a larger total by several millions than that of any previous exhibition in Great Britain. The management have not been niggardly in their outlay of money. There have been a succession of fine bands and orchestras and concerts of various sorts, such as Glasgow has never before heard. A good deal of money, moreover, was spent on fireworks and in illuminating the buildings and grounds. The electrical illumination of the buildings in their larger outlines was specially fine. The chief objects of interest were the pictures, the machinery, British colonial exhibits and the Russian architecture. There has been a good deal of criticism, because the "Glasgow School," undoubtedly the most interesting art movement

in Great Britain, was not more prominently represented. The preponderance of Barbizon and modern Dutch works was due to the accident that Glasgow collectors were among the first to discover the value of these pictures. Machinery Hall was even more important than the art collection. Almost every manufacture of British iron, steel or brass, was well represented there, except marine engineering. The Russian exhibit was disappointing, except in natural products. Russian manufactures were very weak. The results of the exhibition will be, as in the case of the Glasgow exhibition of 1888, to exert a good influence on local industry by showing the possibilities of applying art to handicraft and manufacture. It may also do something to enliven the life of rather a dull town, inasmuch as the inhabitants have become accustomed to various forms of outdoor amusement.

Two Queens

Not long ago Queen Draga of Servia was the cause of sensational rumors that overran Europe, and even yet there is no certainty as to what happened. Whether the Queen attempted to foist a supposititious heir upon the King, as was generally believed, is a secret known to very few outside the royal family. The present sensation is of a different sort. On November 20th the news came that Queen Draga had been shot at while driving in Belgrade. Then came successive reports that she was killed, that she had attempted suicide, that she had quarreled with her husband and been slapped by the royal spouse, that nothing at all had happened. It is impossible to learn what did actually take place. One thing is certain, however: Queen Draga has been a bone of contention in Servia ever since her romantic marriage. After a tour of the courts of Europe King Alexander returned to his capital without a bride, altho a bride had been the avowed object of his journey. His eyes were then caught by Draga, a lady in waiting upon his mother, Queen Natalie. Despite the protests of his mother he married Draga on August 5th of last year. His father, Milan, then living at Carlsbad, started for Belgrade to protest, but the young King gave orders to arrest him if he crossed the borders of Servia, and the father thought it best not to put these orders to trial. The Ministers all resigned, but Alexander calmly appointed a new Cabinet. Queen Draga has been an object of court gossip ever since her marriage.—Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has caused considerable anxiety by the state of her health. It is generally supposed that she has suffered a miscarriage, altho some of the Dutch newspapers do not hesitate to print stories about serious quarrels with her husband. Her health has now improved, and she is expected to return to The Hague in about a month.

The Athenian Riots

Riots of a most peculiar nature have broken out at Athens. Under the direction of Queen Olga and others who favor the Slavonic influence in Greece the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Staes, and the royal Procurator of the Holy Synod of Athens, have attempted to introduce into the country a translation of the New Testament into modern Greek. The patriotism of Greece is bound up with a persistent effort to restore the ancient language of Hellas to its position as a spoken tongue, and this attempt to discard the ancient Greek Testament has aroused a storm of protest. The students of the University of Athens were the first to take up cudgels, and last week several conflicts took place between them and the police. In these encounters seven persons were killed, thirty persons were severely wounded and many others were more or less injured. Heartrending scenes occurred when the dead were handed over to their relatives, and in the demonstrations that followed several shots were fired at M. Theotokis, the Premier, but without effect. The Ecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople, in the name of the Holy Synod of that city, sent a letter to the Holy Synod of Hellas rebuking them for favoring the modern version. So strong was the feeling that the Metropolitan of Athens, M. Prokopios, has resigned his office. His resignation was of a dramatic nature. In the night he was visited by the Minister of Public Worship, who told him that the King and the Government desired him to resign. At first he refused, later he went

to the house of the Premier, M. Theotokis, and all three then went to the palace at 1 o'clock in the morning. As a result of this visit to King George, the Metropolitan gave up his position, weeping and broken hearted. On the day fixed for the burying of the slain rioters the city was in a state of great excitement. The bulk of the troops were confined to the barracks. The shops along the route of the funeral were all closed. At 5 o'clock the procession left the cathedral for the cemetery, dense crowds following. The seven coffins, covered with white flags, were preceded by students carrying a black banner. On its way the crowd halted for several minutes before the palace, but no demonstration was made. At the cemetery M. Levidis delivered an oration, in which he bitterly attacked the Government and declared that the people ought to erect a mausoleum over the "victims of duty and patriotism." November 23d there was an exciting debate in the Chamber of Deputies, in which M. Theotokis took part. He made it plain that Queen Olga was chiefly responsible for the translation. During the Turkish War she was much distressed because the wounded soldiers could not read the Gospels in the ancient language, and for this reason she arranged to have the Bible published for family use in the modern vernacular. The Holy Synod addressed a protest to her against the undertaking, but the Metropolitan, M. Prokopios, had not the courage to support the Synod on the occasion of his audience with the Queen. Vast tumultuous crowds surrounded the Chamber of Deputies during the debate. The Chamber by a vote of 109 to 87 adopted a resolution supporting the Government's action. The next day, despite the King's protests to the contrary, M. Theotokis threw up his position, feeling, as he said, that the responsibility of a judicial inquiry into the riots should be left to another Cabinet. After an audience with the King, M. Zaimis completed a new Cabinet, made up of the following members:

Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs—M. Zaimis.
Minister of the Interior—H. Trianda-Fyllakos.
Minister of Marine—M. Topalis.
Minister of Public Worship—M. Monferrato.
Minister of Finance—M. Negris.
Minister of War—Col. Korpas.

The Yang-tse Valley

The Yang-tse valley has returned to its normal peaceful condition and the people are following their usual occupations, quite in ignorance of the disputes about the Manchurian Convention and other such matters. To them Manchuria is a foreign country and they care little what happens there. The terms of the Protocol are misinterpreted to them. For instance, the existence of the fortified Legation area in Peking is explained to them as a permission granted the foreign barbarians to remain in the capital in a restricted area, as was formerly the case with the foreign settlements in Canton. Several other clauses of the Protocol are said to be systematically evaded, especially that in regard to punishments. One of the exiled guilty officials, for example, who was responsible for the murder of Bishop Fantosati and two Roman Catholic fathers, is now enjoying his leisure at home with no apparent fear of punishment. The prohibition of importing arms has started the manufacture of arms in China on a large scale, all the raw material required being readily purchased in open market. The various arsenals in the Yang-tse valley are working full time. At Han-kau, for instance, 2,000 workmen are making field guns, thousands of Mauser rifles and immense quantities of ammunition and smokeless powder. Forty thousand wooden gun stocks were recently imported and at the present moment there are 15,000 Mausers ready for distribution. The same activity is shown at the Shanghai arsenal and elsewhere. The indemnity exacted by the Powers has fallen most heavily on the pro-British Yang-tse provinces. Of the 18,500,000 taels required in payment of interest the innocent Yang-tse provinces had to contribute 9,000,000 taels. Trade is flourishing and the different foreign Powers are competing with each other in their efforts to capture the transportation of goods. The Peking-Han-kau railway progresses steadily, despite the damage caused by the recent floods. Rails have now been laid for 165 kilometers, and the earthworks extend 50 kilometers further. The British railways, however, for some rea-

son lag behind those of Germany and Russia.

The Papyri Finds

A dozen years ago, when the first great papyri finds were made in the tombs of Egypt, especially the poems of Herondas and the work of Aristotle on the "Constitution of Athens," a prominent German savant expressed his regret that he had not been born a hundred years later in order to learn what new additions to Greek literature would have been secured from this source. So rich has been the wealth of these discoveries in the last decade that their investigation is even now already more than one man can expect to control. At the recent National Philological Convention in Strassburg, Professor Ulrich Wilken, of the University of Würzburg, recognized as the great papyrus specialist in Germany, gave a survey of the investigations in this department that contained surprising data. There are about two dozen papyri collections on a large scale in European universities and libraries, and the number of papyri reaches the tens of thousands. Among the most important finds have been the hymns of Bacchylides, the Logia of Christ found by Grenfell and Hunt in Oxyrynchus, the twenty-first book of Homer, extracts from the Septuagint translation of the Old Testament, etc., while the almost countless documents that pertain to the politics, the economics, business, private life, religion, etc., etc., of the centuries that preceded and followed the birth of Christ furnish the particulars for the study of the historical background of the New Testament that have proved to be particularly acceptable, and incidentally have furnished material for the study of the Greek of this period that puts the language of the New Testament into its proper position historically. Among recent contributions from this source nothing is more interesting than a pamphlet published by Reitzenstein, entitled "*Zwei religionsgeschichtliche Fragen,*" in which the author, on the basis of several of the 2,000 papyri that are found in the Strassburg Library, has furnished parallel data on the biblical custom of circumcision and on the biblical account of the Creation and the Logos. On the first named subject he shows that, as is corroborated by the examination of a large number of mummies by Dr. Fouquet, of Cairo, only the Egyptian priests and none others were circumcised. The other piece is a fragment written by a heathen Greek author at the end of the third century after Christ, in which the Creation of the world through Jupiter from the four elements of air, fire, water and earth is depicted, with the son of Hermes taking the role of the Logos, the whole being a combination of Greek and Egyptian ideas, showing also the influence of Christianity on Gentile literature. The largest collection of papyri in Germany is found in Berlin, where the university has undertaken to publish its possessions of this kind rapidly, and has issued fully one thousand of them already. Only lately Professor Wilamowitz discovered fifty new verses of the so-called catalog of Hesiod. A most interesting find was made in this collection lately in the shape of a remarkable late Greek novel, in which Chinone is the chief heroine. The Heidelberg collection, which reaches the thousands, is being studied by Professors Crusius and Deissmann, and it is already apparent that these papyri belong to the oldest of their kind—namely, to the Ptolomean period—while those in Berlin, Vienna, Geneva and elsewhere do not, as a rule, antedate the Augustinian age. The famous Archduke Rainer collection in Vienna is the oldest in Europe, coming mostly from Fayyum. In France the bulk of the papyri are found in the National Library in Paris. The British Museum has not published many of its treasures of this kind, but Kenyon proposes to do this as a third volume to his collection of Greek Inscriptions. The first volume of the Amherst papyri collection, containing the Ascension of Isaiah and other theological fragments, has appeared, and a second volume, with 140 documents from the Ptolomean, Roman and Byzantine periods and a number of new literary texts, with fragments from Æschylus, Euripides and Aristophanes, will be furnished in the near future. A prominent German theologian recently stated that he would not be surprised to hear that the original of one or another New Testament book had been found among the papyri of Egypt.

Godly Confidence in the Future

By Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., LL.D.

WITH all of national bereavement which our country has experienced during the past year and with all of horror through which we have recently been passing in our municipal life, it is certainly the case that we are come to our annual festival of Thanksgiving with hearts easily inclined

CHARLES H. PARKHURST

to gratitude. The appearance is that we have a President, a Governor and a Mayor-elect all of whom are making it their honest and conscientious study to administer the governments respectively committed to them in a manner to secure and promote the public interest. It is much easier to thank God when things are going as we like and as we believe they ought to go. We are willing to walk by faith, but we like to have a good deal of sight along with it in order to keep our faith in good spirits.

Granting the truth of all that, our need is still of a confidence that has its grounds in God himself rather than in what we just now see of the congenial and satisfactory fruits of this working. The only perennial fountain of thankfulness is in our assurance that God is always administering his own kingdom, and just as much when things in it seem to be going badly as when they are moving creditably and auspiciously. When we are grateful for sunshine our gratitude has in it a tincture of the childish, save as there is in it also an element which recognizes that God is just as much God when the sun does not shine as when it does, and that shadow is sunshine seen the dark side to.

Gratitude of the God-trusting texture that we are just now considering is of a kind that will save us from utter collapse when the times take on a different complexion from that which they are just at present wearing; and that sooner or later there will be a shifting of complexion no one can reasonably doubt who is familiar with the oscillations in history and its reactionary character in all times past. We are not going to borrow trouble. We are not going to discount day by any presentiment of sundown, but the sun will go down all the same, discount or no discount, and the finest type of Christian philosophy is that which is capable of the longest range and which is therefore able to win for itself such a broad support that it can be subject to a certain amount of upheaval without sacrificing its equilibrium; something as, in the present policy of shipbuilding, ocean steamers are constructed of such length as to outreach the span of any ocean swell and so to be able to voyage steadily, notwithstanding all the tumultuousness that they may from time to time be sliding over.

Now it is impossible to read with anything like appreciative insight the records of the past and not realize that, with all there is in them of vicissitude,—periods of vast betterment slipping down into horrible abysms of relapse,—the progress

of events is, nevertheless, on the whole, along a line of perceptible ascent, and that there has been always and everywhere operative a Power that makes for righteousness; that there is a certain divine drift of events along which a might not depending upon man for its existence is convoying the race out toward a beautiful and widening destiny. Deborah in a wild and passionate Hebrew fashion stated this or tried to state it when after her triumph over the Canaanites she sang how the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. There was a long presentiment of truth in this pæan of the prophetess which the inspired singer herself can hardly have realized.

Deborah felt that in some way the entire universe of God had a hand in the struggle which she had just brought to so glorious a finish. She felt the infinitude of the auxiliaries out of which the victory had been built. Even the stars were glittering hooks to which she hung her gigantic faith in the sure and superb ongoing of things; and, far in advance of modern astronomic discovery, she had a thrilling presentiment of the truth that there is no element in God's universe either so vast or so remote as not to mix itself in the events transpiring in the little globe we are here treading upon, in the contracted field of action in which our petty service has to be rendered; and not only mixes itself,—as nature felt the agony of redemption and the heavens grew black over the tragedy of Calvary, —but enters reinforcingly into those events, becomes energy in them, works with the authority of an infinite guaranty.

All of this creates in us the sense of an unspeakable amount of backing. Men grow languid and nerveless and hopeless in their working because they conceive of human history, especially their own particular share in that history, as being lived and prosecuted off in a little corner of the universe, all by itself, self-subsistent, no threads of sympathy or steel hooks of connection by which it is bound to the great whole, and with an assured and a splendid future because it is bound into that whole. This little planet of ours goes right, behaves itself, treads along a pathway of a daily success, and swings out into space with the promise of a safe and certain return because every other planet and all stars each put their own hand upon it, and hold it to the orbit forever and forever laid down for it. There is not a member of the solar system or of the stellar system that does not work constrainingly and restrainingly in every motion of our earth on its axis or through its orbit.

Taken down into the range of human affairs that is what we mean by the structure of history. There is a fellowship of events between the forces that are severally unreeling themselves and playing themselves out. We sometimes encounter queer and almost thrilling symptoms of this. We talk about events fitting into one another. We see the influences coming from opposite quarters of the heavens, or of the earth, and yet seeming to know one another without introduction when they meet, and to groove into one another without any visible cabinet-work being done to fit edge to edge. There is something almost weird and uncanny in the way in which one current of incident mixes itself abruptly and with thrilling consequence with some other current of incident, without the two currents ever having had, to appearance, any presentiment of one another prior to that mutual mingling of their waters. It creates in us a feeling that there is a great deal going our way, and what we may feel to be the strength of our own purpose is as nothing to the strength of the auxiliaries that, a little under the cover of the mist, perhaps, may be trooping in our direction and with an unseen and even an unheard tread may be moving with us toward a common goal.

Whatever of a large and noble kind we may be doing there is, then, really no isolatedness in our action; we and the stars are fellow-workers in one enterprise. The universe votes on our side if we are on the right side. There is an historic momentum in which our action is afloat. The sea has its currents, and the air; so have the ages. The sky is over us and the centuries are back of us. Those centuries are behind our action and are pushing it on. We are a part of the trend of the times. Old energies never stop in the world of thought and purpose any more than in the world of material dynamics. It is conceited for

us to suppose that we are alone, and it is silly to feel lonely.

This explains why there is so much irresolute doing and why there are so many who do nothing to the purpose either resolute or irresolute; the word which they speak they have no consciousness of as being the word of the immortal past and the living present speaking out through their utterances. The deed they perform they have no feeling of as being the great purpose of God and of all the ages coming to definite accomplishment in their own performance. They are here and the constellations are there and they have no presentiment of the stars as being their own instant and potent auxiliaries. They are in the universe, but they know nothing about the universe being in them: that is the difference. When we strike a blow with a hammer every cubic inch of our globe, clear down through to China, co-operates with our muscle to give the hammer-blow effect. That is fact. But when a man delivers a moral blow he is likely to imagine that his is the only power there is in it, that there is nothing in the spiritual world answering to gravity in the physical world; and that makes him tired and hopeless and heartless; and so his voice becomes silent after awhile, his activity takes a long recess and he falls back into the dispirited ranks of them who believe in the need of a better world, but with none of that sense of fellowship with the ground and with the stars, with the powers everywhere that are making for righteousness and with the great God who marshals those powers, none of that sense of fellowship with his superb confederates that is needed in order to put spring into his words and to inlay his endeavors with a spirit of expectation and incessant triumph.

Considerations such as these are a proper antidote to small thinking and the only efficient corrective to infirm and low-spirited thinking. We shall work robustly so long as we feel ouselves braced by the fellowship of human hearts, the tidal set of events, and the great purposes of God; and so braced we shall realize that whether we and the interests we are committed to are hidden in the hollow of the wave or carried upon its crest, we are still coming in with the tide, and whether we are at the forward or backward swing of the pendulum, the hand is always advancing on the dial.

New York City.

The Greatest of the Filipinos

By James A. Le Roy

Private Secretary to Commissioner Dean C. Worcester

THE assassination of President McKinley produced an alarm among the Filipinos that Americans, whether in the Philippines or at home, could not exactly understand. It was due very largely to the change of sentiment that has come about during the past year. One year ago, as a candidate for re-election, McKinley presented himself to the great majority of Filipinos as originator, exponent and beneficiary of "imperialism" in the United States. In September of 1901 the earliest news of the attempt upon his life inspired, along with the genuine regret of a naturally sympathetic people, an apprehension to Americans rather incomprehensible, which the final news of his death hightened for the time being.

One explanation lies in the fact that, under Spanish rule, the overthrow of a Ministry at Madrid meant a change in the official *régime* at Manila. And most of even the better informed Filipinos are not yet familiar enough with our political system to comprehend that the situation presented at Washington was in no way analogous to that presented by the Spanish Cortes failing to vote support to a Prime Minister. Their idea of politics is based on the personal element. That policies march on or meet reversal according to the success or failure of parties is not yet fully comprehended by most of them.

Add to this that some knew little or nothing more of the career of the new President than that small portion of it in

which he figures as a "rough rider," and it is not so difficult to explain the "flurry" that for the moment followed the receipt of the news from Buffalo. All except a few of the best informed Filipinos would ask you as the first question after inquiring whether any further news of the President's condition had come: "Do you think we will have military government here again?"

Such apprehension speaks rather significantly for the headway which Washington's plans for civil government in the Philippines have made during the past year. It was by no means confined to the officeholders among the people, nor to the city of Manila alone.

CAYETANO S. ARELLANO
Chief Justice of the Philippine Islands

In his proclamation announcing the death of the President, Governor Taft took occasion to state that this deplorable event would in no wise change the present course of events in the Philippine Islands. In personal and public conversations he and others in authority were at various times called upon to reiterate this assurance.

Perhaps he who most effectively allayed this apprehension of the moment was Chief Justice Cayetano S. Arellano, speaking both to and in behalf of the Filipino people as orator at the funeral services held in the Ayuntamiento, now the central government building, at Manila on September 19th. Señor Arellano is an orator in the fullest sense of the word. The occasion was one to call for his best. The old Spanish "Hall of Acts," draped in American flags and their pall of black; the large and thoroughly representative assemblage of governing authorities of the islands, officials of the American army and here and there a private, the foreign consuls and representatives of the commercial interests of Manila, and in greatest proportion of all the Filipinos themselves, of all classes, men and women; the sincere directness of the orator, speaking in the language that is almost eloquent itself—these cannot be reproduced. But such an event has interest in the history of a nation, and all that the Filipino orator said would be well worth recording. I give the closing paragraphs:

"Resignation, hope and confidence must now nobly distinguish the Filipino people, and let there be naught of impatience, naught of discontent, save only that natural to life, which tends to progress and improvement.

"The illustrious dead, to comfort this hope, has left a political testament: yonder are his trustees, charged with the carrying of it out [turning toward the Commissioners].

"In his political testament he bids them look upon this most high and sacred obligation which he intrusts to them as a matter involving the honor and the conscience of their own country, and he cheers them with the firm conviction that if they will fulfil faithfully and well this high and noble task, the entire population of this archipelago will some day bless that day when it pleased God to give the victory to American arms, placing this people under the protection of the people of the United States.

"So may it be, God will, and may I see that day when this my beloved people with loyalty and with nobility can say from the bottom of its heart, 'Blessed be the memory of McKinley.'"

Cayetano S. Arellano was born in the pueblo of Orion, in the Province of Bataan, across the bay from Manila, in 1847. His father was Spanish, his mother Tagalog. At the age of eight he was sent to Manila to be educated, and

the next eleven years were devoted to this purpose, till he had stepped forth from the University of St. Thomas, the Dominican institution, sometimes known as the University of Manila, with the title of "Licenciado" in law in 1866. Meanwhile, he had gained his bachelor's degrees in philosophy, in arts and letters.

Practically all his life Don Cayetano has spent in Manila, in the practice of his profession, and latterly on the bench. His first government assignment was that of legal member of the Spanish Government in the newly created Province of Tarlac in 1878. In 1882 he became professor of jurisprudence in the university, a position he still holds. In 1885 and 1886 he was a judge on the bench of the Audiencia, as the Supreme Court of the islands was known during Spanish rule. With one exception in recent times and another exception of more remote Philippine history, he is the only Filipino ever a member of the highest court of the land.

Prior to the advent of the Americans, however, his reputation was principally that of a jurisconsult. His prestige was great, as his knowledge of the complicated, and in some respects indefinite system of law ruling in the islands was well known. It is said that, on important cases, the lawyers sent out from Spain to sit on the supreme bench of the country used to get his advice, and that many very important decisions were in this way really guided by him.

The revolutionists were especially anxious to win him to their cause in 1898 and 1899. During the trying times before the surrender of Manila in August, 1898, he had remained aloof from all conferences, pro-Spanish or pro-insurgent. The Malolos government reserved a post for him, and for a short time he did lend the color of his support in a half-hearted way to some of their plans. He never, however, acquiesced in the plans for war on the Americans, and, after it became finally evident that the authorities at Washington would remain in charge at Manila, he severed all connection with Malolos. There has never since at any time been a moment's question as to where Arellano stood, however much one or another may have ventured to question the loyalty of "Americanistas" among the Filipinos.

When the civil courts were reorganized by General Otis in early 1899, Señor Arellano was made Chief Justice of the reconstructed Audiencia, or Supreme Court, as it has since been known. This was a temporary reorganization, and the judicial system of the islands was reconstructed in June of this year with the passage of the Civil Code and the appointment of new judges by the Civil Commission. The title of the Chief Justice to his position at the head of the judiciary of the Philippines was never for a moment questioned, and with him are two other Filipinos, the court being composed of four Americans and three Filipinos.

The Chief Justice is to-day unquestionably chiefest among his people both in name and in fact. Of him Governor Taft says: "As lawyer and as judge, he is a man whose attainments and whose character would grace the bench of the highest court of any land." The prestige he enjoys, despite the bitterness of the recent disputes and the extremes to which personal politics runs, is so great that the tongue of spite never dares wag at him. He was one of the foremost in the organization of the Federal Party last December, and worked steadily and prominently with that party until the chief aim in its platform—viz., peace—was an accomplished fact in the greater portion of the archipelago. Then he stepped out, deeming further political activity incompatible with his place on the bench. Publicly and privately, he is thoroughly identified with the political aims of this the only one of the so-called parties here which is really pro-American; yet the position he occupied among his people is so high that not even the organ of the Conservatives—more than suspected of being pro-Spanish and pro-Church—ventures to attack him, as it has other Federalists, it having devoted a column to absorbing to itself the credit of his speech on the late President.

Señor Arellano is a true Filipino, wedded to the soil that gave him birth. He had never been on any other island in the group, nor had he ever sailed out of Manila Bay, until he accompanied the Civil Commission on its organization trip

among the central and southern islands during March and April last. His speeches on that occasion were notable, and each of them in itself a little oration. He declared on the outset of these organization trips that he could not speak; he is a man of the home and the office, not given to public appearances. Only a feeling of duty, the duty of doing what he could to aid in the movement for peace, recently inaugurated, called him forth from the quiet of home that he so much loves. Yet the good he did by the speeches in behalf of cooperation with the Americans for the pacification and the betterment of the country, it is difficult to measure. In one sense the appearance of this representative Tagalog among the Visayans of Iloilo and Cebu, speaking to them not as Tagalog, but as Filipino, in behalf of common aims and the common good of his and their people, marked an epoch in the history of the country—the breaking down of the barriers of race prejudice by communication and interchange of thought. Perhaps this is one of the good things that may be ascribed to this much deplored insurrection. There are already signs that it was not utterly unmixed evil.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Thanksgiving in 1901 As We Do It in Boston

By Edward Everett Hale

MRS. CHAMPERNOON (to her husband, as he steps into his buggy): "You remember Thanksgiving?"

Mr. C. (taking his reins): "Yes. Have you written to the children?"

Mrs. C.: "Of course. The Walters think they must go to her mother's. The Georges will all come. They will be here Monday on the 5.30. The Johns are coming and Mary, of course."

Mr. C.: "All right. Telephone me if you think of anything."

Mrs. C.: "Yes. Try to think of anybody I have forgotten."

And so Mr. C. drives down to his train. Before half an hour has well passed he calls his wife by telephone to say that Bernard, his bookkeeper, cannot go home to his mother's, and that he has asked him to Thanksgiving, and later in the day he calls her again to say that his correspondent, Comegys, of Denver, will be in Portland that week, and that he has wired Comegys to come and dine with them.

Mrs. C. is not surprised, nor in the least fluttered. She goes round, driving herself in the buggy, to make sure that Ann Steadfast will come to help in the kitchen; that Ann's niece, Jane, "that pretty girl with auburn hair," will help Lizzie in waiting on the table. And Edgar is told that he had better ask the Cuban boy at school to come and dine with them, and act charades at night.

When Sunday comes Mrs. C. slips her list of "turkey people" into the hands of Mrs. Waters, of the Turkey Committee at church, with a ten-dollar bill. This to be sure that the five people on the list all have their turkeys and their cranberries in time.

Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving, is kept alive by the arrival of the Georges and the Johns, Mr. and Mrs. Weeks and their children, excepting the baby. Mary is there to welcome them. But she, of course, spends the night at her own house.

Thursday opens cold, clear and with six inches of new snow on the ground. Mr. C., Mrs. C., George and his wife and their four, the Weekses and their three, the Johns and all their little people, Mary and husband and hers, are all early at meeting. The minister, who is not a fool, bids them all sing "Coronation" and the "Breaking Waves" and "America." He shows them that it is as true now as it was four thousand years ago that the Lord is our Shepherd. Mr. Comegys meets them on the door step of their own house as the carriage party come from church.

Then there is a second hour, as Mr.

Comegys talks Western crops, and as Bernard, the cashier, is made less shy by Mrs. George. At the end of the hour things become more lively, for all the house party, one by one, appear in improvised fancy costumes, old court uniform, a brocade dress of grandmama Scottow's, a dozen ribbons and medals on papa's breast; great fun and laughter at the costumes, in the midst of which Lizzie announces dinner.

At Thanksgiving dinner you have no oysters on the half shell, no soup, no fish. These, in their modern place, belong in the nineteenth century, not the eighteenth. And we dine as in the best fashion of the eighteenth. Roast turkey at one end of one of the tables, chicken pye at the other. (Pye spelled with a *y*.) Side dishes of oysters, lobster salad and game. Rapid carving, a good deal of talking across, dear Aunt Eunice a good deal questioned about the family estates in Spain and Santa Cruz, and Mr. Comegys and the bookkeeper beginning to feel at home.

Observe that the children, from four years old upward to fifteen, are at their own table in the front parlor. But the folding doors are open so that this communicates with the proper dining-room. Mr. Champernoon sits nearest them.

As Lizzie and the auburn haired assistant clear away the first course, Mr. C. asks in a loud, clear voice, "Walter, who was your father's father?" And Walter replies.

"Jane, who was your mother's mother?" And Jane replies.

"Gertrude, who was your father's father's mother?" and so on, seven generations in all, till the class examination stops in hopeless laughter and screams and contradictions.

Plum pudding with blazing brandy, pyes of at least four varieties follow; wine jelly and blanc-mange are tolerated, but not ice cream. That is too modern.

Fruit comes of any sort in season, especially with plenty of dried fruit, figs, prunes, apples, pears and oranges, of course. Walnuts of every grade, pecans, almonds, olives and whatever else reminds us that our great-grandfathers traded with Malaga, Messina and Smyrna.

And when the smallest boy has picked out the last meat from the last walnut, Mr. Champernoon gives his arm to dear old Madam Scottow, all the others file out behind him, to the great music room —yes, the same that Lafayette danced in—and in one wild whirl, all, from fourscore years to four, dance round and round, singing and laughing, until they fall in pretense of exhaustion on the floor. For the older part, now, there are in the rooms upstairs, or downstairs for the lamer of the ancients, divans or couches or beds, with afghans or other rugs to cover them. The younger contingent, including Mr. Bernard, the cashier, and the Cuban boy, are led by Mary, Sophy, the younger Walters and one or two of their cousins, to fit round games in the children's parlor. All the old games and puzzles appear. "Authors," "Slap Everlasting, "Vingt-un," "Old Maids," checkers and chess for the more shy. There is loto, and if they knew it, tombola, with the same mother-of-pearl counters with which Colonel Scottow played when he came home from Louisburg. Then there is the history of Great Britain down to George III, and Tee-totum, at least a thousand years old, which marks all the climacterics, seven years, fourteen years, twenty-one years, and so on to where the player ascends into Glory at his grand climacteric, which is sixty-three years. This game is called the "game of human life."

The oldsters begin to appear again, refreshed by sleep and silence. A cup of tea, chocolate or coffee, to occupy a little time. Then the folding doors slip back and a rampant set of young acrobats, with brooms for horses, clothes baskets for boats, Aunt Clara to sing at the piano, proceed to act the ballad of Lochinvar. The costumes have all been stolen from the hall, and Mr. Comegys is amazed as he sees his new silk hat used for Lochinvar's helmet, and his cane lashed to the trembling bridegroom's waist. Fun and frolic, fast and fearless, follow. "Lord Ullin's daughter" presents the clothes baskets in most perilous storms. Miss Bailey rises from her sleep, bold Dacres delivers up his sword, history and romance exhaust their more amusing sides. This lasts till nine o'clock, when Lizzie announces supper. But no one is permitted to go out until all have sung "Coronation" together, Aunt Clara presiding at the piano. The

Champernoons even sing the foot note at the bottom of the page in the old "Academy Collection," thus divided:

"This tune was a great favorite
With the late Doctor Dwight.
'Twas often sung by college choir, etc., etc.

Then Mr. Comegys gives his arm to Madam Scottow, and all march into the parlor and dining-room and sit down to supper, which differs from dinner only in a slight diminution of formality. Then George Weeks, with his fine tenor, explains to Aunt Clara about the ballad of Lovewell's flight! He sings it aloud while she is helping him to Marlboro pye, and all of the youngsters join in the chorus.

But, alas, as the clock points to 10.30 the sleigh-bells without announce that the carriage has come for the little Weekses; and the two hundred and seventieth Thanksgiving since that when the first Mrs. Champernoon gave scalloped clams to the first Comegys settler, newcomers in the Bay, is finished.

BOSTON, MASS.

A Day with the Queen of Italy

By Adolfo Rossi

[Adolfo Rossi, one of the best known Italian journalists and writers, began his career in America where, after most interesting adventures, he became the acting editor of the Italian paper, the *Progresso Italo-Americano*. In Italy he gained a reputation especially as war correspondent from Africa, where he went three separate times until the disaster of Adowa. He has worked on the leading Italian papers and reviews and has published several books, two of which are on the United States.—EDITOR.]

EVERY one knows that meeting persons for the first time under unusual circumstances breaks the ice and creates a feeling of intimacy which otherwise it might have taken years to arouse. This was the case, in a modest way, with myself and the princely family of Montenegro, who have since the first day spent with them treated me with amused kindness.

In the early part of August, 1896, when the rumor of a probable engagement between the then Prince of Naples and the Princess Elena Petrovich spread, I went from Trieste to Cattaro, and from there by a mountain road to Cettigne, the capital of Montenegro—a town with somewhat over 1,500 inhabitants, giving the impression of a summer resort—thereby much enlarging my bumps of adaptability and endurance. After removing the traces, in body as well as in apparel, of that never-to-be-forgotten journey, I applied, not without misgivings, to Marquis Bianchi, the Italian Minister there, and made arrangements, with an ease undreamed of at other courts, to be presented to the reigning Prince Nicholas the next day at a fixed hour.

The appointed time saw me—in full evening dress, as is prescribed by etiquet, with shining shirt front, brilliant white waistcoat and tie, but fortunately with a light overcoat partially concealing my ill-timed apparel—ascending the grand staircase of the palace with my guide, trepidation in my walk and curiosity in my heart. All of a sudden cheerful voices were heard and we found ourselves in the midst of the whole princely family, who were accompanied by the Crown Prince of Italy. The situation was embarrassing, but Prince Nicholas, with that *bonhomie* which distinguishes him, and which has gained him the name of "Uncle" Nicholas in Italy, immediately turned to me and said: "We have decided on the spur of the moment to go off shooting to Rieka. You were to have been presented to me, were you not? Well, let us put ceremony aside, and, if it will give you any pleasure, join our party and follow us to Rieka. Here is a carriage at your disposal and one of my officers to keep you company."

Surprised and confused at so much courtesy to a stranger, I could do nothing but bow and enter the carriage, with an awful consciousness of the incongruity of what there was under my coat and the gun which had been thrust into

my hands, and of my probable feelings when I was asked to remove the blessed covering (the day was very warm) in the midst of a hunting party, even the ladies of which were dressed either in shooting clothes or the national Montenegrin costume. As I was presented to the Princess Elena I thought I detected a gleam of amusement in those lovely dark eyes, but she said nothing and contented herself with giving me a smile.

On arriving at Rieka we entered a couple of boats, and I had leisure to study the future Queen of Italy, while she now and then addressed a few words to me, always with that suppressed air of amusement, but in a kindly manner as if we shared a secret together. Then as now, matrimony and maternity having changed her but little, she was tall and slender, with hair that curled charmingly, and large chestnut colored eyes, especially and marvelously beautiful. Her character, as you saw it at a glance, was frank and open, and her simple, kindly manners showed you immediately that her nature was one in which goodness and sincerity predominated. We landed in the park of Prince Danilo, a wooded and mountainous region, full of wild goats, deer and pheasants. Prince Nicholas on horseback disposed the sportsmen in various likely spots; the Prince of Naples, Princess Elena and her mother, Princess Milena, remained in the central little valley, while we were stationed at the sides on higher ground. The Prince now gave me a horse and invited me to follow him, and, passing various foresters, I mounted (always in that invaluable top-coat, altho I was suffocating), and took my place in a locality which dominated the central valley and offered me a most picturesque outlook. I found myself alone with Prince Nicholas, who seated himself and offered me a cigaret, and, while waiting for game of some kind, we spoke of Italy, for which he has a singular predilection, and of her people, whom he specially admires. Our interesting conversation did not last long, as it was broken by the passing of a wild goat, which the Prince shot with the rapidity of a young man.

The hunt over and the river recrossed, the party stopped at the little palace of Rieka, where lunch was served. I, of course, expected to stay with the officers of the escort, but Prince Nichdolas kindly sent to call me to his table, where Princess Elena sat between the Princess Milena and the Prince of Naples, the latter having her father on his other hand. Among the other guests were two aides, the Russian Minister to Cettigne, and the Montenegrin Premier, Bozo Petrovich, relative of the reigning family.

At last the critical moment had come,

THE QUEEN OF ITALY

my faithful coat had to be removed, and I stood revealed in all the glory of my evening clothes, with all eyes glued upon me, or so I thought. I feel my blushes yet, which were not lessened but were rendered less burning by a kind of "I knew it" expression which I caught on Princess Elena's face. My secret was out, I could no longer conceal it. "What! you are in dress clothes!" Princess Milena said to me, smiling. "We women here have little love for men in that costume." "You are right, your Highness," I replied, and proceeded to explain how I was asked to join the

party unexpectedly when I had gone to the palace for an audience; whereupon Princess Elena broke in with a merry laugh, "I knew it; I have been waiting for this moment!" at which the Prince of Naples smiled, and I felt suddenly at ease and at home.

Much is said and written without any foundation of this or that royal match being a marriage of love or convenience as the case may be, but no one could have seen the Prince of Naples and Princess Elena together that day without understanding that here was love pure and simple, such as might be found in a peasant's cabin as well as in a noble's palace. I would that all the grumblers and skeptics of Italy had been there that memorable day. A poet of Cettigne exclaimed at the time of the betrothal, "Ah! You do not know that you are stealing our best treasure," but I venture to say that the Prince knew it very well. In Italy, as is known, the news of the engagement was received with great favor. Only a few members of the old aristocracy wished that the Crown Prince should unite himself with some reigning family of a large and potent nation, but the majority were really pleased that the son of Humbert should choose a wife from a house so robust as that of Petrovich. "If she follows the traditions of her family," it was said openly, "imagine the number of children she will give to the House of Savoy!" Thus the impression was painful when year after year passed without issue, the most afflicted, in private, being the Princess herself, who tenderly loves little children, covering those of the ladies of her household with caresses and showering benefits upon them. But now that little Princess Yolanda Margherita has come to calm the natural impatience of the royal couple and of the nation, the Queen's popularity increases from day to day.

Elena of Montenegro as Queen has had much to contend against, but I have never heard that in a single instance her patience and cheerfulness have failed her. She came to the throne a stranger to the people, while Queen Margherita was known and adored and was, moreover, an Italian. She lacked the gracious manners of her mother-in-law and was too like her new subjects in coloring to be much admired by them, but she is conquering slowly and surely, as is shown by many subtile signs.

At twelve years of age she was sent to the best girls' school in St. Petersburg, where all her sisters had been before her. There she stayed several years learning Russian and German, and developed a decided talent for art, becoming later on an authority at Cettigne in such subjects. To her is due the idea and design of a monument, now being erected to Prince Danilo, the late reigning Prince, assassinated in 1860, which consists of a sarcophagus surrounded by four columns upholding a cupola.

So far as may be seen outside the Quirinal Palace (and inside there seems to be a conspiracy of silence) her chief characteristics are love of children and sport. She sometimes walks from the palace to the church nearby and invariably notices some child, as there is a public garden hard by, leaving the child smiling at her gay words, and the nurse red and overcome at the honor done her.

Of her shooting all the world knows, but it has been much curtailed since she ascended the throne and has become a mother. This summer she and the King have spent entire days in their motor-car, and a true narration of one of their adventures will not do badly to end this sketch with.

They had arrived at the foot of a hill on which stands a fort, in a part of the country where they were totally unknown. The King, as is his custom, entered into conversation with the sentinel and asked so many questions that the latter got very suspicious, thought him a spy, and when His Majesty said he would like to enter, refused point blank. The King insisted, until the sentinel, losing patience, raised his rifle and said hotly: "If you don't take yourself, your woman, your infernal machine and photographing nuisance off at once, you will know more of the inside of the fort than you bargain for!" "But," protested Victor Emanuel, thinking it time to reveal his identity, "I am the King and—" "King," roared the soldier; "more likely a spy," and escorted him to the motor-car, which departed amid peals of laughter from the Queen, and something which sounded like swearing from the sentinel.

ROME, ITALY

Out of Doors in California

By William Higgs

THE observer who exchanges an Atlantic for a Pacific observing ground finds himself among conditions of floral and faunal life the peculiarities of which invite analysis in connection with the environment which he has lately left. It is not only the changes themselves, however, which are of interest, but the circumstances which underlie them, and the conditions to which they point; since a whole series of geological peculiarities may be implied in the presence or the absence of a plant, and irregularities in the distribution of the birds may throw light upon a botanical environment. Precisely as the existence of a patch of swale grass in his pasture points the farmer to the spot where it may be most advisable to dig for water, so does the appearance of a certain bird suggest the propinquity of a plant or insect which has been found essential to its development and links itself persistently with its habits of life. To the casual observer there might seem to be no connection between the area inhabited by those most aerial of birds, the swallows, and the physiographical conditions of that area; yet it is a fact that only where there is a fairly abundant supply of water are the hirundines to be met with to any very great extent. In the San Joaquin Valley—to which locality the observations embodied in this paper will be restricted—I come upon them only in the neighborhood of streams, and above inhabited places where the water-cask is in use. From the dry and open sandy plains they are apparently altogether absent. The reason for this, of course, is simple; the swallow subsists upon a form of flying insect life to be found abundantly only where the air is moist.

The Home of the Western Phœbe-Bird

Among the thrushes there is a significant falling off both in the numbers of species and in the prevalence of the individual birds. Whereas, in the Atlantic States at least three species—and sometimes four or five—besides the robin, are frequently to be met with, here I have come upon only two. Of these the larger or russet back thrush is slighter than the Eastern veery, and recalls the Scandinavian redwing both in some of its markings and in the fragility of its build; the smaller, or dwarf thrush, is but little larger than a sparrow. Both, however, have the true thrush song, and hearing them toward sunset it has been difficult to persuade myself that I have not been listening to one of their Eastern cousins, so idiosyncratic are the notes of all the genus. The absence of those dark, damp woods in which the Eastern birds delight, with their

accompaniment of an abundance of congenial food, together possibly with the influence of the dry, hot Southern air, has led to a diminution in the size of the California thrushes and, as Canon Tristram points out in connection with the birds of the Syrian desert, the neutral tone of their surroundings has had an influence on their coloration, the clearly marked pencilings of the Eastern species being absent from the Western birds; tho the closely allied variety the spotted thrush (*T. nævius*), whose habitat is a different one, is an exception to this rule. I have been interested to note that, in spite of their betrayal of very much of the shyness which is natural to the species, the California thrushes come about the premises and sing from the fruit trees of the garden, tho no sooner do they find themselves observed than they grow silent and decamp, flying in that noiseless and elusive way which is characteristic of the family and enables the observer to identify them on the wing even by the briefest glimpse. One of the russet backed thrushes came constantly to feed on a vacant lot in the rear of the house, throughout May and June, appearing regularly every afternoon within a few minutes of half-past four o'clock, and foraging between the tufts of rattleweed and grindelia in a graceful, high-bred way. Of a dog or a passing vehicle the bird had no apparent dread, allowing either to approach it within less than twenty feet without suspending its operations; but no sooner did it discover that I had turned my glass upon it than it made off at once, tho I was watching it from a position in the house at the distance of at least a hundred feet. That

Where the Wild Ducks Feed

Arrow Heads and Bulrushes

birds have some means of forming an approximate idea of time seems clear from the tactics of a dwarf thrush which came regularly to feed within range of the kitchen windows. This bird had found out that the time when it was least likely to be observed was from three to four o'clock, between which hours the room was usually deserted. After I became aware of this I had only to invade the kitchen silently at this time of the day to catch a glimpse of him; tho he invariably detected me almost instantly by some sort of telepathy too fine for me to fathom, and was off to the seclusion of some trees across the street. If I were obliged to consent to be confined in my observations to the habits of a single family of our woodland birds I should choose to be limited to the thrushes. Among the shore-birds I should choose the plovers.

A ROADSIDE WANDERER

One corolla in the plant above measured 5⅝ inches across, and 7½ inches from the edge to the bottom of the flower's tube. Originally an immigrant from the Orient, the stramenium plant is now common throughout the West, and grows luxuriantly in the sandy soil of the central California plain.]

Of strictly Californian birds the hummers have been less numerous in the region of my observation than might have been expected from the number of local species, tho I have seen two nests within a few feet of one another on the trees of a neighboring lawn. The second of these was built soon after the young had left the first, very likely by the same pair of birds. The nest is about the size of half the shell of a common duck's egg, and is made of plant down and cobwebs, with a slight outside garniture of moss, being a much less compact and interesting structure than that of the Eastern ruby-throat. It is placed on a twig of a cork-elm, a little too high to be looked into from the piazza, and in all probability is kept in its precarious position—for the twig upon which it rests is no thicker than an ordinary lead pencil—by a glutinous substance collected by the bird from the honey bearing flowers which it visits in securing food. The little occupant—a somewhat smaller bird than the female ruby-throat—allows herself to be observed from the distance of four or five feet, tho her attitude is one of great alertness, and any sudden movement on the part of her observer will immediately send her off. There is something in the position of the eye so far up in the head, in the long and very slightly curved bill, and in the short up-flirted tail, as she sits rather high in her tiny nest, that is suggestive of a pigmy woodcock. Neither the male nor female of this species is very highly colored, tho the former has the customary iridescent glint upon the gorget, and the body feathers of each have more or less of a metallic sheen.

With both the appearance and the note of the Western oriole I at first was disappointed. The male bird is less striking than his Eastern congener—at least upon a slight acquaintance—and his call and foraging note is less full and less

mellifluous. A more extended observation, however, has modified my first impression, and I am not now prepared to compare either the male or female with the Eastern bird unfavorably. It is true at an initial glance the Baltimore is more taking than Bullock's oriole; but there are individual markings in the plumage of the latter bird that repay the closest study and suggest a long series of protective and adaptive developments—the devices on the female being quite unlike those of her consort, and affording in themselves a field for separate and extended investigation. In common with so many birds that spend their lives moving rapidly about the foliage of trees under a brilliant sun, the Western oriole has its mantle mottled—a series of spots being, rather singularly, a protection from observation in a vivid but broken light. As between the two species I should say that the plumage of the Eastern bird is more striking as a whole, while that of the Western is more striking in its details. The latter, too, makes up for the slightly raucous tone of its call and foraging note by a concerted and somewhat robin-like song altogether more elaborate than the Baltimore's performance; tho it is softer and more ethereal than the song of *migratorius,* and, of course, is less constantly in evidence. Indeed, it is only at certain hours of the day during the nesting season, and under propitious circumstances, that—so far as my observation extends—the oriole lets himself out; but when he does it is an experience to be grateful for, the notes being wafted to you, perhaps, across the waters of some wide but slow and noiseless stream, and raising memories of the hermit's golden reverie.

Not the least interesting accompaniment of my changed *entourage* has been the discovery of the way in which certain of the plants and trees about me adjust themselves to the heat. The locust develops a denser foliage and a thicker bark than distinguish it in the East, both peculiarities that prevent the rapid evaporation of the sap, and so protect it in a time of drought; and the place of the maple as a shade tree along the streets is taken either by species peculiar to a semi-tropical region, like the umbrella tree and the eucalyptus, or by a species like the elm, which, tho common to the Eastern seaboard, has here developed a density of foliage and a cork-like thickness of the bark which erects it into a separate variety. Some plants lift their leaves to a vertical position, and others develop a thick, woolly surface covering, to prevent the undue escape of moisture; and still others send their roots down into the soil to a depth beyond precedent in the cooler and more humid East. As an example of a plant containing the two last peculiarities, I may cite the lupines, quite common and exceedingly pretty things, with whorls of thick, woolly, clover-like leaves, and long clusters of pea-like flowers. The plants send roots down to a distance of twenty feet or more, and the dewdrops I observed upon one of them in an arid sandy spot, on a recent cool still night, may have been brought up by it from some unfailing source of supply in the gravel beds beneath the plain.

SELMA, CAL.

Municipal Athletics

By Carter H. Harrison

Mayor of Chicago

PUBLIC recognition by cities of the value of athletic exercise may be considered eminently proper. This recognition may take the form of municipal supervision and encouragement of sports. The municipality that applies itself to the physical development of its youth engages in a most laudable work. If it is desired that the next generation be a namby-pamby one then the boys and girls of to-day should let athletics severely alone. If we wish that a virile manhood and a magnificent womanhood succeed us, then let us foster and encourage athletic exercises by every means in our power. To neglect the body and train merely the mind is, in my judgment, little short of criminal. I believe that municipal supervision of athletic sports is desirable to the end that extremes should be avoided and that the brutality sometimes accompanying so-called athletic exhibitions be prevented.

MAYOR CARTER H. HARRISON

There is a growing tendency to flock to the cities and to abandon the country as a home, much as it is to be regretted. The population under adult age in the larger cities of the country is continually increasing. The children are surrounded by stone and brick and iron, instead of tree and shrub and flower, and are constantly exposed to the vitiating influence of city life at an age when they are especially susceptible to evil impressions. Even in the smaller communities of this country, I might say, the majority of the children are far below the average country boy and girl in health and physical development. The town boy has everything to retard him, while in the country the opposite is the case. Bread-and-butter children are the natural product of the city, due to the education of the mind at the expense of the body.

The time has come, in my opinion, when cities should officially recognize the absolute necessity for a broad and systematic plan of physical training for the children and youth of both sexes. To-day it is more essential, if anything, than mental culture, for a well balanced body and mind form one of the greatest safeguards against immorality. The neglect of this municipal duty in our American cities is really astounding, when one contrasts the many excellent systems in vogue both in Great Britain and on the Continent. There is no community—no matter how large—that cannot provide space for athletic grounds in summer and gymnasiums in winter—if not in the center of the city, at least in the suburbs. Properly qualified physical directors can be obtained at a moderate salary to carry out any system provided, and the cost of the apparatus, buildings and grounds is not so much but what the smallest village can avail itself of such privileges. I do not know but that legislation allowing State appropriations to be made for

such purposes would be beneficial. It is only necessary to review the results attained at our principal universities to show the value of judicious physical culture. The graduates who have availed themselves of the opportunities are men who rank among the foremost Americans, both in business and professional life. Ask them why and they will admit that the sound body and strong constitution obtained on the diamond, the oval, during the cross country runs and at the oars have been a powerful reinforcement to their mental activity.

No people are fonder of sports than Americans. We show it in our attendance at the principal contests and our enthusiasm over the winners. But we do too much looking on as a people. We need to participate more. We are getting too much brain at the expense of brawn. To remedy this we must begin at the beginning and instill in our children an interest and love for that which builds up the body as well as expands the intellect.

CHICAGO, ILL.

The Coming of Margaret Winthrop

(THANKSGIVING, 1631)

By Edith M. Thomas

Nov. 2d, 1631.—The ship "Lyon," Wm. Peirce, master, arrived at Natascot. There came in her the governors' wife, his eldest son and his wife.

Nov. 4.— . . . . At their landing. . . . the ship gave them six or seven pieces, entertained them with guard and divers vollies of shot and three drakes. . . . Most of the people of the near plantations came to welcome them, and brought and sent for divers days great store of provisions. . . . so as the like joy and manifestation of love had never been seen in New England.

Nov. 11.—We report a day of Thanksgiving at Boston.

—From Governor Winthrop's Journal

I.

OH, see ye not beyond the ocean foam
The good ship "Lyon," as she beareth home
The Lady of the Land?
Oh, see ye not how safe she rides the deep,
Beneath her keel the Lord of Hosts will keep
His sure, upstaying hand!

II.

Her every sail is as an angel's wing;
And every breeze that in her shrouds doth sing,
As breath on seraph's lip;
So white, so swift, are spread our Margaret's sails,
So lovely and good-willing are the gales
That hither blow her ship!

III.

A goodly freightage in that vessel lies:
Lamb's wool she bears, both bright and sober dyes,
With shoon for children small;
Fruit, oil, and sweet conserve of roses red;
And sack for toiling sailormen, 'tis said,—
Some gift, in sooth, for all!

IV.

To-morrow is she promised to our shore,
To-morrow must the cradling deep restore
The Lady of the Land.
Then down to fair Natascot will we go;
And we shall see her bonny face aglow—
And we shall touch her hand!

V.

Ay, one and all shall touch her hand, I ween!
And (dared I say it) she shall pace a queen,—
Our Winthrop's honored bride!
But here no crownèd heads, good folk, ye see!
'Tis well! Our Lady of the Land is she,—
Our darling and our pride!

VI.

So we shall see her, welcome as the day;
And see our Winthrop brush the tear away.
(Oh, precious tear of joy!)
Her escort shall we see,—ah, gallant sight!
True men-at-arms, with bayonets shining bright,
Along the sand deploy!

VII.

And then shall fast to feasting turn; for so
Our Winthrop wills: let all the people know,
To lend both heart and hand;
And from Natascot beach to Boston street
Thanksgiving be; and loyal love shall greet
Our Lady of the Land.

VIII.

So let the orchard's various stores be shed;
So let the harvest bow his sheaf-bound head,
And with boon Plenty stand;
So let the forest of his game be free,
That feasting with Thanksgiving there may be,
To greet the Lady of the Land!

NEW YORK CITY.

Betty and Thanksgiving

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

UNWISHED and unwelcome, the baby in her coming made an unpleasant interruption in the habits of the Westley household. Mr. Westley held a clerical position of trust, which allowed him liberty after bank hours to drive the quiet old pony, to make his pretty garden, to spend long evenings with his wife and over his books.

They had been reading Dante together, and when the baby really arrived they could think of no better name for her than Beatrice; for, after she was here, being their own, she became something beatific. She had not, however, been so unwelcome to the mother. Indeed, as the happy woman sat at her delicate sewing, she counted every thread lest there might be a little daughter who should judge her mother's stitches; and many a thrill of love and joy trembled through her as she thought of her new possession. And when her husband saw something of this and divined more, if he could not enter into the joy of his wife, yet he was determined that her remotest wish should be gratified; and, for the first thing, he sent to a certain convent for a layette like the one the nuns had made for his employer's wife, extravagance though it was. Perhaps the sight of the little garments stirred something responsive in Mr. Westley's heart, for he thought with half a pang of pity of the gentle nuns drawing their needles in and out, never to come nearer than that to the dreams and bliss of motherhood with which he saw his wife now smiling to herself.

He was glad that she was happy, and yet a little vexed that she should be willing to have their pleasant way of life disturbed. And while there was enough in his income for two, three would make a difference. No more joyous excursions on the spur of the moment, on a holiday, no more coming round with the pony when an unexpected early closing allowed. He had, of course, made the best of the pony, but he had always hoped to own a horse at some time that would leave the winged horse of fable behind. But now, with swollen housebills, of course, with doctors, dentists, nurses, with an education looming in the background, there was nothing of that sort for him. No more of the pleasant evenings with reading aloud and music, —there would be a different sort of music. No, so far as he was concerned there was no welcome for poor little Beatrice, —altho no sooner had she come, gurgling, cooing, laughing, loving, than that lofty name was forgotten in darling little Betty. For unwelcome or not, when she arrived Betty brought love with her. She loved every one and every thing herself; stretched up her little arms with sweet, inarticulate cries to the sunshine and the leaves, gave her father heavenly smiles and babblings of pure music, would rest in no arms but his from the moment he was in the house, and so insisted on her right to be loved that she won the day and was worshiped.

Nothing was too fine or good for little Betty. Altho the mother might expostulate, her cloak must be of white broadcloth, trimmed with white ostrich feathers, such as her father had seen some young merchant princess wearing; her little clasp-pins must be of gold and pearls; her crib, her baby-carriage, her toys, of the rarest and costliest; and he insured his life additionally for Betty's benefit before she was six months old. He said she should have the best advantages; no child of the multi-millionaires should have a better education than she should receive; if she had a voice, no one less than Marchesi should train it; she should travel; he would have promised her wings from the lands beyond the Delectable Mountains if he had known of any way of finding them.

But Betty was on the way to find such wings for herself. From the moment that she could manifest her little individuality it was a sweet one. Her dear shapeless sentences were like snatches of melody; a taste of her dainty biscuit was offered to all; her lip trembled if any one was hurt; she walked off triumph-

antly in her first steps because she trusted the father and mother, the one letting go, the other beckoning; love and sympathy made the keynote of her little being. And so she became the first thought of her father when he opened his eyes and looked over to the crib where she lay wide-awake, playing with her fingers, silent and waiting. She was his last thought when he fell asleep. He dreamed of her all night, and her lovely face came between him and the lines of the ledger all day. And when she began to call people by name, to talk somewhat intelligibly, to sing her little broken tunes, the house seemed full of people, full of joy.

Somehow Mr. Westley's happiness in the child made him light-hearted in every direction; he felt his purse equal to every demand, and that he could afford a great deal which formerly would have seemed impossible. Betty's father must appear as became Betty's father; Betty's mother ought to have a diamond star for her hair when they went to the opera—a single night at the opera had been a great piece of expenditure once; they must have a season-ticket this year, if only to celebrate the fact of Betty's existence; and if they went by way of the electrics, they must have compensation in the shape of the fast horse and the runabout that Mr. Westley bought. There must be some new things in the house, too; some choice table-linen and other damask, a Dresden tea-set, some heavier silver, some rugs,—Betty must grow up accustomed to a certain fine manner of life and seeing only the best about her. Betty never should have the feeling of inferiority that had filled his own early days in view of what others had and he had not.

Thus it came about that in a couple of years Mr. Westley had spent his little reserve, all but the one bond that he had treasured as a nest-egg; and he found himself in debt to an extent that soon grew very perplexing, and the thought and vexation of which he could escape only when he came home and took Betty in his arms.

Mr. Westley did not like to sell the bond, which was almost all the patrimony that Betty had if he were taken,—altho, to be sure, her mother's diamonds were always an investment. Yet he had a certain pride or vanity in having his wife think him competent and successful; he could not ask her to give that sunburst back. And the bond had stood between them and the trouble and expense of possible illness. He was very much distressed,—people could not be expected to wait forever for their money.

One day, outside the counting-room, Mr. Westley heard some one talking of coppers, of the Old Burnished mine, and of the probability that shares bought today at fifty would be selling at a hundred and fifty in less than three months. Well, here was a chance not only to pay his debts but to make his fortune. He had the thousand dollar bond; it would give him margin for a hundred shares and more. If Van Arcy was in it it ought to be a good thing. And, on inquiring, it seemed so safe that he ventured; he bought a hundred shares of Old Burnished. It went up that month to a fraction over eighty; he had made three thousand dollars. What an easy, what a delightful way to make money! Why not make a little more? He could put up his whole four thousand for margin and buy—how many hundred shares—for a rise. And the rise was bound to come; there was no doubt of that. Why, look at the names behind it! He had a conversation with one of the principal manipulators of the stock, a man who flattered him by supposing he had the means to embark on the affair, and he had told him of the ore in sight at the Old Burnished, and the increasing use of copper in all the electrical appliances, and had declared that money in that stock was as safe as if it were in the Bank of England, and would presently be bringing three hundred per cent. on the investment. Oh, certainly here was the chance of his life! To let such an opportunity go by was to invite beggary! He would put in his four thousand, and yet even that would bring little more than a pittance. By hook or by crook he must have more! It was the one moment when the pendulum swung between riches and poverty. For Betty's sake he must have more!

But how? He had not another penny in the world. To ask his wife for the diamonds—he hadn't the face. All the less that he had not told his wife anything of what he had done, and was not

sure she would understand, and was doubtful would she approve. Women, he said to himself, are as sensitive where money is concerned as the stock market itself. No, he would say nothing to Evangeline.

He wondered, as he sat and bit the handle of his pen, if his employer could be induced to lend him anything. But no, he knew very well that he would first demand security, and that moreover he would look askance at one of his clerks who should speculate. It might end by his losing his place, indeed.

Mr. Westley was very blue; he had not been so blue since before Betty was born. He saw fortune within reach of his hands, and his hands tied, the happy moment slipping by. There was no one to whom he could turn for help.

To change the figures in the books and use the ready money,—that is, to borrow it, he checked himself,—that would take too long; the chance would be gone. And somehow that meddling with the books was not to his mind. But how then? To be sure, to be sure! Why, he had in his charge the funds of the Curzon Club, of which he was treasurer. Yes,—why not? It was so safe. Safer than the Bank of England. And, the funds being in his hands, what difference was there between leaving them in the bank and putting them temporarily in shares of the Old Burnished, shares selling now at more than half again as much as when he bought in?

It was a wealthy club, one to which in reality a man in his circumstances had no right to belong. But he had had the opportunity to join it, and had done so that Betty's father might have the best sort of acquaintances. The yearly assessments had just been paid, and the amount now in hand was a very considerable sum. It showed how he was trusted that so important a charge should be given him.

Well, he would not be betraying the charge by putting it in a safe place—safe as the Bank of England. And when the stock touched a hundred and fifty, or even a little before, he would sell out, replace the funds in the bank, and the difference would be his, the difference that would mean to him almost boundless wealth. Thus Mr. Westley reasoned. It is true, his thoughts ran on, there were casuists who would say the profit should belong to the club. But that was really splitting a hair too fine. Besides, it would be impossible to give it to the club without explaining how he had come by it, and explanations—well, in this case explanations were impossible. And why were they impossible? Mr. Westley's face was very white and pinched. Why? Because he was stealing the money! If only for a week, a day, an hour, he was stealing the money. He had the bank-book and the check-book of the club's account already in his hand. But suddenly and automatically he thrust them back into their pigeon-hole, and then his face turned as crimson as if he had been caught filching money from a till.

But, nevertheless, far in his inner consciousness Mr. Westley knew that he was going to use that money. Not, he said, that he had the least idea of taking it for himself, of taking it to keep, of appropriating it: he was merely going to use it and replace it. What difference would it make to the club whether it were this money or some other money so long as the amount remained the same? And when the whole thing was so absolutely safe! Why it would be childish, it would be folly, it would be deliberately choosing poverty, to let such a chance pass. If fate and fortune gave him this one opportunity, and he neglected it, he would deserve never to have another. Of course he would borrow and use the money! There is nothing succeeds like success! Faint heart never won fair lady, he said.

If none of this asseveration quite convinced or satisfied Mr. Westley, still his intention remained the same. By and by, in the happy years to come, he said again, he would be laughing at this faint-heartedness. There was nothing doing to-morrow; it was Thanksgiving Day, and the stock market would be closed; but later,—he locked his desk and went home, not exactly treading on air, but feeling already the potentiality of riches.

Mr. Westley had not been brought up a pagan. He had always been a church-going man, and had looked forward with pure pleasure to the day when little Betty should walk along demurely between her mother and himself, the bell tolling silverly overhead. He had been in the

habit of reading a psalm or some chosen verses from the Bible with his wife every night. And there were certain hymns which always gave him a glad tremor when he heard their first words, their first tones. The choir was practicing for the morning service in a church as he went by that evening; once he would have stopped to let the music pouring out work its miracle,—it was a tune set to one of the joyous themes of the Seventh Symphony,—but this evening he hurried on. He was in a hurry to be at home, he said, and to have his frolic with Betty before her bed-time. He had sent the turkey earlier in the day; he only stopped to buy some grapes and candies for the table and a sugar reindeer for Betty, and sprang along eagerly through the frosty air of the early dark.

He was delayed, however, after he reached his car by a block on the line, and Betty had had her supper and her frolic before he arrived. A book lay open upon the table. He could not have told you why, he hardly knew he did, but he felt a shiver of repulsion as he passed it. The mother had been quieting the child for sleep, and had been reading to her, before taking her upstairs, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

He saw, through the dining-room doorway, the silver bowl and spoon, and the high chair pushed back as Betty had finished her evening meal; he could see, as if they were before him, the golden hair, the face like a pink and white blossom, the laughing mouth; and he took the stairs three at a bound in order to be there before Betty should have closed those blue eyes.

But at the half-open door he paused. Betty in her long white nightgown knelt on the rug at her mother's knee, the firelight sparkling over her in a sort of aura, and leaving all the rest of the room in shadow. Her dimpled hands were folded, her face upturned like a flower to the light; her eyes, blue as heaven, lifted, as if in her undoubting faith she saw into the upper depths,—as beautiful, as innocent as a little angel.

It seemed to him in that moment as if the host and hierarchy of heaven were stooping into that room. And he was the father of that little angel! His heart stood still. What right had he in such a possession? If there were justice to be found it would be taken from him before the wings were soiled by contact. Looking at the child he grew cold and faint. He leaned against the jamb of the door to recover his breath, that seemed to tremble on his stiff lips. In that instant the future opened as if by the gleam of a lightning flash, and he saw simple provision with white honor side by side with wealth that had a stain on every page of its check-book. He saw himself walking to church with his wife and Betty between them, as he had dreamed of doing, Betty looking up to him as to a perfect being; and he saw himself rolling along in his carriage, with furtive glances to right and left, daring to meet no one's eyes,—Betty's father a thief! If no one in all the world ever knew of it, yet that her heritage!

He crept back on tiptoe, like some one making off with plunder; he snatched his coat and hat again and closed the door softly behind him. He had no conscious idea where he was going, but he walked swiftly, and started suddenly to find himself on the steps of the club, behind the doors in the inner office where a couple of the managers were busy over some of the regulations. "Oh, by the way," he said, and his voice seemed to him to come without his volition, "isn't there an official meeting to-night? I find I have to resign my treasurership. I have all I can attend to without that. Oh, yes, that's final! And some one else must put his neck in the yoke. Will you see to it, Van Arcy? I'll write out my resignation now if you'll hand it in. And if the new treasurer will come round on Friday I'll hand him the books and accounts. There. I'll do as much for you. I've something on to-night and am in a little hurry." And then he found himself in the street again, all as if a force quite outside of himself moved and directed him.

A little voice piped in John Westley's ear next morning, "Is you awake, father? Happy Sanksgivin'! Betty yants to get in youse bed."

"The best Thanksgiving I ever had," he said, as she crept over and cuddled in his arms. "The best Thanksgiving," he said to himself, "that a man could ask for. Thanksgiving for having passed through the fire with only the garments scorched. Yes, thank God, that by reason

of Betty, Betty's father is an honest man! And to think," he said again presently, with the little silken head under his chin, "that there ever was a time when Betty was looked upon as a misfortune. Betty, God's best blessing!"

It was on his way back to the counting-room after lunch on Friday that Van Arcy met him. "Heard the news?" he asked. "The Old Burnished has declared an extra, and the stock is going up like a balloon. A hundred and twenty-five when I dropped the tape, and still rising!"

Mr. Westley's heart boomed in his ears like a great bell. For an instant before he regained control of himself he felt a hot wave surging over him. "Let me see," Van Arcy was saying. "You went in there at fifty, didn't you? I remember advising you. Hope you made a good thing of it?"

"A mighty good thing!" said Mr. Westley, and went on his way rejoicing.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

William Travers Jerome

By Josiah Flynt

AUTHOR OF "TRAMPING WITH TRAMPS," "THE LAND OF GRAFT," ETC.

THAT a great many things were being done in our municipal life which should not be done had become a matter of common knowledge in a number of cities in the United States.

JOSIAH FLYNT

It was well understood, for instance, that known and unknown thieves flourished in Chicago, Omaha, Philadelphia and New York, to mention only these four cities. In Chicago the "graft" was so plain that the State's Attorney was able to make it troublesome for the chief of detectives and a political boss without the enthusiasm of an election to help him out. In Philadelphia the public was well acquainted with the crooked life in that city, but was too indifferent to change it. In Omaha the machine went so far as to try to get hold of the public schools, and on election day the voters said: "Stop!" In New York the machine had become so bold and overbearing that the voters turned practically the entire municipal government over to the reformers.

Among the men who persuaded the New Yorkers to oust Tammany Hall from power and give the reformers another chance was William Travers Jerome. He probably did more than any other single man to help elect the so-called "Fusion ticket," and the campaign made him a national figure. He is known to-day throughout the United States as the "Judge" who has promised to make it hot for crooked dealings in New York, no matter whom he hurts. He is forty-two years old, he has been an Assistant District Attorney; at the present writing he is a Justice in the Court of Special Sessions, and on January 1st he becomes New York's new District Attorney. His knowledge of things which should not be has been gained partly while in office and partly while he has looked about him as a private citizen, kept his eyes and ears open and his mouth shut. The time came when he decided to open his mouth and talk, and he did so in a way which interested the entire nation. He hit at "graft" in his

speeches right and left, and people flocked by the thousand to hear him speak. Perhaps he had political preferment in view in doing this—his severest critics think that this is the case—but the voters judged him by what he said and seemed, rather than by any ulterior motives that may have been in his mind, and he was elected by a handsome majority.

Considering him simply as a man who might appear in any community and talk about corruption, he seems to understand its various manifestations uncommonly well. Corruption, however, can hardly be called his hobby. If he has one, I should say that it is to do good work in the mechanic's shop located in the basement of his country home. He has been known to spend an entire day in the shop filing a piece of metal into the shape he wanted it to take, and he could probably make a set of burglar tools as quickly as any "professional." This knowledge of mechanics has been of great use to him on the bench, and he is a hard man for criminals to fool.

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME

He saw fit during the political campaign which resulted in his election as District Attorney to say a great deal concerning certain customs which everybody knows about, or thinks he does, which we forbid by law, and sanction with public opinion. What makes him of so much significance is that his new office is one of the most powerful in the United States, and that he has indicated his willingness to tackle problems which up to date the ordinary public official prefers to leave alone. He has committed himself to strong opinions in regard to gambling, houses of prostitution, open saloons on Sunday, blackmailing by the police, and men in official life who are crooked. So fearful was Tammany that he would keep his promises and live up to the strenuous life which he outlined in his speeches, that it made every effort, honest as well dishonest, to defeat him. It well knew that if such a man as he seemed to be should get into the District Attorney's office and lay bare the facts in regard to certain men and institutions, a number of the men would in all probability go to State prison, or at least be publicly disgraced. It could not stem the popular movement which made him victorious, however, and we are now to see how far Mr. Jerome will go in fighting the "graft" about which he had so much to say.

About ten days after his election to his new office I called on Mr. Jerome at his country home in Lakeville, Conn., and put to him this question:

"How do you propose to clean up the corrupt conditions you discussed in your campaign speeches?"

It was, of course, plain that no man elected to an office such as his would give away his entire policy to anybody, but I hoped that he would tell enough about it to let the public form an opinion concerning its probable tendency. What had been said during the campaign had made

clear certain things, but what is said in the heat of a political campaign is often misquoted or not completely understood, and the idea of the interview was to get as close to Mr. Jerome's own interpretation of his statements and promises as possible. It is only fair to state immediately that his election has sobered him very perceptibly. He is noticeably delighted that he won, but he realizes what an important and powerful post he has received and the necessity of filling it in a dignified way. He still likes to go to his workshop and file, he also plays with his dogs and romps about in the country fields near his home, but he is no longer merely a picturesque raider or a drawing card at political meetings. He is Mr. District Attorney, of New York, and he seems to know pretty clearly what he wants to do, as well as what he can do.

"I made four promises, or rather statements, to the people during the campaign," he said in reply to my question. "In regard to gambling I said that under no circumstances would I allow a gambling house to run where firm checks were accepted, where minors could play, where blackmail money was paid to the police, and where disorderly conditions prevailed. Any gaming house that stands for these things will get an immediate rap on the knuckles from me."

"Are so-called honest gambling places to be left undisturbed? The law says that all gambling houses are illegal."

"My position in regard to that matter is this: As prosecuting attorney I will try to convict every proprietor of a gambling joint against which the police furnish me information. It does not matter whether the joint is 'honest' or not. If the police see fit to try to keep me ignorant of the gambling situation I mean to inform myself in my own way. In general, however, I do not intend to be a policeman. My office is to be given up to prosecution rather than detection, and the law defines very clearly the duties of myself and assistants.

"In regard to houses of prostitution I indicated in my campaign speeches that, if elected, I would do my utmost to prevent the police or any one else from making money out of the shame of women. That promise I will keep, let happen what may. If I receive information that any official is blackmailing fallen women or the places in which they live, I will exert all my power to have him punished hard, no matter how big he is or what protection he has."

"Houses of prostitution, like the gambling places, are against the law, are they not?"

"They are, and I stand by my statement in regard to what I would do when the police provided me with evidence to go to work on. If they send me convincing data concerning houses of prostitution, I will act just as I said would be the case when trustworthy information against a gambling place is presented. Whether the law which declares that no houses of ill fame shall exist is a good law or not does not concern me in my official capacity. I was elected to carry out all the laws as far as my jurisdiction goes, and I must stand by my oath.

"Concerning open saloons on Sunday I said in my speeches that personally I saw no reason why a man's thirst stopped working between Saturday at midnight and Sunday at midnight. I see none now, either. The law says that it must stop as far as drinking in saloons is concerned. Again I must admit that it is my duty to enforce the law, and if the police send me evidence of sufficient value to make a case out of it, I expect to see that the case is made. I also expect, quite on my own hook, to see that the police do not blackmail the saloonkeepers.

"The fourth promise I made to the public was that as prosecuting officer for the county I would follow any trail which led to the conviction of crime. I will, too, no matter whose head falls into the basket."

"Do you mean by that that you will initiate proceedings against the grafters?"

"I mean by it that whenever I see any thing that is criminally crooked, or any thing that looks that way, I will have it ferreted out if possible. Every citizen of New York is welcome to come to my office and give me information. If it is worth while it will be made use of in one way or another."

"Do you think that it will be possible to land any of the big grafters?"

"I can't say as to that. Indictments are not always easy to secure, and convictions are even more difficult. Present-

ments on which indictments may or may not be based, as it pleases the grand jury, can be prepared, and my opinion is that the big grafters, as you call them, would not enjoy having the public learn what the presentments contain. They might not act as an immediate deterrent, but in course of time they ought to prove of educational value in showing the public the different kinds of grafting which go on in this country. And as the public became wise, I am inclined to think that the grafters would find it more profitable to keep their business enterprises clean and above board."

"In case the police try to block the business of your office, or willfully keep away information from you, what means have you to find out the facts?"

"There are twenty-seven men attached to my office as process servers, they are appointed by me and I can select whom I will. It is my present notion to pick out as clever and wise men as I can find, and organize them into a sort of intelligence bureau. They will still be process servers, but I intend that they shall also furnish me with facts in case the police are unable or refuse to let me have them. If a private person or any of my process servers tells me of things which ought to receive the attention of the Commissioner of Police, I mean to have him instructed as regards them immediately. It is then up to him to proceed."

"Suppose you send him statements concerning the crookedness of a captain or a wardman, and he takes no action, or at least not enough to satisfy the ends of justice, what would you be inclined to do under such circumstances?"

"It will depend entirely on each individual case and the facts pertaining thereto. Sometimes there is not enough evidence to prosecute a crooked wardman, and it is impossible to get sufficient. You can put down, however, that when I am personally convinced that a captain or a wardman is doing crooked work, and his superiors refuse to assist in apprehending and punishing him, I will do everything which the law permits me to have the crooked work cease. Still again, nevertheless, I must insist that I am not New York's policeman. It is up to the Commissioner of Police to catch offenders and furnish evidence by which they can be indicted, convicted and sentenced. It is up to me to present the evidence to the grand jury, try to secure an indictment, and prosecute in court if an indictment is achieved. If the police will work with my office on the same friendly basis that I expect to work with them a good deal can be accomplished. If we are continually clashing, friction will be the result, and there will be a number of disappointments."

"Do you think that your election is the result of a permanent increase in reform sentiment among voters, or merely a passing manifestation of public disgust with graft? You have been in other campaigns, and are in a position to make comparisons."

"I think that if everybody will work hard, and not lose interest now that the election is over, permanent gains in the interests of reform will be noticed. There is always a reaction after a political contest such as the recent one in which I was interested, and if it lasts long, the other side will gather its forces together again, plan and work for victory in secret, and probably beat us at the next struggle at the polls. I mean to work just as hard now that the excitement has subsided as I did when it was keenest, and if the voters who put the reform ticket into office will do likewise the other side will never get the upper hand again. I mean by the other side the elements that debauched the police force and gave the city a bad name."

There were other questions as well as answers, but the foregoing is the substance of what the District Attorney-elect had to say about his plans and intentions. He talks in private in the same forcible manner characteristic of him on the public platform. He calls a spade a spade, and a grafter a grafter. What impressed me most in his conversation and general bearing was his liberality. His policy as a simple human being seems to be to live and let live. New York is not going to have any straight-laced Miss Nancy for its District Attorney, but rather a public spirited, experienced man of the world who will try to keep his promises, I believe.

Since his election fear has been expressed in certain business quarters that if Mr. Jerome "gets to tearing things up generally," prosecuting the big ones as well as the little, he will disturb the peace

of mind of the business community. This strikes me as a very silly criticism. If crookedness in the commercial world as it comes in contact with the official world is uncovered during Mr. Jerome's tenure of office, so much the better for the public at large, and honest business men and enterprises ought not to be afraid. We often vote in this country for the fun of the thing, to see what the newcomers will do to help time fly faster. Doubtless many of the men who helped Mr. Jerome to his new post were actuated by some such motive. He was an interesting, picturesque campaign speaker, he gave the impression that he would make things lively if elected, and it was time to give Tammany a rest anyhow. If Mr. Jerome succeeds in accomplishing what he has given out that he would like to do, and the business and the official worlds find that they are being closely pressed by his policy, then those of them who voted for the fun of the thing and to have a change will only have themselves to blame for not taking their votes more seriously. The country at large looks to Mr. Jerome as one of the most promising signs of the times, and expects that he will fulfil his official duties without favor. He has been an inspiration to young men throughout the nation, and is a fine illustration of what a fearless attack on corruption in our municipal life will accomplish.

A natural query on the part of his admirers as well as his critics is whether his success as a municipal reformer will turn his head, whether the political bee will get to buzzing in his head. He says that his policy has always been to fill an office as completely as possible, as if he were never going to have another one. If he sticks to this practice the political bee will probably not disturb him much. At the present moment he is very much needed in New York's municipal affairs, and if he succeeds in carrying to a successful issue one-third of the reforms with which his name has become connected he will deserve well of every voter and citizen who hates "graft." So far he has not demonstrated that he is either a genius as a statesman or a *Wunderkind* as a practical politician. He is simply a gentleman who saw fit to tell what he knew about wrongdoing in official life in his home town and what he would try to do if his fellow-citizens elected him to office. For this very reason, however, he is well worth watching, and for the next four years he will be a very interesting figure for the entire country to study and learn to honor.

New York City.

A Thanksgiving

By Virginia M. Cornell

THAT Thou hast brought us through another year,
That Thou hast lifted now and then the haze
Which hangs between our eyes and future days;
That Thou hast made our pathway sometimes clear,
And we have walked a while in pleasant ways,
We thank Thee.

That Thou hast kept our eyelids sometimes sealed
'Gainst sights we begged with streaming tears to see;
That Thou hast kept Thy secrets safe with Thee,
And shown us, when our hearts at last were healed,
That Thou wert wiser in Thy plans than we—
We thank Thee.

That nothing great or small eludes Thine eyes
Which look to where the deeps within us dwell,
And mark the thoughts we have not words to tell;
For that thine ears are turned toward human cries,
That Thou art wise and doest all things well,
We thank Thee.

DeKalb, Ala.

The Third Maw of Africa

By Field Cornet Hercules D. Viljoen

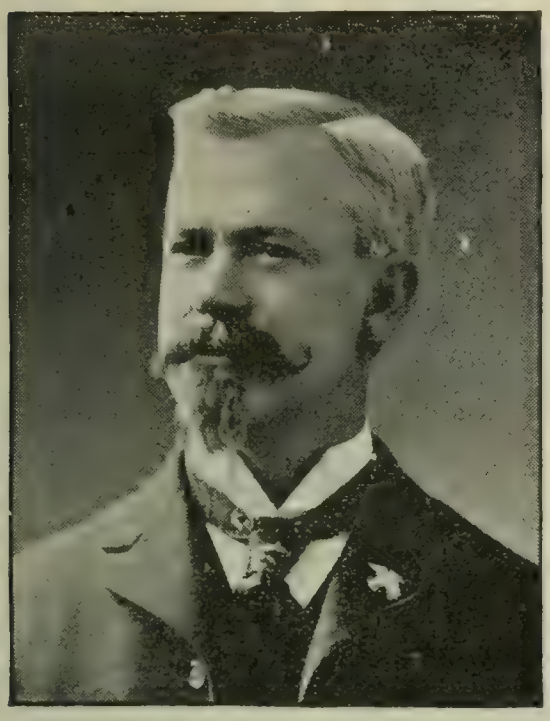
[Cornet Viljoen is one of the Boer envoys now in this country soliciting aid for the women and children of the reconcentration camps of South Africa. There is, perhaps, no Boer representative in the United States better fitted than he to understand the situation in South Africa. M. Viljoen, with Jan Hendrik Hofmeyer, Thomas Theron, president of the Afrikander Bond, and M. Van der Heever, of the Cape Colony Parliament, founded the Bond in 1881. For years he served as secretary of the Venderstad Branch, and he represented Venderstad usually in the Congress of Cape Colony. In 1897 M. Viljoen became chairman of the Venderstad Branch and he continued to serve in that capacity until November 17th, 1899, when the Orange Free State forces, operating under General Olivier, commandeered him as an Afrikander at his home in Aliwal North. He consented to serve and was elected Field Cornet of the forces of Aliwal North. On March 29th, 1900, he was captured by the British at Wepener, in the Orange Free State, and was condemned to be shot as a rebel to the British crown. At 8 o'clock on the morning of April 9th, 1900—the hour when his execution was to have taken place—General De Wet rescued him by the capture of the town. With Commandant Liebenberg, his associate envoy, he sailed from Delagoa Bay and came directly to the United States to assume the duties he now performs.—EDITOR.]

THE reverses which the British have sustained within the past few weeks, the apprehension which is felt throughout England that the conscription laws must be enforced, and the warning which comes from the Chancellor of the Exchequer that greater burdens are to be laid upon the supporters of the Empire, tell a new and a strange story to the world which, a little year ago, saw the Republics of South Africa wiped with the bloody hand of war from off the map of a nascent continent. The third maw of Africa has opened; and Kitchener calls for troops, always more troops, to fill it. Cape Colony, sedulously reckoned by every official and every conservative publication of Great Britain as being intensely loyal, has shown at last the full measure of its discontent, and is in open, flaming revolt. The loyal Cape, the truly British Colony of which so much capital has been made since the beginning of the war, is the key now to all Great Britain's difficulties. Here, and here only, is to be found the real cause of the war's prolongation, for the forces of the Transvaal and of the Orange Free State would never have possessed the stedfastness to go on had they not been certain that the Colony would rise. When the war began, it came with too little warning to the Transvaal, with too little warning to the Free State. The whole art of war had to be learned by the very leaders. Had they but comprehended that their safety lay in a swift invasion of the Colony, and in meeting the forces of the enemy before they landed at the water's edge, history must have written with another pen. The true strategy for the campaign was not learned by the generals of the two Republics until they determined upon the second invasion of the Colony by the Free State forces, undertaken with the set design of carrying the war into the enemy's country and of giving Great Britain more than enough to look after in her own territory.

The story of the revolution at the Cape is only beginning to appear in the dispatches which escape some careless censor, and in the carefully prepared messages which Kitchener sends home. I know the Colony, from the Orange River to Cape Town, as a man knows it who has lived there all his life. Even England does not comprehend the full meaning of the meager reports which come of Boer activity in Cape Colony. The revolt there was predestined, as surely as the march northward of the Boers, years ago, was predestined when England laid too heavy a grasp upon the Dutch farmer's liberties.

The Colony comprises a territory of the continent which extends from the Orange River to the sea—428,000 square miles, with a population of 900,000 people. Those 900,000 constitute the "loyal Cape" and, rebels as they may be now, they were truly loyal to the British Crown before this war began. Seventy-five per cent. are of the old Afrikander blood—Dutch, Huguenot and German—born of fathers who remained in the territory after the Great Trek of 1835, when the main body of the original settlers fled northward from British rule under Andreas Pretorius and Peter Retief. The Afrikander families that remained were

content to become subjects of the British Crown, yet the politics of the Colony divided upon racial lines. The division was not because of race prejudice, but because of race interests. The English constituted the urban population, which was in the minority; the Afrikanders,



HERCULES D. VILJOEN

preponderating immensely in numbers, were almost wholly agricultural in their calling. The conflict of the agricultural and the urban interests was one which could not end without either some sharp, decisive struggle, or a long period of readjustment of the relations between country and town, and an equally long time for intermingling of the peoples. Yet everything that could be done to foster a gradual breaking down of barriers and a gradual establishment of community of interests, was conscientiously wrought out by the men of the Colony, whose eyes saw far in the horizon of local politics. The Afrikander Bond embodied in its constitution the provision that every man of the Colony, whatever his race, should be eligible to membership. But the English voters of the Colony felt always the weakness of their minority, and they found its disadvantage in their share of the taxation. In their endeavor to place upon the farming class the full burden of the taxes, they advocated the extension of the franchise to the very natives. The Afrikanders, on their part, steadily opposed every measure which could tend to weaken their influence in the Cape Congress, and as steadily maintain their political and numerical superiority. The lines of cleavage, of industrial origin, preserved their industrial character. But there was a realizing sense of the necessity for the common weal by Afrikanders as well as English; and all the Cape Colonists saw the future of the Cape in the future of Great Britain.

To the Jameson raid, and to its consequences in the Colony, are to be attributed the first measures of alienation which the Afrikanders felt. I deal now with vital, moving forces of the past which have sprung into the tremendous developments that are heralded from the Colony to-day. The Loyalists of the Colony, promptly upon the raid, instituted branches there of the South

ANDRIES J. LIEBENBERG

Molteno, Cape Colony. Commandant Burgher Forces

African League of Johannesburg, whose main object was to act in concert with the conspirators seeking the overthrow of the Transvaal Republic. Throughout the Cape meetings were held and reso-

lutions were passed, condemning the action of the Transvaal Government, and calling upon Great Britain to redress the grievances of the English in the Republic on the North. The trouble was coming to a head; and the Afrikanders of Cape Colony foresaw their danger, quite as clearly as Kruger comprehended the danger to his own burghers in Pretoria. The Bond, seeing in petition to the Queen the only means of meeting the resolutions of their English fellow colonists, prepared huge addresses to the Crown explaining that the grievances the English complained of were magnified, and the very women and children of the Afrikander families signed their names. The danger loomed so dire in what has proved a bloody future that, early in 1899, the Afrikanders of the Cape sent the father of the Bond, Jan Hendrik Hofmeyer, to President Kruger to beg him to make as many concessions as he could find it in his conscience to do in order to satisfy the English and to prevent the intervention of Great Britain. History has not told this story; but it was upon the advice of my old associate, Hofmeyer, that President Kruger lowered many taxes, reduced the price on dynamite and shortened the probationary term for the franchise from nine to seven years.

No one in the Colony dreamed that Great Britain was resolved on war, altho the political issues were precisely the same as those of the Transvaal. The Boer Republic, after the Jameson raid, did, indeed, make some preparations, but with no expectation of immediate hostilities. Had the burghers there divined the imminence of their danger, a far greater number of Krupp and Creusot guns would have been imported, together with an ample supply of small arms. The Orange Free State, feeling entirely secure, made no preparations whatever until a few months before war was declared, when some rifles were brought in, with infinite difficulty, through Cape Colony. The colonists, even less apprehensive, did nothing at all.

As soon as Great Britain sent her troops to the Transvaal the Cape was garrisoned at all the principal railway junctions. At Stormberg Junction, seventy miles from my own home, at Aliwal North, there was a garrison of 1,700 soldiers. It was well for Great Britain that she put her soldiers there. The Afrikanders of the Colony awakened too late to the menace to their rights, and fairly seethed to rise. In November of 1899—one month after the beginning of the war—the Orange Free State commandoes invaded that portion of the Colony which was ungarrisoned, a district extending from 50 to 70 miles south of the Orange River. They commandeered all the inhabitants on an option of fourteen days. The English, to a man, refused to join. Of the Afrikanders eighty per cent. willingly attached themselves to the invading forces. I was part of the eighty per cent. The remaining twenty per cent. joined with reluctance, for they constituted the men of the old blood, whose interests had become identified with those of Great Britain.

The situation of the war to-day finds its key in the Colony. The commandoes of the Free State, under Chief Justice Herzog, General Wessels, General Kritzinger, General Liebenberg and Commandant Scheepers, who was captured only a month ago, have traversed every portion of Cape Colony, except the extreme eastern districts, which are settled almost wholly by the English. Wherever they went the men of Afrikander blood whom they could furnish rifles joined them. Scarcely two months have elapsed since Lord Kitchener made the puerile complaint to the War Office that Botha had supplied 15,000 Boers in the Colony with arms. According to my own knowledge, in the month of May last no less than 21,000 men of Cape Colony were under arms against Great Britain.

England has pursued the very policy which is designed to drive the subjects of her king in Cape Colony to the verge of desperation. There is not now an inch of ground which is not under martial law. The very seaports, including Cape Town, Port Elizabeth and East London, feel its cruel rigors. Lights are out at 8 o'clock; farmers must bring to the military authorities all their live stock and all their provisions; they must draw their rations for a week, and must come on foot to get them. In the District of Sutherland, in the western part of the Colony, there are farmers who live so far from the town that two and one-half days are required for the journey afoot after

rations. There is no commerce; the banks are closed; one man may not visit another without a permit; and two persons may not even converse. Is it astonishing that the Colony revolts?

The military results are already important. To-day 25,000 men of the Cape are under arms operating within the borders of the Colony, which has developed its own generals, among them Commandant Theron, the son of the President of the Afrikander Bond, and Commandant Lategan, formerly a farmer in the Colesberg district. Great Britain is now using the very guards of Cape Town, who were enlisted after the second invasion of December, 1900; and yet she has not men enough to guard her property in the Colony. General De Wet, of whom Kitchener has for months been careful to say nothing, a few weeks ago crippled the entire summer campaign of Great Britain by the capture of 6,000 acclimatized horses at Worcester, 100 miles from Cape Town and 500 miles south of the Orange River. Only a week ago there came a telegram saying he had captured three train loads of provisions in the vicinity of Cape Town. The Afrikanders of the Colony are feeding the armies of the Transvaal and the Free State with recruits, with horses and with cattle.

The Colony, so long loyal and so willing to be patient, has become another lion's mouth, yawning cavernously on the continent's very edge.

With 25,000 men in the field the Cape will never consent to go back to the position of a dependency of Great Britain. In effect, its revolt is the beginning of the extension of a war whose ultimate object is the United States of South Africa. If the war go on, that will be the issue. To-day peace might be made on the terms of absolute independence for the Transvaal and the Free State, with general amnesty for the Cape Colony rebels. Too many women and children of the fighting burghers' families are dying in the reconcentration camps to let the men be very nice as to details if a settlement embodying concession of independence were procurable.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Area of Conflict in South Africa. At or Near the Dots British Casualties Were Officially Reported During the Past Few Months

LITERATURE

The Turkish Despot *

TACITUS in his "Annals" (vi., 6), commenting upon a letter of Tiberius from Capri to the Roman Senate, moralizes on the reaction upon that degenerate Cæsar's character of the vices in which he wallowed and of the tyrannies which he practiced upon others.

"The letter opened thus: 'May all the gods and goddesses destroy me more miserably than I feel myself to be daily perishing, if I know at this moment what to write to you, Senators, how to write it, or what, in short, not to write.' So completely had his crimes and infamies recoiled as a penalty on himself. With profound meaning was it often affirmed by the greatest teacher of philosophy that, could the minds of tyrants be laid bare, there would be seen gashes and wounds; for, as the body is lacerated by scourging, so is the spirit by brutality, by lust and by evil thoughts."

It is of a despot quite as criminal as was Tiberius, tho not so sunken in sensuality, that M. Dorys writes; and the recoil on himself of his evil deeds would seem to be as marked as it was in his Roman prototype. Cunning, cruelty, perfidy and greed, each in its extreme degree, have rarely been so perfectly blended in a human being; and every cruel and faithless act has left its abiding impress on his soul. He is to-day a hopeless monomaniac, with a morbid distrust of every living thing, fearful of each motion and gesture of those about him, dreading the dark, and with frenzied ingenuity constantly seeking to ward off a thousand imaginary terrors. If it be a true picture that M. Dorys gives us, the Sultan must be set down as one of the most sinister characters in the world's history; and we have no reason to doubt the substantial truth of the presentment. The author, who is the son of one of the Sultan's former Ministers, had ample opportunities for gathering his material; his manner of relating his disclosures is convincing, and tho his book has been before the world for some months, it has so far, we believe, escaped attack on the score of inaccuracy.

Abdul-Hamid II, son of the Sultan Abdul-Medjid (died 1861), was born September 22d, 1842. His mother was an Armenian slave. As a child he was sickly, melancholy and taciturn. He disliked studies, with the result that to-day he is "practically uneducated and ignorant even of his own tongue." His father and most of the members of his family distrusted him, the former declaring that he was a "born intriguer." He has always been intensely superstitious, and during a great part of his minority and early manhood studied and practiced magic. His instructors in the black art had repeatdly prophesied that he would ascend the throne, and his magical practices were employed chiefly to bring about that end. On May 30th, 1876, his uncle, Abdul-Aziz, was deposed through a Progressist *coup d'état,* and the popular and enlightened Mourad, elder brother of Abdul-Hamid, was placed on the throne. Almost immediately thereafter Mourad was afflicted with a cerebral disorder, and Abdul-Hamid began plotting to succeed him. Like Richard III of England, he posed as a saint, and he further professed the utmost sympathy with the Progressist movement, promising a Parliament, responsible ministries and general reform. On August 30th of the same year Mourad was formally deposed by the Sheik-ul-Islam, and on the next day Abdul-Hamid became Sultan. He was generally distrusted, but his first proclamation inspired a certain degree of confidence. He was hardly seated, however, before he plotted the downfall of Midhat Pasha, who had played the part of the Duke of Buckingham to the usurping Richard. Soon after he suspended the new constitution. Then he removed from the Dolma-Bagtché palace to the more defensible Yildiz palace, which he fortified, and wherein he has ever since resided, emerging only at long intervals, under heavy guard. From the time of the suspension of the constitution his career has been that of an absolute tyrant, bloodthirsty and vindictive.

Sickly during his childhood, and never

* THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE SULTAN OF TURKEY. *By Georges Dorys.* Translated by Arthur Hornblow. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.20.

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in good health at any period of his life, he is now worn away to a shadow of his former self.

"He seems now only to have his breath left, and, in fact, it is his nerves that keep him alive." "His jaws have grown broader, giving to his face a brutality it did not have before; the cheek-bones, formerly unnoticeable, protrude prominently on hollow cheeks; . . . the nose has become more hooked. The upper lip is thin and cruel; the lower lip has become still thicker than before and accentuates his sensual expression."

The eyes are like those of the insane, and "cause those whose glance they meet a painful impression that can be borne only after long familiarity."

His physiognomy reveals his traits. Of his cruelty so many instances are given that the record seems well-nigh incredible.

"Spilled blood seems to calm and soothe his shattered nerves, always stretched to the snapping point. . . . Even his favorite books are those giving detailed accounts of assassinations and executions."

He suspects every one, and he constantly employs all conceivable means to ferret out disaffection. The women of the harem circulate about the other harems in the hope of picking up valuable information; and many of them, given as presents to suspected persons, are secretly charged with the mission of spying and sometimes of murder. He is the victim of a thousand fears, and the faintest sound or slightest movement made in his presence may cause him to draw one of the three revolvers which he always carries about him. He cannot bear the dark, and the Yildiz is therefore brilliantly lighted with electricity, tho in the remainder of Constantinople electric illumination is generally forbidden. The terror of night further prompts him to have long files of soldiery tramp heavily before his door while he essays to sleep; but his slumber is fitful, and he is afflicted with the most horrible nightmares. His greed is extortionate, and the burden which he lays upon the Turkish revenues for his personal demands is largely responsible for the chronic bankruptcy of his nation. His standards for the conduct of the public service are low, for he tells his Ministers that he expects them to make money out of their positions, a hint which they follow with alacrity. To sum up, he is the fountain head of all the poison that flows along the courses of the Turkish public service.

It is a striking book and will be widely read. It is already a popular success in France and Sweden, tho in the latter country its sale has been stopped. Its reading cannot help but promote the world's welfare, for it will strengthen the sentiment, already powerful, that the Sick Man of Europe must be made a well man, or, that failing, must be transported across the Bosphorus.

The Tale of the Argonauts *

Not for a long time have we read any book which seemed so to demand a long disquisition on the perennial and ever present questions of literature as this translation of the *Argonautica*. In the first place, the poem itself, despite its many blemishes, is still interesting to-day; and in the second place, the translation is remarkable at once for its accuracy and its beauty. It is not even extravagant to say that the English poem is as a whole more readable and more satisfactory than the original Greek. The mere joints of the narration stumble somewhat in Mr. Way's long anapæstic lines; they miss decidedly the swiftness and lightness of the Homeric idiom. But these joinings are but an insignificant part of the whole work; what really holds our attention is the passionate picture of Medea and the marvels of that strange voyage into the unknown.

The *Argonautica* is, in fact, a great romantic poem, and somehow we feel that the translator has given clear utterance to a form of emotion which the original poet was hindered in expressing fully by the classic language he employed. There is abundant romance in Homer, but it is the wondering romance of youth, and differs totally from this conscious romantic yearning which already begins to grow world-old. There is, we say, a real opposition between the medium and the imagination of Apollonius, which deadens the charm of his magnificent work. Later, when Musæus wrote his "Hero and Leander," Greek had taken on more of the hues

* The Tale of the Argonauts. *By Apollonius of Rhodes.* Translated by Arthur S. Way. The Temple Classics. Imported by The Macmillan Co., New York. 50 cents.

of modern emotion, but even there we miss the full bloom which lies on Marlowe's English picture of the fated lovers. Let a single comparison serve to show the difference between the Rhodian's Greek and Mr. Way's English:

"This, from the casket ta'en, in her odorous girdle she laid,
The girdle enclasping the waist divinely sweet of the maid."

In the original this second line is simply:

ἥτε οἱ ἀμβροσίοισι περὶ στήθεσσιν ἔερτο.

Here the slow movement of the English with its repetition and its lingering over the words is quite lost. So, too, there is an undertone of feeling in "enclasping" which ἔερτο does not supply; and as for ἀμβροσίοισι, that is a mere classical tag from Homer, and is totally devoid, in its application here, of the full meaning of Mr. Way's "divinely sweet." In fact, we never comprehended how much Apollonius was hampered by trying to write romance in the epic tongue until we saw his ideas transferred to a genuinely romantic medium; and this is why we do not hesitate to pronounce Mr. Way's version more readable on the whole than the original.

It is in large part the reaction of this inappropriate medium on the poet which so often makes his conceptions themselves seem to hover uncertainly between classical and romantic forms. And this again we may illustrate by a single comparison, this time with Virgil. To express the anxieties of Medea, the Rhodian poet wrote:

"As when on the wall of a dwelling the leaping sunbeams play,
Flung up from the water that into a caldron but now fell plashing,
Or into a pail, and hither and thither the sunbeam flashing
In lighting eddy and flicker is dancing in mad unrest,
So quivered and fluttered the heart within the maiden's breast."

Is not this the old Homeric form of metaphor, where the action itself is the chief consideration? What other reason is there for all this "eddy" and "flicker" and "quiver" and "flutter?" Turn to Virgil's famous borrowing, and immediately you are in a different atmosphere. It is now the emotion which seems all important and the mere action sinks into insignificance:

Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ŭbi lumen aenis
Sole repercussum aut radiantis imagine Lunæ.

The lesson is only begun. We should love to compare the third book of the *Argonautica* with the tale of Dido. In Apollonius the idea is only half wrought out; the details interest the poet more than the underlying conception, and hence such inconsistencies as the making of Medea at once a monstrous sorceress and a timid maiden. In Virgil the creative conception is all in all. But, alas! as Kipling says, this is another story. To the general reader Mr. Way's translation may be commended as a rare and entertaining poem. The student may find in it material for much reflection on the fundamentals of literature.

The Charlatan *

In the earlier days of fiction every hero was endowed with enough virtues to distinguish him at least from the villain. He was predestined in all of his actions by a pre-eminent nature. But there is a disposition on the part of some modern authors to find their heroes ready made. We have among us what may be termed the literary detective, the writer who can project himself into the consciousness of an individual long enough to betray the type. As a rule he lacks the creative faculty, but he has the fiend's own power for exploring the moral depths of a man. The low iniquities of his nature are exposed as an integral part of the man. Every inward wavering from honor and justice is set down with the leer of an enemy. And the result is a sort of satyr-hoofed hero, a creature fit neither for heaven nor hell, and more often than otherwise put together without reference to either place. Apparently he is capable of performing any feat whether of honor or shame with equal zeal. And that which the author prides himself upon is the accuracy of the performance. He would as lief have his hero prove himself true to the evil in him as to the good.

But these writers with the snake-tailed genius all show one peculiarity. They cannot conceive of the uncorrupted, the uniformly virtuous. Not one of them ever slips over into the meadow of a good

*Our Friend, The Charlatan. *By George Gissing.* New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

man's mind. They cannot portray that kind of moral scenery. Their eyes are holden, and they cannot see his table lands, nor count his stars. They have no standard of measurements for such a soul. If he ever appears in their pages at all, it is in the guise of a fool, the dull victim of their hero's chicanery.

In this novel of English life everybody is too smart, too corruptible, or too suspicious. The hero scrambles up into good society, bringing with him a mere meanness of the mind,—a rascal's ambition to succeed politically, and a charlatan's desire to shine intellectually. He is a sleek monster, deceiving honest people and preying upon the weak. The author has been called "the keenest living exponent of a certain phase of English society." But what a phase it is! There is nothing novel even in the quality of wickedness exposed. It is simply minute, feebly persistent, showing merely the squirmings of an insignificant and evil nature. Doubtless such types of men exist in society everywhere; but why should genius batten upon them? Why should the imagination become ferret-eyed chasing crimes and abominations through the black alleyways of such souls as that of "Dyce Lashmar?" Between the higher and lower nature which is in us all God mercifully draws the veil, so that we may not behold the demons who sleep in our lower deeps and be terrified. Apparently Mr. Gissing's business is to shred the veil and stand us naked and trembling upon the rim of our own darkness. The highest success of such art is disintegrating.

Mr Alger's Apologia *

It cannot be denied that in this interesting work Ex-Secretary Alger builds up a strong defense of his administration of the War Department. There are certain matters, it is true, concerning which too little is said; dishonest contractors and dishonest or incompetent purchasing agents, for instance, might well have come in for a chapter. But unquestionably many dark matters are explained or set in more satisfactory light. Whether the defense made will prove sufficient to overturn the popular verdict against the ex-Secretary cannot now be said; the world's history is thronged with instances of unjust judgments and unmerited obloquies, many of which endure even after fuller investigation has sanctioned a reversal. Our own belief is that enough evidence has been shown to warrant a considerable modification of the severe judgment against him. He was not the ideal man for the place, but inside his very evident limitations he planned and achieved to the full exercise of his powers.

The herculean task that faced the War Department was the immediate increase of the army from 26,000 to 275,000 men, with all the attendant work of arming, equipping, feeding, doctoring and transporting them. The department and the nation were wholly unprepared; there were no reserve supplies on hand, and excepting food, none immediately available for purchase. There was no khaki cloth in the country, the mills had woven no tent material, there was no extra supply of the regulation soldier's equipment, and there were but 53,000 Krag-Jorgensen rifles and 14,800 carbines obtainable. Moreover, the Department was inhibited from using any part of the $50,000,000 of the national defense fund for offensive preparation until after the declaration of war.

Yet by the end of May the Department had mustered into service, ready for action, 163,626 men, against 16,161 during the same period in 1861. By August the number had increased to 274,717, fully equipped, armed and supplied; an army of 17,000, subsequently increased to 25,000, had been landed on the Cuban coast, an army which in twenty-three days had secured the surrender of Santiago Province, with 23,000 prisoners of war; while another army of 11,000 had been dispatched to the Philippines.

That woful blunders were committed during this war is not denied by Mr. Alger. He acknowledges in particular the disgraceful congestion of supplies and generally chaotic condition of affairs at Tampa. But he holds that the mistakes made were inevitable from the magnitude of the task and the nature of contingent circumstances. The charges of culpability in connection with disease

* The Spanish-American War. With maps. *By Russell A. Alger.* New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50.

in the camps and with the alleged inadequacy of food supplies are answered at great length and with minute detail. It is shown conclusively that the ratio of disease and mortality was far less than has been generally supposed, that "embalmed beef" is a popular fiction without any basis of fact, and that the Department exhausted its resources in supplying ample quantities of wholesome food.

The war is by no means over. We have no doubt that Mr. Alger's defense will be met by spirited rejoinders, and that a general controversy will arise. Out of this controversy the final truth will be established. For the present it may be said that no one is justified in fixing his conclusions until he has read dispassionately Mr. Alger's volume.

THE LAIRD'S LUCK. *By A. T. Quiller Couch.* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.) This is not merely a collection of excellent sketches, drawn by a skillful hand, but they have the charm of being real stories. The author understands that real story telling consists in knowing how to cast a "spell" quickly over the other fellow, so that he will listen with his hair sitting up while the ancient dead are dragged from the deep seas, or watch entranced while the gifted one spins a shining web of romance across some old woman's cottage window. Anyhow, he is a master hand at such fireside jugglery. We particularly recommend his stories to the gawky young geniuses, whose ideas are nebulous, so to speak; but who are humble and honest enough to profit from these notable examples of literary art.

LINCOLN AND OTHER POEMS. *By Edwin Markham.* (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.00.) As Mr. Andrew Lang has already suggested, there is a kind of thing which anybody who knows anything about poetry can do, but which nobody who cares anything about poetry will do. And it constitutes Mr. Markham's claim to distinction to be willing to do this kind of thing. Such was "The Man with the Hoe," a poem requiring for its production that sort of mechanical poetical knowledge which may exist totally disassociated from sound poetical taste, and appealing to that very large public which is nobly superior to all such literary prejudices. It proved, in fact, to be just what such a public wanted. And in Mr. Markham they found the man who could and would give it to them. In this way Mr. Markham's poetry may be considered to have a *raison d'être.* The public that takes Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli for its novelists may very likely stand in need of some such complementary piece of literary furniture as a poet like Mr. Markham. And if this is so, we have no wish to dispute the gentleman's title to the position, for which, to judge from the volume before us, he is peculiarly well adapted. Certainly he possesses in unusual fullness that imposing mixture of the commonplace and the sententious which we are assured, on the authority of Mr. Birdofredum Sawin, is

> "wut the people likes;
> Sutthin' combinin' morril truth with
> phrases sech ez strikes,"

as thus, from the lines on Millet's Sower:

> "This is the Earth-god of the later day,
> Treading with solemn joy the upward way;
> A lusty god that in some crowning hour
> Will hurl Gray Privilege from its place of
> power.
> These are the inevitable steps that make
> Unreason tremble and Tradition shake.
> This is the World-Will climbing to its goal,
> The climb of the unconquerable Soul—"

We should like to stop here at this tremendous climax, but accuracy urges us on to the no less astounding conclusion:

> "Democracy whose sure insurgent stride
> Jars kingdoms to their ultimate stone of
> pride."

THE FURNITURE OF OUR FOREFATHERS. *By Esther Singleton.* (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. In 8 parts at $2 a part.) This work will be of interest to the constantly increasing number of persons who wish to know something of the furniture in use in this country in Colonial times. The subject is divided arbitrarily, by treating the South, New England and New York separately, but the work is rich in material of all kinds and many of the illustrations are exceedingly good. Miss Singleton makes no attempt to approach the subject scientifically, but rather in a pleasant, literary style presents the read-

er with descriptions of the households, habits, etc., of the people and times with which she deals. It must be added, however, that she shows herself unfamiliar with the works on the subject of furniture by English and American writers and does not hesitate to state very boldly, as facts, what careful students of the subject would consider very doubtful conclusions from the arguments adduced. Her descriptions of the illustrations are sometimes faulty both in the matter of style and date; chairs, tables and cupboards of different styles and ages are grouped in a manner savoring of the amateur and described ambiguously as "of the period." A noticeable blunder is the description of the embroidered chair seats, shown facing page 274 and on page 289 of Part IV as Turkey work; they are as matter of fact later in date and of entirely different nature. It must be frankly said that this is not a book for the collector, but rather for the general public, whose knowledge of the subject must needs be superficial.

FRANCESCO RAIBOLINI, CALLED FRANCIA. *By George C. Williamson.* (New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.) This is the latest volume of the convenient "Great Masters in Sculpture and Painting," and falls to the hand of the general editor of the series. It shows the thoroughness and sobriety of a writer who is rather archivist and historian than connoisseur or critic. A certain amount of new material, not very important, has rewarded Dr. Williamson's search in the public records of Bologna. Aside from this, the book has a considerable interest as the first adequate biography, in English, of this minor but charming painter. Students who remember that Francia, like many of his great contemporaries, served an apprenticeship in gold smithery, will welcome the excellent reproductions of all the coins, medals and niellos fairly attributable to a painter who to the end signed his important works *Aurifex.*

BELATED notices of other volumes of this series must be of the briefest kind. *Pièro della Francesca,* by W. G. Waters, is satisfactory neither as connoisseurship nor as esthetic criticism. It gives frequently quite an erroneous impression of what Pièro painted, and it gives a wholly indeterminate impression of that austere vision and admirable craftsmanship which actually accomplished what Paolo Ucello and the other enthusiasts for perspective only dreamed of. Evelyn March Phillipps's *Pintoricchio* is, on the other hand, a thoroughly meritorious book. It gives a fair view of the work and quality of one of the most popular painters of his time, a man hardly more than third rate as a decorator, but thoroughly charming in landscape and *genre.* The vext point as to the participation of the youthful Raphael in the decoration of the Library of the Cathedral at Siena is settled, apparently on convincing grounds, in the affirmative. The book, as are those previously noticed, is adequately illustrated, with a photogravure frontispiece and numerous half-tone cuts of good execution.

The latest publication to come from the Craftsman's Guild of Boston, Mass., is Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* The edition is printed without types, each letter, initial and border having been originally drawn by Mr. Herbert Gregson, and then engraved and most carefully printed upon one side of the folded sheet. The decorative designs consist of thirty-two initials, seventeen half borders, an appropriate title-page, and cover design. Two stanzas of the poem are given place on each page. The size of the sheets is based upon a stately quarto printed by Manutius Aldus in Venice in 1496, which measures 9½ x 12. The illuminations are well done; they are, indeed, far more successful than has usually been the case in attempts to revive this classic art. The use of gold in the illumination has been very discriminating. Gold leaf has been the medium, not gold paint, and the difference is distinctly noticeable. In this practice the manner of the monastic book-builders has been well followed; and the edition, limited to one hundred and fifty copies on English hand-made paper and ten copies on Japan vellum, ought to go into the hands of all those who love and can afford to buy fine ex-

amples of book making, even if it is modern. Former volumes issued by the Craftsman's Guild have been, "Two Lyrics," by the Rev. John B. Tabb, and "The Perfect Woman," being the thirty-first Chapter of Proverbs (beginning with the eleventh verse).

Olive Tracy. *By Amy Le Feuvre.* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.) The heroine, who suggests the "spirit of spring," never appears in spangle net or satin gowns, but in a durable sprig muslin, or a white lawn with pink ribbons. One instinctively feels that the more pretentious fabrics belong to the electric light circles of life; they do not harmonize with yellow jonquils and blue-skyed April mornings. The heroine in this novel is just such an incarnation of weather and sunshine, tho the man she marries is a lord with pearls in his pockets. The story reaches from England to the battle fields in South Africa and back again. The author's religious zeal in saving the souls of all her characters is out of place, and the effect is more tedious than wholesome.

Tristram of Blent. *By Anthony Hope.* (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.) An ingenious tale hinged upon the uncertain date of a man's death and of a child's birth, showing the superior immorality and bad manners of the Tristrams of Blent, and, inferentially, of the English aristocracy generally. As compared with Anthony Hope's earlier novels, the story is commonplace; and in the matter of style, the author often descends to the mocking cleverness of newspaper phrasing.

Views of an Ex-President. *By Benjamin Harrison.* Compiled by Mary Lord Harrison. (Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. $3.00.) This is a collection of the post-Presidential papers and formal utterances of Mr. Harrison, compiled by his widow. The wide range of subjects reveals the varied interests of the man. His chief subject, however, is that of constitutional law, a theme elaborated at considerable length in the six lectures delivered at Stanford University in 1894. A seventh lecture, on a cognate subject, "The Status of Annexed Territory and of Its Free Civilized Inhabitants," was delivered at the University of Michigan in 1900. The foregoing, with two or three other papers, comprise the Ex-President's more serious efforts, the remainder of the volume being devoted to a great number of short addresses delivered at various places during the eight years preceding his death. The volume will be gratefully welcomed by admirers of the late Chief Magistrate.

A Diary of the Siege of the Legations at Peking. *By Nigel Oliphant.* (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.) A vivid account of the desperate defense of the legations. Mr. Oliphant took an active part in the fighting. He was second in command of the force of twenty-six British and fifteen Americans, led by Captain Myers, who made the famous and gallant sortie July 3d; and when Captain Myers was wounded Mr. Oliphant assumed charge. With all his fighting, superintendence and hard work, checkered with a good deal of illness, he managed to find time to record his daily experiences. A number of drawings and maps add value to the record.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have added to the "Riverside Art Series" three more of Miss Estelle M. Hurll's little books—namely, *Greek Sculpture, Titian,* and *Reynolds.* Miss Hurll gives in every case a brief life or historical outline, a list of books useful for study, a selection of some fifteen works reproduced in half-tone with an accompanying interpretation. Such works are chosen as may be properly shown to and are likely to interest children, without much regard to chronology or art history. The plan is usually carried out with considerable tact and good sense. Miss Hurll's comments on composition are, particularly, likely to be suggestive to the child reader, and for that matter to any one who wishes to know the points of a picture. It might be noted that the *Greek Sculpture* lacks an Archaic example, and in the Vatican Ceres presents a work of inferior qual-

ity; also that Sir Joshua Reynolds is shorn of his acknowledged masterpiece, the Nelly O'Brien, possibly because the story of her career is not precisely *virginibus puerisque;* but Miss Hurll could have glossed this as she does, justifiably, other matters. One would quarrel only with her vivacities, which are almost always superfluous and not uncommonly jejune. Why, forsooth, in the "Reynolds" should one "fancy" from little Miss Bowles's "gleeful expression," that the "winner" (in cricket) "was her favorite," when cricket knows no (individual) winner?

THE WOULDBEGOODS. *By E. Nesbit.* (New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.) A book of children for children and professedly by children, since the adventures of the Bastables and their friends at an English country house are told by one of the number. The style is partly colloquial, partly the romantic story-book manner beloved by the very young. A disastrous jungle experience, after the manner of Kipling, led to their temporary banishment to the country; and remorse for their deeds prompted them to form themselves into the "Wouldbegoods" at the suggestion of the most saintly of their number, who is acquainted with Sunday school literature. As a body, however, they do not prove to be of the abnormal type that die young. The book, while not of that class which charms the grown-up as well, is one to be enjoyed by a child.

THE WORLD BEFORE ABRAHAM, ACCORDING TO GENESIS I—XI, WITH AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PENTATEUCH. *By H. G. Mitchell.* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75, net.) There has been no commentary on Genesis in English, based on thorough criticism, which was not both too technical and too expensive for general use; and this want Professor Mitchell has endeavored to supply. His introduction to the Pentateuch is an argument for the documentary theory of its origin, dating the first of the documents 650 years after the time of Moses and the final compilation at the time of Ezra. His translation brings the documentary theory clearly before the eye by the use of different type for the different documents. Comments on the text, in cautious spirit, but marked by good judgment, compose the body of the book. Some space is wasted in information, like the following: "'Yielding seed'—by which they may be reproduced; 'after its kind'—with its *i. e.,* the herb's characteristics." The author is timid as to textual emendations, and his book records progress rather than makes it. He is honest in dealing with difficulties, insisting upon the literal day in the creation story and the impossibility of reconciling the narrative with science, and maintaining the "decidedly mythological coloring" of the genealogies. He has succeeded well in writing a commentary from the point of view of modern scholarship, which treats reverently but fearlessly the questions people are asking about this most interesting portion of the Bible.

ANTING-ANTING STORIES. *By Sargent Kayme.* (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.) In spite of the half naked savages, witch doctors and "green devil" snakes that glide through these stories from the Philippines, the author fails to create a proper foreign atmosphere. We question the reality of his representations. Possibly, in his effort to escape the infectious Kipling manner in dealing with heathens as distinct from savages, he has gone too far on the other extreme. The result is this little volume of primer tales, which rather awkwardly incorporate the *Anting-Anting* charms and folk lore of an apparently stupidly uninteresting people.

LOVE IDYLLS. *By S. R. Crockett.* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.) These stories or sketches, bound together by the golden thread of a common theme, are mostly Scotch, but not forbiddingly dialectical. The longest, "Fitting the Peat," has thirteen chapters, but most of them are brief. Their charm is various, and the reader's preference will depend on whether his fancy inclines to a tale of lovers parted, or of lovers whose dream comes true, or to the love of a child that hazards all. There is more than one sweetheart worth the seeking in the purple heather of these purple hills.

Literary Notes

SEVERAL eminent Berlin playwrights have taken to writing their comedies in rime.

....Two noteworthy books on Mr. John Lane's list are "Later Poems," by Alice Meynell, and "Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends," by Constance Hill.

....The first English edition of Graham Balfour's life of Robert Louis Stevenson was only five thousand. Scribner's in this country have issued a first edition of eleven thousand.

....Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. announce a "Variorum and Definitive Edition" of Edward Fitzgerald's complete works. It is to be in seven volumes, printed at the Merrymount Press.

....The delightful sketches of Samoan outdoor life written for the *Forest and Stream* by Mrs. Llewella Pierce Churchill are now to be published in book form under the title "All Samoa."

....The Appletons have issued a new and completely revised edition of their "Universal Cyclopædia and Atlas," which for fullness, accuracy and timeliness leaves little to be desired. This work treats more than 70,000 subjects and more than 30,000 of the articles are signed by the authors. The United States census of 1900 and the British census of 1901 are used, instead of the older figures. The articles on South Africa, China, Cuba and the Philippine Islands are brought strictly up to date, and throughout advantage has been taken of the most recent information.

....A brief pamphlet on "The Civil Service, the Merit System and the Spoils System" has been prepared for the Woman's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts Civil Service Reform Association by Mr. Edward Carey, of New York, and is being introduced in the boys' High Schools of New England as a part of the reading course. For a work of this kind there could be found no one more competent than the biographer of George William Curtis, who has for many years been an earnest and effective advocate of civil service reform. Teachers who wish to use this pamphlet in their schools can obtain copies on application to the Secretary of the Auxiliary, Miss Elizabeth Foster, 44 Fairfield street, Boston, Mass.

....In the current issue of *The Land of Sunshine,* Mr. Charles F. Lummis, the editor, announces that with the January number the magazine will be enlarged to the standard magazine size—that is, to the size of THE INDEPENDENT, *Harper's and Scribner's.* The name will be changed from "The Land of Sunshine" to "Out West," and without changing its general policy, it will attempt to enter upon a much wider field and become the magazine to represent that section of the United States west of the Mississippi. So long as Mr. Lummis controls "Out West" we may predict for it a future. Mr. Lummis has a sort of strenuous individuality which in enterprise, literary skill, controversy or appreciation makes a mark.

Pebbles

OUR worry o'er the surplus
To Halifax may flit,
Because the subsidy for ships
Will nicely care for it.
—*Chicago Daily News.*

DISPLAY ADVERTISING IN THE ORIENT.

"I am a beautiful woman. My abundant undulating hair envelops me as a cloud. Supple as a willow is my waist. Soft and brilliant is my visage as the satin of the flowers. I am endowed with wealth sufficient to saunter through life hand in hand with my beloved. Were I to meet a gracious lord, kindly, intelligent, well educated, and of good taste, I would unite myself with him for life, and later share with him the pleasure of being laid to rest eternal in a tomb of pink marble." —*Tokio Nippon.*

A "JOLLY" DIALOGUE.—BY AINTANY HOPE.

"Good afternoon, Lady Mickleham," I remarked, smiling to myself at my cleverness.

"Is that all you have to say?" answered Dolly, gracefully swinging the kitten by its tail.

"I've got to start the conversation somehow," I replied quickly, casting about for an epigram.

"Yes, but you ought to say something really bright, you know. Here we're half down the page and haven't a *bon-mot* to our credit. Come! Make a pun if you can't do anything else."

"I can't think of one bad enough," I responded in dismay, absently putting forward the hands of the onyx clock.

"Then we'd better come to business. What is your object in calling so regularly? You've been at it now for a longer time than I care to mention. Now—"

"I guess I must be going," I remarked with graceful *finesse,* and reached for my hat; but Dolly smilingly placed it on the floor and put her foot through it, with a touch of firmness, as I thought.

"It's no use, Mr. Carter," she went on, "Mrs. Hilary knows everything about us."

"Then she knows a great deal more than you or I or any of our readers," said I, greatly relieved to have made a witty remark at last.

"You know she passed us in her automobile Sunday," said Dolly, pensively plucking the fur from the kitten's back.

"Mrs. Hilary," I replied impressively, capturing the kitten, "Mrs. Hilary knows nothing. A woman who knows half what she tells will tell all."

"Oh, you delightful cynic!" cried Dolly admiringly, kissing me. "And we'll have dear old Dr. Feebly to perform the ceremony, won't we?"

In my sudden agitation I dropped the kitten down the back of my neck.

"Now you've done it!" said Dolly, pouting. "You've lost the only means we had of filling up the gaps in the conversation. We'll have to end the chapter."

Seeing the force of her observation, I rushed to the club.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

EDITORIALS

Rejoice.

THERE is an evident effort in nature to be happy. Everything blossoms to express beauty, as well as lead to fruitage. Even the inorganic fashions itself into crystals, that absorb and flash back the sunlight, as if with inorganic laughter. If one examines nature with the microscope, or lifts a burdock leaf, where the sparrow has hid its eggs in a tuft of grass, or considers the heavens at night, he finds three things: truth as inherent, beauty beyond that which can be spoken, and goodness everywhere. In the motherhood of the bird, in the adaptation of the autumn leaf to human pleasure, or of the stars to purposes of intelligence and joy, the true, the beautiful and the good are equally manifest. God is gladness, and his life speaks through all things, with an eternal desire to create happiness. Man has no right to be an exception—the only pessimist in the universe.

Thanksgiving Day comes into the autumn of the year with inexpressible grace. It is as if the year itself spoke to us in words of rejoicing. It hardly needs a proclamation of the President to bid us give thanks; nature's proclamation is ever in sight. Surely this world was not made for us alone, yet to us comes its best fruitage. What can all other creatures do but to eat, propagate and die! Man puts his harvests into poems, his hopes into machinery, his desires into religion. He dreams immortality; he loves God; he serves his brother man. Bad as he may be, yet at his lowest estate man is wonderfully made; at his highest he is the son of God.

Even our diasters become the means of education, and our failures are stepping stones of betterment. In 1901 the drought, which affected a large part of the country, has already worked out a national advance, stirring the people to the necessity of a system of irrigation which shall establish a more permanent and sure civilization. Despair is not a quality of manhood; difficulties make evolution determinative. There is no piety in simple submission to disaster, or in yielding to death. Real piety, like reason, undertakes to hunt out the causes of evil and to remove them. Professors Pasteur and Koch have done more for God, as well as for man, than a library of mystics.

The saddest event of the year, for America, was the assassination of President McKinley. But even that execrable event has worked for good. The people are less partisan and have proved themselves to be better prepared to unite on policies making for better government, as well as reforms momentous for all the world. His very last act was a speech of such excellence, such foresight, and such timeliness, that it is becoming almost as powerful to direct our national policy as was Washington's Farewell Address. Had Mr. McKinley lived it is less likely that we should so cordially have weighed his words, and followed his advice. So it happens to a rightly organized people, as to an individual, that all evil overrules for good. It comes about that, at the end of each chapter of life, we may write, All is well; therefore praise God! This is the true sentiment of an honest people, as it is of a clean heart, when it reviews the years. Do your best, with an uplook and an on-look, and God will never fail you. The deep distress of the world comes in when we lose our anchorage of faith in him.

The political and social victories of 1901 have been more than satisfactory. The Hague Conference did not establish universal peace, but let us take notice that its general principles are no longer combatted anywhere among civilized peoples. Reciprocity and a mutual exchange of good will is steadily gaining ground. Commercial and educational expansion are going hand in hand. We have learned to deal justly by our territorial acquisitions. Our home educational system is improving at every point. Trampism is on the decline, not only because of material prosperity, but through the better organization of labor and the better disposition of charity. Wealth is recognizing its responsibility from the standpoint of justice rather than of charity. Social co-operation is gaining ground, and also industrial co-operation. Free rural mail delivery and rural telephones, with the rapid development of trolley systems, are

working a revolution in agriculture and in farm life. The outlook is most hopeful for those who desire to see the congestion of population in vast cities broken up and a reaction established toward wholesome country living. The past year has also seen the most vicious schemes, both of State and municipal legislation, either neutralized or entirely killed. The government of our cities is on the road toward honesty and economy, while the despotism of Ripper Bills has led to a popular revolution. The student of American political history can easily review each year as it passes, and by an honest count of defeats and victories come to the conviction that optimism is sound philosophy. The character of government throughout civilization is greatly advancing. Bourbonism is dying out in Europe. Even Spain has become more liberal in Church and democratic in politics. Moslem despotism is no longer to be tolerated. Meanwhile the religion of humanity is rapidly displacing the narrow faith that cannot say, Our Father, when speaking of the Chinese and the Turk—the hope that reaches no wider than sect.

Thanksgiving has a legitimate place in our calendar. It is not merely a pleasant inheritance from the piety of our fathers —something that we dislike to erase; it is a natural part of the American year. We thank God that the life we are living on this Western continent not only reaps abundant material harvests, but annually cultivates moral, social and religious harvests; that we have succeeded in establishing a nobler State and a better Church than the world ever saw before. But we especially rejoice that the work is not all done; that we have difficulties ahead that will tax all our energies as citizens, and as Christians—with souls strong in a conviction of God's overguidance to help us to victory.

Reciprocity or Tariff Revision

It is not difficult to account for the action taken at the recent Reciprocity Convention. The calling of this convention, it will be remembered, was due to the emphatic expressions of a desire for reciprocity at the annual convention of the manufacturers in Detroit. For the purposes of our explanation we may divide the manufacturers into two classes —those who are able to export a considerable part of their output, and those who do not export, but whose sales are confined to the home market, the demands of which they may or may not entirely supply. At the Detroit meeting the exporting manufacturers were leaders of the discussion. Some of them were already suffering loss by reason of foreign retaliation that made it difficult or impossible to keep up the volume of their sales abroad. They expected and feared additional retaliation, and believed it could be prevented only by reciprocal concessions. The duties of our tariff with respect to their own products they did not care to preserve; their exports proved that these duties were not needed for protection. But prominence was not given to the fact that such unnecessary duties cannot be used in making reciprocal treaties, and that the concessions on our side must be reductions of duties affecting those who do not export.

In the Washington convention the most influential utterances were those of manufacturers who do not sell goods abroad, and whose tariff duties may be reduced a little in any reciprocal agreement. Whether these men were really a majority we do not know. What they said, however, was very effective, not only because their arguments were skillful appeals to the protectionists of whom the convention was mainly composed, but also for the reason that the exporting manufacturers (who asked for reciprocity) were made by them to appear willing to injure some other industry for the benefit of their own. Under the influence of such appeals and arguments the convention, with only two dissenting votes, adopted those remarkable resolutions, which call loudly for the maintenance of protection; suggest reciprocity by special modification of the tariff, "but only where this can be done without injury to any of our home interests of manufacturing, commerce or farming;" and postpone the whole matter by asking that it be referred to a Commission, which is to be a bureau of a new Executive Department in the dim future. "Injury" is to be caused, of course, by a reduction of some American duty; but without such reductions there can be no reciprocity whatever. The resolutions

are, therefore, a declaration against reciprocity. The manufacturers in convention virtually say: "We find that some of us would lose a tenth or even a fifth of the protective duty now imposed, and so we stand together to keep the present tariff intact."

This does not, however, put an end to the movement for reciprocal agreements, or silence the demand for tariff revision. One member of the Ways and Means Committee recently remarked that it would be "the hight of folly to raise the tariff question." That question has already been "raised," and we do not see how it can be put down, except by treaties of reciprocity or a general revision of duties. This convention, with its lame and impotent conclusion, serves to keep the tariff question up in plain sight and even to make it more interesting to a great many people. Why has the question been raised? Because the maintenance of the present duties involves injustice to the masses and subjects consumers to extortion for the benefit of foreign buyers. Because a revision of them, either by treaties or by legislation, is required for the preservation of our great export trade. Everybody knows that many of these duties are no longer needed for the protection of industries. Some of them are used as a means for extorting high prices from American consumers, while foreign consumers are permitted to buy the same goods at prices much lower. It is this discrimination, now admitted, that continually stimulates the demand for a repeal of the duties of this class. They will be removed eventually by a general revision. That revision, which we regard as inevitable, may be deferred if the growing foreign opposition to our export trade be met by a series of reciprocal trade agreements. The coming of it will surely be hastened if the Senate persists in ignoring the Kasson treaties, and if the Republican majority in both branches of the new Congress determines to avoid the whole subject for the reason, so often heard at Washington now, that we should "let well enough alone." The difficulty lies in the fact that a great many people cannot be led to think that the present situation is "well enough." We refer especially to voters in the Republican party, whose views are expressed every day by the Republican press in States west of Ohio.

"Our aim," said President Search at the beginning of the recent convention, when those remarkable resolutions were not foreseen, "has been to forestall tariff agitation, not to encourage it." Such possible agitation, we think, the late President McKinley had in mind when he made that memorable address at Buffalo for reciprocity. No one will say that he was not loyal to the policy of protection. But his intimate connection with tariff legislation, his knowledge of industrial conditions and his constant study of the currents of opinion, enabled him to look ahead and to say: "Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have."

It is not a broad and enlightened policy that allows the Senate to ignore a dozen reciprocal agreements, negotiated by the President and his Commissioner, and long ago approved and accepted by the foreign nations that are parties to them. It is a foolish policy that provokes resentment and retaliation not only to prohibitive duties, but also by a cool refusal even to take notice, officially, of the reception of these agreements. While the effect of such a policy upon trade relations with foreign Powers cannot be favorable, the effect of it at home will be quite unsatisfactory to those who have been responsible for the adoption of it, if they permit these treaties to die.

If the tariff is not to be modified by such agreements, there will arise in this country a majority imperatively demanding a modification of it by legislation, and the revision made in response to that demand will sweep away some duties from which the opponents of reciprocity will not now permit the thinnest shaving to be taken by treaty.

The Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule

In his most felicitous address at the Chamber of Commerce dinner Secretary of State John Hay declared that the principles under which the diplomatic relation of the country are conducted are formulated in the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule. It is an unexpected concatenation that thus brings them to-

gether, and therein rests the literary charm of the utterance; yet Secretary Hay has put them together, and together they will stay in the purpose of the people.

The Golden Rule and the Monroe Doctrine are near akin. The Golden Rule is thus expressed: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also even so unto them." This is exactly the purpose of the Monroe Doctrine. Its design is to do for our weaker sister states in the Americas just what we would wish them to do for us if we were weak and they were strong. It guarantees the independence of our younger American sister nations against invasion and seizure by any one of the strong European nations. There was danger that England or France or Germany would seize a port in Argentina, or put a king on the throne of Mexico, or establish a colony in Brazil, thus humiliating and weakening these countries. We simply declare that these nations must keep their hands off of our neighbors. How would we like it if some European Power were to seize Portland or Florida in payment of some disputed claim? If we could not ourselves repel the invader, we would be glad enough to have any stronger State protect us.

Mr. Hay is right; it is the spirit of the Golden Rule that has controlled our action when we have also invoked the Monroe Doctrine. England threatened Venezuela, and would have seized territory claimed by Venezuela if the United States had not intervened, and, under the Monroe Doctrine, insisted that Great Britain should leave the matter to arbitration. It was a chivalrous and affectionate act, and Venezuela at the time was most grateful to the United States. It was an act in the very spirit of the Golden Rule, what we should have been glad to have Venezuela do for us if our relative strength had been reversed and we had been in similar danger.

In our late war in defense of the Cubans it was the Golden Rule, and nothing else, that controlled our action. For a long series of years we had protested and waited. At last, when forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, we plainly told Spain that we should expect her to withdraw from the island which she shamefully misgoverned. It was just such an act as we would have had done for us if the conditions had been reversed. If we had been oppressed, as Cuba had been, and had risen in rebellion and been long seeking an independence, we should have been grateful to any Power that might have championed our cause. We can never forget what France did for us in our War of the Revolution. That we did purely in the spirit of the Golden Rule for Cuba, with no thought of such burdensome advantage to ourselves as has since accrued. It was furthest from our minds that Porto Rico or the Philippines would be put upon our hands. Our Spanish war was proof that John Hay fitly characterized our policy. That was a simple utterance of the Golden Rule, as the Venezuela case was an utterance of the Monroe Doctrine, and both were directed by love for our neighbor.

It has not always been thus. It is hard for us to see any element of the Golden Rule in our Mexican war, with its subsequent seizure of Mexican territory. But perhaps we atoned in part for this old offense when we invoked the Monroe Doctrine to drive Maximilian out of Mexico. The American republics are often jealous and a bit afraid of this country, but let danger come, and they would depend on us for their defense; indeed, they feel safe, because we stand ready to defend them. The very utterance by Mr. Hay of what ought to be the policy of our country in its dealings with other countries will make it clearer what is our Christian duty to them, and will insure that we shall not transgress it. Diplomacy, as Mr. Hay says, is far more honest, and we believe far more just and Christian, than it was under the old Macchiavellian policy of deception and wrong. The nations are growing more truthful and more Christian.

The Annual Immigration

The Annual Report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration, for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1901, shows the persistence of those features of our immigration problem which have awakened apprehension. As in all recent years since 1890 the increasing immigration is from Austria-Hungary, Italy and Russia, while the diminishing immigra-

tion is from the British Empire, Germany and Scandinavia. The American people is thus receiving a large admixture of elements which are far more unlike the older population than was the immigration of the period from 1870 to 1890. And not only are the ethnic differences great, but so also are the economic, educational and political differences.

The total steerage arrivals for the year ending June 30 were 487,918, an increase over the steerage arrivals of the year ending June 30, 1900, of 39,346, or approximately nine per cent. To these the Commissioner adds 74,950 "other alien passengers"—aliens arriving as cabin passengers—thus giving as the total ascertained alien immigration for the year ending June 30, 1891, 562,868.

These figures, it is almost unnecessary to say in so many words, are misleading. No accurate record is kept of aliens, who from year to year go back to Europe and again come to the United States. It is certain that a large proportion of the aliens arriving as cabin passengers have previously been in the United States, and that in recent years the same thing has been true of an appreciable proportion of the steerage arrivals. Other aliens in large numbers return to Euope and stay there. A careful statistical study of the figures representing arrivals of aliens year by year, when correlated with the Census figures of the foreign born in the United States, would show, after due allowance made for the death rate, that the number of aliens returning to Europe and remaining there is much larger than is commonly supposed. In other words, the growth of the American population by immigration is appreciably less than would appear from the figures published by the Bureau of Immigration, if taken at their face value.

Nevertheless, the immigration that comes to stay is a tremendous factor in our population problem, and the quality of the permanent immigration must have far reaching consequences in our economic and political life. Quality may be studied under the heads of age and sex, education, property and occupation, health, mental and moral condition.

Of the 487,918 steerage arrivals, 62,562 were under fourteen years of age, 28,840 were forty-five years of age and over, leaving 396,516 of the productive age 14-45. On this score, obviously, we have nothing to complain of. An overwhelming majority of our immigrants come to us in the full vigor of life, a distinct contribution to the working force of a nation.

The distribution as to sex is 331,055 males and 156,863 females. This is not so good a showing. It means that a very large proportion of men come to America in search of work or other opportunity, leaving wives, and often children, in the old home. The fact here alleged is not shown in the Commissioner-General's report. It is, however, well known from other sources of information. The earlier immigration brought a larger proportion of families.

The proportion of illiteracy is very high. No less than 117,587 steerage arrivals were unable to read or write their own native language; 3,058 could read but not write. It would be a matter of great public interest to ascertain how many of these illiterates are likely to remain in the United States and become American citizens; how many laborers, expecting presently to return to the Old World. We strongly suspect that the latter class is large.

In economic standing the immigrant arrivals of the year were distinctly poor. No less than 294,860 brought with them less than $30 each. A minority, however, came with relatively large sums, and the total money exhibited to inspection officers at all ports was $7,383,822. By occupation 2,665 belonged to various professions, 64,503 were classed as skilled workmen, 3,035 as farmers, 54,753 as farm laborers, 161,938 as unskilled laborers, 6,589 as merchants and grocers, 42,027 as personal and domestic servants. Other unskilled occupations brought the total of "miscellaneous"—*i.e.*, persons of all occupations other than professional employments and skilled trades, up to 272,064, leaving 148,686 persons (mainly women and children) classed as without occupation.

Our existing laws provide for sending back all arriving aliens who are idiotic, insane or diseased, and all paupers and convicts. On this score we are reasonably well protected. There were returned during the last fiscal year 6 idiots, 16 in-

sane persons, 2,798 paupers, 309 diseased persons and 7 convicts.

Let us now come back for a moment to the question of nationality. Of the 487,918 steerage arrivals, only 13,488, or 3 per cent., were persons of "the English brood," as Mr. Kipling's phrase has it. Only 34,742, or 7 per cent., were German. Only 40,277, or 8 per cent., were Scandinavian, and only 30,404, or 6 per cent., were Irish. These three together constitute those Teutonic or Celtic elements which, by interbreeding, in course of time produce a people of English characteristics. The remainder came from peoples who, in a deeper sense than that of mere difference of nationality, are aliens. Of Croatians and Slovenians there were 17,928, or more than 3 per cent.; of Slovaks there were 29,343, or 6 per cent.; of Magyars 13,311, or 3 per cent.; of Poles 43,617, or 9 per cent.; of Hebrews 58,093, or 12 per cent.; of Italians 137,807, or 28 per cent. Of these Italians only 22,103 were North Italians, an excellent and desirable stock; while 115,704 were South Italians, a very different element.

Do such figures show that the United States should adopt more stringent measures, not to limit immigration, but to sift it? The question is one which presents immense difficulties, and the amateur statesmen who are ready with their offhand answers have a painfully small comprehension of the problem. One of these amateur statesmen, we fear, is Commissioner Powderly himself, who has for many years shown a far greater concern to bar out contract laborers, so-called, than to devise ways and means to bar out persons who, irrespective of their relations to "organized labor," are undesirable. Our own judgment is that, after excluding the diseased, the defective and the criminal, the only further restrictions that can successfully be applied will be found (if anywhere) in reading and writing tests and an insistence upon a moderate accumulation of savings. These demands, however, we are well aware, would prove to be exceedingly difficult in practical application, and we frankly confess that we are not ready, at present, to suggest any plan whatever, in which we could feel a high degree of confidence, for the further restriction of immigration.

The Bible Riot

It is not utterly strange that a dispute about the Bible should have started a riot in Athens. There have been about as many riots over religious matters in the East as over political, and we have not lacked them in the West. In order that the mob may not be forgotten that burned down the Roman Catholic convent in Charleston, Mass., a generation and more ago, the ruins are left as an object lesson. Jerusalem has been famous for its fights between Greek, Armenian and Latin Churches disputing for the possession of sacred places. And what were the Armenian massacres and what the Chinese massacres but the product of religious differences? And the Sepoy Rebellion was another outbreak of the same sort.

The occasion of this riot, however, appears to have been very peculiar. It was a difference over the question of the use in religious services of a translation of the Gospels into modern colloquial Greek, in place of the original Greek of the Evangelists. If we can understand the facts, the Metropolitan of the Greek Church had given permission for the use of the colloquial, but the students in the University and the populace were indignant; common language was not sacred enough for them; or, much more likely, the common speech of the people did not adequately represent their patriotic aspirations.

The Greek people are extremely proud of their succession to the name of old Hellas. They know that Greece originated high civilization and that all modern civilization is descended from it. They have an intense pride in the mighty names of the ages of Pericles, Socrates and Plato, of the writers of the New Testament and of the Church Fathers, who wrote in their tongue. The old Greek language has been corrupted, where it has not been improved, has lost its middle voice and reduced its irregular verbs and muddled its infinitives and subjunctives, and shortened its connectives. But yet it is the old Greek language, and it is the literary desire of the people to recover as far as may be the classic Greek. A scholar of old Greek can read any Greek newspaper with fair understanding, while the more literary Greek of books will approach still nearer to the

old standard. The Bible has been translated into modern Greek and circulated by the British Bible Society, but it is not very modern. One might read two or three verses of Genesis without suspecting that it was not the Alexandrian of the Septuagint. We suppose these university students that compose the mob imagine that the movement back to the old classical Greek will be wrecked if a modern version can be used in worship. The people must be made familar with the old language, and no doubt during the century there has been almost a reconstruction of the patois of the people. The corrupted Latin became fixed in Italy, France and Spain; the corrupted Greek was discredited and transformed as far as possible.

One of the most interesting phases of patriotism is seen in the preservation or recovery of decayed languages. It is pure patriotism that has recovered in general common use the Armenian, which was rapidly giving way to Turkish. We all know how the old Irish and Scotch Gaelic are honored and taught, and what effort is made to prevent their being lost to common speech. The Welsh have the same pride in preserving their ancestral tongue. The last person that could speak Cornish died more than one hundred years ago, and yet one or two men are now devoting themselves to the labor of restoring it to use. One of the most remarkable illustrations of this patriotic passion is found in the actual recovery, as a spoken tongue, of the Coptic language in Egypt. The Coptic has been for some three centuries quite lost to popular speech, and has been known only, as Latin is known, to the ecclesiastics of the Coptic Church. But now a remarkable teacher in Cairo requires the Coptic to be used in conversation in his school, and Coptic is the only language talked in his family. We can hardly expect that its popular use will ever again become extensive, where it has to fight the universal use of Arabic, but the fact that a little success has been achieved is an illustration of the intensity of fervor which is excited when religion and patriotism combine their force. We have the same phenomenon in the effort of the *maskilim* of Russia and America to recover the Hebrew as a language of literature and common life. An abundance of books have been written in good classical Hebrew. Only a month ago we had occasion to describe the work of Mistral and half a dozen other writers to recover the old Provençal as the language of literature. Of him it is said that he has revived the language, created a literature and inspired a people. A fresh inspiration goes with a passion for patriotic history and for the glories of a nation's ancient language.

Of course, from the religious point of view, and as we look upon it, the Greek Metropolitan was right who would have the people instructed in their common language, but their patriotism was against it. And, after all, the new Greek is far nearer to the old than is our modern English to the language of Chaucer, or to the spelling.

Mothers and Sons

Men and women resemble each other only in a complementary way. Supposed to be endowed alike intellectually and spiritually, their motives and viewpoints differ so widely that a pagan might suspect them of having different gods altogether.

The man is inventive. He is inclined to work out his own miracles. He has a dusty, delving genius for discovering the laws which bind him down and outwitting them with electric buttons. Now and then he squints at the inscrutable heavens long enough to fix forever the orbit of some little nobody star, or to arrange for the passing through of a comet's flaming tail; but for the most part he keeps a faithful eye upon the kingdoms of this world. His energy is projective, and whether it terminates in a sword point or a plough share he outranks a guardian angel in ingenuity and persistence.

But the woman's mind is a churn of noble sentiment. She is only the stepmother of practical ideas. Apparently she was created mainly for purposes of inspiration, and all her faculties develop along this line for good or evil. And no matter what her nature is, she prays. She holds on to the garment hem of righteousness, and insists upon being made whole.

As the mother of other women, her relationship is so natural, so logical, as to be almost commonplace. Then it is only

the tedious perpetuation of a sex which has always defied definition through the same keyhole of illusions. But that she should also be the mother of men is a phenomenon, justified like other miracles, without explanation. How a creature who combines the magic of colors and cosmetics with piety and a kind of archness of the moral law, can organize the good and evil of her nature into the character of a man child is a question we leave to the psychologists. But no one else feels the magnitude of the performance as she does. It is her distinction forever, the basis of her almost romantic devotion to her son. For, however watchful or critical her affection for a daughter may be, toward him she is trustful and adoring. And a part of her sweet unreasonableness is the way she insists upon his perfections in the face of significant facts and other people's righteous judgments. No matter what his faults are, even as a criminal, he can manage to pass from before her bar justified.

The question naturally arises as to the effect of this frail feminine worship of the mother upon the son. All history is illumined with that favorite sentimentality of great men, who are wont to declare as they lay their laurels at her feet that they "owe everything to their mother." Certainly there is nothing like the spur of her enthusiasm if a son has the essential courage and energy of valiant manhood in him, and the ability to direct his own powers. She can furnish names for his principles fast enough, and keep his face turned like a magnet to the North Star of hope and success. And many a man wins out because he cannot afford to disappoint some such faith in his ultimate achievement.

But even with intelligence and a "power of presence" in his favor, if the son is merely genial and diffusive in his spirit, without the instinct of holding together apart from her will, he is more than apt to fall to pieces on her hands. She is too sympathetic and helpful, while he is too feebly confiding. She has not that faculty of inhumanity which men show for hammering each other into shape. Thus, in the warmth of her love, he softens into a kind of jelly-bodied knight, with fine chivalric notions, shining like stars in his manners, but really as ineffective for the actual warfare of life as a lady's page.

For our own part we are inclined to agree with those heathens who declare that a man is always more truly the son of his father than of his mother. He receives all his qualities, from the highest faculty of imagination down to the last little two-penny perversity in him, of his father. Only the measure of the inheritance appears to be determined by the mother. The wings of her fancy fix the limits of his imagination, and her heavenly-mindedness pinches off the forked tail of his innate wickedness. Probably her influence over his destiny is more potent before his birth than afterward. For, by the time he has rebelled against kilts and stretched his legs in evident breeches, however short, his mind is in a state of secession. He is already learning what it is to be a private individual by keeping little confidences from his mother, while the maternal confessional is still a matter of conscience with his elder sister, whose admissions, of course, do not consist of little reckless masculine eruptions, as is the case with him.

The truth is, few good women can endure more than a surface knowledge of the iniquities in a man related by intimate ties of love or blood. The mother never admits her son's graver faults. Seen through the tender eyes of her love, he is ideal, impossibly good. And there is not enough of the old Adam in him to destroy the bright illusion. It shines, like a candle in her window, to light his way up to the stars, or the stake later on when he has finished sowing to the wind and tired of reaping the whirlwind. And even if he becomes the greatest hero of his age, her ideal still towers above him. There is no such thing as keeping up with the Excelsior banner of maternal love. And no man ever is as good or great as his mother thinks he is.

Literary Allusions

In reading a thoroughly literary piece of work like the admirable address of Secretary of State John Hay, at the Chamber of Commerce dinner in this city last week, one will unconsciously observe the literary allusions which a scholarly man will be attracted to. In that address,

making a column and a half of fine type in our daily papers, we discover eight such allusions, conscious and unconscious. Of these four are from the Bible. He makes mention of the "temples of 'strange gods,'" from which come the voices of sympathy on the death of President McKinley, who, like "that divine Master whom he humbly and reverently served, grew continually in 'favor with God and man.'" The "Golden Rule" is specifically mentioned with the Monroe Doctrine, as a brief expression of our definite rule of diplomatic conduct; and Franklin's text of Scripture, when presented at the Court of Versailles, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings," is quoted in the last sentence of the address. The other four allusions are to Mackay's "Abou Ben Adhem," it being said of McKinley that "he loved his fellow men." The next is taken from Terence, when we are told of our late President that "nothing human was alien to him." Then follows the French revolutionist, who declared, "Let my name wither rather than my country be injured." And it is perhaps more a proverbial expression than a literary allusion when we are told that "'a fair field and no favor' is all we require." The predominance of quotations from the Bible is a fact that will be noticed in any address of any considerable length, whether it has any literary quality or not, and it indicates how much the thinking of the English-speaking race is founded upon the Scriptures.

Developing the Human Race

Last week we gave editorial attention to Dr. Francis Galton's discussion of the hopefulness of raising the average physical and intellectual powers of the human race by encouraging the marriage and parenthood of its highly endowed members. This matter is referred to by August Ferrel, in an article in *The International Monthly*, who recognizes the importance and obligation of thus developing of the race. He puts the duty very strongly:

> "It is far higher morality to preserve the future perfectibility of the race than to secure the well being of our neighbor and of existing society."

There is a side of this subject that is not sufficiently considered. While education and the forces of civilization appear to be tending toward such perfectibility, there are internal destructive forces, fostered by this civilization, which are persistently lowering vital force and weakening the successive generations. They are such factors as indolence, luxury, effeminacy, alcoholism, opium eating and certain diseases, which reduce brain power and tend to a retrogressive selection. It is to be expected that rich men's sons, because of their luxurious surroundings, will begin life under a disadvantage which modifies the benefit of their general superior talents.

Four Cents for Education

Dr. Walker Lewis is saying some things to his brother Georgians that ought to stir them up. Georgia Methodism, he says, "assesses four cents a member for the education of the young and seems satisfied. It spends more upon tobacco before breakfast than it gives to education in a twelve-month." We do not wonder that he urges the Georgia Methodists to give their money to Emory College and the Baptists to Mercer. Hear him:

> "Do our people know that one negro college for boys and girls in Atlanta has more endowment than Emory and Mercer and the university? Do they really know that another institution in Atlanta for colored girls is better equipped for teaching than is any college for white girls in the State? Do they really know and consider that the negro colleges in Georgia can buy all the property of other colleges of the commonwealth, and leave a balance that more than equals the endowment of Emory or of Mercer? These are nevertheless facts. And yet there are 400,000 Methodists and Baptists in this commonwealth, beneath or back of these institutions. Mostly beneath.

We are surprised if the facts are as given. The officers of these white colleges ought to show the energy that Booker T. Washington shows for Tuskegee. There is money to be had North or South; let them go for it.

Six years ago the Hon. Everett P. Wheeler advised the American Board that under the Law of Nations the United States Government had the right to take possession of a Turkish port and

hold it as indemnity for its claims against Turkey, and that it could do this not as a measure of war but in a peaceful manner. And he further expressed the opinion, after a careful study of the subject, that the Turks would not resist and that no shots would be fired. This is exactly what the French have done, and the result has been as predicted. Some of our people thought the advice rather sanguinary at the time, but it was really in the interest of peace; and we do not doubt that, as the present conduct of the Turkish Government shows, the Turks will hereafter treat all whom they consider under the protection of the French Government much better than in the past. There will be no difficulty about permission being given to French schools and institutions in Turkey to do all the building they please, and French prestige has been very much raised by this action. With a government like that of Turkey civilized Powers have to deal in a different way from what they would with those of their own rank.

The longevity of Leo XIII is wonderful. Thirteen years ago Signor R. de Cesare wrote a little book on "The Coming Conclave," and it has not yet met to elect a successor. During that time, of the five *papabili* liable to be elected Pope three have died, and the two others are no longer likely to be elected. In an article in *The North American Review* for November the same writer mentions four present *papabili*, Cardinals Gotti, Vannutelli, Svampa and Sarto, and already we have the news that Cardinal Svampa, the youngest and most hopeful of the four, is on his deathbed. Only three cardinals survive appointed by Leo's predecessor. He is now ninety-one years old, and bids fair to live long enough—it requires but a year more—to have reigned longer than all his predecessors except Pius IX. Urban VIII survived every cardinal appointed before his election, and in honor of this event he struck a medal with the inscription in Latin, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you."

We are glad to publish this week an article from an accredited representative of the Boer cause, which tells the best story possible, and with a map, of the Boer successes in Cape Colony. The dots on the map indicate the places where at one time or other of late the Boer raiding parties have been reported. But it must not be imagined that there has been any permanent occupation anywhere. These disturbances do not count for as much as might appear. What is very much more to the account is that peaceful conditions are rapidly being developed in the Transvaal and the Orange Republic. The main disturbances come from guerrilla fighting in Cape Colony. In such an enormous territory it is impossible, except by slow degrees, to put a stop to such raids. But it is clear that the Boers are being gradually worn out, and it is impossible to justify Mr. Viljoen's hopes of final success.

It must be a bit awkward for Arthur Lynch, "Colonel of the Second Irish Brigade of the Boer Army," as he was designated in the articles by him which we published last year, to take the seat in the British Parliament to which he has been elected. There is a bravado about his election which may be resisted. It is suggested that if he dares to set his foot in Great Britain he may be arrested for treason, but it is intimated in reply that he was not a fighter but a newspaper correspondent. Of course that is not true, for he frankly represented himself as a soldier and officer. Such a sentence as this is conclusive:

> "I had a great number of French, German, Russian and other officers, including a few counts and barons, who served me as troopers. . . . Personally, I was always treated with great consideration, and invariably invited to the council of war."

President Jordan may give outlandish names to Japanese fishes, but he has a straight out-from-the-shoulder way of using the English language. In his address at the memorial services in honor of President McKinley at Stanford University he said:

> **"Under democracy all violence is treason. Whosoever throws a stone at a scab teamster, whosoever fires a shot at the President of the United States is an enemy of the republic. He is guilty of high treason in his heart."**

Subsequent Insurance

By the report of a case in a federal court it appears that one E. C. Schmertz took out in the United States Life $20,000 of insurance on the 10-year renewable-term plan, and made two annual payments, mostly by notes, which must have been given to the agent and accepted by him as cash. These notes were paid, but the third annual payment he failed to provide for in any manner. The renewal receipt went back to the home office, and the policy was written off as lapsed. A little over a month afterward, Schmertz died, and his widow sued the company; she knew the money would be useful, and we may charitably suppose she did not quite know the facts or that she adopted a sort of inverted reasoning perhaps like this: if the renewal had been paid the company would have been obliged to settle, and so it could be no very great hardship to assume that it was really so. No case is so bad that some sort of a lawyer cannot be found to take it up, and this case found one, who advanced two pleas which must take high rank for novelty and assurance, to wit—that intent to pay on the part of Schmertz must be assumed, and so it was as if he had paid; next, that inasmuch as the policy was by its own terms incontestable after two years the company could not refuse to pay. The court, however, was not impressed by this argument, and directed a verdict for the company.

If anybody does not quickly perceive the absurdity of such a plea, consider a moment: incontestability after two years means that if premiums are paid the company will not contest the contract as void—it does not mean that payment of premiums is an immaterial condition for which an assumed "intent" can be substituted. When this man stopped payment he voluntarily declined further insurance. There have been a number of cases where men have tried to be not insured if they lived and insured if they died, and sometimes, out of a perhaps mistaken view of expediency, a company has permitted this; but from the Schmertz case only one step remains, to wit—strictly subsequent insurance, a claim being filed, against any company selected, for such amount as "would have been" taken if the event had been foreseen.

A German insurance company in Illinois has a firm of general agents in Texas who want business. They say they want it, and that they speak truthfully appears from a letter they have sent out to local agents, urging them to make the utmost exertions for the rest of the year and offering a triple commission on any increase of new business over that done in the corresponding part of a year ago. Quantity is called for, but the extra compensation means one of three things: that the compensation was too small last year; or that for some reason which is not apparent $3,000 of new business now is worth much more than three times what $1,000 was worth in 1900; or that the offer is beyond what can be afforded and is a loose and reckless one. Furthemore, quantity will probably be at the expense of quality. The agents say they want quality, will insist on it, and will scrutinize the business with unusual care; but they will need to—for the reward offered is for quantity, and anything which can be made to pass will count. The offer is an unsafe one, and the company will show itself unworthy of firm confidence unless such an offer is disavowed.

....The Equitable Life Assurance Society has just acquired one of the finest sites for building purposes in Paris. The site is an entire triangle, and it fronts on the Place de l'Opera, the Rue de la Paix and the Boulevard de Capucines. As most Americans know who have been to Paris, it is in the heart of the city, and the locality is expected to increase fast in value. It is understood that a building will be erected with the latest American methods of construction; and, as the frontage will be over 300 feet, one can imagine what a fine building it will be. It is said that the price paid for the property was more than $1,000,000. Mr. Alexander, the president of the Society, says that negotiations for the property have been going on for a long time. He added: "We have obtained absolutely the finest location in Paris, and it has no analogy in any other city in the world."

FINANCIAL

The Railway Project Opposed

THE project for harmonizing the interests of the capitalists who control the Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Burlington, Union Pacific, and Southern Pacific railroads is not to be carried through without objection. Governor Van Sant, of Minnesota, has decided to call a special session of the Legislature of that State for the enactment of additional laws to prevent the consolidation of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific. Members of the Legislature are so earnestly in sympathy with him that they offer to serve without pay. Westward along the lines of the two railroads public opinion appears to call for some action in the same direction by the Governors. The consolidation or combination of parallel and competing railways is prohibited by the Constitutions of North Dakota and Washington, and by the statutes of Montana. To the Governors of these States the Governor of Minnesota has addressed an invitation for a conference, asserting that the laws of Minnesota are being violated, and pointing out that the laws of these other States on the subject are substantially the same.

Those who made the new combination and created the Northern Securities Company do not appear to regard with any anxiety the result of the impending attack. It seems to us, however, that the Governors and Attorney-Generals and Legislatures of the States between Lake Superior and Puget Sound may subject the railway harmonizers to much annoyance, even if they do not succeed in preventing the consolidation. It is against what is practically a union of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific parallels that their efforts are directed, and not against the remainder of the project, which may eventually interest the Governors and the people of some other States. The combination or consolidation of the parallel roads is clearly forbidden by the laws of the northern tier of States, and a large majority of the people in those States think that these laws should be enforced.

The question has already been before the United States Supreme Court, in 1895, in the case of the protest against the attempt of the Great Northern at that time to obtain control of the Northern Pacific. The court held that the arrangement then proposed was in violation of the Minnesota statutes. It would "destroy any possible advantages the public might have through competition between the two lines." Whether or not the consolidation of competing lines had generally resulted in detriment to the public, the Court said, "it certainly puts the publice at the mercy of the corporation." Public sentiment, the Court added, rebels against attempts so to control traffic between points connected by competing roads. "The consolidation of these two great corporations," the Court also said, "will unavoidably result in giving the defendant a monopoly of all traffic in the northern half of Minnesota, as well as of all transcontinental traffic north of the line of the Union Pacific, against which public regulations will be but a feeble protection."

This decision, by which the constitutionality of the prohibitive statutes was sustained, and the railroads were declared to be subject to them, indicates that the new plan may encounter very serious opposition in Minnesota and other States traversed by the two great parallel railway systems of the Northwest.

Financial Items

VARIOUS coupons of the Southern Pacific Company, due December 1st, will be payable on December 2d at the office of the assistant treasurer, which has recently been removed to the Equitable Building, 120 Broadway.

....Deposits of more than 97 per cent. of the outstanding 6 per cent. second mortgage and income mortgage bonds, and of more than 86 per cent. of the stock (trustees' certificates), under the plan and agreement for the readjustment of the Mexican National Railroad Company having been assured, notice is given by Speyer & Co. and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. that the plan is declared operative. The time for further deposits without charge has been extended to November 30th.

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Survey of the World

The President's Course

The President has signed an order placing the rural free delivery employees under the civil service rules. It takes effect at once, so far as the clerks, special agents and route inspectors are concerned, but the 6,000 carriers will not be included until regulations for them shall have been made. Probably the people of each community served by carriers will be asked to nominate three men, one of whom will be appointed after the application of simple tests as to qualifications for the work. There has also been an extension of the classified service in the Indian Bureau. Hereafter, when an Indian agency is discontinued and the agent's duties are vested in the superintendent of a neighboring training school, the agent may be admitted to the classified service on such tests as the Commission shall prescribe. Governor Jenkins, of Oklahoma, has been removed because of his improper conduct in connection with the award of a contract for the care of the insane. He admitted that at his request the contracting company set aside $10,000 in stock to be given by him to his friends. His successor is Thomas B. Fugerson, of Watonga, editor, postmaster, and chairman of the Republican Territorial Committee. The appointment of George Lieberth to be Internal Revenue Collector in Kentucky, in place of Collector Commingore, has been suspended, owing to allegations that Lieberth is hostile to the principles of civil service reform, while Commingore is a supporter of them and has been a good officer. On the 23d ult., in Grace Reformed Church, where the President is accustomed to attend service, a sermon bitterly attacking the British policy in South Africa was delivered by the Rev. Herman Van Bruickhuizen, chaplain of the Transvaal Volksraad, who prayed that God "would give the President strength to intervene with Great Britain for the prevention of further murder and butchery of women and children in concentration camps." But Mr. Roosevelt was not present. It is reported that the contest over certain offices in Missouri has been decided against Richard C. Kerens, member of the National Committee, and in favor of the Republican Congressmen, who have the support of Secretary Hitchcock. It is said that Collector Smith will not be reappointed. For some time past Kerens has controlled appointments for substantially all of the Federal offices in the State, and he is intimately associated in politics with Senator Hanna and Mr. Payne, of the National Committee. On Saturday last the President went to see the football match in Philadelphia between the West Point and Annapolis teams. For the first half of the game he sat with the navy, and in the second half with the army. Throughout the contest he was a boy again, and at one time he was so deeply interested in the remarkable feat of a fine player that he left his box, leaped over the guard fence, and took a seat on the players' bench, where he cheered mightily. Among those who came up to see the game were Secretary Root, General Miles, Secretary Long, Admiral Dewey, General Wood and General Corbin. West Point was the winner by a score of 11 to 5.

Congress and Legislation

The Republicans of the House have renominated Speaker Henderson and the other chief officers of the preceding Congress. In the caucus Mr. Hepburn attacked the Reed rules again, but there were few to support him, and the rules were adopted, with some unimportant changes. In his speech Mr. Henderson warned the majority that they would be continually in great danger on account of the large surplus. He urged them to be conservative in appropriations. The Democratic caucus—in which Mr. Richardson was nominated again—was enlivened by a sharp debate over a long series of resolutions brought from New York by Mr. McClellan. These provided a policy for the party, calling for a revision of the tariff, for the suppression or control of trusts, for reciprocity (especially with Cuba), for the defeat of subsidy legislation, and for the ultimate self-government of the Filipinos. They said nothing about gold and silver; therefore Mr. Ball, of Texas, gave notice that he would offer the Kansas City platform as a substitute. Democrats from Northeastern States asserted that the party could never win on that platform. The resolutions were referred to a committee which will report to another caucus on January 10th. In the House the Republican majority, which was 13 at the beginning of the preceding Congress, is now 39. The current gossip at Washington assumes that the new canal treaty will be ratified and that a canal bill will be promptly passed. It is apparent that the pending treaties of reciprocity and also the projected treaty with Cuba will be strongly opposed. Leading members of the committees to which tariff and other revenue questions are referred express the opinion that the tariff ought not to be modified either by revision or commercial treaties. Mr. Babcock will introduce again his bill to cut down or repeal the duties on such products as are made by the Steel Corporation. The tendency of the Ways and Means Committee will be to reduce the war revenue taxes. The prominent forces arrayed against a treaty of reciprocity with Cuba will be the producers of beet sugar in the West, the cane planters of Louisiana, Hawaii and Porto Rico, the growers of tobacco and other protectionists in sympathy with these. Mr. Grosvenor opposes the treaty, he says, because we have done a great deal for the Cubans and don't owe them anything. Against such influences will be opposed those who agree with Secretary Root and General Wood, and the Western sentiment in favor of tariff reduction. The recent consolidation of railroads is the subject of much discussion, but legislation on this question is not foreshadowed, altho it is said that some support will be given to a bill allowing railroad pools and at the same time empowering the Commission to fix or regulate rates. Occasionally the opinion is heard that recent events point to Government control or even ownership. The movement to secure generous Government aid for irrigation will be renewed. No additional support has been gained for the Ship Subsidy bill, but there will be an attempt to pass it. The Census Bureau will submit interesting figures concerning the negro population of voting age in the South, and the votes counted at recent elections. These will be used in speeches calling for a reduction of Southern representation in the House.

Secretary Root's Recommendations

The most important of the annual reports from the Departments is that of Secretary Root. From 103,150 a year ago, the number of officers and enlisted men in the army had been reduced to 84,513 on September 25th, and since that time has fallen to 77,287. The canteen law has been enforced, but reports from officers indicate, the Secretary says, that the effect of it is unfortunate. Sufficient time has not elapsed, however, to give the statute a fair trial. It is again urged—and reasons are given at length—that Congress should provide for a General Staff, of which the War College Board shall be a part. The importance of thorough and broad military education for officers is pointed out, and a comprehensive plan is set forth, including special service schools, the Staff College and finally the War College. Each officer's record should be carefully kept, in order that his ability may have due recognition. The schools should be open to officers of the National Guard. A new law for the militia is suggested.

The National Guard should be armed with the arms used by the regular army, and should be available as a first reserve. Provision should be made for the instruction of it by officers of the regular army, and for the attendance of its officers at the encampments and the college at Fort Leavenworth. In the passages of the report relating to Cuba the Secretary argues earnestly and forcibly for a treaty of reciprocity with that island. The Cuban planters, he says, relying upon favorable and generous treatment from this country, have made strenuous efforts to revive the sugar industry. All they had or could borrow they invested in the industry, upon which more than half the inhabitants depend, and this year's crop will be about 800,000 tons. The prosperity of the industry means peace and good order; its failure points to disorder and even anarchy. It is "a duty of the highest obligation," the Secretary says, to reduce our duties on sugar in a treaty of reciprocity with Cuba. Aside from the moral obligation and the commercial advantages involved, there are the weightiest reasons of public policy in favor of such an agreement. The subject, in the Secretary's opinion, calls for "the earliest possible action" by Congress. A large part of the report is given up to a review of the year's events in the Philippines, including a summary of the Commission's report, the laws enacted, etc. The Secretary recommends that the State should buy the friars' lands (403,000 acres) and offer them on reasonable terms to the present tenants and other natives. The law restricting the granting of franchises and of timber and mining privileges is disapproved. In the archipelago there are 51,000,000 acres of forest, only 3 per cent. of which is private property, and 99 per cent. of the annual growth goes to waste. "The progress of good government" on the islands in the past year, the Secretary remarks, has been "greater than the most sanguine Americans familiar with the obstacles to be overcome could have anticipated." The Department's expenditures were $143,910,000, of which $105,702,000 was for the army and Military Academy, and $31,000,000 for public works. Congress is informed that new buildings are needed at West Point in place of those now in use there.

Other Department Reports

The Postmaster-General shows that, altho at the beginning of the year there were only 1,276 rural delivery routes, the number is now 6,000. By the end of the current fiscal year there will be 8,600, serving one-fourth of the people who will eventually be reached by the rural carriers. The number of those to whom mail is now thus delivered is about 4,000,000. The city free delivery —employing 16,389 carriers and serving 32,000,000 people—has now become self-sustaining. Last year's postal receipts were $111,631,193, and the excess of expenditure was $3,923,727, against $5,385,000 for the year preceding. Much is said about the great burden of second-class mail matter, which is two-thirds of the total weight of matter carried, but yields only 4 per cent. of the revenue. The cost of carrying it is said to be $21,000,000, while the receipts are only $4,292,000. In this class, the report says, one cent a pound is now paid on 200,000,000 pounds of matter that should be in the third-class at 8 cents a pound. The Interior Department reports that there are now on the pension rolls 997,735 names (the largest number yet reached), and that 403,000 claims are pending. By those who served in the war with Spain 45,710 claims have already been filed; 477 were received from one volunteer regiment of 990 men that was in the service six months. Secretary Hitchcock defends and warmly praises Commissioner Evans, saying to the veteran soldiers that "they have no more sincere friend." During the year, lands were allotted in severalty to 8,857 Indians. Hereafter the Government will require those so receiving land to do something for their own support, and rations will be withheld from such land-holders who are able to make a living. Hereafter, also, only a common school education will be given in any Government school on or outside of a reservation. In the fiscal year, 15,562,000 acres (an increase of 2,108,000) of public land were disposed of, and the receipts were nearly $5,000,000. The Secretary of Agriculture points out the value of the official inspection of food animals and meats in promoting the export trade, which amounted last year to $250,000,000 in animals and animal products. The ex-

ports of agricultural products of all kinds were $950,000,000, or more by $90,000,000 than in any preceding year. Interesting accounts are given of the successful introduction of Japanese rice and macaroni wheats; of the discovery of remedies for diseases of trees, plants and fruit; and of the results of irrigation. The Secretary asks for the repeal of the Desert Land act. Concerning expenditures for irrigation in the arid region he says the States should begin by their own legislation as a first step toward national aid.

Decision of Philippine Case

When the cases relating to Porto Rico were decided by the Supreme Court, a decision in the only similar case involving the customs relations between the United States and the Philippines was deferred. The court has now announced its decision in this case of "Pepke *vs.* the United States," which originated in a protest against the collection of the tariff duty on fourteen diamond rings brought to this country by a soldier in the Philippines. By the close vote of 5 to 4 the Supreme Court has reversed the decision of the lower court and has decided that just as soon as the Philippines ceased to be Spanish territory they became domestic territory, and the resolution adopted by Congress concerning the Philippines does not alter the situation. The dissenting Justices were Gray, Shiras, White and McKenna. As we understand this decision it gives absolute free trade between the United States and the Philippines, at least until Congress shall pass an act, like the Foraker act for Porto Rico, organizing the government of those islands. By another decision the constitutionality of the law of April 12, providing for the collection of duty on articles shipped from the United States to Porto Rico, was sustained. The decision says that goods thus taken to Porto Rico are not exports, and the so-called duty is simply a form of internal taxation within the power of Congress.

Labor Controversies

The war upon non-union miners in Kentucky has been interrupted by the enforcement of a court's order against a camp in which 300 armed union men had been living for some weeks. Two companies of militia marched against this camp, and twenty men who still lingered there were taken to jail. At last accounts, however, the fugitives had returned and were erecting wooden barracks where the tents had been standing. This controversy has been in progress for a year. Non-union labor is employed in the mines that have been attacked, and the camps have been established by union men, whose purpose is to intimidate both the miners and the owners of the property. Several lives have been lost in assaults by night upon the mine buildings, which are constantly guarded by armed men. The strike of the switchmen in the freight yards of the New Haven Railroad Company at New York, which for a time seriously interfered with the movement of freight, has come to nothing. The grievance was the discharge of the assistant manager of the yard. The men demanded that he be restored to his place, but they could get no support from labor organizations. Another strike of switchmen in the Pittsburg yards, on a demand for increased pay, promises to be a failure, because the trainmen withhold support. Interference with freight traffic in and near that city, however, has deprived more than 10,000 men in the steel factories of work for a time, altho the number of the strikers is less than two hundred.

Cuba and Porto Rico

General Maso's appeal to the negroes has drawn a sharp response from the followers of Palma, among whom are some prominent representatives of the colored race. At a great meeting in Havana, General Gomez presiding, a negro attacked Maso for raising in the campaign the question of color, and also for exciting opposition to the Platt amendment. The Spaniards, he added, whom Maso called autonomists, were really traitors. At another meeting, in Guanabacoa, a negro, speaking for Palma, denied that the latter desired annexation. Cuba could not be annexed, he said, because one-third of the inhabitants were negroes, who were "not willing to expose themselves to be toasted like bacon, as the Yankees treated negroes in the United States." The Maso leaders have asked President Roosevelt to require strict impartiality

on the part of American officers during the campaign; and Secretary Root has replied that they have been strictly impartial, and will continue to be so. General Wood has bought for our Government a tract of 200 acres near Santiago, including San Juan Hill, Bloody Bend and other parts of the San Juan battlefield. He is now in Washington, at the invitation of Secretary Root, to assist in supporting before Congress the Secretary's urgent recommendation concerning a treaty of reciprocity. In published interviews he points to the progress made under American military rule, and says that without tariff concessions from this country it will be impossible to maintain the advance in sanitation and education, or to avoid disorder. But under the provisions of a good reciprocal agreement, Cuba's imports might be increased from $80,000,000 to $200,000,000, and her population would be greatly enlarged, as the island is capable of supporting 12,000,000 people.—In Porto Rico, the labor agitator Iglesias, having been released on bail, is organizing the unions as parts of the Federation of Labor. San Juan rejoices over the sale, to bidders in New York, of $600,000 of municipal bonds (to run twenty years at 6 per cent.) for $618,375. The President has signed the new concession for the construction of two lines of railway—one from San Juan to Port America and the other from Aguadilla to Encanada Honda. There are now 982 schools open, and in every one the English language is taught. Money is needed for the instruction of 100,000 children, in addition to the 50,000 now attending school; and Commissioner Brumbaugh asserts that with adequate provision for education the island can be thoroughly Americanized in ten years.

Colombia Early last week there were two days of severe fighting on the Isthmus, in which the Government forces seemed to gain the advantage. In the latter part of the week, however, Colon was surrendered by the insurgents to General Alban, commander of the Government troops. The reasons for the surrender are obscure. It has been said in some quarters that both sides found it inexpedient to fight near the Panama Railroad, because there was too much danger of getting into trouble with us, who by treaty have guaranteed to keep the road open. It will be remembered that the United States refused to allow the Government forces to bombard Colon, on the ground that it would intercept traffic; nor, for the same reason, would we allow the insurgents to attack the Government troops near the railroad. The Government of Colombia was rather angry at us at one time, because we would not allow troops to be transported on the trains, but now this feeling has passed, since the surrender of Colon was evidently brought about by the captains of our war ships acting in conjunction with the British and French captains. The insurgents delivered over the city of Colon to the Americans, who, in turn, delivered it to the Government amid great cheering on the part of the populace, which in South America always acts the part of the Greek chorus, while the insurgents, at the lowering of the flag, burst into tears. Tho the surrender of Colon was a severe blow to the Liberal cause, the insurrection is by no means over, for the Liberals still hold much territory. It seems to be admitted everywhere, except in some Continental papers, that the United States has in no sense violated the spirit or letter of her treaty rights in landing troops on the Isthmus. It was, however, disagreeable business for us, and it is creditable that we have come out of it without any further trouble. Looking to the future, we should say that the war is likely to go on for some time yet. General Reyes, the delegate from Colombia to the Pan-American Congress, is on his way to Washington, where he will consult as to the best way of bringing about peace in Colombia. It is said that he is the only Colombian who has the respect of both Liberals and Conservatives, and they could both probably unite on him.

Papal Bull for the Philippines It is announced that during December the Pope will issue a bull addressed through Archbishop Nozaleda, who is now in Rome, to the Catholic Church in the Philippines. This bull will establish four or five new sees, in addition to the five now established. The present bishops will be retained, and the

clergy, secular and regular, remain as at present, with new regulations as to clerical education, etc. A provincial council is to be called, and the enactments of the Latin-American Council held in Rome in 1899 will be applied, so far as may be, to the Philippines. Archbishop Nozaleda says the changes will not be many or serious, so that no great difficulty is expected in the reorganization, and that no trouble is anticipated from the American authorities. Archbishop Chapelle has received from the Pope a warm letter of approval and thanks for his successful accomplishment of his mission as Papal Delegate to the Philippines, and he will soon return from Rome, where he has been for some months, with Archbishop Nozaleda, in consultation with the authorities of the Church, and resume his duties as Archbishop of New Orleans, while Archbishop Sbaretti goes from Havana as Papal Delegate to the Philippines.

Acts of Parliament

Some of the further legislative acts of last year's Parliament may be briefly summarized. The Army Act continues the old preamble to the effect that "the raising of a standing army within the United Kingdom in time of peace, unless it be with the consent of Parliament, is against law," and provides that an army ought to be continued consisting of 450,000 men, exclusive of those serving in India. This number is 20,000 more than was authorized last year. In 1793 the number of troops maintained was 135,181, at an estimated expense of £5,580,214. In 1796 the number rose to over 217,000 men; in 1811 it was only 84,801, and in 1815 it was 204,386, exclusive of men in India. The Military Works Act authorizes an addition of £6,352,500 for military works, making a total of over £15,000,000. The distribution of this expenditure is given in a detailed schedule. Thus, defense works take £750,000, Salisbury Plain Barracks £460,000, and so on. The Youthful Offenders' Act carries the earlier measures in regard to juvenile offenders one step further, and fixes a parent with liability for the misdeeds of his child. Children—that is, those under twelve—and young persons—that is, those under sixteen—if convicted of trivial offenses may be sentenced to be whipped, but are not to be sent to industrial schools. If they are charged with any offense for which a fine or costs may be imposed by a justice of the peace, and if there is reason to believe that their parents or guardians are responsible by neglect for the commission of the offense, the parents or guardians may be summoned and tried with them and may be ordered to pay the fine or to give security for the good behavior of the child or young person. The Education Act introduces no new element, but establishes in Scotland practically the same requirements in regard to the education of children as have been in force in England. The Intoxicating Liquors Act makes penal the sale of any intoxicating liquor by a licensed person to a child under fourteen, with certain necessary restrictions which come into effect when the child buys not for his own consumption. In the Public Libraries Act a number of measures have been introduced to limit the liability of directors and to make easier the rejection from a public library of persons who for any reason are objectionable. Ten years ago the number of public libraries in England was 209 and there are a much greater number to-day. One measure of the act provides that notice shall be given of the establishment of every new library, so that statistics of them may be kept. The Militia and Yeomanry Act makes the number of militia, including the 50,000 reserve, to keep below the limit of 182,879, and appropriates £2,662,000 for the militia for the current financial year. The Finance Act did not receive the royal assent until July 26th, which is the latest date but one in seven years. Like all finance acts, however, it is retrospective and is in force back to the date of the budget resolutions of the House of Commons, which it carries into effect—that is, to the preceding April in this case. The customs duty on tea is continued the same as in 1900—that is, six pence per pound. This is an increase of two pence over the older duty. And in like manner the additional customs are kept on tobacco, beer and spirits. The income tax is imposed from April 6th at an increase of two pence on the shilling rate, to which it was raised from eight pence in 1899. The new rate is only two pence less than the tax of

1855, imposed for the purposes of the Crimean War. A new duty is imposed on exported coal at the rate of a shilling a ton, a rebate being allowed only on coal whose value free on board does not exceed six shillings per ton. This tax approaches somewhat the nature of an indirect prohibition. Taking into account the increasing volume of exportation over the 58½ millions of tons now annually exported, it is estimated that the remaining available supply of 92 thousand million tons in the known coal field areas would be exhausted in about 83 years. The Appropriations Act appropriates for various kinds of expenditure sums amounting in the aggregate to over £172,000,000. The following items will give an idea of the whole:

Navy, £30,875,500; Army, £87,915,000 (including £2,662,000 for the Militia, £375,000 for the Yeomanry, and £1,230,000 for the Volunteers, nearly £16,000,000 for transport and remounts, £119,200 for military education, etc.); Army (Ordnance Factories), £345,000; Education, £9,747,716; Gladstone statue, £2,100; National Portrait Gallery, including a grant in aid for the purchase of portraits, £5,644; Foreign and other Secret Services, £65,000; Land Registry Office, £38,193; Fishery Board for Scotland and grants in aid of piers and quays, £18,545; Local Government Board in Ireland, £66,182; grant in aid of revenues of Transvaal and Orange River Colony, £6,500,000; repayment of loans advanced through the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation to the Viceroy of Wu-chang, £75,000.

A Fatal Duel in Germany

An occurrence of the most disagreeable character has forced the whole question of duelling on the attention of Germany. In the garrison town of Insterburg a certain Lieutenant Blaskowitz invited a number of officers to a farewell bachelor dinner at the Casino. There was much drinking of toasts, as is the custom, and much other drinking, and when the dinner was ended Lieutenant Blaskowitz went with several companions to a neighboring restaurant and there continued his drinking. When they reached the outer air on starting for home the prospective bridegroom sank to the ground in a stupor. In this state he was discovered by Lieutenant Hildebrandt and another officer, who helped the young man home. They left him at the door, but, feeling uncertain as to his ability to enter the door, they returned after a while only to find Blaskowitz again prostrate. In their attempt to raise him they excited his temper, and he struck out wildly with his fists, hitting Lieutenant Hildebrandt in the eye. The next day Blaskowitz went to his sister's house, where the wedding was to be, only to receive a telegram summoning him to appear before a "Court of Honor." It was there brought out that Blaskowitz did not recognize his fellow officers at the time of the scrimmage, but thought he was being robbed. He was quite ready to apologize for the offense, but the Court decided that he could not apologize for a matter which he did not remember. The Court also forbade the two men to shake hands, and insisted that a duel be fought between them. In the encounter Lieutenant Blaskowitz was shot, and died from the wound. His antagonist has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment by a court martial. As regards the Court of Honor, it will be recalled that on January 1st, 1897, Emperor William issued an imperial mandate appealing to officers of the army to avoid duelling as an ungentlemanly and vicious practice. At the same time the military Ehrenrath (Court of Honor) was armed with greater powers, and made responsible for maintaining the *esprit de corps* and shielding the honor of officers. Unfortunately the Emperor's actual words had an effect somewhat contrary to what they were perhaps intended to convey. He said in his mandate:

"I desire that duels between my officers be avoided more than heretofore. The causes are frequently of a trivial nature, such as private quarrels and offenses for which a peaceful adjustment is possible without a sacrifice or injury to honor. An officer must regard as unjust the attacking of another's honor. Has he committed an error in this respect, either through haste or excitement, he proves his chivalry by not clinging to his error, but by arriving at a mutual understanding and proffering his hand. No less is the one who has been subjected to mortification or offense obliged to accept the offered hand as far as honor and good morals permit."

This last clause really imposes the task of deciding disputes on the Courts of Honor, and these courts, as in the present case, have not always shown a pacificatory nature.—The duel has come up in the Reichstag, and has caused a

good deal of comment everywhere. November 27th, Herr Bassermann, National Liberal, interpellated the Government, and asked what the Government was doing to prevent duels in the future. The Minister of War, General von Gossler, replied that the Emperor had investigated the case, and had declared that the Court of Honor transgressed the spirit of the imperial mandate in ordering the duel. General von Gossler added:

"We can only be very grateful to the Emperor for having with his wonted energy indicated the right course to be pursued. An officer, like any citizen, is subject to the penal provisions of the law. The army is not the nursery of duels. In 1897 there were four duels in the army; in 1898 three, in 1899 eight, in 1900 four, and in 1901 five. This shows that a good tone predominates among the officers. In civilian circles a duel is not regarded with the seriousness with which it is viewed in the army. We must publicly recognize the fact that officers, as a rule, meet insults with dignity and composure."

Trade of Korea

The report of Mr. Gubbins, British *Chargé d'Affaires* at Seoul, shows that Korean commerce, despite the convulsions of the neighboring countries, is in a flourishing condition. The opening of Mr. Gubbins's report explains the general situation:

"In his report on the trade of Korea for the year 1894, His Majesty's Consul-General remarked that the unfavorable anticipations formed as to the future of trade in that year, owing to the progress of the China-Japan war, had, fortunately, not been realized. Similarly, with regard to the trade of 1900, it is satisfactory to be able to note that in spite of the troubles in China the value of the total trade of Korea for the year under review has not only not decreased, but has exceeded that of any previous year. This result is explained to a large extent by the fact that, altho the export of Korean produce to China, which is in Chinese hands, decreased, and importations of foreign goods by Chinese merchants likewise diminished, these disadvantages were more than counterbalanced by the stimulus to the export of Korean cereals by the interruption of the export trade of Newchwang, and by the demand for food supplies for the foreign troops employed in military operations in China."

In fact, the trade of Korea has more than doubled since 1895, and the increase in value for 1900 over 1899 was £694,156. The exact figures are: 1899, £2,207,467; 1900, £2,901,623. The five chief exports are rice, beans, hides, ginseng and gold, among which the largest increase was in rice. It is, however, no longer true, as was formerly the case, that the amounts of all importations rise and fall with the amount of rice imported. The exports of ginseng, wheat, copper and dried fish to Japan have all expanded. In comparison with the exports the imports have shown very little increase, and even this has not been in favor of Great Britain. British cotton goods have fallen off heavily, while in Japanese goods of the kind the increase amounted to £69,158. Mr. Gubbins explains the situation thus:

"This increase in the importation of Japanese cotton goods has taken place mainly at Chemulpo and Wonsan. The Acting Commissioner of Customs at the latter port points out that the import trade of the port in Japanese piece-goods has increased from £38,223 in the year 1889 to £56,679 in 1900. The lesson taught by these figures is, he thinks, instructive. Till 1894 British shirtings practically monopolized the market. After the war there was a largely increased demand for foreign piece-goods, an opportunity the Japanese seized by pushing their goods, which are made in imitation of the strong native material, the pattern and texture of which are copied so closely that the imported goods are hardly distinguishable from those of native manufacture."

A prominent cause of the great increase of importations from Japan was the closing of the North China market owing to the troubles in China. This forced the Japanese manufacturers to sell off their goods at the best price obtainable. The import of American kerosene has remained stationary; Japanese oil, the quality of which is rapidly improving, has increased; while Russian and Sumatran oils have dropped out of sight. The importation of kerosene from the United States has given rise to a new tin industry, the tins in which the oil is brought in furnishing the material for the tinsmiths. The importation of quinine from Germany amounted to £8,000 last year. In 1895 the only three open ports were Chemulpo, Fusan and Wonsan, whose percentage of the foreign trade was respectively 57, 23 and 20 per cent. In 1900 the ratio was, respectively, 48, 25½, 11.

The San Francisco Election

By the Hon. Eugene E. Schmitz

Mayor-Elect of San Francisco

[Mr. Schmitz has just been elected Mayor of San Francisco in a most sensational three-cornered fight. His election is a triumph of the wage earners and his nomination was the result of the recent great strike of the teamsters, machinists and longshoremen. A full ticket was put in the field against the Democrats and Republicans, and Mr. Schmitz won by 10,000 plurality over the Republican nominee. He is by profession an orchestra leader, and as delegate from the Musical Union first became interested in organized labor.—Editor.]

TEN months ago the successful campaign of a hastily organized labor party would have been regarded as an impossibility. To-day San Francisco realizes that the efforts of the working classes at decent and intelligent organization for political purposes will always meet with the approval, not only of the working people as a class, but of all good citizens, be they capitalists or laborers. The election of myself as Mayor of this prosperous, growing city, was not the result of "class politics," as was intimated by the disgruntled ones in the ranks of the opposition, but a spontaneous movement for better government for the people and by the people.

My aim shall be in conducting the affairs of the city to be the representative of all and not the few. Capital in the legitimate pursuit of investment shall be protected so long as I have it in my power to give such protection. On the other hand, aggressive capital shall not militate against the wage-workers to the detriment of that very large percentage of our population. The relation between capital and labor is a matter that should not be susceptible to violent agitation. The one is dependent upon the other, and strained conditions cannot be other than the result of lack of careful and mature consideration of the questions of ethics or politics involved in the controversy. The best interests of labor are incorporated in the best interests of capital, and abuses that arise may, in my opinion, be easily settled by arbitration, if both parties will meet on neutral ground, and let good judgment supersede appeals to passion.

The laboring elements of San Francisco were, of course, my sturdy adherents, and their strong, loyal aid carried me to victory. These citizens were assisted by the rank and file of men who work for wages—clerks, bookkeepers, etc., who, tho in many cases representing no union, were nevertheless imbued with the belief that the time had come for a government that would represent the masses in preference to those parties that for some time in this community seemed to have been dominated by the few, and whose supremacy was made possible by men in all classes of life who voted for them through the lack of something better to vote for. When the Union Labor Party, the party of all the people, came into the field it grew until it developed a strength in every district of the city. Rich and poor men alike voted for its candidate for Mayor. In the districts where stately mansions denote wealth and absolute comfort the head of the ticket held its own strength, and in sections where the poor man's humble home stands the popular sentiment was still more emphasized by a solid vote for the labor ticket.

I have appreciation of the scope and dignity of the office of Mayor of San Francisco. The city's future is bright in prospects for the people whose toil has built it up. The recently adopted charter gives the Mayor great power. Through the Board of Supervisors he may suggest new laws and remedy abuses threatened by new laws, if they promise to be bad. He has power over the finances of the municipality to a large extent, and can prevent the injudicious use of the people's money. For every dollar taken from the people for taxes they have a right to demand a dollar's worth of service in return. Official good conduct and public improvement should be the standard of value to live up to in this respect. A municipal government is nothing more nor less than a business institution, and should be operated on business principles without regard to the wishes of those

who might desire to divert its income to questionable channels in payments of what the old-time wire pullers would call "political debts." The dollar that is spent for partisan purposes is a dollar stolen from the people.

In the charter of the city is the following provision that has particularly drawn my attention:

> "It is hereby declared to be one of the purposes and intentions of the people of the city and county that its public utilities shall be gradually acquired and ultimately owned by the city and county."

This provision agrees with a similar provision in the platform of the party that nominated me. I believe in the policy outlined by the framers of the charter and agreed in by my party people, for the reason that the doctrine of public ownership is one that stands for advancement and has been proven by some of the most progressive communities in the world to be in the interest of men of all classes. Private ownership has provoked class legislation. It has also resulted in excessive charges and of disregard of the people's wishes, and wherever there has been a contest between the people and the private owners the result has generally been adverse to the interests of the masses. Franchises for the conduct of private utilities are a menace to proper legislation when granted to corporations. The natural greed of men leads those who have secured vast wealth by means of property used generally by the public to attempt the corruption of members of legislative bodies and offer a bait to professional politicians who are in politics merely for what money there is in it.

If, on taking my office as Mayor, I find that the people of the city are inclined toward the policy of acquirement of public utilities, I shall further the acquisition of the same as rapidly as is within my power.

In making appointments I think it is the duty of every man in power to be guided entirely by the result of his investigations and not through individual or collective influence. I shall appoint the best men I can secure, who appear to have had experience in local municipal affairs, or the brains quickly to acquire such experience. I am going to give the taxpayers a conservative administration, and no one need fear that unfavorable conditions in the city government will frighten capital from investing. I shall do all in my power to insure the safety of all the people. Both employee and employer shall be treated alike.

One reason for discontent among the workingmen of this city has been that they have felt that they have not been a party to the municipal government, but that, on the contrary, their interests have been made subservient to those of the wealthy. They have wished for fair government for all and not legislation for the few. With the object in view of living up to the principle involved in "the voice of the majority" as a rule for the government of a city I shall take my seat in the Mayor's office.

Had I been Mayor during the recent commercial disturbance caused by the strike I should have tried to hold an even balance between the contending factions and do justice to both sides. In my instructions to the Chief of Police I should have expressed my wish that the forces of the department remain strictly neutral and use their power only when the laws of the city were violated by either class of citizens. I would not have allowed policemen to act as guides for trucks, nor would I have countenanced any efforts on the part of the department to assist as warehousemen and shipping clerks. If policemen during my term are charged by citizens with indiscriminate clubbing or any other offense toward the people, I shall see that they are brought before the proper authorities and tried with all fairness. The investigation, however, shall be most rigid, and the verdict shall be strictly upon the merits of the case.

Trades unionism, I recognize, is in process of evolution, and I believe the efforts of capital could be wisely employed in molding it into that happy state where labor and capital shall reach a perfect understanding. If capital will direct its attention to this phase of the situation I am confident that the unions will meet it in a spirit of fairness and that permanent commercial peace will result.

San Francisco, Cal.

The Emancipation of Mrs. Piper

By Andrew Lang

SOMEBODY has sent me the New York *Herald* for October 20th. It contains joyful news, the tidings of the Emancipation of Mrs. Piper. For many years this lady of Boston has been the subject of experiments by some members of the Society of Psychical Research. The results were tedious in an extreme degree. Mrs. Piper used to fall, or seem to some to fall, into a trance. She then spoke, or wrote, very mournful and incoherent matter, which purported to be communications made by the dead to their living friends. These vague and vapid utterances were written down and printed, and duty compelled me to read the records. Mrs. Piper now informs the world, through the newspaper, that she has emancipated herself from the Society of Psychical Research; and that, as far as she can form an opinion, there is no valid reason for thinking that she ever communicated with the dead at all. Of course, she cannot know any more about it than you or I. We cannot tell what our minds are about when we are asleep, for the most part, and the same, I suppose, holds good of our minds in trances. As I never saw any reason to suppose that Mrs. Piper was in touch with disincarnate souls, as I said so in print, and as she kindly quotes me with approval, I rejoice to find that Mrs. Piper and I are, so far, agreed on a point of scientific interest. Dr. Hodgson, who spent much time and energy in studying Mrs. Piper, announced (1898) his belief that the dead "have directly communicated with us . . . through Mrs. Piper's entranced organism." If the evidence sufficed for him in 1898, it may still suffice. Mrs. Piper knows nothing about what happens when she is in a trance: her opinion is no better than Tom's, Dick's, or Harry's, but her opinion, like my own, is that she and the dead have nothing to do with each other. *Tant mieux pour les morts.*

It is pleasant to see a delicate point in psychological science copiously discussed in a popular Sunday newspaper. This must "expedite progress." I wish to offer a few criticisms on the statements. I have never been a member of the Society for Psychical Research ("S. P. R."), but I have followed its proceedings. The author in the *Herald* is wrong, if he will pardon me, in saying that the Society has based on Mrs. Piper "its claim of communication with those beyond the grave." The Society makes no such claim. It merely published Dr. Hodgson's personal acceptance of the claim, he speaking for himself alone. The Society also published the papers in which Mrs. Henry Sidgwick and I myself criticised Dr. Hodgson's belief, or theory, with which we did not agree. The Society is no more of one unanimous opinion on this or any other point than, say, is the Folk Lore Society, which impartially publishes both my theories and those of Mr. Hartland. As a matter of fact, a vote taken among the members of the S. P. R. would show the absolute diversity of opinion, and no opinion is "official," as the Society in its "Proceedings" warns the reader. The Folk Lore Society might as justly be made responsible for my theories as the S. P. R. for those of Dr. Hodgson, or any of its members. To state the reverse is to misjudge the Society.

Mrs. Piper's account of herself differs, in important particulars, from the account given in sequel by the *Herald*. She was asked: "Were you ever thrown in contact with mediums or spiritualists before you took up this work?" "I never knew anything about mediums or spiritualism." This varies from the statement originally published by the S. P. R. Moreover, the *Herald* avers, "she says she went to consult J. R. Cocke, a blind medium, for medical advice," that she became partly unconscious, and, next week, fell into a trance. If what Mrs. Piper is here reported to say is true, her trances began at a mediumistic *séance*, and continued. She was at first in touch with a medium. Mrs. Piper says that, when first examined by the S. P. R. "the thought of making it" (the experiment)

"a remunerative occupation never once occurred to me, altho since then I have, as a matter of fact, done so." But the *Herald* says that before the S. P. R. took up Mrs. Piper she was acting as a paid medium at a dollar for each sitting. "Friends brought friends, and each one paid a dollar to hear what Mrs. Piper could reveal to her of her past, present, or future, while in one of these queer sleeps." While Mrs. Piper was thus giving dollar sittings, says the *Herald,* Professor James heard of her, and introduced her to the S. P. R. She was a common paid professional divineress (if the *Herald* is right) before the S. P. R. ever heard of her. She may not, when *awake,* have called herself a "medium" between the living and the dead. But in her trances she asserted the agency of an incredible dead doctor, one Phinuit, who spoke by her voice. As is well known, some men of science who viewed her denied that, on some of these occasions, she was in a trance at all. Professor Macalister wrote:

> "She is quite wide awake enough all through to profit by suggestion. . . . Mrs. Piper is not anæsthetic during the so-called trance, and if you ask my private opinion, it is that the whole thing is an imposture and a poor one."*

An eminent American man of letters lately gave me a similar and most amusing account of his own experiences with Mrs. Piper. Now, if these and some other observers are right, Mrs. Piper, at least in some of her trances, was wide awake, and practiced "an imposture and a poor one." If so, what does it matter what Mrs. Piper says, entranced or not entranced?

There remains the fact that many eminent men (Principal Oliver Lodge, Professor William James, M. Bourget and others), with people of sense known to myself were quite unable to account, by fraud or other normal means, for the knowledge occasionally exhibited by the entranced Mrs. Piper. No amount of spying could detect her in the search for information to be used in her trances. All vouched for her honorable character when not entranced. On this evidence, granting it for the sake of argument, I could only infer (as Mrs. Piper quotes me) that she knew what she did know either by "muscle-reading" (interpreting the involuntary muscular movements of her clients' hands which she held) or by telepathy, if there is such a thing. There was no indication, I thought, that the dead had anything to do with the business. I never could see why Mrs. Piper was allowed to hold her client's hands, like a pin-hunter at a show. It is not permitted in the Society's experiments in "thought transference." It vitiated the whole experiment. As to telepathy, private experiments with ladies and gentlemen of my friends had led me to believe that something called by that name probably exists, the probability at least warranting further examination. But that idea does not involve the agency of the dead.

Mrs. Piper now "confidently believes in a grand altho mysterious reality in the phenomenon," "an awful summat." In fact, she thinks that something which might be called telepathy for want of a better name may be the cause of her possession of knowledge, in her trances, which she does not possess when wide awake. She was led to disbelief in communications from "spirits" (if ever she entertained it) by reading the papers in the S. P. R. Proceedings, including one of my own. If she has exhibited, asleep, knowledge which, awake, she does not and cannot possess, then, as she quotes me, "there is something here into which it may not be a waste of time to inquire."

Obviously, if once we grant that the minds of the living can communicate from a distance with the minds of the living, in no recognized normal way, we make it almost impossible to prove communication to the living from the dead. What is communicated must either be known to the living, or not. If known to a living mind in Alaska the knowledge may reach a living mind in Madagascar by the hypothesis of telepathy. Or the fact may be described by some unexplained extension of the faculties of the living seer, as Hegel and the author of the biblical Book of Kings supposed. The agency of the dead is not needed. But if the knowledge is unknown to any living mind how can we demonstrate that it is true? The demonstration is impossible. A., moribund, leaves a sealed packet containing a message, and the

* Proceedings, S. P. R. VI. 605, 606.

packet is deposited in the Smithsonian Institute. B., a medium, professes to reveal the contents of the packet by aid of information from the spirit of A., who is now dead. B. has never yet succeeded in doing this. But if B. did succeed, every one would say: "Oh, A., while alive, told the secret to some living person who told B." We should be reduced to a wrangle about the good faith of A. and his friends. Once more, if B. uttered, as from the deceased A. a string of prophecies, all fulfilled, we should still have no proof that the prophecies came from the defunct A. The living B. might be "second-sighted." Thus, tho individuals may have, indeed have had, experiences which convinced them, personally, that they were in touch with the disincarnate dead, there can never be proof adequate for a scientific verdict in the affirmative. The hypotheses of clairvoyance, telepathy and second sight, not to mention fraud, would all be more readily accepted than the action of the dead if the evidence became overpowering as to the facts.

In studying the evidence as to Mrs. Piper's entranced revelations, one sees that many of her clients believed because they wished to believe. In many other cases the so-called spirit tried to cheat, and to extract from the client the information which was to be returned to the client. In other cases the knowledge displayed seemed unaccountable to men so acute as Professor James and M. Bourget, as he himself informed me. I never myself saw Mrs. Piper when she was in England. If she was an impostor, she did not interest me; if she was "telepathic," I have seen that kind of thing, or something very like it, without paying for the exhibition. If her spirits were real spirits of the dead, I knew that my own dead friends would have no more to do with Mrs. Piper (unless they had oddly degenerated) than I would. The deceased scholars who were said to communicate with her had forgotten their Greek! So I wrote (1898):

> "For me the interest of Mrs. Piper is purely anthropological. She exhibits a survival or recrudescence of savage phenomena, real or feigned, of convulsion, and of secondary personality. . . ."

If she really is also telepathic, that, too, is interesting. But I quite disbelieve in experiments made with paid professionals. The casual amateur is beset by temptations enough, temptations of vanity and the love of practical jokes. Professionals, in addidtion to these allurements to fraud, have to earn their livelihoods. Therefore the public and Mrs. Piper are both to be congratulated on that lady's emancipation. She, I presume, will cease to be a paid subject of experiment. The public will not lay out its dollars on imaginary Dialogs with the Dead. Mrs. Piper, too, gets rid of these tedious Mrs. Harrises, "Imperator" and "Rector," who used to twaddle through her lips. But, of course, as Mrs. Piper sees, any one who chooses can go on believing in the "spirits," they *may* have twaddled through her mouth. She, to be sure, cannot know, but her opinion is adverse to the hypothesis. It seems that she never entertained it, when wide awake. But it was not so easy to know when she was awake and when she was asleep.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

The Questions of Reciprocity

By Dr. William P. Wilson

Director of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum

THE Reciprocity Convention, which has just concluded its sessions at Washington with the adoption of resolutions urging the appointment of a commission of inquiry into the subject, has broken the most difficult ground, and yet the most fruitful ground, which

W. P. WILSON

awaits tillage by the industrial and commercial interests in the country. The manufacturers of the United States, in very large numbers, see to-day in reciprocity nothing but direct reduction of the protective tariff upon the various industries in which they are individually concerned. It appears to be next to impossible that the conflicting considerations shall, in any way or at any time, be effectively reconciled.

We may take it for granted that the men concerned in every industry which exists by reason of the protective tariff, or is directly or indirectly benefited by it, must see, at the outset, a loss in any reduction, however small. And it may be taken for granted also that the reciprocal idea which sees in reciprocity merely the removal of tariffs from foreign products that do not come into competition with products of this country is impracticable where it expects to bring about reduction of foreign tariffs on American products that come directly into competition with goods the foreign tariffs are designed to protect. Reciprocity, as it is understood by the nations of Europe, disregards practically the interests of individual classes and aims to secure advantages for the community as a whole. Reciprocity, as it has been understood here—very dimly, be it said—has discovered a *sine qua non* in the conservation of existing protective tariffs on particular industries, and in the concession of reductions or of abolition of tariffs on such products as are not manufactured in the United States.

Endeavors to bring about reciprocity upon the lines adopted by European nations have met hitherto with no great measure of noteworthy success. Particular attention may be directed to the reciprocity convention with France, which, signed by the representatives of the two countries on July 24th, 1899, is still unratified. On the part of France all articles of merchandise produced in the United States and exported to France or Algeria are to be admitted upon payment of the minimum rates of duty imposed on like articles coming from any other country. The United States, for its part, reduced its tariff from 5 to 20 per cent. on various French products, including textile fabrics, food, chemicals, earthen and glassware, metal work, paper, fancy goods and *liqueurs*. Throughout the range of the entire schedule of reduction various industries existing in this country were affected by the reduction. Among those on which the maximum of

20 per cent. fell were hosiery and knit goods, furs which were not on skin for hats, mineral waters and coal-tar dyes. The interests thus affected have not yet discerned compensatory advantages in the minimum tariff which would be received from France.

To refer to one brief example of the possibilities that await an advantageous adjustment of the tariff on the basis of reciprocity, we may consider the question of preserved and canned goods. During the last fiscal year this country imported, all told, $1,400,000 worth of preserved fruits. The price and quality of these importations were so high that they found consumption by the very rich alone, and they could not, legitimately, come into competition with the canned goods produced in the United States. Our own canned goods, manufactured with an eye for sale at moderate and even cheap prices, are entirely wholesome, and are fit for consumption by any purchasers who are not exacting in their demand for glass receptacles and meticulous care in preparation. With the removal of the practically prohibitive duties which discriminate against our canned goods—in Germany, for example—there is little doubt that an immense export trade awaits the canning industry of the United States, and that large returns must follow for the agricultural interests that are allied with it. The question arises promptly: Are the canneries of the United States prepared to seek the rewards of large exportation, even if they should be convinced that no serious loss will be entailed through the admission at a lower tariff rate of the high class European preserved fruits?

It becomes immediately apparent, with so many interests in direct conflict and with the divisions and subdivisions of every interest calling for particular consideration, that the United States is not at this time prepared even to consider radical action upon reciprocity. The resolutions of the convention at Washington, calling for the appointment of a commission of inquiry, were wise and far-seeing. The sentiment of the convention was radically opposed to every material reduction of the tariff which could affect existing industries.

It remains for the commission to work out two most intricate problems. One is the discovery, in the schedule of the present tariff, of all items where reductions may be made without injuring, to a material extent, the prosperity of a particular class. The other, and the larger difficulty, will be the determination of the class of products which, under existing conditions, can gain advantages from export directly that will more than compensate for the loss sustained in domestic prices. Here, indeed, is to be found the full extent to which the opinion of the producers of the United States will go, under the emphatically conservative view of the tariff which prevails to-day. It may be said, as a thing which is very trite and yet must be constantly borne in mind, that all trade, whatever its scale of magnitude, is the seeking for the better bargain. Reduction of any tariff will not willingly be acquiesced in by any individual producer who cannot see some added profit. If, in the course of its investigations, the commission can bring out such sample evidence as will demonstrate the possibility of great profit in export, there is no doubt a general willingness to sustain temporary loss or to risk a fair measure of foreign competition will be manifested. The American manufacturer has, ordinarily, a high spirit of enterprise, and he asks no more than a reasonable assurance of success for any venture.

It is not probable that these difficulties will find an early solution. The commission, if it continue for a sufficient length of time, will win aid in quarters now unthought of. Reciprocity is nothing more than the expression, in the United States, of the expanding ambition of the manufacturers themselves. The markets of the old world appeal to them attractively, and they perceive countless advantages they long to improve and are not yet prepared to vigorously grasp. The change in attitude, only now beginning to be acknowledged, must work itself out through all the intricate ramifications of domestic industry and trade. A nation of expert tradesmen, it must not be expected that any one interest, or any group of interests, in the United States will sacrifice a single power or advantage which it now possesses, unless the future afford some guarantee of gain. But a nation, also, of rapidly developing resources, it is certain to find, before any

long period shall have elapsed, that it is almost unconsciously prepared to meet all rivals on an equal footing in fair competition for the markets of the world. Briefly expressed, in the terms of industrial economy, complete readiness for reciprocity must await complete readiness for export. Until then conventions and commissions, and all discussions and enactments, will do no more than clear the ground little by little. Meanwhile, the country grows.

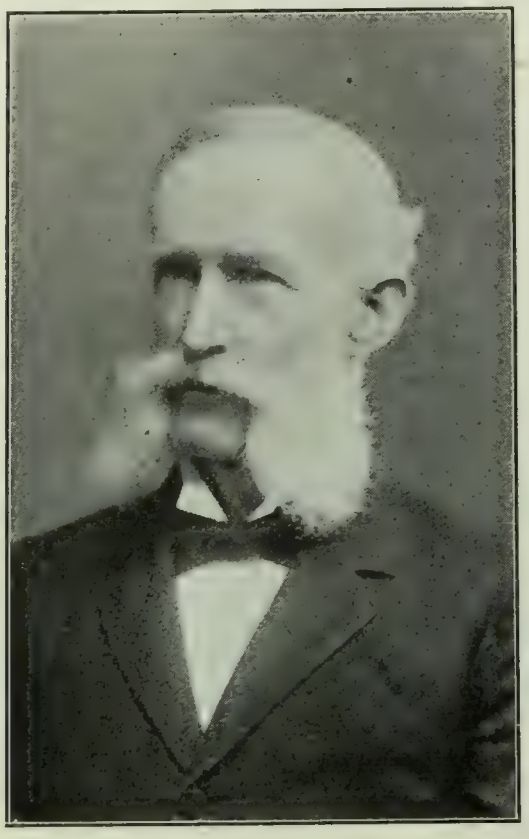
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Commercial Reciprocity with Canada

By the Hon. John W. Foster

EX-SECRETARY OF STATE

IN this day, when the subject of commercial reciprocity with foreign nations is uppermost in the public mind, it is natural that our attention should be turned to the trade relations with our nearest neighbor, Canada. But added interest has been given to the subject by the recent public utterances of two of our neighbor's distinguished men, who should be well informed as to the sentiment and wishes of their people on this question.



JOHN W. FOSTER

It is reported that in an address before the Canadian Manufacturers' Association on the 6th instant, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of the Dominion Government, announced that since 1866 Canada had been sending delegation after delegation to Washington in an endeavor to secure reciprocity. No more delegations, he said, would be sent.

On the same day Hon. John Charlton, a member of the Canadian Parliament, spoke before the Chamber of Commerce in New York on the trade relations between the two countries, and in the course of his address he manifested great dissatisfaction with the tariff of the United States as it affected Canada, and later at Washington he is reported as saying that "Canada is tired of present arrangements, and if the United States does not permit her to sell more in American markets, she is likely to provide that the United States shall sell less in her own markets. . . . . It should be a reciprocity of trade or a reciprocity of tariffs."

These declarations indicate that the Canadian Government regards the commercial attitude of the United States as unfriendly, and that it has in contemplation a resort to tariff reprisals. Every right-minded American must see these declarations with regret, and it becomes us to inquire whether they are well founded. To this end it may be well to review briefly the history of the trade relations between the two countries.

The first systematic attempt to place our commerce with Canada on a footing of friendly intercourse was in the reciprocity treaty of 1854, which was confined to a free exchange of what are termed natural products, articles in their raw state, almost entirely products of the fisheries, farms and mines. This treaty had a marked effect in enlarging the commerce between the two countries.

It was limited in its duration to ten years, and when this period was about to expire an effort was made in Congress to extend it for another ten years' term. The proposition was opposed on two grounds. First, it was contended that the treaty had operated very largely to the interest of Canada; that the free list was injurious to our fishermen and farmers, and that our manufacturers reaped no benefit from it. It is very probable these objections might have been overcome by an enlargement of the free or favored list to include certain manufactured products, to which the Canadians would have consented, for at that time their manufacturing interests were very small.

But the second ground of opposition was of a more serious nature. The time when it became necessary for Congress to act upon the renewal of the treaty synchronized with the close of our Civil War in 1865. There existed at that time in the United States a deep feeling of resentment against the ruling class in Canada on account of its conduct during that great struggle. It was claimed that the Government of that country was in sympathy with the effort of the South to break up the Union; that rebel agents were warmly welcomed and permitted to set on foot within Canadian territory warlike expeditions, which invaded the United States, plundered its towns, seized our vessels on the Great Lakes, and compelled us to maintain on our Northern frontier a considerable military and naval force; and that the ruling classes were doing all they dared to aid in the destruction of our Government, at a time when their people were growing rich by their free access to our markets. This feeling of resentment for this conduct was so strong that the commercial considerations were in a great measure lost sight of, and the reciprocity treaty came to an end in 1866.

In 1871, when a sincere effort was being made by the treaty of Washington to establish an era of good feeling and friendly relations between the United States and Great Britain, coupled with the adjustment of what are known as the "Alabama Claims," provision was made for reciprocal free fishing privileges in the territorial waters of Canada and the United States, and for the admission without duty of fish products. But this very restricted reciprocity proved quite unsatisfactory to our fishermen, and after the outrageous Halifax award its life was doomed, and it came to an end with the ten years' treaty limitation.

In 1874 Canadian plenipotentiaries visited Washington and, with the aid of the British Minister, framed a reciprocity treaty, which was not signed on the part of the United States, but was submitted as a tentative draft to the Senate, which body failed to approve it. The reasons for this action in executive session have not been made public, but they will appear later in this article.

In 1890 Secretary Blaine negotiated with Mr. Band, Premier of Newfoundland, a reciprocity treaty for that colony, but its execution was prevented by the protest of the Canadian Government to the British Colonial Office. This proceeding brought about another effort on the part of the Dominion Government to secure commercial reciprocity. Three members of the Canadian Cabinet came to Washington and in conjunction with the British Minister held several conferences with Mr. Blaine, Secretary of State, and myself, on the part of the United States. The subject of reciprocity was fully and exhaustively discussed at these conferences, and the attitude of both Governments was clearly stated, as appears from the report of Mr. Blaine to the President. (See S. Ex. Doc. 114, 52d Cong., 1st Sess.)

1. This report shows that the Canadian Commissioners proposed the renewal of the reciprocity treaty of 1854. In answer to an inquiry, they stated that it was proposed to confine the treaty to natural products. They were informed that the United States would not be prepared to renew the treaty of 1854, nor to agree to any commercial reciprocity which should be confined to natural products, and that it was regarded as of essential importance that a list of manufactured goods should be included in the schedules of articles for free or favored exchange.

2. The commissioners then inquired if the United States would expect to have preferential treatment extended to the list of manufactured goods on their introduction into Canada over other countries not parties to the treaty. The reply was that the United States desired to make a reciprocity convention exclusive in its appli-

cation to the United States and Canada, and that other countries not parties to it should not enjoy gratuitously favors which the two neighboring countries might reciprocally concede to each other for valuable considerations and at a large sacrifice of their respective revenues. Upon receiving this reply the Canadian Commissioners asked for an adjournment to enable them to consult. On the next day they announced, with an expression of regret, that they did not consider it possible to meet the expectations of the United States, as Canada was part of the British Empire, and they did not consider it competent for the Dominion to enter into any commercial arrangement from the benefits of which Great Britain and its colonies should be excluded.

Secretary Blaine reported to the President that the conclusions of the Canadian Commissioners were accepted as a bar to further negotiations on the subject, and he stated that (1) natural products alone do not form the basis of a treaty of reciprocity in the proper sense, and that (2) if Great Britain should be permitted to enjoy gratuitously the benefits conferred upon the United States by means of a reciprocity treaty, its benefits to the latter would, in a great measure, be neutralized. President Harrison, in transmitting Secretary Blaine's report to Congress, said: "It is not for this Government to argue against this announcement of Canadian official opinion. It must be accepted, however, I think, as the statement of a condition which places an insuperable barrier in the way of the attainment of that large and beneficial intercourse and reciprocal trade which might otherwise be developed between the United States and the Dominion."

The report from which the foregoing abstract has been made is the last authoritative exposition of the attitude of Canada on reciprocity. Some further negotiations took place in the Anglo-American Joint High Commission in 1898, but it is not understood that Canada has changed her position as above stated. In fact, Mr. Charlton, a member of that Commission, in his address before the New York Chamber of Commerce, clearly shows that her attitude is unchanged, as the remedy he proposes for the unsatisfactory relations of which he complains is "placing the entire list of natural products of the two countries upon a reciprocally free list." True, he offers to repeal the 33 per cent. preferential duties now granted to Great Britain. But as that country has no natural products to send to Canada, such repeal would be of no benefit to the United States.

The American principle of reciprocity, as Mr. Kasson shows in his recent able Chicago address, was first foreshadowed by Jefferson in 1793, set forth by John Quincy Adams in 1817, officially declared by President Monroe in 1821, and incorporated into treaties by Secretary Henry Clay (first in 1826, and in others later); it constitutes the settled policy of our Government, and has been accepted by the various nations with which we have commercial treaties. It would seem unreasonable for Canada to expect us to change our long established policy, especially when she has nothing to offer but a reciprocity in natural products.

The conclusion to be drawn from this historical review and from our experience in commercial reciprocity with Canada is well stated by President Harrison in his message to Congress transmitting Secretary Blaine's report, as follows:

> "A reciprocity treaty limited to the exchange of natural products would have been such only in form. The benefit of such a treaty would have inured almost wholly to Canada. Previous experiments in this line had been unsatisfactory to this Government. A treaty that should be reciprocal in fact, and of mutual advantage, must necessarily have embraced an important list of manufactured articles, and have secured to the United States a free or favored introduction of these articles into Canada as against the world."

Delegations from Boston and other Northern cities have recently, and frequently in late years, visited Washington to urge upon the President and Congress the negotiation of a reciprocity treaty with Canada. Can it be that they desire the renewal of the treaty of 1854, or the measure of reciprocity proposed by Mr. Charlton to the New York Chamber of Commerce? Canada has given no indication of a disposition to agree to any other. And even if she could be induced to include in a treaty a reasonable list of manufactured articles, would the Boston delegation be satisfied to be placed on an equality of competition with the British manufacturer, who would enjoy the free mar-

ket gratuitously for which our Government would pay a high price in diminished revenues and with the abandonment of a long established policy?

I do not think the Canadian Premier nor Mr. Charlton should regard the tariff legislation of our Congress as enacted in a hostile spirit toward their country. Canada had made it apparent that, until she changes her attitude, no satisfactory commercial reciprocity with her is possible. Under such circumstances Congress, in framing a tariff upon protection lines, would see to it that American interests should not suffer from the competition of foreign producers. A protective American tariff would naturally interfere somewhat with the interests of Canadian producers. But until Canada shows a willingness to enter into a commercial arrangement which is mutually reciprocal and advantageous, she can hardly with justice charge the United States with hostility, or resort to unfriendly tariff legislation.

I feel assured that the great mass of the people of the United States desire to live upon the most cordial relations with our Northern neighbors, and to maintain with them the freest commercial intercourse consistent with our prosperity and established policy, and they would see with deep regret the inauguration of tariff reprisals and retaliation. Whatever may be the effect of the tariff laws, our Government has, in various ways, shown in commercial matters a most friendly spirit. It has allowed a wide-extended bonded system to stand long after treaty stipulations which authorized it have expired. It permits the Canadian railroads, supported by heavy Government subsidies, to enter our territory, establish offices in all parts of the country, and compete with our roads for traffic, without being subject to the burdens and restrictions of the Interstate Commerce law. And in other ways our Government is doing what it can to make commercial intercourse easy and mutually satisfactory.

Notwithstanding the manifest obstacles to free and reciprocal commerce with Canada, I think there is a solution of the subject which would redound to the peace, prosperity and mutual advantages of both countries. This solution was suggested by Mr. Blaine in the conference cited, not officially, but as expression of his personal views. After discussing with the Canadian Commissioners fully and at great length the subject of reciprocity, and to no purpose, as his report shows, he finally said: "Gentlemen, there is only one satisfactory solution of this question—*it is to let down the bars.*" He then proceeded to elaborate the scheme, with the force of language of which he was such a master, of a complete commercial union between the United States and Canada, with a common tariff upon an agreed basis of division of revenue, and free and unrestricted commerce between the two countries, as is now enjoyed by the States of our Union. Such is ideal reciprocity, and I do not regard it as visionary to labor and hope for its consummation.

WASHINGTON, NOV. 26, 1901

Sayings of Christ Not in the Gospels

By Prof. George H. Schodde, Ph.D.

OUR canonical gospels are only a chrestomathy of the sayings and the doings of our Lord. It is only natural and necessary that the four written gospels can contain a small portion of what the Lord did and said during the three years of active ministry. The fact is recognized by the Evangelists themselves. Luke begins the third gospel with the statement that many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of things which were most surely believed among the early Christians; and John closes his account of the origins of Christianity with the statement that if the attempt were made to write out the very many other things which Jesus did, the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.

The accounts of what Jesus did and said were first orally and traditionally spread among the early Christians. Our written gospels are comparatively late portions of the New Testament litera-

ture, and on the whole are antedated by the Epistles, or many of them. It is for this reason that the New Testament letters, altho a commentary and intepretation of the facts now contained in the canonical gospels, practically contain no direct quotations from the permanent form which has been given to these facts by the Evangelists. The letter writers of the New Testament base their theology and exegesis on the account of Jesus that constituted a part of the living tradition of the Church. Even if our canonical gospels are based on older and briefer written forms of the sayings of Christ, as is evidenced by the reference to the Hebrew Logia of Matthew made by Papias and cited by Eusebius in his church history, and even if the modern discussion of the Synoptic Problem, or the literary origin and development of the New Testament gospels, confirms this view, yet we have no certainty as to the exact wording of these older documents, and cannot accordingly determine exactly the relation of the Epistles to these. Zahn, in his "Introduction," places the Hebrew Matthew at 62 A. D.—*i. e.*, after the composition of the leading Epistles of Paul, and of the second Epistle of Peter and the Epistle of James, while Mark did not write until 64, Luke until 75, and John between 80 and 90 A. D.

It is only natural to believe that of the many sayings of Christ that were current in the early Church, and were not used by the four Evangelists, not a few should have found their way into the writings of the Church fathers. Indeed, it would be surprising if such remnants of the living traditions of the Church could not be discovered in patristic literature. The existence of such non-canonical sayings of the Lord is all the more certain because one of them at least is found in the Scriptures themselves—namely, in Acts 20: 35, where these words are expressly ascribed to Christ, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and yet these are nowhere found in the written gospel records. It is supposed by many scholars that there are quite a number of such "agrapha," or unwritten sayings of the Lord, scattered throughout the Acts and the Epistles, as these writers would naturally, if possible, give Christ's teachings in Christ's own words, only that the fact that these are direct quotations is not given, and these sayings cannot accordingly be recognized.

There are found, however, scattered throughout the earliest literature of the Church a goodly number of sayings expressly attributed to Christ, but not recorded by Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John, and modern scholars, notably Hilgenfeld, Zahn, Nestle and Resch, have devoted close researches to their investigations. The latest specialist in this line, Dr. Erwin Preusschen, in his new work entitled "*Antilegomena*," has reduced the number of such sayings that with any degree of probability can be traced to Jesus, to the following:

1. Therefore says the Lord: "Whosoever is near to me is near to a fire; whosoever is far from me is far from the Kingdom of God." (Found in Greek in Didymus on Ps. 88, 8, and in a Latin translation in Origen, Homily on Jer. 20, 3.)

2. He predicted this to us when he said: "The weak is saved by the strong." ("Apostolic Constitutions," 26.)

3. Therefore says the Saviour: "Save thyself, thee and thy soul." (Clemens of Alexandria. Excerpts by Theodoret II.)

4. For the Lord generously reveals in his words: "Preserve my mystery for me and for the sons of my house." (Clemens Alex. "Stromata" 5, 10, 63.)

5. Listen unto the Lord who says: "Be concerned for faith and hope, by which that love is born which is well disposed toward God and man, and which gives eternal life." (Macarius, Hom. 37, 1.)

6. On the same day he saw a man working on the Sabbath day, and he said to him: "O, man! if thou knowest what thou art doing, thou art blessed. But if thou dost not know this, thou art accursed and a transgressor of the law." (Codex Bezæ to Luke 6, 4.)

7. As for the rest, the Lord said to them: "What, are ye astonished at these signs? I give to you a great inheritance, such as the whole world does not possess." (Macarius. Hom. 12, 17.)

8. He mentions as an example: "Ask for that which is great, for then that which is small will be given unto you, and ask for heavenly things, and you will

receive also the earthly." (Origen, "De Orat.," 2, 2; 14, 1. Cf. Clemens Alex. "Stromata" 1, 24, 158, and often.)

9. Quite correctly the Scriptures desire us to use dialectics in this way, and therefore they demand this of us: "Become experienced money changers, who are able to reject the false coins and keep only the genuine." (Clemens Alex. "Stromata," 1, 28, 177. Cf. I Thess. 4, 21. Origen on Matth. 17, 31, and frequently.) This is probably the most popular of the "agrapha."

10. Jesus therefore said: "For the sake of the weak I became weak, and for the sake of the hungry I suffered hunger, and for the sake of the thirsty I experienced thirst." (Origen on Matth. 13, 2.)

11. And on account of love, he said: "Love hides the multitude of sins." (Clemens Alex. "Paed." 3, 12, 91. Cf. I Pet. 4, 8.)

12. "If thou hast seen thy brother," he said, "thou hast seen thy God." (Clemens Alex. "Strom." 1, 19, 94, and 2, 15, 70.)

13. The Lord says: "Behold, I make the last like unto the first." (Barnabas 6, 13.)

14. The Lord said to me: "If ye do not make the upper to be the lower, and the left to be right, ye shall not enter into my kingdom." ("Acts of Philippi" 34, and elsewhere.)

15. The Lord admonishes and says: "Do not make sad the Holy Ghost that dwells in you, and do not extinguish the light that shines in you." (Pseudo-Cyprianus, "De Aleator." 3.)

16. Again says the Lord: "He who is wedded should not cast off his wife, and he who is not wedded should not marry." (Clemens Alex. "Strom." 3, 15, 97.)

17. "Whosoever takes to himself the body of the Lord, and then washes (his mouth), such a person shall be accursed," saith the Lord. (Cf. Lagarde "Relig. Juris Eccles.," p. 36.)

18. But our Lord replied to the Apostles, when they asked him what was to be thought of the Jewish prophets, who had formerly made predictions concerning him, and now were thought still to believe in his coming: "Ye have rejected the living reality, who was before you, and now ye speak fables concerning the dead!" (Cf. Augustine "Contra Adversarium," etc., 2, 4, 14.)

19. For the Scriptures say: "A man who has not been tried has not yet been tested." ("Didas." 2, 8.)

20. "Ye should try to grow out of small beginnings, and from being great to become smaller. When you enter and lie down to a meal, do not select the favored places, lest afterward one come who is more honored than you, and then he who has invited you say to you: There is still room below, and ye should be compelled to be ashamed." (Cf. Codex Bezæ on Matth. 20, 28.)

21. "It has been given to all by the Father, as each one has merited and deserved it." (Irenæus 5, 36, 2.)

Scholars have also searched in other sources than the patristic literature of the Church for non-canonical sayings of the Lord. Among those who have ransacked the Talmud is Laible, who in his booklet, entitled "Jesus Christus im Talmud," has found two stories in which he believes that sayings of Jesus may be detected. In one of these ("Sabbath," 116 a b), a strange rabbi is cited who declares that the law of Moses has been superseded by the Gospel, and in the second, taken from "Aboda Sara," p. 16 b, and 17 a, the Nazarene Jesus is mentioned, but a Gospel quotation is given from his disciple James. (Cf. Laible, p. 62 sq., and 58 sq.)

Best known are the "Logia" of Jesus found in the Oxyrhynchus Papyri by Grenfell and Hunt, which read as follows:

1. "And see carefully that thou remove the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

2. Jesus said: "If ye do not fast in reference to the world, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of God; and if ye do not rest on the Sabbath day ye shall not see the Father."

3. Jesus said: "I stood in the midst of the world, and appeared to them in the flesh and found them all drunken, and found none among them who were thirsty. And my soul is perplexed concerning the children of men, because they are blind in their hearts, and [do not look at their poverty]."

4. Jesus said: "Wherever there are

people . . . there I am with him. Lift up the stone, you will find me there; split the wood, and I am there."

5. Jesus said: "No prophet is welcome in his own country, and no physician tries to effect cures among his own acquaintances."

6. Jesus said: "A city that is built on a high hill and is fortified can neither fall nor be hidden."

7. Jesus said: "Thou hearest . . ."

In view of the many literary finds that are being made in Egypt from the New Testament and the apostolic era it is not at all impossible that additional agrapha may yet be discovered in goodly numbers. A prominent German biblical specialist recently stated that he would not be surprised if an autograph of one of the biblical books should yet be discovered in the papyri of the Nile valley.

COLUMBUS, O.

Leaves from the Diary of a Tramp

TRAIN JUMPING—A DIGRESSION; NATURE; THE SOUTH

By Professor John J. McCook

OF TRINITY COLLEGE

PERHAPS I shall be permitted to be led by this last remark of our friend into a brief digression on the subject of "train jumping," which is the most characteristic feature of American tramping.

Our friend has been walking a good deal of late, because his business required it. But he, too, has "ridden" not a little. And it may be stated as a general proposition that the Ho-Bo only walks when walking will better answer his purpose.

For shorter distances and ordinary occasions the freight train is employed. A place is selected where the up-hill grade compels a slackening of speed, and then with a quick run and spring the train is boarded—nearly always successfully, but occasionally there is an accident; the railroad returns suggest that there may be an aggregate mounting into the thousands annually. A man who recognized me at the door of St. Bartholomew's Mission in East Forty-second Street on "sandwich-night," told me that while on the way down from Hartford he saw a tramp run over by one train as he was making ready to jump another. And it was a gruesome reflection that one of them made: "When we fall off there is a fight between the towns as to which shall furnish the box!" To stay on a train thus boarded, whether it is made up of box cars or open ones—"gondólies" they call these latter—requires, of course, some sort of consent on the part of the hands. They may be able to evade apprehension for a while, by running about over the cars, but observation they can hardly hope to escape. It

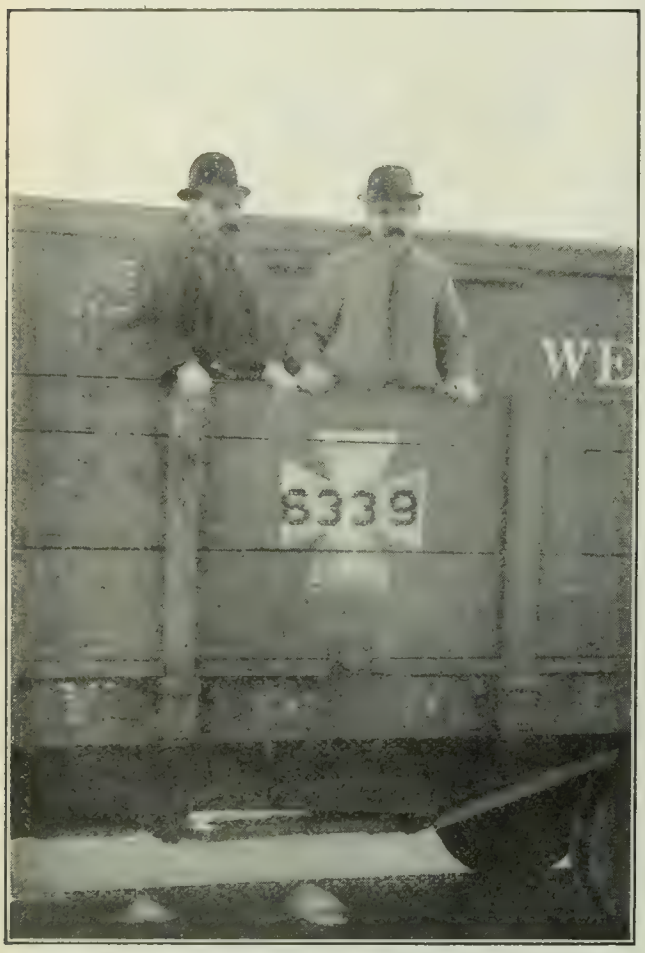
"Dublin."—"I'm too old to jump any more"

follows that the brakemen must be actively or passively consenting parties—considering especially that the general

The Feast.—" Jerry " Leads Off.—" What happy times if we was all in the woods together "

rules of all the companies are against the practice.

A young student friend of mine, finding that he had lost the last passenger train of a Saturday night, brought into requisition skill acquired as a boy in "stumping" other boys of the town in



A Hopper Gondola.—"Providence Bob" and "Philadelphia Shorty"

jumping on and off passing trains, and "jumped" a freight. Great was his amazement when the brakeman, instead of rebuking or threatening him, began, from his throne on the brake-wheel, to give him pointers as to the best way of hanging on. The mystery was explained when on approaching a grade the real brakeman roused himself from his reclining position, a car's length away, and directed the man at the wheel to let off the brake and later to put it on again. The wheelman was, in fact, a tramp who was working his way, under tacit contract with the brakeman, and he had taken my friend, who was all in summer white, for some sort of a fantastic, dude-greenhorn apprentice Ho-Bo!

Not infrequently the brakeman demands compensation of other sort for winking at the violation of orders. On which account I have more than once heard it said by tramps that with tobacco, or a pint bottle, they can go anywhere. This is not mathematically accurate, I dare say, but there is no doubt something in it. One man has told me that in default of these creature comforts inquiry is sometimes made after personal property, as knife or razor, and on one occasion his necktie was demanded.

There are, of course, all kinds of brakemen: and they even vary greatly with the road. But the life of freight brakemen is a rough and dangerous one, neither inviting nor fostering gentleness of character. Many of them have passed to and fro from life on the road to life along the road. And this naturally gives them sympathy with wanderers.

The safer and more common methods

Striking Gravel

of riding have been alluded to. When comparative concealment is desired the "blind-baggage"—*i. e.*, the end of the baggage car toward the tender—is a favorite, because not much visited by the "Con," who is always dreaded above

any of the crew. The "bumpers" come next—the man stands on one, with his back braced against the end of the car—I have counted a dozen this way on as many trains, successive evenings; less frequently the man straddles the two, steadying himself by his hands.

The box car is often entered by springing the door off its iron way at the side opposite the seal. A party going one way will do this for a party going the opposite direction and then, when all are in, spring the door back again. Since everything externally is in the best of order long trips may be made in this manner without disturbance or interruption.

Now and then the prisoner is exposed to danger of starvation. A case of this kind has been related to me—where only the accidental visit of a train hand saved a man from death. The brakeman inspected the intruder's papers, and, finding that they showed him to be in good standing in his union, took him out, fed him up and then replaced him—to finish his journey in peace. The hero of the incident is a printer, who has been leading a settled life now for thirteen or fourteen years. But he says he still feels a longing to be off again whenever spring comes.

A railway accident, whether by water or fire, is a very serious affair to passengers of this sort. You have doubtless read more than once, as I have, of tramps drowned like rats, or burned or crushed to death, while stealing rides in this fashion.

Riding the trucks is done in various ways. A locomotive engineer of my acquaintance has shown me the precise spot from which he had taken out two men at one time. It was on the rear truck of the tender. They were resting face downward on the truck beam, with just eleven inches of vertical space for their bodies, by actual measurement. He also showed me the little cage under the "cow-catcher" of his rather old-style engine, whence he had once extracted two tramps. And it so happened that the week following this relation, as his engine drew up close to another train, a man crept out from the same spot and started calmly off for the neighboring station, simply remarking: "Seems to me you run up pretty nigh!" "Yes, and what if we'd happened to hit?" was the rejoiner. To which the tramp re-

Corrupting the "Shack."—"Have a Chew"

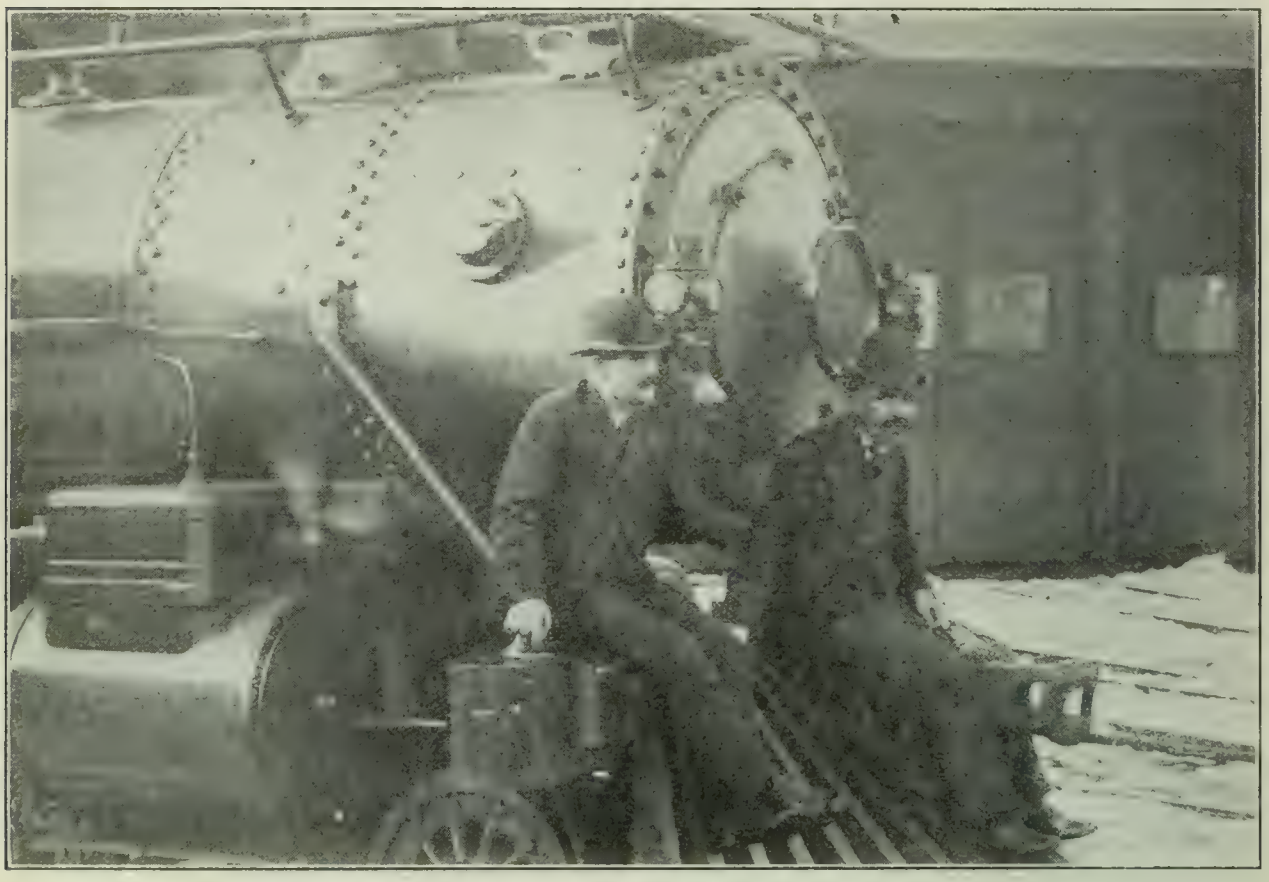
plied: "Oh, I'm used to that. I'm not afraid."

And when you come to think of it, a place inside the cow-catcher is not much less safe than one anywhere else on the train. Still, it must be a little billowy and a trifle airy withal.

The same engineer showed me another place from which he had seen tramps issue forth—the old fashioned tool-box, still occasionally found under some of the cars. It is about three feet wide and two and a half high, and has a convenient flat-door at the end. It is always very greasy and dirty, and must be excessively dark. Otherwise, it ought to be commodious enough.

The rods, referred to in the formula "riding the rods," are the truss rods which, after the fashion of bridge trusses, support the middle stretch of the car between trucks. They are generally in pairs, from one to four feet apart, and the body may be supported upon the pair crosswise, resting commonly upon a plank, and I have heard of one case of slinging a hammock from the rods. The plank, called by some a "ticket," is liable to work off and let the body down—a fatal lapse. To prevent this the plank is roughly grooved to allow the rods to fit in and catch. As my correspondent suggests, this sort of riding is too hazardous to be much used. And the same is true, tho in less measure, of truck-riding.

A poor fellow, whom I have met several times, each time further down the hill, while standing at a saloon corner in "the ward" the last time I encountered him, looking wistfully up and down the street, dead-broke, remarked to me that he had ridden the trucks years ago—



On the Pilot.—"Philadelphia Shorty" and "Providence Bob"

"But I'm too much broken up now to do it any more," he concluded in a way that was really pathetic.

I have a very curious collection of photographs illustrating this phase of tramp experience, in which actual tramps and actual train hands figure.

But I am neglecting "Roving Bill." In the letter which I began to quote a little while ago, he goes on gossiping as follows:

"I was stealing a ride down in Florida on the J. T. & R. W. R. R. from Enterprise to Titusville. The conductor caught me and wanted to know whither I was going. I told him. He says: 'Are you a glass blower?' I told him no. He says: 'You fellows come

down here in winter to blow glass and go up North in summer to pick oranges. Get off!' I took him at his word."

The conductor, by the way, touched upon one of the humors of the road in Germany. Tramps call themselves by the most preposterously impossible avocations—"Highway-ditch upholsterers;" "Gilders of dome-peaks;" "Removers of mountain and valley"—in a word, what nobody does do, or can do, that is their trade!

In spite of this conductor our friend pronounces the Southern people in the South very charitable—more so than

"the people that has emigrated there from Northern States." "I stayed at a place," he goes on to say, "one day near Lake City, Fla., on the G. S. F. R. R., a farm house. He was an old Reble soldier; he gave me my dinner and treated me kindly. He said there was an Irish Ho-Bo stopped there one morning and knocked. He went to the door. The son of Erin says: 'I don't want anything to eat but I just want to borrow your looking glass. I want to see how an Irishman looks starving to death.' He told him to come in and he got his feed."

He says he stayed about a week with an old planter between Savannah and Augusta, who was a good whole-souled man; had been a Southern soldier, but was now a good union man.

"The colored people in the South," he says, "are very good and hospitable; but the most of them are very poor and have nothing much to give, but they will generally divide with you when asked." He stopped in their houses a good many times, paying for his entertainment by fixing their clocks or sewing machines. Corn bread, molasses and fat meat was the "Fair."

Another Ho-Bo has spoken to me in the same way of the blacks, but not of the whites, in the South. He says the latter were wont to refuse him rudely, exclaiming: "You came down here and took away our slaves and now you want to come down and live off us." Both may be telling the truth.

In the "Tool Box."—"Providence Bob" and "Philadelphia Shorty"

Let us go back now to the letter, which is a long one, starting at Boston and ending at Manchester, N. H.:

"*On the Road Between Nashua and Manchester, N. H.*—I arrived at Nashua last night. Met a fellow H. B. yesterday. He did not know where he was going. Had no particular point of view. We took in an empty box car. The air was chilly. I slept very comfortable; my feet got a little cold towards morning. My partner got very cold. I could hear him shiver-

ing and shaking every time I was awake during the night. He left me this morning. He said he was going to bum some Priest for a quarter as he wanted to get a shave and get something to eat. I bid him good-bye. He told me he used to keep saloon somewhere near New Britain, Ct. He had been on the bum for six weeks this time. I met an old Irishman last Sunday on the Rail Road between Lowell and Boston. He stopped and asked me for a match. I accommodated him. He said he had worked in Lowell ever since last Christmas and now he was walking out of the town. He said the drink was the cause. To-day being Decoration Day I did not do much faking. I had a part of a loaf of Bread. I done on that for Breakfast and dinner and then I made fifteen cents fixing an umbrella. I got some crackers and cheese for supper.

"You wanted to know if I ever stopped at an Alms house or Soldiers' Home. I stopped at the National Military Home at Dayton, Ohio, about eight years ago for about six weeks; and again last winter one year ago over night. I stopped in the Soldiers' Home at Marion, Indiana, about three days, this spring one year ago. I stopped over night at the Soldiers' Home at Bath, N. Y., two years ago. I stopped at the Soldiers' Home in Chelsea, Mass., near Boston, when I came through last Friday night. And I stopped over night at the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Richmond, Va., last winter."

Think of it! This battle scarred union soldier receiving hospitality of that last named kind. There is reunion and fraternity with a vengeance!

He had helped guard convicts in the South, he once wrote me. A later installment expands the incident:

"There were four other guards besides myself and they were all old Reble soldiers. The Sergeant of the Guard was an old Captain in Lee's army."

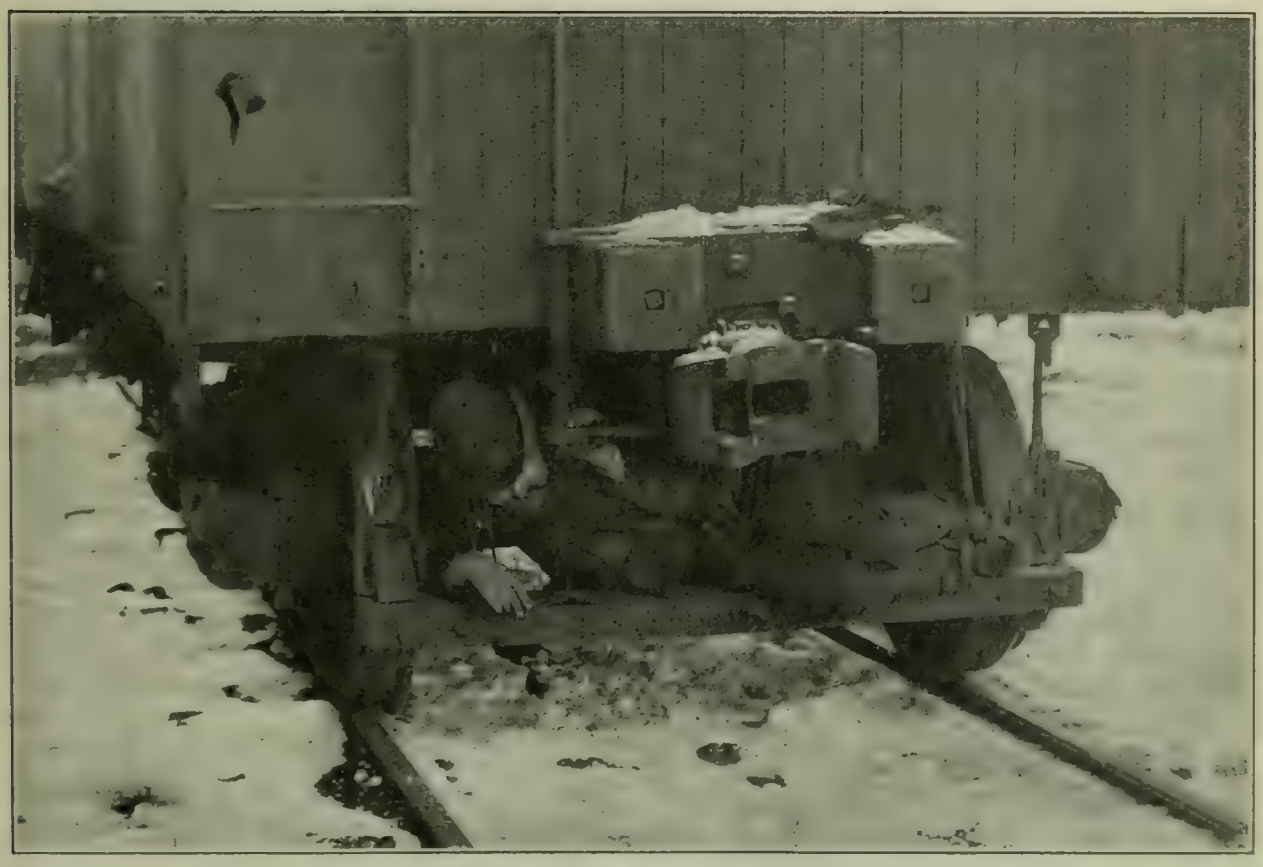
He was "never treated better in his life than he was by these men." They would, in a joking way, call him a "—— Yankee," and "I would return the compliment," he says, "and call them —— Johnny Rebs, and it would all pass off with a laugh." But he adds:

"It was horrible the way the poor convicts was treated when we was picking cotton. They had a task of 200 lbs. and if they did not get this done they would make them lay down on the ground, and then a big, stout negro convict that weighed about 200, chose for his size, with an inch hemp rope twisted and looped around his Hand, would beat those convicts over the bare hide until the Sergeant would say enough. The poor fellows would scream and hollor. Sometimes one would say 'Sergeant, oh! Sergenat, I will get my task.' The Sergeant would

Jumping a "Boxer," "Pullman Side Door."—The "Shack" Objects.

answer: 'A h—l of a time to get it now. Hit him harder, or I will have all the men whip

On the Rods, "Ticket" Riding.—"Providence Bob" and "Philadelphia Shorty"



Riding the Brake Beam

you.' It was outrageaous the way they was treated. I have seen them when they was ploughing take a trace chain and put it around the convict's neck and chain him to the round of the plow. I saw a mule run away with a Plow and a convict chained to it. That Con-

vict done some tall running and pulling with his hands on the lines, and his head and neck on the chains—the Sergeant and guards sitting on the fence laughing. I went to him afterwards and the chain had cut deep gashes in his neck. Most of the convicts," he explains, "were colored men. There was several white convicts but they was never treated as cruelly as the negroes."

Hounds were used to reclaim runaways.

The penal system has improved in some of the States since then; but there is still room for improvement.

After he quit guarding he and a professor of sleight-of-hand, by the name of Jeff Tate, went into the show business.

"I was a Professor of Phrenology. We would have our shows in the school houses. The Planters would aid us all they could, as the most of them liked fun. I would feel the Darkies' heads—give a lecture at times. It must have been laughable,"

he thinks, "for I did not know but little about it—an invaluable qualification, no doubt." He "only staid in the profession until spring and then struck out for New Orleans."

"But I must be moving on, or I won't get to Manchester to-day," he suddenly ejaculates, and evidently moves; for his next begins. "I am now in sight of the city of Manchester, N. H." Later he accounts for mistakes, bad spelling and writing on the plea of the numerous "inconveniences" under which he has been writing. "The muskeetoes is very troublesome to-day," he half apologetically remarks. Furthermore: "As I sit on the ground, my Back against a pine tree, my knee for a desk, it is not as comfortable as it is in an easy chair in library or office."

But from these minor drawbacks he turns again to Nature and her calm beauty:

"The Country looks Beautiful in its spring suit, and the Birds sing sweetly and Nature seems to have taken life anew. I often in daytime, nice days, get into the woods in some secluded spot, lay down in the shade of some friendly tree and sleep from two to three hours, sometimes longer. And oh! such sweet sleep, such nice dreams. If I were where I dream I was sometimes, I would be happy! I often think God intended man to live as the Indians use to—all the Land common property. What happy times if we was all in the woods together!"

Sure enough!

HARTFORD, CONN.

The Reappearance of Lord Salisbury

By Justin McCarthy

LORD SALISBURY has once again made his appearance in London. He actually left his delightful Riviera home after a long rest there to come back and look in upon London, if it can be said that London could really be looked upon during the late foggy weather. It was indeed an heroic effort on the part of the Prime Minister to tear himself thus away from genial skies and perfect rest in order to commit himself once more to the cares of state at a time when these cares must be peculiarly wearisome and vexatious to a man who does not love the troubles of political office. But Lord Salisbury, having made up his mind for this heroic sacrifice, was not inclined to minimize his self-surrender. Not only did he attend one or two meetings of the Cabinet Council, but he actually delivered a speech to a great public assemblage. The opportunity for the speech was given by the Lord Mayor's dinner in the city of London last Saturday. The 9th of November is the Lord Mayor's day, and on such an occasion there is a great anniversary procession through the city and the new Lord Mayor gives a banquet at the historic Guildhall. The Prime Minister for the time being is always invited to such a civic gathering, and the deepest public interest was aroused by the fact that Lord Salisbury had accepted the invitation for last Saturday and might be expected to deliver a speech to the assembled guests.

As most of my American readers know, the City of London claims even still to be a sort of dominion all to itself,

The City forms but a very small part of what we now know as London and includes the business streets which lie east of Temple Bar and are entirely removed from the more fashionable regions of the metropolis. Temple Bar itself no longer exists, but that juncture of the Strand and Fleet Street which it formerly marked is still regarded as the boundary line between the City and Westminster,

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF LORD SALISBURY

and whenever, since the removal of Temple Bar, there was occasion for a state procession to pass from Westminster into the City it has been the custom to draw a crimson rope across the thoroughfare in order to mark the boundary. No state procession, however solemn and important, could pass that boundary line without first obtaining the formal permission of the Lord Mayor and the City corporation. The theory was that a delegation from the sovereign or even the sovereign himself could not pass the line without obtaining that permission. When, in the early part of the present year, the state procession had to make proclamation that King Edward VII had succeeded to the throne, the permission had to be asked and given and the crimson rope solemnly withdrawn before the functionaries of his Majesty could enter the sacred regions. The King's government, whose offices are in Whitehall, and the corporation of the City affect even up to the present to treat with each other as equal powers—as allied powers, let us say—but still as ruling bodies, each of whom has its own separate dominion. On Lord Mayor's day, when the Prime Minister, whoever he may be, attends the banquet at the Guildhall, it is always assumed or presumed that the Prime Minister will make some important announcement or declaration on public affairs which shall render the Guildhall for the time the center of universal interest.

Now on this latest occasion the anxiety of expectation was unusually keen and intense. Lord Salisbury had been so long out of England and was apparently giving himself up to such quiet seclusion during all the storm and stress of the autumn at home and abroad that everybody supposed the Prime Minister would not have taken on himself the trouble of coming to London at all if he had not some statement to make which was worthy of so much self-sacrifice. Some of the folks in out-of-the-way parts of the City were probably almost beginning to forget that we had any Prime Minister at all and were roused therefore to delightful expectancy when they were reminded of Lord Salisbury's existence by the news that he was about to deliver a speech to the guests at the Guildhall banquet. Well, what was the result? Lord Salisbury did attend the banquet and he did deliver a speech, and it is not too much to say that no speech delivered on such an occasion within my time has ever produced so profound a sensation. But then, what was the sensation? It was one of the most complete, astonishing, and even bewildering, disappointment. I have heard from some of the guests at the banquet that the very tones of Lord Salisbury's voice seemed as if they were intended to reduce the expectant and most respectful company to a condition of utter depression. Lord Salisbury put on to all appearance the manner of one who really has nothing to say, but since he is compelled to make a speech, is determined that those who

impose on him the trouble of addressing them shall be none the happier for their exaction.

The general purport of the speech seemed to be that the Government were getting on as well as they could, that things might have been a great deal worse, that the state of affairs was really pretty good all round, that probably no other set of men could have managed any better than his Majesty's present Ministers, that even if the Ministers had any very good news to tell it was rather too early yet to let such comforting intelligence escape from them, and that the best thing everybody could do was to keep up his spirits as well as he could and not worry his Majesty's Government overmuch for explanations and assurances. I am told that even in those pasages of his speech which thus endeavored to make out that after all things were going on as well as might be expected Lord Salisbury's tone and manner were so chilling and dispiriting that even the announcement of positive good news must, when thus delivered, have cast a gloom over the most joyous assemblage. Macaulay speaks in one of his essays about the statue of the great commoner, the first William Pitt, which, he tells us, shows the orator and statesman as " with eagle eye and outstretched arm he bids England be of good cheer and hurls defiance at her foes." A statue of Lord Salisbury, if figured by some sculptor who had listened to the Guildhall speech, would not be quite likely to inspire such a description.

There was no attempt on Lord Salisbury's part to bid England be of good cheer, and it was certainly not an occasion when hurling defiance at her foes would have been quite appropriate. The defiance seems at present to be coming from the foes and with considerable energy to back it. The Prime Minister indeed made some allusion to foreign Powers, who, if they are not exactly the foes, yet can hardly be called just now the devoted friends of England; but the allusion was only made for the purpose of enabling Lord Salisbury to express his melancholy satisfaction that these Powers had at least been forbearing enough to let England alone and not still further bewilder her by any active intervention on the other side. The very effort which Lord Salisbury thus made to reassure and comfort his listeners only added to the general gloom which was spreading over the assembly. The guests at a Guildhall banquet on such an occasion had never before, I presume, been bidden to find encouragement in the fact that when England was involved in serious trouble no great foreign Power had thus far shown any determination to increase her troubles by lending a hand to her opponents in the field. " Don't be frightened —don't be too much cast down—we are doing the very best we can; I don't suppose anybody else could do much better —things may improve, and then consider how much worse they would have been if any foreign Power had come to the help of the Boers "—this was, in substance, the purport of Lord Salisbury's encouragement, and all this was delivered in a manner well qualified to depress the spirits of even the most hilarious company. At a time when the whole country is beginning to grow weary of the prolonged and seemingly hopeless war, when the waste of life and of public treasure is spreading grief and dismay everywhere, when trade is paralyzed in many of its branches and the strain of taxation is to grow yet heavier with the coming year, there is not much comfort to be got out of the Prime Minister's first speech on his reappearance in public life. Perhaps the most ingenious defense that ingenuity itself could make for the speech would be to maintain that it had an artistic propriety in it and that a period of national gloom was becomingly celebrated by a deliverance gloomy enough for a funeral oration.

Every one who loves children and loves art must have received with genuine regret the news of the death of Miss Kate Greenaway. A complete revolution in the manner of dressing children and teaching children how to feel and love pictorial art and the objects which that art loves to picture was accomplished in her time by Kate Greenaway, and the results of her work are to be seen up to the present day whenever one meets a group of well-cared-for little people. Miss Greenaway began her artistic career at the time when small girls were still attired in stiff stays and most unpicturesque and awkward garments,

and she soon showed how health and freedom and artistic grace could be combined in the dressing of children. She was an artist of the most genuine order, and her pictures shed a new gleam of light and beauty over a period which was beginning to sink into the merely conventional and commonplace. She began her studies at the art schools of London when very young and her whole life was a study of art, not merely for

KATE GREENAWAY

art's sake, but also for the bettering and the beautifying of life. Ruskin became the owner of many of her drawings and pictures, and he loved to expatiate on their beauty, their artistic completeness, and their originality. Kate Greenaway died, not young, indeed, but long before the time when life in our days is expected to come to a close.

I have many delightful memories of Miss Greenaway. I made her acquaintance for the first time at the town and the country house of some dear London friends of mine. There were two little girls in the family then, to whom Miss Greenaway was lovingly devoted. The girls have grown to be women since then and one of them is married and has little children of her own. So runs the world away and so has vanished Kate Greenaway. I remember a charming poem about Mario Nuzzi, the once famous Italian flower painter, which told that when he died and was buried the flowers of all kinds grew up spontaneously around his tomb—" they loved him still when he was dead; he loved them so while living." I think the little people of all generations to come might well pay some such flower tribute to the grave of Kate Greenaway.

Some of my American friends will have seen with regret in the London papers the name of Campbell Praed recorded in the list of recent deaths. The last time I was in the United States I had for fellow travelers across the Atlantic Campbell Praed and his wife, the gifted and distinguished novelist, and I had the pleasure of meeting them often in New York, Boston and other American cities. In some of my latest contributions to THE INDEPENDENT I quoted passages from the poems of Winthrop Praed, which, altho written many years ago, had a curious bearing on events belonging to the life of the English political world at the present day. Winthrop Praed was the uncle of my friend Campbell Praed, who has just died, and who at the time of his death had only reached what might be called the prime of manhood. Campbell Praed belonged to a famous family of English bankers. In his early days he lived for a long time in one of the Australian colonies, and it was there he made the acquaintance of Miss Prior, daughter of a leading Australian statesman, and Miss Prior afterward became Mrs. Campbell Praed. Campbell Praed soon brought his young wife to settle in an English home, and her Australian romances won for her a literary reputation which only increased as the days went on. Her latest novel, " As a Watch in the Night," was published only a few months ago, and it created a genuine sensation by the originality of its ideas and the vivid beauty of its style. It was entirely out of the track of the ordinary novel and it made its mark even during a season when it might have seemed that nobody could read anything or talk of anything which was not con-

cerned with the movements of the South African campaign. I knew Campbell Praed and his family for many years and I never could have supposed it likely that it would come to my lot to have to record his death.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

The Ghost That He Saw

By John Swinton

AS I have never been a reader of ghost stories, I cannot say whether any experience like that of which I am about to tell has ever fallen to the lot of any other mortal.

Shortly before the American Civil War broke out, forty years ago, I was living in the South, at the picturesque capital of the "Palmetto State." What kind of a place the city of Columbia may now be I cannot say, for the old city of the name that I once knew was burned during the period of hostilities. But, when I lived there, the Carolinians always extolled their capital and were proud of its fame as the most beautiful city in the South.

I boarded at the Mansion House, a large and rather stately domicile near the head of Main street, not far from the broad avenue on which stood the residences of the plantation aristocracy, who were the owners of herds of negro slaves. It was a typical Southern domicile of the kind that used to be raised by the planters a hundred years ago. In front of it, and on both of its sides, grew stately old trees, which embowered and shaded it; the pillars at its entrance were festooned with evergreens; the balcony was like a flower garden. From my window I saw the palmettos and magnolias which grew in the court; I saw also a fig tree, the ripe green fruit of which was a dainty that I sometimes plucked at sunrise, ere yet George, a watchful young slave of the house, had got out of his cabin, and while yet his owner was dreaming.

The master of the Mansion House was a grim old "Colonel" of Irish birth, who had formerly served in the foreign wars of the British army, and whom, after these many years, I remember only as a choleric veteran at once iron handed toward the slaves of the establishment and indulgent toward the members of his family.

There was a social commotion in the Colonel's household one autumn day. Word had been unexpectedly received that some friends of the family were coming up from their plantation on one of the Sea Islands, where the long-staple cotton grows, to spend a week with the Colonel's people at Columbia; and the thought had suddenly entered the head of the Colonel's wife that there was not room to spare for all of them at that time in the Mansion House.

There was something like a domestic panic, and it came suddenly, without warning; for the visitors from the coast were to arrive by the evening train. They had to be made welcome whatever happened. No apology for lack of accommodations was to be thought of. For "Southern hospitality" in the *ante-bellum* days was always ready for any emergency; it surmounted every circumstance.

One of the Colonel's daughters, who seemed to be in much distress, sent word to me that there was something of an unpleasant kind which I, as a friend of the family, ought to know. "We are in a state of perplexity," she said. She then told me of the situation in which the household was placed, and how the embarrassment had arisen. Her father had talked of going quietly to a hotel for a week, but the visitors would surely hear of it, and be uneasy. He had also spoken of staying for some nights in an old haunted house, long deserted, which stood beyond a clump of woods within sight; but he, tho an old soldier, was very nervous, and got so alarmed lest he might see the white ghost always there at midnight that he yielded to the remonstrances of his wife. All the other notions that came into his head had to be abandoned for one reason or another. The visitors must not know that the Colonel's family had been put to any trouble on their account.

As I had previously heard of the haunted house, tho I had never seen it, I told the Colonel's daughter that I myself would like to offer relief by staying there for a few nights, as I was not afraid of ghosts, and did not believe in them.

My offer was promptly and gladly accepted by the Colonel, and my quarters in his mansion were made ready for the visitors in time for their reception that evening. The perplexity was ended.

In the afternoon of the day of perplexity the Colonel told Black George to carry a cot, a small table, a chair, and a candle to the haunted house, for my use. As the ghost was never seen there in daylight, the slave was not afraid.

About ten o'clock that night I left the mansion and set off in the direction which George pointed out, saying "Right up thar', Massa," as he giggled in the manner of his wooly-headed race.

I took with me a lantern, a pistol, and a novel. So, with a stout heart, a firm tread, and a disdainful air, I made my way along a time-worn path, through the clump of woods, beyond which I now saw a lighted candle in the abandoned house, which was said to be haunted.

It was a rickety old two-story wooden rookery which, as I had learned, was once the home of a slave-trader, but which had not been occupied for nearly a hundred years, or since the time of the mysterious and dreadful murder of its owner's wife, the ghost of whom, so everybody said, always appeared there at the hour of midnight, robed in white. There were plenty of stories told by darkies who had been scared by the apparition while hiding in the neck of woods and had heard the wailing of the ghost. Some of the poo' white folks, too, from the sand hills, had seen it, sure, while driving their wagons near the house at night, when the clock in the church steeple struck twelve.

Hardly any man, tho he were yet fiercer than the old Colonel, would, even for the offer of a well-stocked plantation, have stayed where I proposed to stay that night; and perhaps my own bones shook when I got near the place.

But, away with superstition! Bah! for ghosts. I breathed a prayer for safety. I did not believe in any spook, with the exception of the old horned enemy who roams about everywhere, especially at night.

I determined, however, that if, after all, I should see a ghost, I would shoot it on the spot.

The moon shone aloft as I approached the haunted house some time after ten o'clock.

Near the place, which was all cluttered up, there were stumps of dead trees, weatherbeaten logs, tangled weeds, stones, boulders and rubbish. I saw, too, that there were rats and had been told that there were bats. A black grimalkin prowled and mewed. "Silence brooded," as the poet says. The old Congaree River rolled softly. There was no other house in sight. The town lay off and seemed as if a hundred miles away.

I noticed that one side of the deserted house stood slant, that the front door of it was badly battered, that the panes of glass in the windows were broken and besmudged, that many of the old clapboards were rotted off, and that everywhere there were wrack, spider webs, thorns and confusion. The place was musty. It looked dismal. It was forbidding.

I doubt whether I would ever have thought of staying there, even for a night, if I had known all about it beforehand.

Black George, who had gone with me so far, told me that he had "shook out" the place, had fixed up everything, and had made a shakedown for me on the second story in a very nice room.

About this time the darky became uneasy. He was shivering. He palavered and laughed. "Do yo' hear dat caterwauling, Massa?" he asked. He looked up at the moon. Suddenly he ran off through the woods and weeds toward the Mansion House of his master, anxious to get to his cabin of safety before midnight.

"De Lawd save ye!" he cried, as he struck out and off.

But no delusion for me! Away with humbug! All darkies are superstitious; they see invisible things at night.

I entered the haunted house and climbed the rickety stairs to the second story. Here I saw my room, in which, as I noticed, there were a front window and a rear window, the former on a line with the shaky balcony. The place looked

as if it might suit me, and be comfortable enough. The tallow dip was lighted, and stood on a small board table, near which a chair had been set. As for the shakedown, it was all right. There was a log fire on the hearth, some of the smoke from which went up the big broad chimney, which was heavy with ancient soot. I opened a closet, and there, in a corner, lay a few withered bones which looked like the relics of a lost life. I was not alarmed by the sight. My reason served me then, as it had done before. It was a time to be level-headed. Foolery was out of place.

Already, as I stood before the fire, in sight of the shakedown, glancing about, I began to feel drowsy. I resolved, however, to stay up for yet an hour, or even till midnight, that I might find out for myself whether the house were certainly haunted, and that I might put an end to the foolish ghost stories, a hundred years old, which had for generations scared everybody, especially the darkies, of whom there were many thousands in Columbia.

I made up my mind that, if a ghost should appear when the clock struck twelve, I would send a bullet through its head.

I sat down in the chair, and began to read the novel that I had brought with me, and which lay on the table beside my pistol. The very first page captivated me, and I was sure that I would pass a tranquil hour in following the plot. After a while I looked at my watch. It was not far from midnight. I turned over the leaves of the novel, the opening chapter of which I found to be very fascinating.

I soon had a strange feeling. I became conscious of the presence of some moving or fluttering thing. It did not seem to be of human kind; it was of an unnatural character. A shiver passed over me. But, as I had heard that there were bats about the old house, I thought that perhaps I had been stirred merely by the fluttering of one of them.

I continued to read the novel. I saw that a few more ticks of my watch would bring me to the midnight hour. The tallow candle flickered. When I looked toward the battered window I noticed that the moonlight was obscured by a heavy bank of black clouds.

I looked again. My eyes were riveted, for there, on the edge of the balcony, peering through one of the broken panes of glass, stood a sheeted ghost, a skeleton in white, grinning at me.

Pluck is the thing at such a moment. I had lots of it.

In a cautious way, I laid hold of my pistol, rose to my feet, set aside my chair, and advanced toward the front window. The ghost was out of sight.

As I stepped back to my chair near the table, I again saw the self-same ghost at the rear window, with ravaged face pressed against one of the panes of glass.

I was sure in a moment that it was the face of a woman. Her lips moved; she was gibbering; she would speak to me. She beckoned to me with her bony hand. Somehow, at that instant, she reminded me of a certain young woman of another time, who, after I had fallen in love with her, turned from me, married another suitor, and killed herself.

I took some steps in the direction of the flibbertigibbet, who now sprang off and away in a flash, seemingly toward a cloud that loomed up in the sky. But instantly I saw the ghost again at the front window, standing on the dilapidated balcony. I turned my head, and it then looked in at the rear window. It was to be seen, almost at the same instant, at both of the windows; but it was approachable at neither of them.

I was bewildered.

I now felt sure that the abandoned house was, indeed, haunted by the ghost of the woman who had been murdered there a hundred years before.

Terror overmastered me.

I resolved to fly from the place.

I screamed, "Help, Oh, God!"

I tried to snatch my pistol, but I could not lay hands on it.

I sprang to my feet.

The chair on which I had been sitting fell. The table tumbled over. Crack! went the pistol, which had been cocked.

"Good mornin' Massa!" cried Black George, who had come to tell me that breakfast was ready up at the Mansion House.

To my wonderment, I saw that the morning sunshine flushed the world. It was broad daylight. I had fallen asleep in the chair soon after I sat down in it at ten o'clock the previous night, and had slept there till morning. I had not read

even one of the pages of the novel which now lay on the floor. I had seen never a ghost, other than the nightmare, at the window at midnight.

The logs in the fireplace were burned to ashes. The tallow dip was out. The pistol lay near the novel on the floor. The mocking bird sang in the clump of woods.

"De folks is a-waitin' fo' ye!" said Black George. "Bacon an' eggs, coffee an' corn dodgers is on de table; an' I'll tote yer things."

It was at Columbia, the capital of the old Palmetto State, in the year before the war, that the affair of which a narrative is here given occurred.

After its occurrence I made no self-stultifying attempt to shatter the ghost stories that clustered around the abandoned house, which, I may say, has not been haunted of late years, for it was burned by Sherman's army early in the year 1865.

I spoke not a word to the Colonel, or to any one else, about the terrifying experiences of that spectral night. Not a soul alive ever till this time heard of them from me.

But you may be sure that I never slept another night in the haunted house behind the clump of woods, which had been abandoned ever since the night of the murder of a woman there a hundred years ago.

New York City.

The Color Line

By Henry P. Goddard

WITHIN the past two years a colored man was tried, condemned and hung for murder in the State of Maryland. The crime was a brutal and aggravated one. A few days before the execution the prisoner, who was undoubtedly a man of brutal nature, was asked whether he had anything to say in extenuation of his crime. His reply was, "No, I presume that I ought to be hung, but I have only to say that in all my life no white man has ever tried to make me better than I was. Whenever I got any money there were plenty of white men who would sell me beer and whisky, but none who tried to influence me to be a good man."

Not long since I was talking with a Southern gentleman, a lifelong Democrat, and a man ardently opposed to negro domination in the South and very dubious as to whether it was wise to have ever granted suffrage to the colored race. In speaking of the numerous lynchings of colored men in the South, however, he asserted his positive opinion that in many cases the victims were innocent, and that on the whole lynchings did more harm than good. He narrated an interesting story of a recent occurrence in his own State where he had great difficulty in saving an innocent colored man from being lynched. The negro, whom he had known for years as a faithful, honest laborer devoted to his own family and to his employer (my informer), on a warm day, dressed only in a shirt and overalls, while very hot, stopped at a house and asked a white lady for a drink of water. She was reluctant to procure it, when he very foolishly said, "For God's sake, you *must* get me some water," which frightened the woman into a faint, which so alarmed the colored man that he ran away. When she came to, the woman alarmed the neighborhood and said that she had been grossly insulted by a negro. A lynching party at once started in pursuit of the foolish but frightened fugitive, caught and would have hung him but for the earnest pleading of my informant. It was with great difficulty that he saved the life of the colored man, and it was with greater difficulty that he induced him to remain in the neighborhood, for while the white woman herself admitted that she had acted hastily and without reflection in giving an alarm, yet the fact that she had done so would always, in the view of the negro, and even in that of his protector, create a distrust of him in the neighborhood that

would make his living there always somewhat perilous. Hence he was even willing to abandon a small farm which he had bought of his protector, who, as I have said, at last induced him to remain.

I was once standing in a Baltimore electric car when the aisle was crowded with women standing in front of me whose faces of course I could not see, and whose race was unknown to me. At last a big man got up from his seat and pointing at it, signed to me to take it. I shook my head and said, "Let one of those women have it." As the one nearest dropped into it the man looked at me, and in tones of supreme contempt ejaculated "Nigger" in tones which led every one near to look with varying expressions at the very light colored quadroon who had taken his seat.

Shortly after the close of the war in Cuba the Eighth U. S. Volunteers, composed entirely of colored men, except that the officers above the rank of lieutenant were white, was mustered out at Chickamauga, Tennessee. Its field officers and nearly all its line officers had been veterans on one side or the other during the Civil War. The regiment had been under excellent discipline and had made an excellent reputation during its entire term of service. Unfortunately, some of the men got hold of liquor at Chattanooga, while on their way home, and had a fracas there in which two white men were wounded. The affair was telegraphed to Nashville, and as a result some 200 special police were on duty in that city when the train with the troops arrived. A midnight search was made of the train for concealed weapons. As a result of this search there were several broken heads among the soldiers and some of the men were robbed of their discharge and transportation papers and some even of money. The Nashville papers admitted that none of the soldiers were turbulent and that they did not try to use arms, but alleged that some of them were slow to yield to search, and were rather impudent to the police. They all expressed regret that unnecessary violence was used and that some innocent men were clubbed, but claimed that it was necessary to teach the negroes a lesson that the Eighth Regiment should not be allowed to behave in Tennessee as other regiments have behaved in other Southern States. Full reports of this matter were sent to Washington, but the War Department decided that it would take no action as the troops were no longer in the Federal service. While this conclusion is doubtless legally correct, it is interesting to inquire what might have been the result had a white regiment on its way home been treated by colored policemen as the Eighth was treated at Nashville. In brief, "Has *a nigger* rights that a white man is bound to respect?"

Early in 1899 a lecturer who witnessed the battles in front of Santiago was giving an illustrated lecture on the subject at Richmond, Virginia. When he praised the bravery of the United States colored regular troops in these battles, which is a matter of official record and almost universal knowledge, the lecturer was greeted with such hisses that he had to drop the subject.

A few years ago Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar, the colored poet and writer, whose literary work has won him the commendation of high literary authorities both here and in England, and who has had as his guest a grandson of John Bright, was invited to read before a well-known literary club in Washington, D. C. He was reluctant to accept and only did so after great urgency from an officer of the club. On the night on which he was to read he went to the house where the club met and took a seat on a divan on which a white man was seated. As soon as he had done so, the "gentleman" in question at once left the seat and took another. Mr. Dunbar had been met and cordially greeted by the lady who had invited him, who told him that his turn would come in about an hour. While waiting his turn to read, he noticed considerable commotion in the audience, and a few minutes before the appointed hour his hostess came to him, took him aside and said with considerable emotion that she was greatly embarrassed, but was compelled to tell him that the club did not care to hear him read. Of course, Mr. Dunbar left the house as quickly as possible.

Mr. Dunbar at one time gave a reading in New York in the editorial rooms of a prominent magazine. Among those

invited was a well-known critic connected with the staff of one of the great daily papers. His reply to the invitation was as follows:

"A white poet and reader would be bad enough, but a black poet and reader would be an abomination. I have no time to go to hear a man who writes about hog jowl and cabbage."

Some years ago I came over the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, bound East. In the parlor car I became acquainted with a very intelligent man of olive complexion who had traveled far and wide on both Continents, had fought in the War of the Rebellion, and knew well some of the best officers in the Union Army, in which I had served, and was one of the best informed students of military history that I ever met. Arriving at Charlottesville, Va., where the train stopped for the passengers to get lunch, I urged him to go into the depot restaurant as my guest. He declined, but when I returned to the train I found that he had had the colored porter bring him his lunch and that he had removed his silk skull cap while eating. Then for the first time it flashed across me that he was of Ethiopian descent. He soon found out that I had discovered this, and then told me frankly that he was afraid to go into the Charlottesville restaurant with me (altho he had been a guest at some of the best hotels in New York) lest it should be suspected that he had African blood and thus expose both himself and me to insult. His conversation and manner was that of a gentleman, yet when he reached Baltimore, where he was to spend the night, there was no hotel or restaurant to which I felt I could safely invite him. My house was closed, so I spoke to one of the most radical members of a club always noted for its Union proclivities—a Judge who had been denounced for his radicalism and bitterly criticised for his friendship to the colored race, a man of extreme fearlessness of character. I asked him if I could entertain the stranger at that club. The Judge replied regretfully that I could not do so safely, for if I did it would excite a storm of criticism that might end in my expulsion from membership.

Bishop Turner, of Georgia, a colored prelate of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was taken ill a few years ago on a train of a Southern railroad and applied for a berth in a sleeper. The request was positively refused, on the ground that the railway company enforces a rule that no berth in a sleeping car shall be sold to any "person of color."

A distinguished officer of high rank in the regular army, now serving in the Philippines, under a very recent date writes me that the one great difficulty in the way of the pacification of the islanders there lies in "the offensive sense of Anglo-Saxon race superiority manifested by the American troops." He says that altho we give the natives infinitely better government than did the Spaniards, we do not associate with them on such terms of equality, and this rankles to the core.

As an offset to the somewhat unpleasant nature of the studies I have recorded of the difficult race problem which confronts us, the recent manly course of President Roosevelt in entertaining Mr. Booker T. Washington, and similar invitations to him from Bishop Potter and Morris K. Jesup and other men of social distinction, as lately at New Haven, prove that Mr. Washington's noble work among his own people has won him the right to social recognition. Away back in the fifties the rector of the most prominent Episcopal church in New Hampshire showed the same spirit. Fred Douglass had come to lecture in the city and after the lecture it was discovered that no hotel in the city would receive him as a guest. As soon as this fact became public, the rector in question, a man who is nothing if not aristocratic, and a man whose education, refinement and lofty Christianity have since won him the Bishopric of a Western State, came forward and said: "Mr. Douglass, will you honor me by being my guest at my house while in this city?"

BALTIMORE, MD.

LITERATURE

The Earlier Renaissance*

THE latest volume of the "Periods of European Literature" series is written by the general editor, and embraces the closing years of the fifteenth century and the first half of the sixteenth. The period is interesting, both for the vast extent of tolerable literature produced and for the prominence of a few great names, such as Rabelais, Ariosto, Erasmus, Machiavelli. It is an age, too, peculiarly fitted to Mr. Saintsbury's powers and methods, and the result has been a volume entertaining throughout (Mr. Saintsbury is always entertaining, even when most exasperating) and for the most part trustworthy (which unfortunately he often is not).

Here, as in all his work, the characteristics of Mr. Saintsbury's critical method are frankly conspicuous,—his dependence on sheer quantitative reading and his exclusive concern with the purely literary content of a book. As a reader of printed matter, Mr. Saintsbury is a prodigy, a portent, a humiliation to men of lesser *Sitzfleisch;* he is the *Chalkenteros* of the twentieth century. As some accountants add up two or even three columns of figures at once, so we think Mr. Saintsbury must be able to read two or three books at one and the same time. Whenever he thinks it possible that his judgment may be called in question, he does not argue—no, he merely enumerates with jovial placidity the number of books he has perused on the subject. And, what is even more incredible, he remembers a surprising amount of all that he has read.

> "And still the wonder grew
> That one small head could carry all he knew."

The other characteristic of Mr. Saintsbury's method, not less conspicuous, is the avowed limitation of his concern to the purely literary form and literary content of a work. He seems to regard a book as something quite apart from life or the problems of life.

In general these two traits have stood him in good stead in the present undertaking. To grasp and hold together the whole literary output of this prolific period, and at the same time to be able to throw light on it by constantly looking backward and forward to the literature of other contrasted ages, required a prodigious amount of rapid reading and a no less capacious memory. Mr. Saintsbury carries his task so lightly, even jauntily, that something of his own ease is conveyed to the reader; and a volume crowded with names, which to many of his audience will be for the most part names only, really wears the appearance of lightness. So, too, his concern with the literary content alone is not so injurious a limitation here where literary form was the dominant interest as it might be in some other periods. His observations on technical points of form are generally good and always at least worthy of consideration. In the present volume his digression on the sonnet form, for instance, is really illuminating; altho he seems to us to have judged somewhat superficially in justifying the English trick of closing the sextet with a couplet; and we are even ready to maintain that a large number of the Shakespearean sonnets actually read better with the couplet omitted. In larger matters we may note the admirable treatment of Rabelais and Ariosto, and as these are the most considerable authors discussed they give a value to the whole volume. In criticising the "Orlando" particularly, where the literary form and content are everything, Mr. Saintsbury has shown great acumen and judgment. The treatment of Rabelais is good, but leaves just a little to be desired for the reason that Rabelais trenches more closely on problems of real life.

The weakness of Mr. Saintsbury's method is made apparent when he comes to such words as "*Encomium Moriae*" of Erasmus, or the "*Principe*" of Machiavelli, where something more is demanded than purely formal treatment. One would never guess from the present critic

* THE EARLIER RENAISSANCE. *By George Saintsbury.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

that "The Praise of Folly" is a book of great and unique wisdom; one looks in vain for a single word from Mr. Saintsbury which throws any true light on the meaning of "Folly" as Erasmus used the word—and therein lies the very gist of the matter. In like manner the criticism of "The Prince" is provokingly inadequate. The truth is that Mr. Saintsbury is so intent on reading so many hundreds—or thousands, one is tempted to say—of printed pages in twenty-four hours that he never pauses to reflect. We see this continually in little things. A doubtful generalization falls from his lips with the aplomb of an oracle, not because he has made the matter simple to himself by much consideration, but because he has not taken time to look at more than one aspect of the question. When, however, both views of any question not purely literary are forced on him his haste commonly leads him to shirk entirely the difficulty of making up his mind. "For Italy, as luck, or ill-luck would have it," he begins, and neither he nor the bewildered reader ever has time to learn whether it was a matter of good or ill fortune that Italy was isolated from European culture. Such superficiality as this is always annoying, it becomes positively exasperating when in criticising the Italian drama he leaves out of account the lack of moral seriousness which made real tragedy impossible to Italy of the sixteenth century.

American History by Contemporaries*

A GENUINE literature of historical sources has grown up in the fifty years since Professor Bowen published his collection of English and American documents for the use of his classes in constitutional history at Harvard. Such literature is now rapidly becoming a recognized part of the equipment of every historical course, whether in the preparatory school or the college. Extracts from official documents, letters, chronicles, speeches, diaries, and the like, put into the hands of young students in preparatory schools and colleges, show how doubly removed we are from those days when the writer of history did not feel called upon to give so much as a footnote to tell whence he obtained his information. To-day not only is the scholar expected to give his authority for every statement, but he is also expected to hand over his document to the teacher or the popularizer for incorporation in a leaflet or a volume, supplemented by head-notes and explanations. Truly to some of the writers of the older days the veil may well seem to have been rent, the mysteries of the temple disclosed, and the secrets of the profession laid bare to the gaze of the curious multitude.

That this is as it should be no one would be so bold as to deny. Publicity is as important in the narration of past events as in the administration of government at the present time. But how far it is desirable to lead young students into the mazes of documentary evidence is a matter of honest difference of opinion among the best teachers of the present day. Some maintain that the sources are only valuable as illustrative material to supplement the ideas that the teacher is enforcing, whereas others believe that the sources should be the basis of all historical knowledge and the material from which the student should work up his ideas.

To the latter class belongs Professor Hart, of Harvard University, and in his *American History told by Contemporaries* he has given a bold example of his faith in the importance of source literature. These four finely printed and bound volumes are nothing but a collection of source material on a gigantic scale, for altogether they contain nearly eight hundred documents or parts of documents. The period covered is long—the whole era of American history—and the range is wide, for no aspect or condition, with the single exception of the constitutional, remains unillustrated. The character of the material selected for presentation is, however, unique, for the extracts are, as the title of the work indicates, taken entirely from the class of source material known to scholars as "conscious"—that is, designed by its authors to illustrate, for the benefit of

* AMERICAN HISTORY TOLD BY CONTEMPORARIES. Vol. I, Era of Colonization, 1492-1689; Vol. II, Building of the Republic, 1689-1783; Vol. III, National Expansion, 1783-1815; Vol. IV, Welding of the Nation, 1845-1900. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of History in Harvard University. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1901. $8.

contemporaries or of posterity, the times in which they themselves were playing some part.

It would be impossible in this notice to give any adequate idea of the contents of these volumes. The variety of the quotations is almost bewildering and the reader will seek in vain for any unity or system in the collection. Some of the quotations are complete, others are only extracts; some are from manuscript sources, others from rare and practically inaccessible books, while the great majority are from well-known and easily obtained authorities. Contemporary writings of every sort make up the bulk of the work: speeches, letters, poems, descriptions, plans, theories, political arguments; while the remainder of the space is filled with valuable disquisitions by the editor on Sources and their Uses. Far and away the most satisfactory volumes are the first and third, while the fourth is open to the serious charge of being sketchy and poor. This is particularly true of the portion devoted to the last forty years, and the humor of the situation is somewhat increased when we find "Mr. Dooley" and Professor Hart himself quoted among the contemporaries of the present day; and we are not sure which is the more humorous, Mr. Dooley's philosophy or Professor Hart's quotations from his own magazine articles.

The exact value of such a work as this is difficult to measure. Cramming with sources is just as bad as cramming with facts. Furthermore, an excessive use of this class of material tends to weaken the slight powers of thought that a pupil at the preparatory or early college stage possesses, for it substitutes mere pictures for explanations and gives prominence to method rather than to ideas. In the second place, the particular class of material here used, in which the personal element predominates and in which personal prejudices and erroneous opinions meet the reader's eye at every turn, is bound to have a bad influence on the minds of young people, who will find it hard to throw off in later years impressions received from reading many of these extracts. The same danger is not present in the use of charters and other official documents, where the personal element is almost entirely wanting and the subject can be treated more objectively. In the last place, the more a pupil reads of this kind of material the more is he likely to lose all sense of proportion and perspective and to bring himself into the position of the modern reader of newspapers, who of all men is least competent to interpret the events of the day. So the young student who may pore over these extracts contained in Professor Hart's volumes and be absorbingly interested in some of them, as we confess that we have been ourselves, is laying a poor foundation for the study of history in its higher forms and is in danger of losing himself in the maze of petty details and personal partialities which it ought to be the object of every instructor of history to eliminate as far as possible.

Recreations of a Connoisseur*

THE intellectual exhilaration which everywhere transpires from this book is most readily felt in the final essay, "Venetian Painting, Chiefly Before Titian, at the Exhibition of Venetian Art." The occasion of its writing was one of those field days for the connoisseur such as London alone affords—a loan exhibition of Venetian art at the New Gallery, held in 1895. Here, as is the practice, were gathered in from out of town gallery and country house, mislabeled masterpieces, and pictures rashly ascribed to the masters. The official catalogue discreetly stood by "the names given by the contributors." It was the chance for a connoisseur of Mr. Berenson's quality, and there is something fascinating about the assurance with which he administers the critical purge to official catalogues and uncritical owners. Of the thirty-three catalogued Titians, for example, but one is for our credence, and so it goes. And there is method in Mr. Berenson's cock-sureness. Take the thirty-two pseudo-Titians—a dozen are so poor and so remote from the master as to be quite negligible; five are copies after well-known originals; two are copies after lost originals; four are by Titian's clever follower, Polidoro

* THE STUDY AND CRITICISM OF ITALIAN ART. *By Bernhard Berenson.* New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50

Lanzani; another is by Girolamo Santacroce; another by Andrea Schiavone; another by Romanino; and so of the rest. Such an analysis shows that the critic carries in his mind's eye not only the distinguishing marks of a Titian, but also the idiosyncrasies of the score of minor painters whom the master's fame has overlain.

If this Herculean cleansing of a loan exhibition is the most obviously interesting essay of the batch, the study entitled "Amico di Sandro" is far the most valuable. Any one might have seen that a class of pictures which resembled superficially the early work of Botticelli must in reality have been by some minor artist of the Lippi school. It took Mr. Berenson's rare perception to attach to these early and comparatively unattractive pictures, of which the Naples "Botticelli" is the type, a series of charming panels usually attributed to Filippino Lippi. Thus an "Adoration of the Magi," at the National Gallery, and the superlatively lovely "Esther" cassone piece, at Chantilly, were added to the works of this unknown "Friend of Sandro"—a minor but distinctly charming personality, concerning whom archivists and esthetic critics failed us utterly.

Less certain in its results is the essay on "Certain Copies After Lost Originals of Giorgione," in which is set the most difficult question of judgment; to reconstruct from a mediocre imitation the original which it travesties. Naturally, so delicate an appreciation leaves a wide opening for dissent. Few will concede that the portrait of a dogged man in the Doetsch collection, with the, for Giorgione, incredibly awkward arrangement of the architectural rectangles in the composition, is anything better than a poor original by a third rate imitator of the master. As to the superb woman's portrait in the Crespi collection at Milan, can it be a copy by or after whomsoever? Where is the sufficient reason for doubting the traditional ascription to Titian's early period, which is confirmed by the half effaced signature "Titianus?"

Leaving these contentious matters, we may pass with slighter comment two earlier essays on Correggio, admirable review articles on "Vasari in the Light of Recent Publications"—in which Messer Giordio is indicated not only as the protagonist, but as virtually the pioneer in the history of Italian art—and on "Dante's Visual Images and His Early Illustrators," a suggestive study which merely poses a problem worthy of elaborate investigation—all of which vary agreeably the assortment of good things which the book offers.

A few typographical errors, particularly in the index, show the difficulties of proof-reading *d'outremer*. Nothing is serious save the mishap by which what should be the top appears as the bottom line of page sixty. Finally, the forty excellent half-tone cuts from unhackneyed originals mostly in private possession will commend the handsomely made book to many to whom its connoisseurship would be *caviare*.

By the Author of Elizabeth *

THIS time it is a novel. The heroine, a German-English girl, named Anna, not lacking in sense and spirit, is confronted by a two-horned dilemma. The thought of propping her woman's head on a man's shoulder is as distasteful to her as the idea of being dependent on a rich sister-in-law, who was a Miss Dobbs, of Birmingham, and remains Dobbs by nature after becoming an Estcourt by name. But Providence intervenes in the form of a German uncle, who has learned to love his niece and almost to understand her during his visit in England. On his return to Germany he does the handsome thing,—dies, that is, and bequeaths her an estate in Straslund. The account of the journey to Pomerania, and the reception by the farm inspector, Dilliwig, and his wife, "whose maternal instincts find satisfaction in tending and fattening five little pigs," is such as only Elizabeth could give us.

Mistakes not a few the young householder makes in her intercourse with her German neighbors, from the trivial blunder of occupying the sofa herself in the presence of guests, to the more fatal error of omitting the farm inspector and his wife from her dinner party, under the

* THE BENEFACTRESS. *By the Author of Elizabeth.* New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

mistaken impression that they are social inferiors of the pastor, a man who can "ask the most tremendous questions about one's soul between two mouthfuls of pudding." That her neighbors should comprehend her was not to be expected, for a person who objected to the sacrifice of a life on her account for the sake of an especially choice cutlet had also every other appearance of being mad, maddest of all her intention of sharing herself and her goods with the homeless, friendless unhappy.

For this is her plan. In sweet charity she determines to share her house and substance with "twelve ladies, who have fallen on evil days by the will of God." The various members of her household as finally established are a revelation of human, woman and German nature all in one, and the author describes them with the same keen observation, the same unbitter cynicism and freedom from illusion which she has already made familiar to us. Life with the "chosen" is not what it had promised to be. The "unhappy ladies" cannot be made happy, altho by accepting her hospitality they have declared this to be their supreme end and aim. The two "gentlewomen" of the number learn and disclose the dreadful fact that Frau Kuh-Räuber's father, alluded to by herself as a "man of letters," was but a common postman, and other causes of discussion are never wanting. As we see the three ladies fingering their pillow cases to test the quality, and otherwise estimating the furniture of their immaculate rooms, marveling that one could be such a fool as to give away so freely, we begin to feel that Anna needs a strong, restraining hand to save her from casting her pearls before impostors. She herself, however, refuses to be convinced of this, till finally grim and tragic events teach her that she has a heart in her breast not unlike other women, and she goes at last of her own free will to "prop her head on a man's shoulder."

In *The Benefactress* Elizabeth will be put to the test of comparison, not only with others, but also with herself. If we prize this book less than its predecessors it is but the greater compliment to the author that we crave her in her own character. *The Benefactress* is "Elizabeth" still, but Elizabeth once removed.

American Authors *

THE deep influence of literature upon daily life is shown indirectly by the interest taken by the public in all authors. Their homes are pointed out by neighbors and inspected by strangers, and they themselves undergo a scrutiny which would be unpleasant were it not of so kind and complimentary a nature. This eagerness to learn about the personality of authors has inspired Mr. Halsey to produce the work above mentioned. The authors treated are Stoddard, Burroughs, Van Dyke, Stockton, Mabie, Aldrich, Howells, Ford, Fiske, Cable, Miller, Stedman, Page, Hopkinson-Smith, Mitchell, Higginson, Bangs, Seton-Thompson, Woodberry, Carnegie, Matthews and Alden. The treatment of the subject is journalistic in its simplicity. Each home is described as it appears from without and within; with the description is an interview with the author on his books, methods of work or other topics connected with his vocation.

In this manner Mr. Halsey has been able to present a series of pen-pictures of rare accuracy, beauty and interest. To read the work is to feel acquainted with the twenty-two authors discussed and with their homes and daily life.

In a pleasant introduction the editor calls attention to the improvement effected in the past fifty years in the worldly affairs of the author. He contrasts Poe's poverty-stricken cottage in Fordham with the handsome mansions of the successful writers of to-day. The antithesis is hardly fair. Poe was sadly deficient in all business qualifications,—was, in fact, a Bohemian pure and simple. On the other hand, of the authors cited, Carnegie made his fortune from the forge and foundry and not the pen, and Stedman his from banking. Page married and Ford inherited wealth. Bangs is an able and successful editor, and Van Dyke was formerly a popular clergyman and is now a college professor. Yet, after all allowances, it is clear that the man of letters is better off to-day than ever before, for the reason that more people read and more are able to buy books. Mr. Halsey also notices a change for the

* AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THEIR HOMES. *Edited, with an introduction and addition, by Francis Whiting Halsey.* New York: James Pott & Co. $1.25.

better in the social position. This, of course, is but another phase of the preceding proposition.

THE SIGN OF THE PROPHET. A Tale of Tecumseh and Tippecanoe. *By James Ball Naylor.* (Akron, Ohio: The Saalfield Publishing Co. $1.50.) Commonplace in many parts, even ridiculous in others, this novel yet has qualities which lift it far above the common run of the season's fiction. The narrative is generally anything but deft and skillful; the incidents,—particularly the more harrowing ones involving danger,—are often impossible, and the love scenes are grotesquely bad. And yet a raw strength is revealed throughout it all; the plot, in its wider outlines, is reasonable; there are many affecting passages that move the indurated reviewer to tears, and, above all, it catches and gives forth something of the real spirit of the Indiana and Ohio of ninety years ago. The character of Joe Farley, the frontiersman, tho somewhat overdrawn, comes near to reality, and Bright Wing, the friendly Wyandot, almost persuades us of his existence. It is in the passages relating the devoted comradeship of these two with the hero, Ross Douglass, a scout serving under General Harrison, that the author reaches his highest achievement. Here at least he is simple and natural, and he invests the vicissitudes of these comrades with a true pathos.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF THE UNITED STATES. *By Rev. E. Lyman Hood.* (Boston: The Pilgrim Press.) This volume gives rather the annals than the history of the various Congregational National Councils held in this country. For this purpose it is valuable for reference. Probably the best part of the work is in the account of the early synods held in the seventeenth century, where the author has the benefit of the observations of various historians. What we miss in the account of the Councils, beginning with the Oberlin Council of 1871, which opened the series of Triennial Councils, is the characterization of what was the principal spirit of each Council, its message to the churches, such as was very admirably given in a very brief analysis of the Councils in an article in *The Congregationalist* a few months ago. The author has devoted too much space to a list of those who attended and to abstracts of the papers read, which are by no means the most important part of what a religious assembly does. That is to be found in the discussions which do not get into the reports. The last chapter in this handsomely printed volume is entitled "The Functions of the National Council," but is really an essay on the history and polity of Congregationalism.

FIFTY BOOK PLATES. ENGRAVED ON COPPER. *By Thomas Moring.* (New York: M. F. Mansfield & Co. $6.00.) The chief value of the present publication is due to the fact that the illustrations are printed directly from the several copper plates, and show a goodly array of modern ex-libris as they come from the hand of a London engraver. The Introduction on the Art of Engraving Book Plates on Copper is somewhat disappointing, as is also the case with the Descriptive Notes, but when the pictorial results are reached the book becomes more satisfactory and quite justifies its existence. The designs that enter into the plates in the book are naturally of varying merit. They also embrace a considerable range in motif. The armorial decoration predominates, but there are a few marks of ownership in which this is lacking, and two or three presentation plates lend novelty to the collection. The single example of a Canting plate that appears as No. 9 is a most excellent one. Plate No. 19, showing a view of Doric Temple, is a pretty bit of engraving. The book serves as an indication of the growing interest taken in ex-libris.

A STUDENTS' HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY. *By Arthur Kenyon Rogers, Ph.D.* (New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.) Professor Rogers's work is intended for college students. In preparing it he has "tried continually to keep in mind the results that can reasonably be hoped for from a college class." It is not clear whether these students are supposed to have studied philosophy be-

forehand, or whether they are to make the acquaintance of philosophy through this book. We are of those who believe that the history of philosophy should be let alone until there has been some special study of philosophy itself and its problems. Otherwise it must be as blind as a history of mathematics in advance of mathematical study, or else it will result in barren and worthless superficialities. Unless in the hands of a competent teacher, who should carry on a parallel philosophical exposition, we fear that a college class would not be much built up by reading this work. A more likely result would be a fluency of speech without understanding—what the Germans call "ladies' philosophy." A student, however, with some measure, and not too much, of preparation, would find Professor Rogers's work very readable and also useful. Still it suggests the philosophical journalist, rather than the philosophical thinker; a writer who has read up on the subject, rather than one who has thought himself into the problems.

GLORIES OF SPAIN. *By Charles W. Wood.* (New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.) Mr. Charles W. Wood, for many years editor and proprietor of the *Argosy* Magazine, has become known as a traveler by means of a series of volumes on Holland and other countries, and now in his latest book, *Glories of Spain,* he describes a leisurely tour down the eastern coast of the Peninsula. The party, which included a humorist, invited adventure at the outset by exchanging the signs *Pour Fumeurs* and *Pour Dames Seules* on two neighboring carriages of the south-bound train from Paris. Their first Spanish city was Gerona of the austere arcades and Romanesque cloisters. The priest who showed them the treasures of the cathedral sacristy told them his love-story, which they afterward took the liberty of discussing with its heroine, a Sister of Mercy. A second priest, whom they met in Gerona, a Frenchman, confided to them his romance at the length of two chapters and a half. In the gray town of Manresa they were tempted to snatch two lovely novices from the yawning cloister, but thought better of it and went on to find an idyl in Lerida, a tragedy and a dinner-party in Zaragoza. All this is possible, and personalities have a place in sketches of travel, but there is, nevertheless, something amiss with Mr. Wood's account. His sentiment is a little too sentimental; his humor is not humorous enough. The author is at his best in describing picturesque effects in architecture and scenery, but the chief value of this handsome volume lies in its illustrations. These are half-tones reproduced from water-color drawings, and give the beauty of light and shadow, of mystery and suggestion, as photographic work can never do.

A HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY. *By Dr. W. Windelband.* (New York: The Macmillan Company.) This is the second edition of Windelband's History, and, like the first, it is translated by Professor Tufts, of Chicago. The merits of the work are well known, and they make it one of the best of our Histories of Philosophy. Its great merit is that it is a history of philosophy, not of philosophers; it deals with philosophy, not with biography or bibliography. The work claims to be written with especial reference to the formation and development of the problems and conceptions of philosophy, so that the reader may discern the leading problems of thought and the main lines of philosophical progress. In this aim Windelband has been successful beyond most writers on this subject. The new edition makes some changes in exposition and adds a few brief characterizations of the most important thinkers, but the chief addition consists in a fuller treatment of the philosophers of the nineteenth centnry.

WORKS OF LORD BYRON. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.) The sixth and last volume of Byron's *Letters and Journals,* edited by Mr. Rowland E. Prothero, is now before us. There are still two volumes of the poetry needed to complete this definitive edition of the poet's works. We are impressed by one curious fact as we read over again these letters written during the last years of Byron's life. It is an almost invariable rule that a man's correspondence only begins to acquire genuine interest

after he has passed the *mezzo cammin,* the thirty-fifth year or thereabouts; but with Byron the exact reverse is true. There is a notable falling off of interest in his later letters; it seems as if his genius had worn itself away when most men are just expanding into their full powers. The account, as he gives it, of his Grecian undertaking is rather bare of color; we lack the strong personal note which gave piquancy to even a brief business note written in his earlier years. The chief value of the volume is the light it throws on the development of Byron's character. We feel while reading the earlier volumes as if in the presence of a great, even noble, but perverted nature; here the evil seems to have burned itself out and only the good and generous is left. As an illustration of the thoroughness and usefulness of this new edition we may repeat Mr. Prothero's figures: Moore's Life of Byron contains 561 letters; Halleck's American edition contains 635, whereas the new edition includes altogether 1,198.

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE STINGY AND OTHER TALES. *By George Bird Grinnell.* (New York: Harper & Bros. $1.15.) The like of these short stories we do not know. They are tales of Indian tribes that have been handed down from time immemorial, word for word, and we feel certain that the author has reproduced them with absolute fidelity as he heard them, "seated by the flickering fire in Blackfoot skin-lodge or in Pawnee dirt-house," for they have a native and unmistakable flavor, conveyed by their childlike directness of expression and their free playfulness. The animal stories are incomparable, such as "Bluejay the Imitator," who could not cut off slices of meat from his feet and heal the wounds with a touch, as Grizzly Bear did. One is often puzzled at the fluent transition from man to animal in the story, as, for instance, in the case of "Coyote," who seems to be now an Indian and now a beast,—a discrepancy which doubtless did not exist for the Indian himself, who was a part of the forest brotherhood no less than Mowgli. In "Thunder Maker and Cold Maker" there is as tremendous a mythology and poetry as that of the Norseman. "The Girl Who Was the Ring" is a strange tale of an Indian maiden whose brothers could bring a herd of buffaloes by pushing her to and fro in a swing. All in all the volume is full of entertainment for man and child, and of infinite suggestion to ethnologist and poet.

THE QUIBERON TOUCH. *By Cyrus Townsend Brady.* (New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.) This is an historical novel of the period preceding the revolution and contains excellent descriptions of the battle of Quebec and that of Quiberon, not so well known, in which the naval power of France was annihilated. The scene shifts from Brittany to Canada, the hero being an American and his lady-love a French girl of high degree. The story will be appreciated by lovers of history and romance.

THE FIRESIDE SPHINX. *By Agnes Repplier.* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.00.) In her piquant manner Miss Repplier seems to have said about the last word on cats. She has elevated puss to a position that animal never reached before in her highest leaps. For the first time we learn that the cat is an integral part of literature; we see her sitting as the sacred genius of the hearth, the darling companion and solace of the gentle, the refined, the scholarly. The despiser of cats must feel slightly abashed: he is proved to be no better than a boor, a survival of the dark ages of witchcraft, when puss was in league with the devil and a fit object of persecution. Miss Repplier has treated the subject chronologically, beginning far back in old Egypt, when the cat,

"With somber, sea-green gaze inscrutable;"

watched the Children of Israel march out into the desert. From that time we follow the cat down through the persecuting ages to the days of her present triumph, when she has become the peculiar pet of artists and men of letters. The book is replete with curious information and interesting quotations from little known sources. It will delight the lover of cats and the seeker after quaint things.

Literary Notes

THE December *Atlantic* contains an amusing paper on "The Plague of Statistics," by Mr. Eugene Richard White.

....The price of Dr. Johnson's "The Religious Use of the Imagination" was wrongly stated in our review. It should have been $1.00.

....The December *McClure's* contains a notable article on Michael Angelo by Mr. John La Farge. This is the first of a series of illustrated papers by the eminent artist and art critic.

....Mr. Thomas Hardy's new volume of poems to be published by Harpers will be called "Poems of the Past and Present," instead of "Poems of Feeling, Dream and Deed," as was at first announced.

....A number of the English magazines have come to us in their annual holiday dress, and their bright pictures and clever stories will make them acceptable as gifts in place of the ordinary Christmas cards. The *Sporting and Dramatic News* is resplendent in a cover of red, black and gilt with a design of mistletoe. *Pears' Annual* contains a long Christmas story by G. R. Sims, with good illustrations. The *Figaro Illustré*, in its English edition, is particularly handsome with artistic colored plates. The *Illustrated London News*, the *Graphic* and the *Sketch* are all attractively made. These English magazines issue large colored supplements which in some cases may be framed and preserved.

....Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole has had printed at the Merrymount Press an edition of the "Rubaiyat" with Crawley's Greek translation. To judge from the following specimen, the Greek is clear and musical:

'οἱ μὲν γὰρ μέγα κῦδος ἐν ἀνδράσιν, οἱ δὲ τὰ τερπνὰ
'Ηλυσίοις ποθέουσ' ἐσσόμεν' ἐν πεδίοις—
ἀλλά μοι ἀργύριον παρεὸν λαβὲ πίστιν ἐάσας,
μηδ' ἔτι σαλπίγγων τηλεδαπῶν ἄλεγε.

....Among the announcements of the University of Chicago Press is one of special interest to students of ancient history. During the coming year the publication will be commenced of a series of "Ancient Records," edited by President William R. Harper. These will be in three parts, of which six volumes of Part I will give the "Ancient Records of Assyria and Babylonia," with Prof. R. F. Harper as special editor. A similar task was undertaken many years ago in France by M. J. Menant, and an admirable series of volumes in the same line is nearly completed in Germany. Part II will give the "Ancient Records of Egypt" in five volumes, with Prof. J. H. Breasted as special editor. Such a collection ought to be very valuable, as it is particularly needed. Part III will include the "Ancient Records of Palestine," with President Harper as the special editor, but no information is given as to what it will contain.

Pebbles

THE great work of telling Congress what it ought to do will now be formally taken up.—*The Washington Star.*

....The next glorious thing for Mayor Low is to be written up by William Allen White. —*The Chicago Record-Herald.*

....*She:* "I suppose you will commit suicide if I refuse you." *He:* "That has been my custom."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

....*She:* "Do you really believe college education amounts to much?" *He:* "I wish you could see the bills."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

....*Canvasser:* "Don't let me disturb you, sir——." *Busy Merchant:* "I won't. Williams, show the gentleman out."—*Chicago Tribune.*

....*Describing the Bargain Sale:* "And then," said the girl who reads the football news, "she went through the line for a gain of five yards of slightly damaged silk."—*Chicago Post.*

....The guide was showing him the big trees. "This one," he said, "is supposed to be about 2,000 years old." "What a twentieth century club it would make!" commented the professor.—*Chicago Tribune.*

...."You say," said the city editor, pointing out the word in the manuscript, "she sung with a 'warty' voice. What do you mean by that?" "That ought to be plain enough for anybody," replied the sporting editor, who had been detailed, in the absence of the musical editor, to write up a concert. "She had a frog in her throat."—*Chicago Tribune.*

...."What are these things?" asked the customer. "Blackboard erasers," said the shop girl. "I don't want anything that will erase a blackboard. I want a chalk mark eraser." "That's what I meant. These are chalk mark erasers. Anything else?" "Yes, I want some lead pencils." "We haven't any lead pencils. We have some wooden cylinders with graphite on the inside of them. Will they do as well?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

WALTER SCAMP CHOOSES THE ALL-ANIMAL FOOTBALL TEAM FOR 1901.

(*Apologies are tendered where most needed.*)

Left end, Wolff, of Columbia.
Left tackle, Stagg, of University of Chicago.
Left guard, Swan, of Yale.
Center, Lyon, of Harvard 2d.
Right guard, Bullock, of Dartmouth.
Right tackle, Hart, of Yale.
Right end, Hare, of Pennsylvania.
Quarter-back, Fox, of Mt. Carmel.
Left half-back, Griffen, of New York University.
Right half-back, Beaver, of Carlisle Indians.
Full-back, Campbell, of Harvard.—*Life.*

EDITORIALS

Work Before Congress

At the beginning of its first session the new Congress has for consideration a subject of great interest and importance, presented in such a form, however, that wise action can be taken speedily. In the Senate the new Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, and in both houses the elaborate report of the Isthmian Canal Commission, should clear the way for a United States Canal across the American isthmus. By this treaty the grounds for the Senate's objections to the one that preceded it have been removed. It should be ratified promptly and by unanimous vote. The Commission reports in favor of the Nicaragua route, after a most thorough investigation and much deliberation. The Panama Company asks for its property and rights a sum that is nearly three times the Commission's estimate of their value. Moreover, it is not plain that the company can give a clear title. While due consideration should be and has been given to the merits of the Panama route, there ought to be no further delay. The necessary treaties with Nicaragua and Costa Rica will be at hand, and before the first of February the bill providing for beginning work on the projected canal should be a law.

The Fifty-sixth Congress ought to have provided for the laying of a telegraph cable from San Francisco to the Philippines by way of Honolulu and Guam. Its unfortunate failure to do so has permitted a private company to begin the work of laying a cable to Hawaii. The means of quick communication with these distant possessions in the Pacific should not be exclusively in private hands. There should be a cable to the Philippines by way of Honolulu, and it ought to be owned and operated by the Government of the United States. It is not too late for Congress to provide for such a cable without injury to private interests.

In connection with the duties on imported goods several questions arise. The sleeping treaties of reciprocity should be taken up and ratified. They are beneficial agreements. If some amendment of them is demanded, let an attempt to procure amendment be made. Above all, a commercial treaty with Cuba should be negotiated and made effective without delay. To the supreme argument of moral obligation, so clearly set forth by the Secretary of War, are added considerations affecting our own welfare and the growth of our export trade. Do those who oppose the desired reduction of the duties on sugar and tobacco realize what the effect of withholding these concessions must be? If we are false to our moral obligation, not only will Cuba suffer from severe industrial depression and disorder, losing all the advance made under American rule, and becoming again a menace to our Southern cities by reason of a revival of disease in its ports; but annexation will surely be hastened. Annexation, these opponents of reciprocity with Cuba should see, would be followed by the entire removal of those duties, a reduction of which they desire to prevent. We cannot think that Congress will refuse now to grant those reductions, in return for which are offered reciprocal reductions that would largely increase our exports to the island.

As for tariff revision by general legislation, if the present tariff is wrong it ought to be amended. We believe that many duties in it are wholly unnecessary and that others are too high. Some duties no longer needed for protection are used by combinations as means for extorting from American consumers high prices for goods that are sold at lower prices abroad by the same combinations. An analysis of our exports shows how long is the list of duties no longer needed for protection. These high, unnecessary duties, with others that serve to protect the exactions of industries in which competition has been nearly or completely suppressed, serve to excite the hostility and to provoke the retaliatory legislation of foreign countries which our exports have invaded. We believe the tariff ought to be revised now, and that,

from a political point of view, the Republican party has nothing to gain by refusing to revise it. If that party at this session kills the pending treaties of reciprocity, declines to accept a treaty with Cuba, and insists upon keeping the present tariff intact, it may lose the House at next year's elections. Such a result would be assured if, after refusing to touch the tariff by legislation or treaty, it should repeal the war taxes on tobacco and beer.

The consolidation of railroad systems and the growth of great industrial combinations demand attention, but new legislation is not clearly suggested by such concentration, except so far as the tariff is concerned. More power should be given to the Interstate Commerce Commission. While publicity and official supervision are needed for the restraint of great industrial combinations, it may be that these can be procured by Congressional legislation only after the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution. The problem presented by the consolidation of railways and industries is one of great difficulty. A method of solving it may be disclosed by thorough discussion and by testing the force of Federal statutes now in existence. Some abuses of which the industrial combinations are guilty may be prevented by tariff revision; the railway groups may be restrained by the Commission after its powers have been enlarged.

The Ship Subsidy bill is to be brought forward again; it ought not to be passed. Oklahoma should be admitted to the Union, either by itself or in alliance with Indian Territory. Arizona and New Mexico should wait. The Postmaster-General ought to be assisted by legislation in his work of reducing the burden of second-class mail matter. The representation, in the House and in the Electoral College, of Southern States that have disfranchised their negroes ought to be cut down, but a plan for obtaining facts that would be a legal warrant for such action has not yet been devised.

Legislation suggested by the dreadful act of Czolgosz will not be overlooked. If President McKinley had survived the attack of this anarchist murderer, his assailant's legal punishment could not have exceeded ten years in the penitentiary. A murderous assault upon the President should be punishable by death. Congress should provide for the exclusion of foreign Anarchists who seek admission at our ports, and for the deportation of resident aliens whose acceptance of the doctrines of anarchy is known and admitted. We do not think that laws for such exclusion and deportation will be of much real service, but they ought to be enacted and should be enforced in cases where there is no room for doubt. Any proposition for additional legislation concerning Anarchist meetings, publications and speeches, should be considered with great care. Under this head there is much that ought to be forbidden, and that is forbidden both at common law and in statutes that are rarely enforced. There is some danger that a new Federal law, if hastily enacted, might have too broad a scope, and if rigidly enforced, might do more harm than good.

"The Moral Obligation"

Last week we had occasion to call attention to that part of a late speech by our Secretary of State in which he declared the Golden Rule to be one of our two principles of diplomatic conduct, the other being the Monroe Doctrine. A parallel utterance now appears in the Report of Secretary of War Root, who has been called the most influential and forceful man in the Cabinet. War is not usually supposed to be a very Christian institution; indeed, one of our most successful generals declared that "War is Hell." And yet the most striking thing in Secretary Root's Report is that its total appeal is not to force or public interest, but to duty. He does not quite like the Cuban Constitution, but it provides for a republican form of government and represents the views of the delegates chosen to make it, and it is the duty of our Government, says Mr. Root, to transfer the control of the island to the Cuban people "with the hearty friendship and sincere good wishes of all the officers and soldiers of the United States who have fought and labored for the good of Cuba, and who have learned to appreciate the many admirable and attractive qualities of her people." That is rather the utterance of Christianity than

of selfish military patriotism. Mr. Root says that Cuba has recognized our right to say that she shall not put herself in the hands of any other Power, and that she shall maintain a free, orderly government, and he adds:

"Correlative to this right is a duty of the highest obligation to treat her not as an enemy, not at arm's length as an aggressive commercial rival, but with a generosity which toward her would be but justice; to shape our laws so that they shall contribute to her welfare as well as our own."

It is a moral obligation that our Secretary of War is first thinking of, and it requires, he goes on to say, a reciprocal tariff arrangement, reducing our duties on Cuban sugar and tobacco, to be promptly provided for. After this helpful, altruistic service to the people of Cuba comes the thought of advantage to ourselves, and he says:

"Aside from the moral obligation to which we committed ourselves when we drove Spain out of Cuba, and aside from the ordinary considerations of commercial advantage involved in a reciprocity treaty, there are the weightiest reasons of American public policy pointing in the same direction; for the peace of Cuba is necessary to the peace of the United States; the health of Cuba is necessary to the health of the United States; the independence of Cuba is necessary to the safety of the United States. The same considerations which led to the war with Spain now require that a commercial arrangement be made under which Cuba can live. The condition of the sugar and tobacco industries in Cuba is already such that the earliest possible action by Congress upon this subject is desirable."

This unusual emphasis put on "the moral obligation" under which we rest to our present ward, so soon to become an independent State, is precisely in line with what Secretary Hay said of the change in the methods and purposes of diplomacy. We venture to think that it represents the prevailing purpose and sentiment of our nation. We have from the beginning of our Spanish war believed that our country was honest in its declarations and would keep its promises. It is clear to us that a considerable class of critics cannot free their consciences without a frank confession that they shockingly underestimated that moral purpose of the people which they thought they had in almost exclusive possession.

Football

Last week the football season ended. Altho baseball is still the national game of the United States, football is in many respects the better sport, at any rate it draws greater crowds. Probably this season more than fifty thousand boys and young men were active "devotees of the pigskin;" while the aggregate number of people who watched them play was beyond enumeration. At New Haven, for instance, 25,000 people saw Yale defeat Princeton; at Philadelphia, 30,000 Army and Navy partisans, including the President of the United States, watched the West Point and Annapolis contest; while at Cambridge a crowd of 36,000 paid two dollars apiece to see Harvard give Yale the worst drubbing ever administered to a New Haven eleven.

The reasons for football popularity are not ephemeral. First and foremost the game is played commonly at educational institutions. Students are mostly gentlemen. Football, therefore, is a gentleman's game. In the second place football is the most highly organized of all games. Team-play is the *sine qua non* of success. Every player is an integer in every play. In most other popular sports this is not true. In cricket, for instance, the all-England team does not need to practice together before meeting their all-Australian rivals. Each cricketer has only to play his own position; he gives little or no help to the rest of his side. In football, however, it is doubtful if the all-American eleven, which Mr. Walter Camp is going to pick out this year from the various teams of the country, could, without practice together, defeat any of the season's best university teams. Football is as highly organized as is an orchestra. Each player has unlimited scope for brilliant play within his position, but he must subordinate himself to the welfare of the whole. It is a curious fact that only the most civilized nations play games that are highly organized. As football is the most highly "integrated," and at the same time "differentiated" game (as Mr. Spencer would say), perhaps we are justified in the conclusion that it is therefore the most civilized.

With the exception of boxing football is the only game in which there is

an element of "personal encounter;" and it will be remembered that a Yale professor startled the country a few years ago by saying personal encounter was necessary to the healthy development of young men. It is this, we believe, which gives football its grip upon the spectator. Ruskin has said that war is the greatest of all games, for the stake is death, and therefore every faculty of mind and body is exerted to win. While the stake in football is not death, courage, enthusiasm, strategem and alertness are as necessary to the football player as to the warrior. Indeed, it has been said that the similarity of football to war is one of the reasons why West Point and Annapolis are allowed to play together.

But the "gentle" reader asks, How can there be personal encounter without brutality inasmuch as the line between hard and vicious play is very difficult, if not impossible, to draw? The rules are so framed, we answer, that severe penalties are inflicted on those who willfully try to maim their opponents, and any good referee will have little difficulty in applying them. Injuries that do arise are unwelcome incidents and not the purpose of the game, and this, we should say, is the reason why football is manly, while prize fighting is brutal. Besides, as Mr. Walter Camp said in our columns a few weeks ago, legislation cannot go any further in its attempts to eliminate danger from the game without abolishing altogether personal encounter; and this, as he pointed out, would reduce football to the Association game, which we already have and which few people care anything about.

The disadvantages of football are that only young and very vigorous fellows ought to play it, and then only when in training. After a man is beyond twenty-five years of age he had better leave football alone. But to a plucky youth with a sound mind in a sound body there is little danger. Another fault is, that it is often difficult for the spectator to see those plays of individual brilliancy that are so frequent in baseball and make that sport so graceful. There is probably too much massing at the center and too little open-field play. It is often impossible to see what is being done. There ought to be some remedy for this.

Despite its drawbacks, however, football is thrillingly and even hysterically exciting. Tho there is much to be said against hysteria in any guise, we pity the man who cannot take a vociferous part in the singing and cheering that now seems to be the necessary accompaniment of all the great matches. The crowd is itself an inspiration. It is as highly organized as the eleven, and when your college has the ball on the enemy's one-yard line and the foaming-mouthed undergraduate who leads the cheering calls for the college anthem, and then on the next play the full back jams the ball over the line for the winning touchdown—well, it is worth going a hundred miles to see and hear.

If football seems to suit the spectators, how do the players themselves regard it? We are told that nineteen out of twenty are thankful when the season ends. The game is hard for the body and prostrating for the nerves. This is proved when some players, even in good condition, cannot last through a game. Moreover, there is danger of innumerable bruises and wrenches. The training also requires a deal of self-denial, and the candidate has little time to do anything, except play football and keep up with his studies. While most of the college faculties have regulations by which every member of the team must have a certain standing before he can represent the university, the player can do little vigorous study during the football season. A good student may, and often does, keep a high standing and still play football, but his standing undoubtedly would be higher if he did not play. Why is it then that nine undergraduates out of every ten would rather "make the varsity" than achieve any other college honor? Because the college boys play the best football in the world. Professionals play better baseball, statesmen debate better, editors write better, the faculty think they know more, but the university elevens have no outside rivals. The world recognizes this. They become famous. Their daily doings get "written up," their pictures appear in the papers, and even the biograph catches them. They cannot help being affected by all this adulation. Fame is as sweet to them as to the rest of mankind.

It has been said that football brings out the brute in a man; but this, we are

convinced, is not true. President Thwing was right when he said in our columns, some years ago, that football is a game of brains and hearts. Any pursuit whatsoever that makes a man deny himself present luxuries for future ends, that causes him to subordinate self to others, that teaches him implicit and cheerful obedience to orders, that forces him to put every bit of brain and strength into every effort—such a pursuit, whether it be theology or football, is good for a man. The slugger, the shirk and the "grand stand player" are the exceptions that prove the rule.

We, believe, then, in football as a game. We have very serious doubts, however, as to its value to our schools and colleges, when considered in its hippodrome aspects. We know that football is an improvement on duelling, political rioting and debauchery—the chief pastimes of the Continental students; we know also that students will always have interests of their own creation outside the classroom. But when the alumni gatherings of our greatest universities are nothing but football ratification meetings, when the chief concern of the entire undergraduate body is athletics, is the game worth the candle? That brains and brawn have always flourished side by side from the time of the supremacy of Greece to that of the United States is true, but are not the prime functions of schools and colleges intellectual? Let us have athletic sports, to be sure, and plenty of them. At all events, let no one decry the game of football. But the proper place of football in the curriculum of our schools and colleges is the problem.

The Educated Mother

In a paper on the seemingly harmless topic, "The Field of Private Homes for the Aged," which he read the other day at the New York State Conference of Charities and Correction, the Rev. Thomas A. Hendricks, of Rochester, made a highly sensational summing up of the great controversy over "the modern woman" and the decay of family life.

Mr. Hendricks's special disapprobation was bestowed upon the American college woman. Dr. Weir Mitchell, he asserted, had been quoted as saying, "Show me the honor graduate of a woman's college and I will show you a woman wrecked mentally and physically." Whether Dr. Mitchell ever said this or not Mr. Hendricks thought immaterial, for, said he:

> "It is a very clearly established law that the more a woman is educated the fewer chances she has for being a mother. A woman Ph.D. has about ten to one less chance of being married, and if married, of being a mother, than if she were a Digger Indian."

As if this statement were not strong enough, Dr. Hendricks then let himself go as follows:

> "More than ever before does the young bride go to the altar with the distinct purpose never to become a mother, but, on the contrary, to devote herself to a life of lust and pleasure even more inconsistent with the perpetuation of society than the life of her less charming and less guilty sister of the pavement."

The storm of wrath which this incautious utterance has called upon the reverend gentleman's head has been furious and partly deserved. His language was foolish, not to say indelicate. But there is more than a shade of truth in it.

Mr. Hendricks did not allege, let us observe, that college-bred women, more than others, go to the altar with a distinct purpose of never becoming mothers, and it was not college-bred women as a class that he compared unfavorably with the women of the street. On the contrary, his contention was that the college-bred women have few chances of going to the altar at all, and the implication therefore was that women not college-bred are the ones who marry with an intention of leading a life of self-gratification. Mr. Hendricks might fairly have observed that if women Ph.D.'s fail to become wives and mothers, it is not because of their education, but because, having first chosen to be teachers and not wives, they sought an education.

It is not the education, but their prearranged plan of life that stands in the way. It is true, as a general thing, of course, that women Ph.D.'s are not of the marrying class, as college professors are not of the food-raising class; and it is also sadly true that very many women who are of the marrying class enter into matrimony with a definite expectation of

avoiding motherhood. There is not a statistician of repute in America, England, France, Germany or Italy who has not for years been calling attention to the rapid decrease of birth-rates in the cultivated classes in every modern nation. There is not a reputable physician in the United States or in Europe who in private conversation will not gladly tell certain unpleasant facts which are not talked about openly or discussed in newspaper columns. In short, Mr. Hendricks's critics may satisfy themselves by a very little inquiry that every well-informed person on either side of the ocean, who is competent to hold an opinion on these subjects, not only believes but positively knows that he has been telling the substantial truth, and that his real indiscretions lay, first, in telling such truth at all, and, secondly, in phrasing it in unnecessarily offensive words.

Not only the statisticians and the doctors have proclaimed these facts about the breakdown of family life, but so also have some of the most influential leaders of public opinion. Dr. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, has recently been calling attention to what he pronounces the failure of women's education to provide strength for wifehood and motherhood; to the physical breakdown of thousands of American women after the birth of one child, and to the small families that have become the rule among well-to-do Americans. The editor of *Harper's Magazine,* discoursing from his "Easy Chair" upon these topics, concludes that the large family in America is doomed, and that we might as well make the best of it. Severer things even than these have been said, and are being said, by the highest dignitaries of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in connection with the recent fight over the relation of the Church to divorce. Even the most objectionable words employed by Mr. Hendricks become colorless by comparison with the word-pictures of fashionable society in America which well-known bishops have been painting within the last twelve months.

And even this is not all. The revolt against family life has reached not only the mansions and the apartments, but also the tenement houses. Everywhere charity workers to-day are obliged to contend with a persistent determination of the poor to place their children in institutions, thereby themselves escaping the responsibilities of home maintenance. The Charity Organization Society of this city has been compelled to take active measures to diminish the number of commitments of children by magistrates to institutions, and it has recently sent out to charity workers throughout the city a most admirable circular, urging them to put forth their utmost efforts to prevent the needless breaking up of homes through the commitment process.

It is then certain that civilization is face to face with a danger of the gravest kind, the more serious because insidious, and because those who do not like to look at it are fond of describing men who tell the truth about it as "yellow."

Educated women must face this danger, frankly and bravely. The education of women, as of men, is a necessary phase of civilization. Nothing can seriously imperil it but the foolishness or the cowardice of woman herself. There could be no surer proof that as yet the education of woman is crude and incomplete than the talk of certain women who write to the newspapers or proclaim from public platforms that woman must begin to regard herself as something better than a mother of children. She is a dull creature indeed who cannot see that, unless the educated woman can continue to be a mother, her little day of culture and egotistic satisfaction will soon be over. The education of woman, however desirable or beautiful in itself, must be vain and unprofitable in its results unless it can be made strenuous enough to overcome any recently acquired reluctance to be the sturdy mother of a stalwart race.

The Independent's Investigation

In order to find out whether or not Mr. Maclay was telling the truth when he asserted in his History of the Navy that nearly every commanding officer concerned had read and corrected proof sheets relating to actions in which each figured, thus including the pages whereon he bitterly attacked Admiral Schley, The Independent recently addressed letters to all of the officers thus implicated (saving those who had already interposed denials), asking from them a simple affirmation or denial of

Mr. Maclay's statement. The answers received by THE INDEPENDENT, added to those obtained through other sources, were, as Mr. Benjamin pointed out recently, sufficient to demolish completely the theory of any conspiracy existing in the Navy and to relieve the service from any imputation of having given Mr. Maclay justification for his charges.

Among those to whom these letters were sent were some doubting souls who obviously suspected a design on the part of this journal to extract from them an opinion regarding the issues of the Schley inquiry in defiance of the prohibition of the Navy Department. Among these individuals was Rear-Admiral Henry C. Taylor, who, according to *The Army and Navy Journal,* appears to have written to the Department as follows:

"While not unwilling to reply to such questions at the proper time and to persons authorized to make the inquiries, I would submit to this Department that the general tone of the enclosed letter indicates a disposition to carry on an investigation of affairs kindred to those now being investigated by the Court of Inquiry under the authority of the Department; and that it appears therefore undesirable that officers holding commissions under the Department should give evidence to any investigators other than those acting for the Department."

In reply, Secretary Long is quoted as saying:

"The Department is aware of no reason why you are required to answer the interrogatories put to you, the whole matter now being investigated by a court of inquiry."

The Secretary seems to forget that the Schley court has never investigated the truth of Mr. Maclay's assertion that the commanding officers were his authority for his charges, and that even such of the officers implicated by Mr. Maclay as testified were not questioned concerning them.

The New York *Times* suggests that Rear-Admiral Taylor's request, which, of course, amounts to asking the Secretary for permission *not* to answer THE INDEPENDENT, was designed to lead the Department to block any search among the naval officers for Maclay's informants by inducing it to express its disapproval of the proceedings. Of course, the effort failed, and necessarily, since THE INDEPENDENT had already received two letters from Secretary Long to just the opposite effect. In these he says:

"If any officer feels that he has been misrepresented, he will not hesitate to ask the Department for leave to correct the misapprehension. Indeed, two officers already have made such application and in each case the permission has been granted." And

"If any naval officer should make application to the Department asking for liberty to publish any statement correcting any misapprehension with regard to him in the matter referred to, I am at present advised of no reason why the Department should not grant him leave to do so."

To this we may add that before writing to the Department Admiral Taylor had privately joined the ranks of Maclay's repudiators, now numbering fifteen out of the twenty-two officers implicated. As Admiral Taylor certainly had no reason to try to shield either himself or any other of these fifteen gentlemen, it follows that among the remaining seven must be the objects of his present solicitude. Their names are:

Captain C. M. Chester, Commander Richard Wainwright, Lieutenant-Commanders Lucien Young and A. Sharp, Jr.; Lieutenants N. R. Usher and S. S. Wood, and Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans.

We are well assured from reliable sources that of this category Captain Chester, Lieutenant-Commanders Young and Sharp and Lieutenant Usher gave Mr. Maclay no justification for his libels. Lieutenant Wood has answered our letter of inquiry by one somewhat reminiscent of the famous reply of the arraigned son of the Emerald Isle, who could not say whether he was guilty or not until he had heard the evidence.

Commander Wainwright, who is the Superintendent of the Naval Academy, and who some time ago was quoted as defending the continued use of Maclay's History by the cadets as a text-book because Volume III specifically would not be in their hands, has refused to reply, and in his refusal sees fit to impugn our motives.

Rear-Admiral Evans has already made himself prominent by his unguarded reflections upon Rear-Admiral Schley in various places where "men most do congregate." In that remarkable autobiography which the wardroom wits of the service have already renamed "Alone in the Navy," he compares Admiral Schley to the ill-fated British Admiral Byng. He further enjoys the honor of being Admiral Taylor's brother-in-law.

"A Well Meant Mistake"

For the second time in its history the head of the Indian Bureau renders a fifth annual report. The other occasion was in 1845. By the time an Indian Commissioner has, so to speak, learned the trade another man takes his place, spends the first year in getting acquainted, the second in getting to work, the third in trying to get something done, and the fourth —if he has a fourth—in getting ready to leave. The Indian Bureau will be fortunate if Commissioner Jones consents to remain through a second quadrennium and is given opportunity to work out whatever "policy" experience and study have shown him to be the best for the Indians.

However, there is rather a startling feature of that policy outlined in his just published report. "A well meant mistake" is what he calls the present system of Indian education—the one thing in the Indian service which hitherto has met with almost unqualified approval.

After twenty-five years of toilsome effort Indian school appropriations have grown from $20,000 to $3,500,000 a year, and the attendance of Indian youth has been increased from 3,600 to 23,000. After all the labor put forth to systematize the work, to improve the *personnel* and arouse *esprit du corps* in the teaching force, to give first-class equipment not only for literary but also for industrial training, and after glowing satisfaction over the success attained, it is rather hard to have it all classed with the everywhere condemned ration issue and annuity distribution.

And this is just where Commissioner Jones relegates it, not because he does not believe in education, but because he considers the present system a part of the endless round of Government coddling. As he puts it:

"These Indians are gathered from the cabin, the wickiup and the tepee. The Indian youth finds himself at once, as if by magic, translated from a state of poverty to one of affluence. He is well fed and clothed and lodged. Beyond "the three r's" he is instructed in geography, grammar and history; he is taught drawing, algebra and geometry, music and astronomy, and receives lessons in physiology, botany and entomology. . . . He has hot and cold baths and steam heat and electric light and all the modern conveniencies; all without money and without price or the contribution of a single effort of his own or of his people. The child of the wigwam becomes the modern Aladdin who has only to rub the Government lamp to gratify his desires. . . . Not having earned his education, it is not appreciated. It is looked upon as a right and not as a privilege; it is accepted as a favor to the Government and not to the recipient."

Under this sort of treatment in school and elsewhere, as child and man, the Commissioner says "the Indian never attains his majority. The guardianship goes on in unbroken line from father to son, and generation after generation the Indian lives and dies a ward." To remedy this the Commissioner insists that the Indian must be thrown on his own resources and be removed from a state of dependence, notwithstanding in the process many failures and much suffering are inevitable.

As to the schools he says:

"So long as the Indians are wards of the general Government and until they have been absorbed by and become a part of the community in which they live, day schools should be established at convenient places where they may learn enough to transact the ordinary business of life. Beyond this in the way of schools it is not necessary to go—beyond this it is a detriment to go."

We are in hearty accord with the action of Commissioner Jones in cutting off hundreds of names from the Indian ration lists during the past year, and we trust he will carry such work to its furthest possible limit. But this school policy would be alarming were the Commissioner so weak-minded as to be consistent.

In another part of his report, however, he speaks with enthusiasm of the fine work done by existing schools, of plans for their further improvement, and of the strong uplifting influence exerted by returned students on their own people.

We are firmly convinced that a good average of intelligence will not be secured unless a high degree of cultivation and education is possessed by a few. Every race must have thoroughly trained leaders and thinkers. We do not understand the highest grade of Government Indian schools to be above the first year of a city High School, and with that limitation few youth are liable to suffer from over-education. The ambitious In-

dian student who wishes to go further must work his own way in white schools, with such private, not Government, assistance as he can secure. Therefore it can hardly be the amount of education, but the way it is given, which is under criticism.

There is a growing belief that the time has come to call a halt in the establishment of large Indian school plants remote from reservations, which require heavy expenditures not only for equipment and maintenance, but also for transportation of pupils from and back to their homes. It is believed that the district day school is almost as good for the majority of Indians as for the majority of white people, at least after Indians have become allottees and their reservation boundaries have been obliterated. It is a question how far the Government should undertake to give comparatively advanced instruction in books and trades, plus board, clothing and housing, to Indian youth just because they are Indians—advantages which few white children have outside of orphan asylums. In fact, Indian schools away from reservations have many resemblances to orphan asylums, and few cities provide for their orphans as lavishly as the Government provides for its young Indian wards.

These non-reservation Indian schools are not to be compared with high schools and colleges, with boarding departments, provided for other dependent classes, the Southern negroes, for instance. The latter provide for the higher educational needs of only a small fraction of a per cent. of the race, while Government non-reservation schools will accommodate nearly twenty per cent. of all the Indian youth for whose education the Government is responsible. This omits the Five Civilized Tribes in the Indian Territory and the New York Indians, whose children are educated from tribal and State funds respectively.

If fault is to be found with the multiplication of expensive non-reservation schools, the blame must be charged to Congress rather than the Indian Office. Nearly one-third of those schools have been established without, and sometimes against, the wish of the Indian Bureau. A large Government Indian school plant brings no small revenue to the town or village in which it is located, and members of Congress have recognized that one way to popularity is to give the district an Indian school—or even an Indian insane asylum; but that is another matter.

The Catholics in our Colonies

We have taken some pains to learn what the understanding is among those in charge of Catholic affairs in our new possessions as to the present status of the Church, and it may be thus told: Before the American occupation of Cuba a certain number of buildings, long ago used for religious purposes, were occupied by Spanish officials. The Spanish Government recognized them to be Church property, paying the Church an annual rent for them. Among these buildings was the Custom House, at one time a monastery. With American occupation those buildings were used by American officials and at first no rent was paid for them to the Church. Our Government never denied the Church's ownership, but simply took time to ascertain clearly all the facts in the matter. A commission of Cuban judges was appointed by Governor Wood, with the result that they decided all such buildings to be Church property. Thereon the Government bought one or two of them and took an option on the others, meantime paying a moderate interest on their appraised value. Archbishop Sbaretti, who has now gone to the Philippines to attend to spiritual and not property matters, had very little to do with this whole affair, except to represent the Church and ask that justice be done. Governor Wood and the Commission on Church Claims did the work. There is no Church property question in Porto Rico. There the Church, it is claimed, was simply in possession of its property and has so remained, there being no complications previously existing between the Church and the Spanish Government, and consequently none being transmitted to the American Government. As to matters in the Philippines, the recommendations of the Taft Commission and of the Secretary of War as to Church lands have not yet been acted upon. One of the Catholic chaplains in our army is acting as adviser to Bishop Alcocer, who is performing the duties

of Metropolitan since the visit of the Archbishop to Rome. Bishop Alcocer's orders regarding the death of President McKinley, which gave offense, are thus explained: The regular Catholic services for the dead, or, as they are called, the requiem, are prayers for the repose of the souls departed, for those souls to be liberated from purgatory, if there they should be. As non-Catholics do not profess a faith in purgatory, and while living would not wish the prayers implying the existence of purgatory to be made for them after their death, the Church makes the law that no regular requiem services be held on the occasion of the death of non-Catholics. This, it is believed, is what Bishop Alcocer had in mind when he issued the orders forbidding services. In this country there were held no requiem services in general on the occasion of the death of Mr. McKinley. Religious services, however, were held in many churches of another nature; the mass, for instance, "*Pro Pace,*" or "*Pro Quacunque Tribulatione,*" to the effect that God would guard the country against the recurrence of the terrible crime from which it was at the time suffering, etc. Bishop Alcocer evidently did not think of this, as naturally he would not, because heretofore he had been accustomed always and solely to the regular requiem services.

A minister of the law and gospel can do no better work than to stir up the conscience of the people on the subject of local evils. That is what Dr. Parkhurst and others have done so faithfully in this city. The Rev. Kinsey Smith has thus been reproving the people of Louisville, Ky. He tells them that their city has a population of 200,000, and yet it has more murders than London with 5,600,000 inhabitants, and Kentucky, with 2,000,000, has more murders than Great Britain, with 40,000,000. In five years Louisville has had 145 homicides, legally found as such by the coroner's jury, and only 23 convictions, which averaged a penalty of two years, and not one followed by the death penalty. There is no sign, says Mr. Smith, of improvement, and this condition has continued for at least a generation. What sort of civilization is that?

The report by Henry H. Neligan, one of the regular observers of marine events designated by the Chief Hydrographer, ought to settle the question of the actual existence of the sea-serpent. He declares in an official report that on a voyage from Galveston to Liverpool he saw the sea-serpent, perhaps one hundred feet long and with a blunt square nose, with three distinct sets of fins, with humps on the back like a camel, and spouting water from its nostrils to the hight of two or three feet. His reports have always been trustworthy and valuable, and the officers in the Hydrographic Office think there is no doubt that some of these monsters, such as existed in old times, still continue to find their home in the ocean. There is no reason why it should not be so.

There seems to be serious fear that Miss Stone may have been killed by the brigands. If so, not merely will the local authorities be held to sharp account, but there will be a strict investigation of the manner in which the negotiations for her release were carried on. It looks as if some one had blundered. But those who find fault must remember that they did not subscribe much more than half the sum demanded.

Probably the most surprised man in New York was the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children when an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals took the "burrs" from his horse's cheeks. He had forbidden their use and did not know they were employed by his coachman. But it was a good lesson

The new Alabama constitution has the merit of frankness in one matter. Where the old constitution provided that a common school system should be provided "for the equal benefit of all the children thereof," the new constitution omits the word "equal."

We expect a hundred postal cards from intelligent subscribers telling us that last week we carelessly ascribed Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem" to Charles Mackay.

INSURANCE

A Mutual Reserve Offer

Among the recent inquiries received at this office from members of the Mutual Reserve Fund who desire advice was one inclosing an offer of reinstatement. This offer, made in the form of a personal letter, was evidently a specimen of one of the modern devices for cleverly imitating a typewritten letter of which a press-copy had been taken, and was not the special and personal document it was expected to appear; it was simply a circular, and we now find it in print. It sets forth that the recipient formerly paid in considerable money, and "under present conditions there is no way in which you can get any of this money back," yet that "in order to give you every advantage of your former membership, and to render the reinstatement of your policy as easy as possible," the offer is made and is "the last opportunity to preserve the value of the policy which you formerly held." The offer is simply to restore the policy and allow the insurance equivalent of all the assessments which have not been paid since the date of lapse to stand as a lien. Any ex-member may add to his information, and can do himself no harm, by asking for a specific proposition, since the assessments past are rather an indefinite quantity; but a close scrutiny of the offer is advisable. For it is made only to persons in good health and therefore insurable risks. A former member, now in good health and desiring insurance, is solicited by this imitation letter to take up his abandoned insurance instead of applying for a new policy elsewhere at his present age. Aside from the comparative quality of the insurance, how is he to gain anything by this "last opportunity," inasmuch as he is really to be taken at his present age. If (to illustrate roughly) his present rate is double that at his original age of entry, and his new policy nominally $1,000 is loaded with a $500 lien, he receives no concession whatever. The Mutual Reserve offered insurance too low, and thereby came into the trouble which it is now laboring to overcome by raising rates and attaching liens in order to equalize matters. Now if (again using figures roughly for illustration) it once charged John Doe $40 when he should have paid $50, there is no favor granted to Doe in rewriting his policy at the old inadequate rate and loading it with a lien to represent what he has not paid, nor is this a good step for the Association.

There is an attempt to convey the idea of recovery of something lost. But the ex-member now in good health has not lost anything. He had his insurance, and at too low a figure. To seek to persuade him that a valuable thing which he once possessed and allowed to go can be recovered intact (a little formality of lien being the condition) is clever but deceptive.

Having said very little about the Association since the death of its founder, we will add that while sincerely desirous of seeing the present management succeed in reaching firm ground we cannot approve any such methods as this. New business should be sought in straightforward and simple canvassing, not by delusive offers.

Some vigorous and characteristic talk about the municipal situation by Dr. Parkhurst recalls the peculiar position of his church as an edifice. Long ago the Madison Square Presbyterian Church was conspicuous on the finest residential square in New York by its tall spire, but it is now conspicuous only by being the contrary, for it is in course of physical suppression. Commerce has possessed Madison Square, and the huge white building of the Metropolitan Life, planted on the corner south of the church, has crept around on the Twenty-fourth Street side until the old church merely clings to a corner of the block and its tall spire is all but inclosed by its colossal neighbor. This illustrates the physical transformations produced by the growth of the metropolis—a growth which, despite the awful load of government by organized corruption, has not as yet any definite visible bounds—and the development of industrial life insurance. The influence and the management of the Metropolitan are fitly represented by the white marble of its building. For not only has the stone which the builders rejected become, in life insurance, again the head of the corner, but this work wrought by it is a thoroughly beneficent social force.

FINANCIAL

The Steel Corporation's Profits

THE prosperity of the United States Steel Corporation, and the profits of the underwriting syndicate by which the organization of the Corporation was supported, were indicated last week by two authoritative statements. One was that the Corporation's net earnings in October were $10,627,000, after about $1,500,000 had been set aside for improvements, etc.; and the other disclosed the return to the members of the syndicate of the $25,000,000 which had been paid in on account of their subscriptions. It was shown some time ago that the Corporation's net earnings for the first six months of its existence were a little less than $55,000,000. Dividends and interest had called for about $35,500,000 of this sum; $7,000,000 had been set aside for sinking fund and maintenance; and $12,300,000 remained as surplus. In no one of those six months had the earnings risen to $10,000,000, but in October they were $10,627,000. As the fixed charges and dividends call for less than $6,000,000 a month, the Corporation appears to be doing very well.

The syndicate's subscriptions amounted to $200,000,000, but only $25,000,000 was called. This has now been returned because it is no longer needed. Dissolution of the syndicate will probably be deferred until May next, the end of its term, when profits will be divided. These have been very large. Of course, no official statement of them will be given to the public. Current estimates—no one of which makes the profits less than the sum ($25,000,000) called and repaid—range from 15 to 30 per cent. of the $200,000,000 subscribed, or from $30,000,000 to $60,000,000. So handsome a return upon their investment of $25,000,000 will be quite satisfactory to the underwriters.

Looking at the enormous profits of the Corporation and of those who gave financial support to the organization of it, the public will now ask whether the time has not arrived for that reduction of prices (in the steel trade) which the economies resulting from combination, as it was explained at the beginning, would enable the Corporation to make. Up to this time the benefits derived from those economies have not been shared with consumers.

The Railway Consolidation

GOVERNOR VAN SANT, of Minnesota, has received expressions of sympathy and promises of co-operation from the Governors of North Dakota, Idaho, and Montana, in reply to his letter concerning action against the great railroad combination. The Governor of Oregon says, however, that it may be easier to regulate rates than to prevent consolidation. Remarks of law officers in the Northwestern States indicate that an attempt to procure action by the Department of Justice at Washington will be made. Reports from Washington say that the Department is known to be ready and willing to ascertain whether the Anti-Trust law or the Inter-State Commerce law has been violated, if Governor Van Sant will formally bring charges before it. The Governor of North Dakota has decided, it is said, to ask for an investigation by the Department. The consolidation agreement has excited much interest throughout the West, and there are some indications that the Department will inquire whether it is in violation of either of the two statutes above mentioned.

Financial Items

THE four principal independent companies engaged in the manufacture of steel have been combined and are now under the control of interests identified with the United States Steel Corporation.

....The growth of the Gould group of railways is shown by the recent election of Gould directors for the Colorado Midland road. The Denver & Rio Grande, purchased by Gould interests, obtained control of the Rio Grande Western, which then, in company with the Colorado & Southern, bought a majority of the Colorado Midland shares.

....Dividends announced:

U. S. Leather Co. (preferred), $1.50 per share, payable Jan. 2d.

International Paper Co. (quarterly), 1½ per cent., payable Dec. 30th.

Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R., coupons, payable Dec. 1st.

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Survey of the World

The President's Message

Mr. Roosevelt's first message begins with an eloquent tribute to the character of his murdered predecessor, "at the time of his death the most widely loved man in all the United States." Turning from the good man who is gone to thoughts suggested by the motives and belief of the murderer —"a professed Anarchist, inflamed by the teachings of professed Anarchists, and probably also by the reckless utterances of those who, on the stump and in the public press, appeal to the dark and evil spirits of malice and greed, envy and sullen hatred"—the President asserts that an Anarchist is "merely one type of criminal," but a type "more dangerous than any other." Anarchy, he says, is "no more an expression of 'social discontent' than picking pockets or wife-beating." The Anarchist "is in no sense a 'product of social conditions,' save as a highwayman is 'produced' by the fact that an unarmed man happens to have a purse." He recommends that Anarchist immigrants be excluded, that resident aliens of the same kind be deported, that jurisdiction over murderous assaults upon the President or any one in line of succession to the Presidency be given to the Federal courts, with provision for adequate punishment, and that the Anarchist's crime be made by treaty an offense against the law of nations, like piracy and the slave trade. He then takes up the subject of Trusts, or great corporations, saying that the great modern corporate fortunes are not due to the tariff but to natural causes; that the poor have not been growing poorer while the rich have grown richer; and that the strong and forceful men upon whom the success of business operations rests should be left "as unhampered as is compatible with the public good," partly for the reason that they are influential in promoting American supremacy in the world's markets. Extreme care must be taken, he says, not to interfere in a spirit of rashness and ignorance with the delicate mechanism of modern business. But with respect to the so-called Trusts there are "real and grave evils" (one of the chief being overcapitalization), that should be corrected. Combination and concentration should be, not prohibited, but supervised and within reasonable limits controlled. The solution of the problem calls first of all for publicity, "the only sure remedy which we can now invoke." The nation should assume power of supervision and regulation over all corporations doing an interstate business. He thinks Congress can by legislation enable the Government to exercise such control; but if it lacks the Constitutional power, the Constitution should be amended so that the power may be acquired and exercised. All matters affecting the great corporations should be the province of a Secretary of Commerce and Industries; and he asks for the creation of a Cabinet office for such a Secretary. Speaking of the welfare of the wage-workers, the President says that labor must be protected not only by the tariff, but also by the exclusion of immigrant laborers who represent a depressed standard of living. Therefore he recommends that the law excluding Chinese laborers be immediately re-enacted and strengthened wherever additional strength is needed. The enforcement of the eight-hour law should be made easy and certain. Very great

good, he says, has been and will be accomplished by labor unions when managed with forethought and combining insistence upon their own rights with law-abiding respect for the rights of others. The present immigration laws are unsatisfactory, the President says. We should aim to exclude not only the Anarchists, but also "all persons who are of a low moral tendency or of unsavory reputation." By a careful educational test some intelligent capacity to appreciate American institutions should be secured. Again, the influx of cheap labor and the resulting competition that gives rise to so much of bitterness in American industrial life should be prevented by requiring proof of the immigrant's personal capacity to earn an American living, and evidence that he has money enough to insure a decent start under American conditions.

Tariff, Reciprocity, Irrigation, Etc.

Nothing could be more unwise, Mr. Roosevelt says, than to disturb the business interests of the country by any general tariff change at this time. Yet it is not only possible, but eminently desirable, to combine with the stability of our economic system a supplementary system of reciprocal benefit and obligation with other nations. While reciprocity must be treated as the handmaiden of protection, our first duty is to see that the protection granted by the tariff in every case where it is needed is maintained, and that reciprocity be sought for so far as it can safely be done without injury to our home industries. Duties must never be reduced below the point that will cover the difference between the labor cost here and the labor cost abroad. The growth of our export trade emphasizes the need of wider markets and for a liberal policy in dealing with foreign nations. "To secure these markets we can utilize existing duties in any case where they are no longer needed for the purpose of protection," or where the duty, on some article not produced here, is no longer needed for revenue. "The natural line of development for a policy of reciprocity will be in connection with those of our productions which no longer require all of the support once needed to establish them on a sound basis, and with those others where, either because of natural or of economic causes, we are beyond the reach of successful competition." The President "asks the attention" of the Senate to the pending treaties of reciprocity. The condition of the merchant marine, he says, calls for immediate remedial action. We should not rely upon the ships of competing nations for the distribution of our goods. It should be made advantageous to carry American goods in American-built ships. He does not specifically recommend any pending subsidy bill or proposition. He calls "special attention to the need of strict economy in expenditures," but also says that the utmost care should be taken not to reduce the revenues so that there will be a possibility of a deficit. Referring to the complaints concerning unjust discrimination in railway freight rates, and also to the railway companies' plea for permission to maintain pools, he remarks that the Interstate Commerce law should be so amended as to insure just and open rates, and at the same time says nothing could be more foolish than the enactment of legislation that would unnecessarily interfere with the development and operation of the railroads. In the course of a long passage relating to the preservation of forests and the conservation of water supplies, he urges that the forest reserves should be more carefully guarded and protected from fires. Some of them should serve as safe havens of refuge to our rapidly diminishing wild animals of the larger kinds, and as "free camping grounds for the ever-increasing numbers of men and women who have learned to find rest, health and recreation in the splendid forests and flower-clad meadows of our mountains." Concerning irrigation in the arid region, he holds that the conservation and regulation of the water supply by great storage works is properly a national function. "The Government should construct and maintain these reservoirs as it does other public works." He reviews at length the history of irrigation, pointing out the benefits to be derived from a settled national policy on this subject, which should involve not only independent action by the Government, but also the co-operation of the Government with the several arid States. Legislation concerning Hawaii,

he says, should be shaped to build up there a healthy American community of men who themselves till the farms they own. As to Cuba, he says that the independent Government will be an accomplished fact before the end of this session of Congress. We quote his urgent recommendation concerning a treaty of reciprocity:

"In the case of Cuba there are weighty reasons of morality and of national interest why the policy of reciprocity should be held to have a peculiar application and I most earnestly ask your attention to the wisdom, indeed to the vital need, of providing for a substantial reduction in the tariff duties on Cuban imports into the United States. Cuba has in her Constitution affirmed what we desired, that she should stand in international matters in closer and more friendly relations with us than with any other power; and we are bound by every consideration of honor and expediency to pass commercial measures in the interest of her material well-being."

Porto Rico, the President says, is thriving as never before. The material welfare of its people must be guarded as carefully as that of any other portion of our country. Legislation concerning public lands on the island is needed.

The Monroe Doctrine and Other Topics

The Monroe Doctrine should be, the President says, the cardinal feature of the foreign policy of all the nations of the two Americas, as it is of the United States. It is not intended to be hostile to any Old World nation, or to give cover to any aggression by one New World power at the expense of any other. It is a step toward assuring the universal peace of the world by securing the possibility of permanent peace on this hemisphere. Under it we seek neither additional territory nor exclusive commercial privileges; we guarantee no State against deserved punishment if that does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by any non-American power. It is our purpose in the Philippines, he says, "to give the islanders a constantly increasing measure of self-government, exactly as fast as they show themselves fit to exercise it," and to make our administration of the islands honorable to our nation by making it of the highest benefit to the Filipinos themselves. Our aim is to fit them for "self-government after the fashion of the really free nations," and we have gone to the very verge of safety in hastening the process. The islands should be thrown open to industrial development by removing the restrictions imposed on the granting of franchises. The business man should be invited to the Philippines by laws giving free play to industrial enterprise. A cable to Hawaii and the Philippines should be constructed at once, either by the Government or by a private company from which the Government can secure all possible advantages. The President argues at length for a steady continuation of the upbuilding of the navy. "Probably no other great nation is so anxious for peace as we are," and an adequate and highly trained navy is "the best guaranty against war." It offers us "the only means of making our insistence upon the Monroe Doctrine anything but a subject of derision to whatever nation chooses to disregard it." Secretary Long's call for more ships is supported by the President, who asks for 4,000 more seamen and 1,000 more marines. Officers and men alike should be kept "as much as possible on blue water," and even in time of peace a war ship should be used until it wears out. The army does not need to be increased, but should be kept at the highest point of efficiency. We quote elsewhere what the President says about the use of the merit system in the army and on the islands. He recommends that the classified service be extended to the District of Columbia, and that the Consular Service be reorganized strictly on a merit basis. The tribal funds of the Indians should be broken up into individual holdings; education in the Indian schools should be elementary and largely industrial; the Indian should be treated as an individual—like the white man—and be made to work on his own ground. Referring to the rural free delivery of the mails, Mr. Roosevelt says it is just that the great agricultural population should share in the improvement of the postal service. A review of our relations with China precedes the message's concluding paragraph, in which fitting reference is made to the deaths of Queen Victoria and the Empress Dowager Frederick, and to the expressions of sympathy and grief received

from all parts of the world after the assassination of Mr. McKinley. "In the midst of our affliction," says the President, "we reverently thank the Almighty that we are at peace with the nations of mankind; and we firmly intend that our policy shall be such as to continue unbroken these international relations of mutual respect and good will."

The Work of Congress

At the beginning of the first session of the Fifty-seventh Congress, on the 2d inst., the House was organized by the re-election of Speaker Henderson and nearly all of the other officers of the preceding session. Three thousand bills were introduced. On the following day the President's message was read, and then both Houses adjourned as a mark of respect to the memory of the late President McKinley. Since that time the House committees on Ways and Means and Appropriations have been appointed, and one Democrat in each has been displaced by a Republican, so that the Republicans now have eleven of the seventeen members. This change will prevent Mr. Babcock from securing a majority in the Ways and Means Committee for reporting his bill to reduce the tariff duties on steel products. It is commonly said in Washington that the pending treaties of reciprocity will not be ratified or even taken up for consideration. The recent decision of the Supreme Court concerning the collection of tariff duties on imports from the Philippines calls for prompt legislation; and Senator Lodge has introduced a bill that is in accord with the views of Secretary Root. This bill provides that the duties of our present tariff shall be imposed on goods coming from the Philippines; that the tariff enacted by the Philippine Commission shall be imposed on goods coming to the islands from this country or any other; that the statutes of the United States shall not be in force in the islands, except by order of the War Department or the Commission; and that all duties collected heretofore or hereafter shall be used and expended by the Government in the archipelago. It is expected that the bill will be passed before the holiday recess. In the House there may be attached to it a provision for an agreement of reciprocity reducing our duties on goods from the islands in return for a reduction of the Philippine tariff by the Commission. No conclusion has been reached by the Treasury Department as to the effect of the court's decision upon the navigation laws. The Department is unwilling to decide that all trade between this country and the islands must be carried on in American ships. Many bills relating to the treatment of Anarchists have been introduced, substantially all of them providing for the exclusion of Anarchist immigrants, the deportation of alien resident Anarchists, and the punishment of Anarchist assault upon the President by death. Senator Burrows would have the persons of suspected immigrants examined for marks indicating membership in an Anarchist society. Senator Hoar thinks the most effective remedy would be banishment to a remote island selected for the purpose by an agreement of the civilized nations. Senator Vest asks for an inquiry as to the constitutional power of Congress to deal with the question. Senator McComas has made a speech in support of his bill. He urges that the Federal courts should have jurisdiction, that the President should negotiate treaties for the restraint of Anarchists, and that by law it should be made a crime not only to incite Anarchist assault by publication or speech, but also to be a member of an association in which such assault is advised or incited. Resolutions providing for an investigation concerning the disfranchisement of negroes in the South, and one aimed directly at the Louisiana delegation, have been introduced by prominent members. A Southern member retorts by asking for an inquiry as to disfranchisement by legislation in Massachusetts. On this question there is to be a Republican caucus. One resolution calls for an investigation as to Maclay's charges against Rear-Admiral Schley.

The Isthmian Canal

The Hay-Pauncefote treaty has been sent to the Senate, and both Houses now have the Isthmian Canal Commission's report. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has already taken favorable action upon the treaty,

and at last accounts only three Senators —Mason, of Illinois; Money, of Mississippi, and Harris, of Kansas—were inclined to vote against it. Harris thinks no treaty with Great Britain is required; in the committee the treaty was criticised by Money and Bacon on the ground that it did not give the United States absolute control in time of war, but they did not vote against the reporting of it to the Senate. We referred some time ago to the leading provisions of the new agreement. The old Clayton-Bulwer treaty is superseded. For the joint guarantee of neutrality is substituted the guarantee of the United States alone, and the clause providing for the adhesion of other Powers is dropped. The rules of the preceding agreement as to the war vessels of belligerents are reproduced with some changes. Following the declaration that the canal "shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules, on terms of entire equality," the treaty says:

"The canal shall never be blockaded, nor shall any right of war be exercised nor any act of hostility be committed within it. The United States, however, shall be at liberty to maintain such military police along the canal as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder."

While the old clause prohibiting fortifications has been dropped, the section quoted above is regarded by some as a prohibition. Great Britain appears to have required the insertion of the following new Article, because of the supersession of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which bound the United States never to "assume or exercise dominion over any part of Central America:"

"Article IV.—It is agreed that no change of territorial sovereignty or of international relations of the country or countries traversed by the before-mentioned canal shall affect the general principle of neutralization, or the obligation of the high contracting parties under the present treaty."

We have heretofore given the substance of the Commission's report, which is in favor of the Nicaragua route. Mr. Hepburn has again introduced his Nicaragua Canal bill, enlarging the sum to be appropriated to $180,000,000. Senator Morgan has introduced a bill authorizing the President to procure from Nicaragua and Costa Rica the needed concessions. M. Hutin has offered the Panama Canal Company's rights and property to the President on terms not made public. The Colombian Government joins him in asserting that the sum mentioned by the Commission, $109,000,000, was not a selling price, but an estimate of the cost of the work already done.

The Charleston Fair

The South Carolina and West Indian Exposition at Charleston was opened on the 2d with interesting ceremonies. An imposing parade of military and civic bodies escorted the guests of honor to the exposition grounds, where an oration was delivered in the Auditorium by Senator Chauncey M. Depew, of New York. At the close of this address a greeting was sent by wire to President Roosevelt, who then opened the Exposition by pressing an electric key in the White House, and sending a message of congratulation, in which he expressed a hope that the undertaking would "prove of great and lasting benefit to our industries and to our commerce with the West Indies." The number in attendance on this first day exceeded 20,000. The President has promised to visit Charleston with members of his Cabinet on February 12th. In his oration Mr. Depew reviewed the industrial history of the Southern States, pointing to their marvelous recovery since the close of the Civil War and to the recent growth of Southern manufactures. Our trade with the West Indies, he asserted, had not been sufficiently encouraged. Having said that we ought to assist Cuba by tariff concessions, he spoke for reciprocity as follows:

"Resciprocity has been a popular, but undefined, idea in American politics. Its possibilities have captured our imagination. Its practical and beneficial limits have never been revealed. Where it brings the highly organized industries and cheap labor of other countries in competition in our markets with our own, the scheme will not be adopted. Bargains are never one-sided among shrewd dealers, and, in large and in detail, reciprocity is a bargain. But with the West India Islands, and most, if not all, the South and Central American Republics, and Mexico, it is our plain duty to offer such mutual advantages by tariff concessions as will draw them to us, and give us in return the better position for our products among their people. We cannot expect that

the British colonies in the western hemisphere will forever purchase 60 per cent. of their importations from the United States with little corresponding buying on our part from them. We must keep and foster this vast commerce by liberal recognition."

Our failure to supply a large proportion of South America's imports was ascribed to the lack of an adequate merchant marine. In the interests of peace, he said, the Monroe Doctrine should be maintained and the navy be made so strong that no one would care to test its force.

The Prince of Wales at the Guildhall

London is said to be delighted and apparently a little surprised at the statesmanlike speech made by the Prince of Wales at the banquet given by the City in the Guildhall in honor of his successful tour of the British Empire. The celebration was on the 5th, and the Prince and Princess drove from York House to the Guildhall in an open landau escorted by the Life Guards. At the dinner the Prince made a speech in which he reviewed the experiences of his tour and went with some detail into the relations between the motherland and the colonies. Of the Dominion of Canada he said:

"To Canada was borne the message already conveyed to Australia and New Zealand, of the motherland's loving appreciation of the services rendered by its gallant sons. In the journey from ocean to ocean, marvelous in its comfort and organization, we were enabled to see something of its matchless scenery, the richness of its soil and the boundless possibilities of that vast and but partly explored territory. We saw, too, the success which has crowned the efforts to weld into one community the peoples of its two great races."

His earnestness of manner and the solidity of his argument quite overshadowed the other speakers, altho Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Rosebery were among those who responded to toasts. Only Lord Salisbury alluded to the unpopularity of England abroad, a question now of pressing importance. He said:

"No doubt it is true just at this moment we have many enemies who are not very reticent in expressing their opinion. But, on the other hand, to-day's celebration, which is largely due to the action and co-operation of their royal highnesses, has shown that we possess in the support of our distant kinsmen an approval and a sanction which to us is worth infinitely more than all the contempt and all the censure that we may receive from other nations."

This is the first occasion on which the Prince of Wales has had an opportunity to show his breadth of intelligence, and Great Britain is more than pleased at his statesmanlike utterance. Whether Mr. Chamberlain or some one else really wrote his speech, as rumor maintains, is another matter.

The German Tariff Bill

The German Reichstag has entered on a debate which is likely to prove the most bitter in its parliamentary history, and may even lead to serious national disturbances. On December 2d Count von Bülow, the Imperial Chancellor, introduced the new Tariff bill in the lower House, and in the very opening of his speech counseled the members of the Reichstag to use moderate language in the ensuing discussion. He declared that the bill was the most important that had come before the House for a long time, and stated positively that the policy of the Government did not imply any deviation in regard to the treaties of commerce. "On the contrary," he said, "the Federal Government is firmly resolved in the future to pursue a policy of commercial treaties in the interests of German idustry, while, of course, upholding the just rights of Germany." He maintained that the bill had been prepared upon material furnished by experts in the various branches of trade and industry. On this basis it had been submitted to the Bundesrath, which practically agreed on the measure as long ago as last July. The bill took into consideration all the industries of the Empire, but more particularly agriculture. The Emperor, he said, had approved the bill because it was the result of comprehensive and careful study, and because he believed it was to the best interest of the whole country. The measure was also intended to furnish a better weapon for future commercial negotiations with other States. His concluding remarks in regard to the agricultural features of the bill were specially noteworthy. He said:

"I dwell especially on agriculture because I

am convinced that it is in a particularly difficult position, while industry and commerce during the last decade have shown much more favorable development. In view of the high importance of agriculture for the nation's power and sustenance, it should be afforded every measure of protection compatible with the conditions of our general economic life."

It is well known, of course, that the bill has been forced on the Government by the aristocratic agrarian interests, who desire a prohibitive duty on foodstuffs, and on this point the ensuing debate will be most bitter. Austria and Russia are both concerned in the proposed customs, and murmurs in both countries promise a commercial war with Germany if the bill is passed. It is known that the expansion of the United States has had much influence on the framers of the measure. In the course of the debate two days after its introduction Dr. Paache spoke bitterly of the so-called "American peril." Dr. Paache visited the United States in 1899 to study social and industrial conditions here, and he returned to Germany with anything but reassuring messages. In his speech he said that the dangers threatening from America were particularly grave, and that it was necessary to take measures of defense against this country. He referred to the passage in President Roosevelt's message concerning reciprocity in these words:

"America makes a feint of adopting a policy of more liberal commercial treaties, but she is determined to abandon nothing of her protective system. What would it profit us if we got a slight reduction of duties which are now absolutely prohibitive? In spite of this our 'treatyites' say we do not dare to raise our duties. The Yankee has not a trace of such sentimental politics."

The chief opposition to the bill is on the side of the Socialists. On December 5th Herr Bebel spoke as the representative of 2,800,000 voters in strong protest against what he called the "hunger duties." He said there were two nations in Germany, the plunderers and the plundered, and then continued:

"The Imperial Chancellor, Count von Bülow, spoke for the former. I am speaking for the latter. Fifteen per cent. of the German people are engaged in agriculture. The Chancellor said the remaining 85 per cent. were engaged in other occupations, and that 72 per cent. of these latter were industrialists. The proposition of the Government was to lay a tax of between 600,000,000 and 700,000,000 marks on food in order to make more profitable the occupation of 15 per cent. of the people. Only one-ninth of the grain is imported. Agriculture in Germany might be called prosperous. The late Dr. von Miquel, former Minister of Finance, in an official declaration, three years ago, said German agriculture was prosperous. The Prussian Crown knows it is prosperous, because it is now investing 3,000,000 marks in new agricultural holdings. The reduction of farm mortgage foreclosures of recent years showed that agriculture was better off than previously, and the value of lands has increased in the last century. This bill is intended, not for the betterment of the farm laborer, but for the betterment of the landlord. If any landlord is not getting on well now, it is because of large hunting parties, gambling, well filled wine cellars, sons in crack cavalry regiments and town houses in Berlin."

This week the bill goes to the committee and will probably not reappear for months. The Socialists are determined to make a fight on every one of its 946 items, so that it may not come to a final vote for years unless the Government offers a compromise.

The Prussian Poles

Several incidents have recently brought to light the long-standing animosity between the Prussians and the Poles. In Posen, East Prussia, six students and one lawyer have been sentenced to prison for terms varying from three weeks to four months for the conduct of secret societies to which they belonged. Secret societies are not prohibited in Prussia so long as they are in no wise concerned with public affairs. The investigations in the present case, however, showed that an actual league of Polish students exists whose object is to re-establish the Polish nationality. In this way these students were brought under the charge of treason. More recently trouble occurred in one of the Polish schools. Some children in the Government school at Wreschen, in Posen, refused to pay any heed to religious instruction in the German language. They told the school inspector that they were Poles and not Germans and would have nothing to do with German religion. As they continued obstinate a whipping was administered, whereupon the relatives of the children assaulted the school and were only driven away by the rough handling

of the police. Twenty-six of the belligerents were brought to trial, and all but one of these have been sentenced to imprisonment for periods varying from four weeks to two and a half years. The German papers are beginning to call for severe repressive measures, but so far the hostile spirit of the Poles remains unabated. December 4th a body of students made a demonstration before the German Consulate at Warsaw, tearing down the German escutcheon and stoning the windows of the consulate building. These events show the persistent ill will of the Poles to their Prussian masters, and it is a fact that in many sections of the disputed country the Poles are rapidly going ahead of their rivals in numbers and wealth. The ignorance and bigotry of a part of the population are displayed by the fact that the rebellious school children insisted that Polish was the language of Christ and the apostles and that religious instruction in German was a kind of sacrilege.

The Journey of the Chinese Court

Some account of the journey of the Chinese Court may give a vivid picture of Oriental life. The flight of the Empress Dowager and the court from Peking was at least not attended with pecuniary loss to that shrewd personage. Every place on her route was forced to contribute to the imperial purse, and all articles of value, even bedding, curtains and the like, were taken for her use. The cost of supporting her retinue for a single night is something like $5,000, and this the people of the district are compelled to pay. Naturally on the return journey to Peking the court is able to travel with lavish display and ceremony. October 5th the members of the Cabinet, with staff and field telegraph, left Hsian and proceeded ahead as a vanguard. At dawn of the next day the trumpeters called to make ready, and at an early hour the streets were thronged with people to see the departing royalties. Good order was maintained, and cavalry kept an open lane between the crowds on either side of the street. The way was floored with yellow earth (the auspicious color), while bands of red silk were suspended overhead from roof to roof. Red lanterns, too, swung at every door, and tables, draped in red and piled with fruits, sweets, biscuits and incense, stood along the pavement. The different uniforms of yellow, red and blue, the gay banners and the gleaming swords, all contributed to make a scene of great brilliance. At 7:45 the advance cavalry passed. Then came the eunuchs in carts, and after them followed the royal sedans, used last year and now carrying each some important trophy. Next came the Royal Mounted Bodyguard, who ordered the submissive crowds to kneel. The Emperor himself in the first Yellow Dragoned Chair was pulled by twenty and borne by sixteen men, all dressed in decorated silk gowns. His Majesty sat bolt upright, with features described as resembling a statue. He looked only straight before him, as if unaware of the kneeling multitude; it was remarked that his own appearance was good and that he seemed in better health than on his arrival last year. After him came the Dowager, dressed in dragoned yellow silk, in her chair. Her face is said to be long and wan, with high cheekbones, big mouth and thick lips, and eyes that gleamed like coals of fire. She was as alert as the Emperor was inert and indifferent, and nothing escaped her observation. The young Empress showed a striking contrast, and when once her chair halted for a little while she seemed embarrassed by the crowds and stole nervous, furtive glances on either side. After her came the chief concubines, and then, after the women's baggage, the Heir Apparent was borne, but he was invisible. The Royal Princes of the Blood followed, and finally the Ministers of the Grand Council, who showed themselves in their looks to be men of refinement and intelligence, in strong contrast to those that preceded them. At 8 o'clock the procession reached the South Gate, where the gentry presented yellow silk umbrellas, and the Dowager scattered her silvered coins. Then, after a prayer at a Tavist Temple for a prosperous journey, the procession went on its way. The most notable feature of the whole parade was the prominent position taken by the Emperor, who not long ago, when the court came to Hsian, was completely subordinate to his Dowager aunt.

The Need for Reciprocity with Cuba

By Leonard Wood

Military Governor of Cuba

THE relations of the United States with Cuba are not for to-day alone; they are for the near future, and for the distant future as well. They are the relations between two people, near to each other hitherto in location, but only recently brought close to each other in thought and in interests. The sentimental as well as the material relations which these two people bear to each other now, and will bear in time to come, should be taken earnestly into account and should be considered with not only a wise, but with a kindly solicitude, if we would arrive at conclusions and if we would form decisions which shall have consequences worthy of our traditions and be of genuine advantage to the people of the continent on the one hand and of the island on the other. I lay stress upon the considerations of sentiment as well as upon the material aspects of the question of reciprocity with Cuba, because at this juncture there comes the fortunate possibility of removing much that has been misapprehension, and the more that has been intentional misrepresentation.

In Cuba the personal relations between Cubans, as Cubans, and Americans, as Americans, have never been better than they are to-day. The references which have been frequently made to the existence of ill feeling have no foundation whatever in fact. Reference may be made—merely in order to adhere to the strict letter of the truth—to the existence in Cuba of a radical element, very weak numerically, whose members are approached by some politicians that made bids for votes on the score of declarations of opinion that is intensely anti-American. The declarations of these politicians are not considered in Cuba, and are not worth considering here; every one on the island understands thoroughly that they are designed for campaign purposes merely, and no one on the island pays any attention to them. In effect they amount to appeals, for election purposes, formulated for the ears of the totally illiterate class, and they are summed up in the oft-repeated phrase: "The Americans are not going to leave."

Throughout the island all social intercourse and all personal acquaintance are on a very excellent footing. The Cubans as a people have a very natural desire to form their own government and to see their flag fly over Cuba's fortresses. So far as the question of independence is concerned the national spirit of Cuba is a pronounced one, yet there are many who believe that at some future time annexation will not only be desirable, but will be the most effective form of solution for the several problems which the young country finds of vital moment. It must always be understood, however, that the Cuban national spirit feels that an independent government, free to deal with the island's affairs according to the will of the majority, is their right.

The tranquillity and good order that have existed during the term of Cuba's occupation are remarable when it is remembered that the occupation brought into contact two peoples distinctly different—different in religion, in traditions and in ways of thinking. For the first two years, perhaps, neither party to the occupation—Cubans and Americans—understood the other thoroughly. But courtesy, kindness and tact invariably bring from Cubans ready response to any reasonable demands or requests.

There has been too much coloring of the reports of Cuban sentiment through the instrumentality of men whose knowledge of the Cuban people has been obtained through the medium of disgruntled adventurers in Havana and other sea-coast cities. In Havana, especially, we find great numbers of disappointed American, Cuban and other people of the adventurer type who are bitter toward both the Cuban people and the military government. It is the way of human nature very often. Instances cannot fail to happen where men are checked

in their greed for some concession which is irregular, or undeniably fraudulent. Disappointed, chagrined and, perhaps, in some small degree hopeful of retrieving lost enterprises, they make it their special purpose in life to denounce as tyrannical and oppressive the authorities of the island—Cuban and American. The same special reason for existence seems also to actuate every man who has been dismissed from Government employ because of incompetency or dishonesty. The views of men like these are no criterion. The actual feeling of the Cubans can be ascertained only by meeting them, associating with them, in all parts of the island. I have yet to meet the Government officer or the reputable citizen who has any complaint to make on the ground of discourteous or unfriendly treatment.

One aspect of the Government, bearing directly upon the attitude of the Cuban people toward the United States and upon commercial and other relations between Cuba and this country in the future, is the complexion of the Government itself as it stands at present. Probably not more than one and one-half or two per cent. of the employees of the island Government as a whole are Americans. The Government of Cuba has been so established and developed that it can be turned over to the Cuban people with hardly a perceptible change in its *personnel.* The feeling of the Cubans toward the United States is evidenced in no more unmistakable way than in the constant and ever-present expressions of good will for American officers and the American representatives of the military government which are met with throughout the island.

There are few people in the United States who will dispute the premise that a stable government must be maintained in Cuba. We have promised as a nation to establish such a government, and must see to it that our promises are made good. A stable government is an expensive thing; it involves the maintenance of a good system for the administration of justice, from judiciary to police; schools, public works, charities and hospitals, which are necessarily government institutions; and, above all, an elaborate system of sanitation, which is imperatively required if North America would keep under control the dreaded yellow fever, so many times transported from Havana and other Cuban cities to the communities of the Southern States, with such enormous losses of life and expenditures of money. A government that is to perform the functions I have here too briefly given can be organized and maintained under those conditions alone which guarantee a reasonable income for all its great and varied needs. Its establishment and its maintenance are predicated primarily upon the establishment and the maintenance of business confidence among the producers and traders of the island. And if a government of this type be not established—and well established—we shall speedily find the conditions in Cuba, in all that pertains to public education and to public health, reverting to what they were when first we went there. The objectionable and dangerous conditions, for the removal of which we intervened, must return in full force and vigor, and we shall be constrained to do one of two things, either permit them to continue as menaces to the public health and as interferences with our commerce, costing us thousands of lives every summer and millions upon millions of dollars; or we must intervene, to do afresh the great work we are now completing.

Cuba purchases at present material from foreign countries amounting to nearly seventy million dollars per year. Under conditions that will encourage her planters to more extensive operations and will give capitalists confidence in the resources of the country and in the ability of its inhabitants to sell their products at a profit, the purchasing capacity of Cuba within a few years will rise to hundreds of millions. That trade we should have, and will have if we formulate plans for dealing with Cuba which are just and intelligent. It would be dishonorable and in bad faith to attempt to force political opinion in Cuba for the purpose of changing her relative position in reference to the United States by maintaining obstacles to trade relations, which will result in producing a condition of ruin and disorder through failure of her two industries, sugar and tobacco. Such an attempt would be in direct contradiction to our promise to establish a stable government. It might produce a

result which would necessitate another intervention, but it would destroy Cuba's confidence in us as a people and would put us in a very undesirable light before the world.

We have only partially completed our obligations toward Cuba. We must now give her an opportunity to build up such trade relations as will render a stable government possible.

Her two principal products are tobacco and sugar. She purchases from abroad everything her people wear, much of what they eat and use in their households. She actually imports a large proportion of her building material. There is little, except among those articles classed as luxuries, that she purchases which we do not produce. She is only ninety miles removed from our coast, and, such has been the destruction wrought by wars and a bad government that for a generation to come Cuba will continue to be a purchaser to the full extent of her ability to buy. There are town and palatial country residences, almost entirely destroyed, which are to be rebuilt and restored to their former beauty; there are railroads which must be built and others which must be reconstructed, and huge amounts of structural iron and of machinery of all kinds to be imported. From our situation and by reason of the sincere and earnest friendship her people have for us, we should control practically all of this trade of Cuba. The island to-day has a population of only one and one-half millions. It can carry easily twelve millions. This large population of the future should be, and will be—if proper means be now employed—composed of industrious and enterprising planters and developers, a large proportion of whom will probably come from our own country. With time a strong, prosperous people will be built up in the island. It will be a people who will not be a menace to us, who will not be a tax upon us; it will be one whose trade and whose good will should be of the greatest value.

Cuba's geographical position is such that she practically controls the entrance to the Gulf and the approaches to the proposed isthmian canal, and she stands in the line of trade between North and South America. It is most important that her government shall be stable; that her population, financially and politically, shall be sound and self-sustaining, and that the disposition and the spirit of her people continue friendly to us as a nation. The wise provisions of the "Platt Amendment" have done much to guarantee a stable government, and I believe that what is needed to bring about the desirable conditions referred to is to make it possible for Cuba's two great industries to live, and to return a reasonable profit to their promoters. The United States will gain as much by developing its trade with Cuba as Cuba will gain by the increase of its trade through more favorable relations with the United States. We can send her everything she requires to maintain, clothe and feed her people. We can admit her products with a reasonable reduction on the present duty without injuring the interests of those of our people who are now at work on similar lines. And, in doing it, we shall greatly benefit our people as a whole, and we shall have carried out our promises in good faith.

God's Thoughts

By D. McIntyre Henderson

GOD has a thought for the maple,
You may read that thought in the tree.
Would you know His thought for the granite?
Look at the granite and see!

His thought for the springing grass
Is told by the cool, green sod;
The rose unfolding its petals
Discloses the mind of God.

His thought for the butterfly's life
Is writ on the insect's wings;
The word He spake to the skylark
You hear when it soars and sings.

We think we are more than the bird,
More than the tree and the sod—
Yet say are we living our lives
As true to the thought of God?

BALTIMORE, MD.

Common Mispronunciations

[An excellent means of acquainting oneself with a considerable number of the more or less commonly used words which are generally mispronounced will be found in perusing the following nonsense story, making constant reference to an authority such as the Standard or Century Dictionary. Few, if any, persons will be able to read it offhand without error; and many will err, through long continued habit, in pronouncing the most familiar words. The trial, however, must prove a wholesome and useful exercise, for correct pronunciation is a pearl without price. The story, as it stands, is a medley of various and anonymous origins. The parts have been brought together, revamped and elaborated with new additions.—EDITOR.]

A HEATED ARGUMENT.

IT is a lamentable fact that disparate opinions as to pronunciation sometimes become provocative of irascible behavior. Often what ought to be a didactic joust degenerates into altercation, amid a Tartarian avalanche of words. Tho decorous dialectic is obligatory upon all disputants (and this truth is as applicable to the amateur raconteur and unlearned student as to the exquisite dilettante or surfeited academician), to orthoepic controversy is occasionally due a melee of loquacious vituperation. The quixotic sciolist, who, with an aberrant hallucination like that of Don Quixote de la Mancha, combats a contemplative pedant, arouses only a futile and furious logomachy, from which neither Machiavellian acumen nor abject complaisance will save him.

Paresis, it may be abstractly and connotatively urged, is the only justificatory corollary of the intellectual pariah who sacrifices genius to the obdurate and tedious tyranny of a lexicon. And the acetous adult who transforms it into an absolute apotheosis should be wafted to the purlieus of the stellar Aldebaran, or exiled on a brigantine to the circumfluent deserts of the crystalline waters, the cynosure of all eyes.

Not long since a robust, disputative collegian—his clothes of the latest Pall Mall cut, his carmine bifurcated necktie ornamented with a solitaire, his hair dressed with oleomargarine and perfumed with ambergris, his face innocent of hirsute adornment, but his mouth guilty of nicotine—informed a senile, splenetic lawyer that he did not pronounce according to the dictionary.

"For," observed the young man, with an air of research, "in your Tuesday's address you said that the sight of cerements sufficed to enervate an attorney; that a salamander treated for obesity with prussic acid and pomegranate rind was disinclined to serpentine movements; that during a soporific discourse delivered to a concourse of youths, eleven exiguous dwarfs, tho under surveillance, made grimaces at an aged man sitting on a three-legged stool; that one of these supple, exile fellows of interesting genealogy, being rebuked, looked contrite, but immediately frescoed an ally's Elizabethan collar with cocaine and marmalade; that a choleric Magyar, querulously contemplating a mirage on the Mojave desert, was transported at the sight of a flaccid coyote making his matutinal rations off a Gila monster; that in an Aldine edition of a legal work you read of a lugubrious man afflicted with virulent varioloid and purulent eczema, for which a jocund gynecologist injected iodine and cayenne pepper with a syringe warmed in a chaldron of tepid syrup—a malpractice suit being the result. By the way, you have a dictionary?"

"Dictionary," replied the lawyer, "pugh! It is a granary from which the pronunciation fiend fills his commissariat with romances and vagaries—which to him grow like a philologic fetish, and this fetishism finds outward expression in a supercilious ostentation of erudite vacuity."

Nothing daunted, the young man continued: "You said, 'According to precedent it was obligatory upon him to plait his hair as his nomad parents had done, and precedent to stepping under the mistletoe indulged in fulsome praise of himself, hoping thereby to induce a favorite girl to join him. But she, being averse to undergoing an ordeal so irrefragably embarrassing, refused; whereupon his features became immobile with chagrin.' This is a verbatim quotation. You sometimes consult a dictionary?"

'Young man," retorted the lawyer, his aquiline nose quivering with derisive disdain, "to illustrate the inconsistence of a

dictionary, see how demagogy is pronounced; then turn to pedagogy."

"Pardon me, I was speaking of you. In reading from a brochure the other day you peremptorily enunciated the following:

"'A sacrilegious son of Belial, who had suffered from bronchitis and diphtheria, having exhausted his finances, in order to make good the deficit, resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. Primarily he purchased a calliope and coral necklace of a chameleon hue, and securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel he engaged the head waiter as his coadjutor. He then dispatched a letter of the most exceptional calligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which he procured a carbine and bowie knife, said that he would not forge fetters hymeneal with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein and discharged the contents of the carbine into his abdomen. The *débris* was removed by the coroner.'"

"Munchausen!" replied the lawyer.

"Oh, yes, you did. And in your peroration this occurs:

"An incognito communist, being commandant on the frontier, in one of his hunting expeditions came upon an Indian, who, to the accompaniment of the soughing wind, was softly playing a flageolet, for the purpose of quieting a wounded Bengal tiger suffering from rabies and tetanus, and penned up in a hovel. The Colonel's companion, a Cingalese from Singapore, acting as seneschal or pursuivant, suggested houghing the rampant animal, or giving it some dynamite, morphine and saline yeast. A noose was adjusted, and the nauseous dose administered, whereupon the combative tiger, coming in premature contact with a dilapidated divan, bade adieu to things sublunary, and proceeded to grace the empyrean. You have a dictionary?"

The old man, becoming angered at the raillery of this question, and at the cherubic smile of superiority with which it was asked, launched forth in an objurgating tirade; insisting that he did not regard himself sacrificable to the juggernaut of orthoepy.

"Have I a dictionary?" thundered he; "dictionary be hanged!"

Here archangels began the sonorous chanting of the music of a bolero, and the schismatics adjourned *sine die*.

Book-Plates and the Collecting of Them

By W. G. Bowdoin

Author of "The Rise of the Book-Plate," Etc.

BOOK-PLATES have a more important use in the world than merely to indicate the ownership of volumes. Book ownership is, to be sure, indicated by them, but they are in a higher sense mediums into which the personality of the owners should enter. They are also to a certain extent art vehicles which reflect something of the decorative achievements of designers, and last, but by no means least, they have come to be objects for that peculiar species of man known as the "collector."

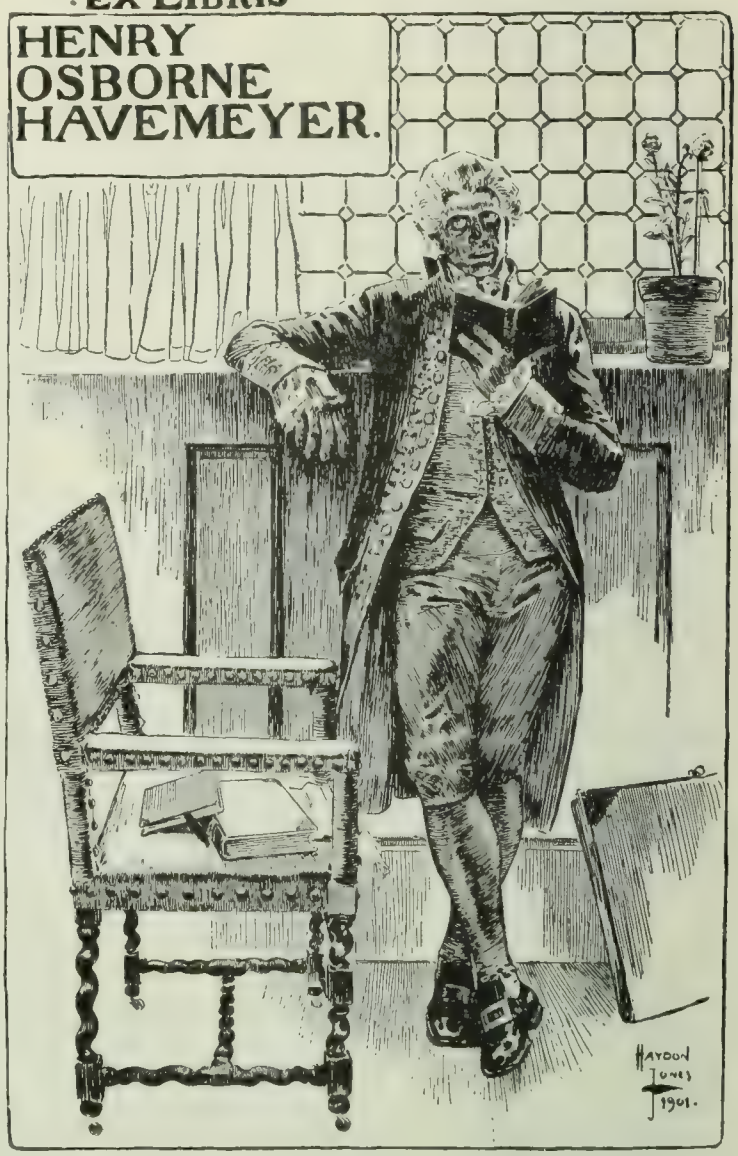
It is unfortunately true that there are many people to whom a book, like an umbrella, is public property. The real ownership of the volume, possibly one of a set, is too easily forgotten by them unless the book is marked for identification. With a realization of this fact, derived doubtless from sad experience, the owner's name was formerly written on the book's fly leaf and in many of the old volumes now to be picked up on book stalls will be found such imprints as "John Thompson, His Booke," or, "This book belongs to William Clinton," etc. Sometimes a warning couplet appeared directed against not only those who borrowed, but those who neglected to return. It was found, however, that it was easy for the unscrupulous to tear away the fly leaf with all inscriptions. Moreover, the name of the owner was not infrequently written in such poor Spencerian script that not even with the

best intentions was it possible to read the handwriting after the book had been kept a year or two.

It was, perhaps, because of the inadequacy of handwriting that book-plates crept more and more into favor after their introduction, which took place almost simultaneously with the first printed book. Prior to 1438 no book-plates are known to have been used, and the earliest one of which collectors have present knowledge is not older than 1470. There is an essential difference between the book-plates of old time and those of to-day, altho the influence exerted by the plates of antiquity lingers and is now frequently felt by our present day engravers. When book-plates were first introduced the prevalence of heraldry was universal, and so far was it carried that armorial bearings for Adam and Eve and many of those who came after them were habitually designed and used to a large extent. It is because of the decay of heraldry in our time that it is now often exceedingly difficult to identify a plate upon which the heraldic is supreme. Many of the earlier plates consequently afford wide opportunities for study and speculation and they suggest a great deal to those whose imaginations are vivid.

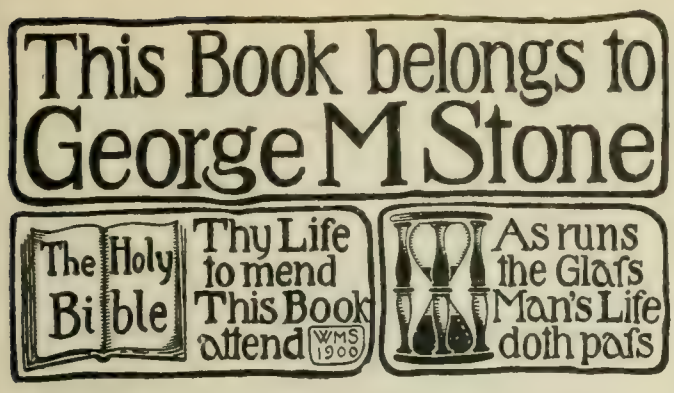
The conventional book-plate is one that is more or less characteristic of its owner, and, according to the nomenclature devised by Warren, is likely to be Early English, Jacobean, Chippendale, Ribbon and Wreath, etc., according as the owner lived and had his plate executed during the period when the style to which his belongs obtained popularity. Thus the book-plate of Samuel Pepys is by no means of the style that would be apt to be produced to-day, when the tendency is so strongly toward the purely pictorial. With its two crossed anchors intertwined with cables and the cipher of Pepys, surmounted by its ribbon motto, it is a quaint conception that appears quite in keeping with its owner and his famous diary.

The man who is about to adopt a book-plate for personal use is confronted by no mean task. If he elects to have his plate in the portrait class there are objections that may be urged against this.



Pictorial Book-Plate by Haydon Jones.

It may suggest conceit, of course, and there are other things to consider before adopting a portrait book-plate. Personal heraldic devices on an American book-plate are not always possible, because most Americans have no armorial bearings. A landscape design lacks the bookish element that ought to have some place on the ideal plate. A library interior is pleasing when the corner shown has been well chosen and a glimpse is had of the plate owner's taste in books and of his library arrangement of the same. There is also much to be said in favor of the purely pictorial plate in which is intro-



Book-Plate Design by Wilbur Macey Stone.

duced something that is indicative of the book-plate owner and his personality; something that shall stand for him in a fairly representative way, as, for example, a plate introducing ancient cylinder seals as decorations in the case of a man who is particularly interested in these interesting old objects.

Even when the design forms are settled upon the difficulties are far from being over, for the method of reproduction yet remains. The most desirable book-plates are the steel or copper plates, but as these are unfortunately also the most expensive, many book-plate owners cannot afford them. The Germans use the lithographic process for the production of book-plates and are fond of massing many colors upon them. Half-tone prints are by far the most common forms of present day book-plates. Into these it is possible to introduce much good or bad art, according to the skill of the artist who does the work.

The primary idea in the preparation of a book-plate design is that it shall be used only by the owner and in his own books, but the idea of collecting them, once conceived, has spread widely until it is now impossible to estimate the number of those who find pleasure in this as a hobby. Book-plates are so unobtrusive, they take up so little space and in many cases are so artistic and romantic that it seems eminently fitting to find that the collecting of these pretty conceits was inaugurated by a lady. Miss Jenkins, of Bath, is a notable figure because she thus amused herself in 1820, when otherwise she would have been forgotten with the throng.

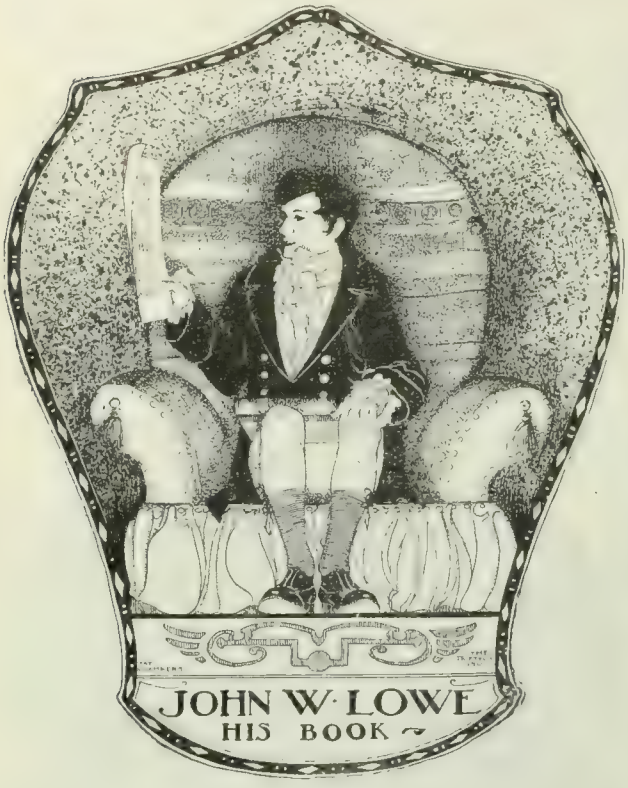
Designed and Engraved by Andrew Kay Womrath.

New Book-Plate, Mrs. Annie B. Hooper, Designer.

Literature relating to book-plates was slow in making its appearance, and it was not until 1880 that John Leicester Warren (Lord de Tabley) produced his "Guide to the Study of Book-Plates." Great progress has since then been made, so that now book-plate bibliography includes more than three hundred numbers, to which constant additions are being made, one of the latest of which, by Wilbur Macey Stone, has to do with the subject of children's book-plates.

Andrew Lang has been able to detect

evidences of vandalism on the part of certain book-plate collectors, in consequence of which he has branded the



Book-Plate Designed by Jay Chambers, of The Triptich Designer.

whole tribe with his most emphatic disapproval. But while there may have been offenses committed by individual

Book-Plate Designed by William Edgar Fisher.

collectors, book-plate collectors are for the most part entirely harmless and generally cultured persons. They love books and cherish them, even if they do collect book-plates. Sometimes they put inscriptions on their plates that are quaint or which are full of suggestive humor.

"No opiate like a book, that charms by its deep spell the mind's alarms," is an inscription of the first class.

The second class is perhaps well represented by these verses:

"All those to whom this book I lend,
I give one word—no more;
They who to borrow condescend,
Ought graciously restore.

Designed by G. Willard Bonte.

"Should any then this volume find,
For results I cannot answer,
Unless returned, bear in mind,
To Richard Southcote, Mansergh."
FRIARSFIELD, TIPPERARY, 1894.

Or this, written on a fly leaf of a volume of Balzac bearing this book-plate:

"Edward F. Sanford,
His Book.
The Wicked Borroweth and Payeth
not again."

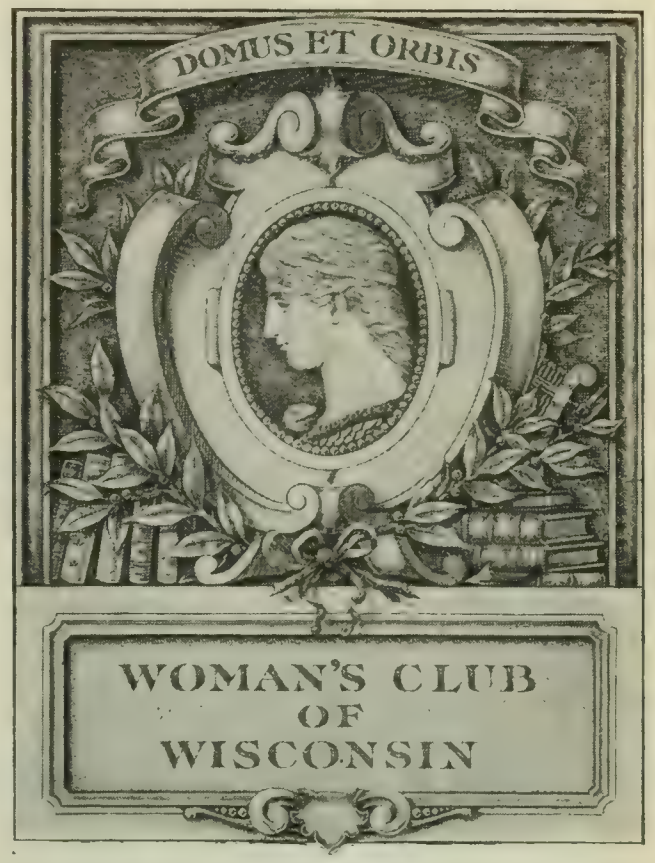
"Here I, a 'wicked borrower,' to pay you am full fain,
And yet the debt
The loan you own
I but restore,
And nothing more.
The interest accumulate,
I hold and hoard,
Securely stored
This treasured gain, this usurate.
And yet the debt,
The loan you own,
I would repay.
But can I, say?
So still the wicked borroweth and payeth not again. M. A. BEAN.
"609 Hill Avenue, East,
"KNOXVILLE, TENN."

An acquaintance with a given plate

Recently Executed Library Book-Plate, E. D. French, Designer.

designer adds greatly to an otherwise indifferent or lukewarm interest in these by-products of the graver's art, and for those to whom posters, etchings, artists' proofs, proofs before letters and the like are impossible, book-plates serve as excellent substitutes, including as they do the work of such artists as Durer, Holbein, Hogarth, Bartolozzi, Bewick and a long train of others.

It is comparatively easy to gather to-



Library Book-Plate, Designed by J. Winfred Spenceley.

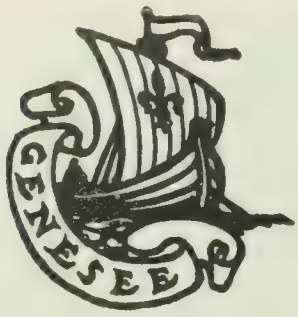
gether a collection of book-plates if one has an eye for them and knows how to mouse around in the second-hand book shops, where many common and some rare ones still lurk inside of old musty

Canting Book-Plate, Designed by William Jordan.

and dusty tomes. Sometimes these may be picked up at low prices, altho the time when good, bad and indifferent book-

plates, about which W. J. Hardy has so pleasantly written, were to be purchased for a penny each has long since passed.

When once a collection of this kind



Claude Fayette Bragdon, Designer.

has been begun the matter of arrangement will presently come up. Some collectors keep the plates that come into their hands without system, and in consequence much that would be of value relative to them is lost. The best results are likely to be obtained through the individual mount plan, which permits of alphabetical arrangement and the easy taking out of any desired specimen for comparison and the subsequent return of the same to its original place in the box provided for the reception of the mounts.

The designing of book-plates is an alluring occupation for women as well as men of artistic attainments, and many women to whom the dull round of the class room does not appeal, and who desire something higher and more congenial in their occupations than the office and the shop signifies, may possibly discover it in following where Kate Greenaway, Agnes Castle, Agnes Berry and some others have pointed the way.

New York City.

The Automobile

By Henri Fournier

[M. Fournier holds the world's record for making the fastest mile in an automobile.—Editor.]

UNDOUBTEDLY the automobile has come to stay and to do, as the years go on, more and more of the world's work.

The fact that I went a mile in 51 4-5 seconds on the Coney Island Boulevard the other day shows the swiftness we have already attained with these machines, and it must be remembered that they are as yet only in their infancy. Six years ago we were making very bad automobiles in France and Germany—almost as bad as those the American makers are now turning out. Now France and Germany make fine autos, and I have come to this country to make fine autos here.

We French are manufacturing better automobiles than the Americans because we began first and because our conditions are more favorable for development. Coney Island Boulevard is as good as any road in France, but in France they have thousands of miles like it, while here there are very few.

Of course, our good roads helped the automobile, as also did our comparatively bad railroads. Here, on the other hand, there are good railroads stretching everywhere through a brand new country, where the wagon ways are still rough.

The conditions for automobile development are therefore not so favorable here as in France. But they are improving very rapidly.

Not so with American made automobiles. I do not see any improvement in them since I was here three years ago. The machine in which I made the mile record of 51 4-5 seconds was of French make, as also was that in which Mr. Foxhall Keene did a mile in 54 3-5 seconds.

The makers here started wrong. Instead of taking the best French and German models and trying to improve on them, they set out to produce something original, and thus went over all the ground previously traversed by the European manufacturers, and fell into the errors out of which the latter had laboriously struggled. It is a shame, for their trouble and expense were quite unnecessary. They should have taken advantage of the experiments and experiences of those who had preceded them.

The greatest change which I believe

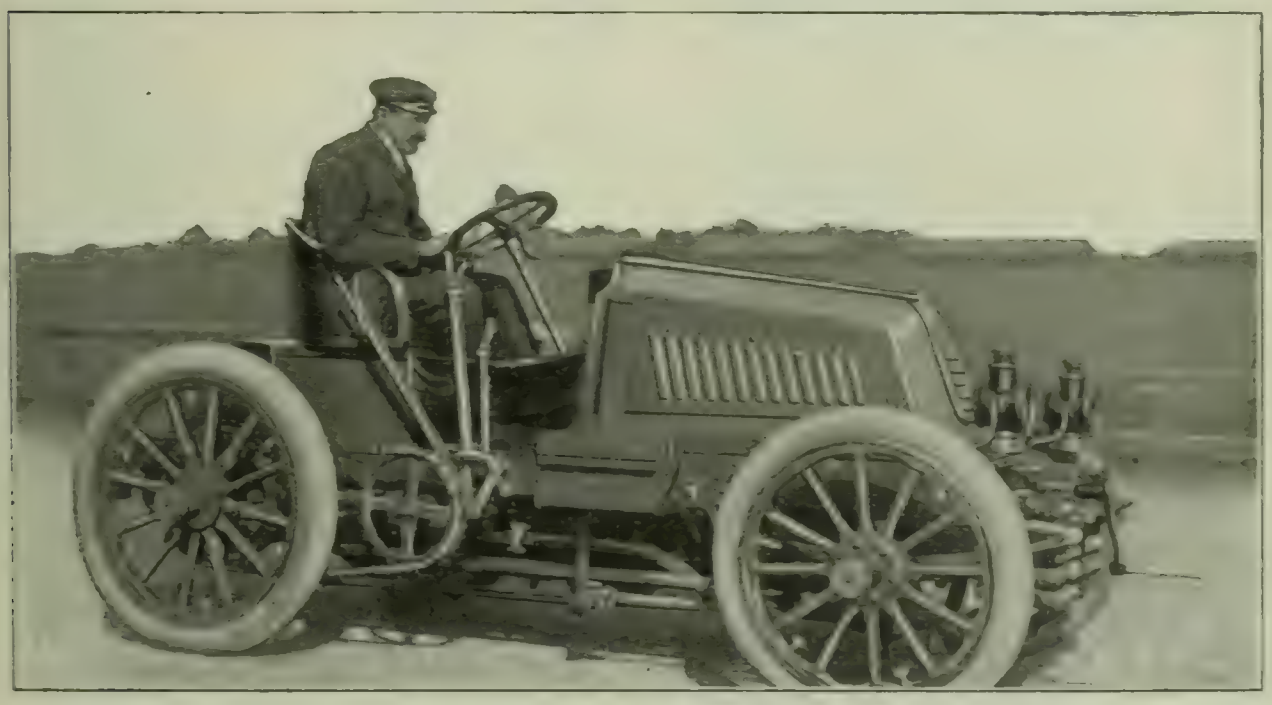
HENRI FOURNIER

will be made in your cities by the perfect automobile will be in the wagon service. The old horse and wagon and horse and cart will have to go; the automobile is so much better, quicker, surer, cheaper. This will make a great difference, as it will just about abolish all stables throughout the city, and by clearing horses off the streets will at once render them much cleaner. It will also make imperative the extension of smooth paving like the asphalt, which in certain weather is unfavorable for horses, but always good for the automobiles.

In addition to this the new machines will greatly increase the wagon capacity of city streets, because they are so much shorter than a horse and wagon, and travel so much more swiftly. With the horse banished and complete auto service throughout the city the capacity of the streets would be at least quadrupled, which would do away with the blockades that now are so frequent on some of the narrow water front streets.

Then, of course, for conveyance to and from business and for coaching and pleasure riding the automobile is far superior to the old carriage, coach or cab. It is not necessary that any one should travel at the rate of seventy miles an hour. He need not race unless he so desires and the time and place are proper for racing. Twenty miles an hour is a good pace, altho safer with the automobile than going eight miles an hour behind a horse. And it is delightful to travel in an automobile going twenty miles an hour. The sensation is most exhilarating—like that of flying, as I imagine—and there are no ill effects.

Twenty miles an hour behind an automobile is safer than eight miles behind a horse because the auto is so very



Henri Fournier and His Racing Automobile.

much shorter, so powerful and so easily controlled. I can teach any one to manage an automobile in half an hour, and tho it is going at high speed, one can stop the machine on its own length. Anybody can manage it, and it turns, twists and dodges about so easily that accidents are avoided which would be disastrous if you were sitting behind a horse. During all the time that I have been driving these machines I only had one accident. That was the collision with the train of the Long Island Railroad Company which occurred several weeks ago. I have never yet been hurt, tho constantly racing, which, I think, goes to show that there is comparatively little hazard about running an auto.

For conveyance of people on short journeys or pleasure jaunts the automobile in this country has a great mission to fulfil, and this will be constantly extended as the good roads which the machines demand are given.

Some people anticipate that the automobile will drive out the electric car and so rid our streets of the tracks and the overhead wires. I, however, am not among those who believe that that will be done—at least not soon.

An automobile service carrying passengers throughout the city for five cents would have many advantages. The vehicles, not being limited to tracks, could not be blocked as they now are, and an accident to one of the five or six thousand which would be necessary to the service would have no effect upon the others.

However, the automobile surface car to take the place of the trolley is still so far in the future that it can safely be left for future discussion.

In war the auto would not cut much of a figure so far as this country is concerned, tho it might be of considerable service in Europe, where they have such perfect roads. America's lack of military highways would place the machine at great disadvantage as compared with a horse.

There has been some suggestion of field guns carried about by automobiles, but I feel sure that they would not do at all. Field guns have to go through very rough places, plowed fields, for instance, and they need a pull from the front, such as the horse gives, in order to get them along.

The power of the automobile is applied directly to the wheels and does not pull the machine at all. Thus in a plowed field the wheels would revolve quickly enough, but they would only make a hole in the ground, while the machine stood still.

This same reason would also prevent the auto from doing much for the farmer.

On the other hand, in countries like France and Germany, where there are many good roads, I believe that the automobile could be of the greatest service for moving ammunition and provisions, as well as for carrying scouts, dispatch bearers or generals, or even the conveyance of troops.

New York City.

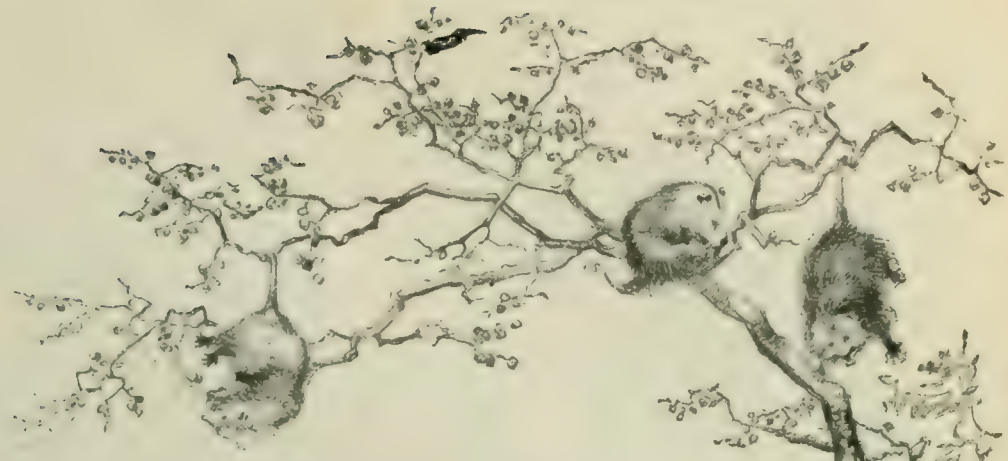
Dedication to Rime

By Theodore Roberts

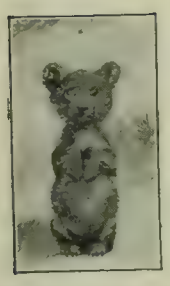
FRIENDSHIP may pass, and Love avert his face;
Glory and Fame long tarry on the way;
Laughter die out, and Joy know not her place—
But Rime, the mistress of my heart, will stay,
Cheering December, making songs of May,
Lighting all burdens with a kindly grace.
Shy comforter, who mocks at my defeat,
And charms the gray sky to a golden hue,
And answers Sorrow with a gay conceit,
This little book I dedicate to you:
But pray that Friendship stay, and Love be true,
And Comradeship make all our lyrics sweet.

Fredericton, N. B.

Copyright, 1901, by THE CENTURY CO.



Some Notable Holiday Books



Johnny Bear. Reduced. From "Lives of the Hunted."

Lives of the Hunted. By Ernest Seton-Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

Beasts of the Field. Fowls of the Air. By William J. Long. Ginn & Company. 2 vols. $3.50.

Wild Life Near Home. By Dallas Lore Sharp. The Century Company. $2.00 net.

The Natural History of Selborne. By Gilbert White. Holiday edition. John Lane. The Bodley Head. $1.50.

Camera Shots at Big Game. By Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wallihan. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co. Net $10.00.

More Animals. By Oliver Herford. With pictures by the author. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

Traveler Tales of China; or, The Story-Telling Hongs. By Hezekiah Butterworth. Dana, Estes & Co. $1.50.

The Chinese Boy and Girl. By Isaac Taylor Headland, of Peking University, author of "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes." Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.00.

Love in Literature and Art. Selected and edited by Esther Singleton. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60 net.

Love Songs of Scotland. With a glossary. Selected and edited by Robert W. Douglas. New Amsterdam Book Co. $1.75. Limited edition, $5.00 net.

Lyrics of Love of Hearth and Home and Field and Garden. By Margaret E. Sangster. Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.25 net.

Winsome Womanhood. By Margaret E. Sangster. Illustrated by William Buckingham Dyer. Fleming H. Revell Company. $2.50.

The Stars: A Slumber Story. By Eugene Field. New Amsterdam Book Company, $1.25.

Eugene Field. A Study in Heredity and Contradictions. By Slason Thompson. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00 net.

Riley Farm-Rhymes. By James Whitcomb Riley. With country pictures by Will Vawter. The Bowen-Merrill Co. $1.00.

The Imp and the Angel. By Josephine Dodge Daskam. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.10 net.

The Rise of the Dutch Republic. By John Lothrop Motley. New holiday edition. 2 vols. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Cloth, $4.00. Half calf, $7.50 per set.

Flowers from Persian Poets. Edited by Nathan Haskell Dole and Belle M. Walker. Cover, title pages and borders designed by Goodhue. 2 vols. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Cloth, $4.00. Half calf, $7.50 per set.

Through Persia on a Side-Saddle. By Ella C. Sykes. J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.00 net.

Imperial London. By Arthur H. Beavan. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.00 net.

London, Historic and Social. By Claude de la Roche Francis. Henry T. Coates & Co.

Confessions of a Caricaturist. By Harry Furniss. Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. $10.00.

Other Famous Homes of Great Britain and their Stories. Edited by A. H. Malan. Copiously illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.50.

Ireland, Historic and Picturesque. By Charles Johnston. Illustrated. Henry T. Coates & Co.

Elegy and Other Poems. By Thomas Gray. H. M. Caldwell Co. Full leather. 75 cents.

The Age of Fable. The Age of Chivalry. Legends of Charlemagne. By Thomas Bullfinch. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern. Edited, with notes, by Joshua Sylvestre. With illustrations. A. Wessels Co. $1.00.

Friendship. Two essays on Friendship by Ralph Waldo Emerson and Marcus Tullius Cicero. A. Wessels Co. $1.00.

Concerning Marriage. By Rev. E. J. Hardy, author of "How to Be Happy though Married," etc. A. Wessels Co. 50 cents.

French Furniture and Decoration in the XVIIIth Century. By Lady Dilke. The Macmillan Company. $10.00.

The New Life of Dante Alighieri. Translation and pictures by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. R. H. Russell. $3.75.

A Widow and Her Friends. By C. D. Gibson. R. H. Russell. $2.50.

The Dolly Dialogues. Edition de luxe. By Anthony Hope. R. H. Russell. $2.50 net.

The Old Farm. R. H. Russell. $2.00.

Plantation Songs. By Eli Shepperd. With pictures from life by J. W. Otts. R. H. Russell. $2.00.

The Golfers' Rubáiyát. By H. W. Boynton. Herbert S. Stone & Co.

The Story of Books. By Gertrude B. Rawlings. Appletons' Library of Useful Stories. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co. 35 cents net.

Some Literary Landmarks for Pilgrims on Wheels. By F. W. Bockett. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

Madame Recamier and Her Friends. By Noel Williams. Harper & Brothers. $20.00.

Sir Henry Raeburn. By Sir Walter Armstrong, director of the National Gallery, Ireland. Elaborately illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co. $25.00.

A Japanese Nightingale. By Onoti Watanna. Illustrated by Genjiro Yeto. Harper & Brothers. $2.00.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Car-

FROM "WILD LIFE NEAR HOME."

Opossums.

roll. Introduction by E. S. Martin. Ornamental cloth. Harper & Brothers. $3.00 net.

Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings. Folk Lore of the Old Plantation. By Joel Chandler Harris. New Edition. D. Appleton & Co. $2.00.

A Year in the Fields. Being Selections from the writings of John Burroughs. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. $1.50.

Historic Towns of the Western States. Edited by Lyman P. Powell. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

The Staffordshire Potter. By Harold Owen. E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.75 net.

Romance of the Renaissance Chateaux. By Elizabeth W. Champney. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00.

French Art. Classic and Contemporary. Painting and Sculpture. By W. C. Brownell. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75 net.

Amos Judd. By J. A. Mitchell. With eight lithographs in full color by A. I. Keller. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Old Time Gardens. By Mrs. Alice Morse Earle. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The Soverane Herbe. A History of Tabacco. By W. A. Penn. E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50 net.

The Bastille. By Capt. the Hon. D. Bingham. James Pott & Co. 2 vols. $5.00.

Colonial Furniture in America. By Luke Vincent Lockwood. Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50 net.

THE Christmas book buyer is confronted with a mass of material from which selection is not easy. From a pretty careful survey of the books in the shops and of advance copies in the publishers' hands it would appear that beauty of form and make-up are more desired than real literary value. The pictorial is at present easily dominant in books. The same thing is true of popular lectures, which, if they lack illustration, lack drawing power. Whether or not this is strictly a gain is not now to be considered. Lovers of new books are obliged to take them as they find them or let them go. The possibilities in the matter of extra binding have been set forth more extensively this year than ever before in the exhibitions held at Scribner's, Bonaventure's, Putnam's, and Dutton's. As regards limited editions, *Poe's Poems* from the Laurentian Press (New York), *Gray's Elegy* from the Craftsman's Guild (Boston), and some of the Mosher and Roycroft books are delightful examples of what can be done by those who are not what might be called trunk line publishers.

In the narrow selection of books that can here be noticed there is a considerable class that deals with Nature Study, Wild Life, and Natural History in various forms. One of the most widely known of such books is Seton-Thompson's *Lives of the Hunted,* copiously illustrated and adorned with symbolic designs and marginalia. Under the influence of this volume, aided and abetted by the writings of Joel Chandler Harris, William J. Long has produced two companion books, entitled respectively *Beasts of the Field* and *Fowls of the Air,* in which there is a fund of information particularly useful to teachers of Nature Study, but which, from the popular form in which they are written, are also well adapted to the use of the general reader. Sundry animals and birds are pleasantly described in these two books. Mr. Copeland has illustrated the text, but he has by no means caught the spirit and essence of wild life to the same degree as have both Grace Gallatin and Ernest Seton-Thompson in the volume first cited. The drawings of Mr. Copeland, however, are clear and deal with many unique phases of animal life. A somewhat more serious study in the same field is a volume with the title *Wild Life Near Home.* In it we come into popular contact with 'possums, owls, buzzards, whippoorwills, swifts, sparrowhawks and many other common birds, meadow mice, foxes, muskrats, rabbits, mushrooms, flying squirrels, wood-pussies, frogs, toads, herrings, and a host of denizens of the air, the fields, and the woods, about which the text is grouped in story form. The ever charming *Natural History of Selborne* belongs to this series and the notes of Grant Allen add much that is interesting to the original text. The illustrations by Edmund H. New are particularly happy. In the picture here reproduced from *Camera Shots at Big Game,* there is shown a most surprising achievement in photography. The "taking" of a mountain lion at all on a photographic negative is an achievement about which it would be pardonable to boast, but to have secured him in the very act of leaping is a really notable and spectacular victory. The descriptive text of the book is graphic, and the included pictures of wild nature are all from photographs taken from life, and not, as has been too often the case, from stuffed specimens. In *More Animals,* Mr. Herford emphasizes the grotesque element of animal life, and his clever nonsense rimes and exaggerated pictures go well together. Herford is perhaps the present day Hood in his achievements, and his drawings are a protest against the prevailing surfeit of serious things. Mr. Herford's Dachshund appears in three sections and is a most pleasing "bit."

A view of the social life in the Celestial

"The Thousand Petals of Cherry Blossoms were Falling About them."—Reduced *fac-simile* of frontispiece in "A Japanese Nightingale."—Copyright, 1901, Harper & Brothers.

Empire is given in *Traveler Tales of China.* The author of the "Zig-Zag Stories" turns his attention to the folk-lore of Buddhism, and by means of his studies in this direction is enabled to illustrate the manners and customs of the Chinese people of the past and present. The book is especially adapted to the use of young people, but has something of interest for their elders. One of the Chinese types is thus described:

> "A wicked look around he stole,
> And many a think he thunk,
> And many a wicked smile he smole,
> And many a wicked wink he wunk."

"The Story of Tea," "A Tale of the Caravan Tea," "The Siberian Railroad," and a chapter on "Chinese Jugglers" are features that round out Mr. Butterworth's book. *The Chinese Boy and Girl* is a comparative study of Chinese child life. Nothing more thorough can perhaps be done until it is made possible for us of the West to penetrate into the homes of the Oriental peoples. Child life in China differs greatly from child life among us. It is barren when measured by our standards, and yet the little ones of the yellow kingdom have their entertainments, their exercise, their amusements, and their toys, even if they do differ from those of our children. The illustrations, one of which is here reproduced, have a true Chinese flavor. The volume with its alternating blue and brown tinted and figured borders and end papers has novelty to commend it as a gift book.

The moods and expressions of love in the works of the great writers are grouped and contrasted together in *Love in Literature and Art.* The subject is presented in both prose and poetry from many points of view, and the consideration of the grand passion forms a study not without perennial fascination. The correct attitude of reserve maintained by the heroine under the ordeal of a proposal of marriage during the eighteenth century, and the initiative she might with propriety assume under the powerful influence of the little blind god at other periods, are here shown by many examples. A companion to the previously published "Love Songs of France" is the present collection entitled *Love Songs of Scotland.* The author modestly calls it unpretentious, but the title page is rubricated and the frontispiece and other illustrations are in photogravure. Hearts and thistles are appropriately and decoratively sprinkled on the white binding, and the intermediate text is selected from a literature that is unusually rich in poems of the tender passion. Burns, Tannahill, Scott, Ramsay, Lady Nairne, MacNeill, Jamieson, Hogg, Douglas and Allan are some of the authors from whom the selections have been made. In *Lyrics of Love* there is a harvest of Mrs. Sangster's poems (new and old) that contain messages of comfort and cheer. Into the dull round of life and its many disappointments these lyrics may easily slip with their simple and peaceful melody. Another volume by the same author that is characterized by daintiness of page and border decoration is the new *édition de luxe* of *Winsome Womanhood,* in which the publishers have aimed to make an ideal wedding gift or holiday book. It is written for women by a woman who is full of sympathy with her sisters high and low. There is something here for the girl to read in the joy

of her youth, something for the woman of middle life and, finally, some words as well for the woman on whom old age is creeping. The chapter on "The Girl in Business" deserves careful reading by all young women already in commercial life or on the threshold of this experience.

A little Fieldiana classic is *The Stars, a Slumber Story.* As an introduction, Will M. Clemens has written an appreciation of the poet, in which his love of children is set forth and an attempt is made to reveal the secret of his poetic power. A short sketch of the poet's life fittingly closes the *brochure.* Under the title *Eugene Field,* Mr. Thompson, following his labors as collator of "Sharps and Flats," has made an intimate and rather brilliant biographical study of the poet of childhood. This unique figure in literature is here portrayed by one who enjoyed his close friendship and shared his daily work and play, and the result has been most happy.

Will Vawter has illustrated the characteristic *Riley Farm Rhymes* with drawings that interpret the text very harmoniously.

Miss Daskam draws a picture charged with sprightly contrast, as is suggested by the title she has given her book, *The Imp and the Angel.* In her little story two boys are heroes, the one full of life and mischief, while the other is pampered and artificial. The two flit across the stage in the initial chapter, but the fortunes only of the Imp are subsequently followed. A very clever story told in an artless and yet artful way is the result.

Motley's immortal history, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic,* has just been redressed and embellished with numerous reproductions from rare portraits and famous paintings. A colored map has been added and the finished work is a noteworthy contribution to the holiday offerings. The commercial buckram in which the book is bound well indicates the possibilities of the best binding of this class and largely justifies the publishers' claim for its superiority.

Poems that tell of ancient heroes and of princesses transcendent in their day for countless charms, and even of kingdoms almost forgotten by the Western world, are collected in *Flowers from Persian Poets.* A comprehensive glance at the chief literary products of Persia is afforded, and the vital persistence of the poetry of a mighty nation of antiquity is exemplified. The art features of the book, combined with the Persian flavor in its illustrations, are very harmonious with the text. *Through Persia on a Side-Saddle* now appears in a new and revised edition. The recorded experiences of the first European woman who has visited Kerman and Persian Baluchistan will be choice holiday reading in their present form. Light is thrown on the condition of Oriental women as compared with their Occidental sisters, and some of the illusions in regard to the "gorgeous East" are dispelled in this unpretentious narrative of the happy period in a woman's life spent in Persia.

Imperial London has to do with the World's Capital. The subject is a mighty one and includes palatial buildings, mean houses, beautiful districts and squalid regions. Those who have spent some time in London and know something of its wide extent, the vast financial, mercantile, romantic and other in-

Chinese Girls at Play. From "The Chinese Boy and Girl."

terests centered there, will perhaps read this book with more pleasure than will those who know London by tradition alone. There is a message, however, even for persons who have never had personal contact with the city. Many of the most famous men of letters have lived for a time in London, and many have found a last and coveted resting place in Westminster Abbey. The poor and the criminal classes of London are surrounded with a kind of glamour to those not of the city, but who are in it. The government of the city, the *tout ensemble,* is so full of vital interest from every point of view that it is no wonder that the author who undertakes to describe London as it is lays down his task with the feeling that he has only touched on his subject. Something more of serious history is infused into the pages of *London, Historic and Social.* The tourist who spends a week or two in London with a touring party, even if religiously accompanied with his Baedeker, may be surprised to find on reading the work of Mr. Francis that not less than a year may easily be spent in studying the city conscientiously, particularly in relation to its monuments, its history, its traditions and its local lore. This is true, nevertheless. The many photogravures in the book as illustrations, made by Gilbo & Co., have been well chosen and are entirely satisfactory. A portrait of the late Queen is the frontispiece of Vol. I, while a portrait of King Edward VII similarly introduces Vol. II.

The Confessions of a Caricaturist is an autobiographical title full of suggestions. Like charity, it covers a multitude of sins. In it as an introduction one of the now famous caricaturists of *Punch* recalls his young days. He records his arrival in London and some of the experiences of an artist seeking for a place in the world. The two volumes are full of personal touches and contain about two hundred drawings by Mr. Furniss which are for the most part now published for the first time. Tenniel, Du Maurier, Linley, Sambourne, Keene, Leech and the rest of that brilliant and artistic *Punch* galaxy are all represented in illustration or in text; and the world's happenings, just a little perverted, or caricatured, are very pleasant to look upon as we go. The original idea of the book was far less pretentious than it gradually became under the process of legitimate evolution. There is to be noted a considerable contrast between the English cartoon as exemplified in Mr. Furniss's book and the American school current in our illustrated papers.

Some indication of the widespread interest in the subjects considered in *Other Famous Homes of Great Britain* may be imagined when it is known that the book bearing this title is the third in the Famous Home Series. Notwithstanding that in some cases the descriptions are written by the owners of the homes described, and in others by those intimately associated with reigning families, the articles are for the most part tinctured with modesty. In many of the homes described there are collections of things artistic that are of enormous value and the house itself is but the casket within which the gems nestle. The pictures therein were not bought to sell again at an advanced price. They were secured by those who first owned them because it was clearly understood that in the cultivation of taste and in a surrender to the exquisite creations of the artist's and the craftsman's hand there was a signification of dignity which neither rank nor wealth could possibly bestow. Twelve princely homes are noticed in the present publication. Some of them have noble gardens also, and a wealth of historic legend and romance clusters about them. Wollaton Hall, Dunvegan Castle, Castle Bromwich, Castle Howard, Osterley Park, Clumber, Audley End, Dunrobin Castle, Stoneleigh, Dalkeith Palace, St. Michael's Mount and Stowe are the "seats" that are described in this third volume of the series, of which St. Michael's Mount is on some accounts the most interesting. The book is a fine example of commercial binding. *Ireland, Historic and Picturesque,* follows somewhat similar lines to those of "London" by the same publisher. Striking features of Irish landscape, architecture, etc., are illustrated in photogravure, and the picturesque history of the country is set forth by the enthusiastic pen of Mr. Johnston. Irish heroes pass in review, as do also the Norsemen. The Normans come and go. Feudalism triumphs. There were wars and rumors of wars, famines, miseries and distresses in Ireland. The Irish past, however rich it may be in tradition and varied lore, is a dark record. The rest belongs to the

future. Ireland is a land full of singular fascination and beauty, where even the hills and rivers speak not of themselves, but of the Spirit which builds the worlds.

In the Remarque Edition of *Literary Masterpieces* (3⅞ x 5⅝) there is a collection of the poems of Thomas Gray, including "The Elegy" and all the rest of Gray's verse that has permanent value. *The Age of Fable, The Age of Chivalry,* and *Legends of Charlemagne* are three little volumes (3¾ x 6) in a case that may well serve as gift volumes if the recipient is to be one interested in legend or mythology. The tops are gilded, and each one has a frontispiece in photogravure. The title pages are rubricated and engraved.

A holiday season minus Christmas carols would indeed be sadly lacking, and so it is most opportune that in *Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern,* we should have a collection of these ready made to use and to read. Some of the old favorites are given space as well as some that are not so well known. The frontispiece is a Madonna in photogravure and the title page introduces a conventionalized holly branch as a decorative detail into which the rubrication enters in the imprinted holly berries. The sheets are deckel edged. The binding is in cloth, with mistletoe decoration and a gilded frame of golden holly intermingled with Christmas bells.

A Mountain Lion in the Act of Leaping.—From "Camera Shots at Big Game."—Copyrighted. 1895, A. G. Wallihan.

Friendship, two standard essays, attractively bound in cloth, is issued by the same publisher, as is also *Concerning Marriage,* bound in lavender, in which there is more of novelty than in the friendship essays. The author is said to have first written in the field in which he now stands as an authority theoretically, being single, but he has since then removed this disability and has practically tested his own theories.

Following her "French Architects and Sculptors of the XVIII Century" of last year, Lady Dilke has given us as her contribution to the world of books *French Decoration and Furniture in the XVIII Century,* in which she has set forth the charm of the French decorators and masters of furniture making.

Rossetti's *The New Life of Dante Alighieri* is richer in the coloring of the language than is the version by Professor Norton now generally read, altho it lacks the simplicity of Professor Norton's translation. Fifteen large carbon reproductions of the Rossetti pictures in combination with art printing and binding, and a pleasing cover design by Louis Rhead, make this a most beautiful volume. Other artistic Russell publications are *A Widow and Her Friends,* the new Gibson book for the present year, containing over ninety characteristic drawings; *The Dolly Dialogues,* daintily illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy; *The Old Farm,* with selected poetic text and handsome illustrations, with the unmistakable atmosphere of the farm about them, by Rudolph Erckmeyer, Jr., and collected *Plantation Songs for My Lady's Banjo, and Other Negro Lyrics and Monologues* that are typical of their *genre.* Two new issues of the Pictorial Theatrical Souvenirs are *Ethel Barrymore in "Captain Jinks,"* and *Blanche Bates in "Under Two Flags."* Forthcoming in the same series are *Maude Adams in "Quality Street," E. H. Sothern in "If I Were King,"* and *Virginia Harned in "Alice of Old Vincennes."*

The Golfer's Rubáiyát is a rather clever treatment of golf as a theme in Orien-

tai versification that will appeal to devotees of the golf links.

A recent addition to the very useful and entertaining series known as Appletons' Library of Useful Stories is that entitled *The Story of Books,* which gives the mysterious and fascinating story of a book from the time it leaves the author until it reaches the consumer. At least one of the art books bearing the Appleton imprint is a monumental contribution to bookmaking in its own peculiar field. Their *édition de luxe* of *David Harum* is worthy of that book's great popularity.

One would scarcely expect to encounter references to the superannuated story entitled "The History of Sanford and Merton" in *Some Literary Landmarks for Pilgrims on Wheels,* but fate has many surprises in store for the readers of books. It is surprising, for example, to find what literary touches it is possible to give a story professedly an account of a cycling tour. And yet there is William Corbett staring at one out of the text. Again something is said of Frederick Harrison. And then as the ghosts of Surrey Park there are Shakespeare, Raleigh and Sidney. It is a far cry from these to Martin Tupper, but wheeling makes strange literary intimates, and if one wheels through Albury, why, there are associations of Tupper and his philosophy in spite of everything. If you can cycle with Dean Swift, Scott, Shelley, Milton, Crowley, Jane Austen, Gilbert White, Tennyson, Lamb, Tyndall, Conan Doyle, Grant Allen and the rest of the book's company, why not cycle?

One of the most interesting figures in the social life of the nineteenth century is figured and described in *Madame Récamier and Her Friends.* Full accounts are given of her relations with Napoleon and many members of his family and court. The present volume, which is the first complete "Life" of this renowned beauty and social leader of her time is in limited edition of 250 copies, sumptuously bound in ooze calf three-quarter style. The whole book, in illustration and typography, is superb.

Sir Henry Raeburn constitutes the third in a beautiful series in which "Reynolds" and "Gainsborough" were respectively the first and second. Stevenson's appreciation of Raeburn was set forth in the expression, "He was a born painter of portraits. He looked people shrewdly between the eyes, surprised their manners in their face and had possessed himself of what was essential in their character before they had been many minutes in his studio. What he was so swift to perceive he conveyed to the canvas almost in the moment of conception." Some idea of the extent of the work done upon the present volume may be obtained when it is understood that it was begun on April 1st and only completed on October 31st of the present year. Seventy photogravures are text embellishments in this art work.

The odor of cherry blossoms and of tea gardens is almost perceptible in the pages of *A Japanese Nightingale.* The strange rites of Japan and its curious manners and customs are herein described and pictured by author and illustrator working in the utmost harmony. Junks, dragons, pierced coins, geisha girls, jinrikshas and other Japanese things serve as *motifs* for decorative marginalia that add greatly to the holiday character of this book. A reduced copy of the frontispiece is here reproduced.

Peter Newell, whose illustrations are now joined with the text of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,* has succeeded in rising superior to the original but now obsolete illustrations of Sir John Tenniel. The rabbit, the mouse, the dodo, the Cheshire cat, the March hare, and a troop of the other members of a remarkable family are made real by means of his uncanny, but surprising, mind put into permanent form through the agency of his pencil. Nothing could be much nearer idealistic than is his picture of three little girls, opposite page 104, entitled "They Lived at the Bottom of a Well." We regard this as about the most successful holiday book of the season. Quaint charm has been added to the plantation legends in *Uncle Remus; His Songs and His Sayings,* that Joel Chandler Harris had made familiar to us, by means of the facile pencil of A. B. Frost. The triumphant prowess of Bre'r Rabbit as pitted against Reynard the Fox and Isegrim the Wolf, is made pictorial and easily vies with the great German beast, Epic, so called.

John Burroughs has a personality that draws men and women to him, and when he writes they like to read. *A Year in*

the Fields is an out-of-door book that takes us away from the beaten tracks and presents the almost forgotten things of nature as the sharp eyes of John Burroughs see them. In each one of the two dozen reproductions that serve as illustrations the welcome face and figure of Mr. Burroughs appears. One of the illustrations shows the famous "Slabsides."

The close of the series of historic towns is reached in *Historic Towns of the Western States.* One of the chief points of interest in this survey of historic Western towns lies in the chapters on Omaha and Salt Lake City, in which the Mormons are dealt with. Religious fanaticism is always interesting, and nothing but fanaticism can account for these strange people. In the histories of Cincinnati, Vincennes and of Des Moines more or less is said of the prehistoric mound builders.

During festal seasons the housewife graces her table with fine silver, her best china and choicest pottery, all of which adds more or less to gastronomic and social pleasures. We may even go further and wish to know in what manner the potter lives in Staffordshire, how his trade came into existence and developed, to understand the relations he has with his employers, and all that goes to make up this volume on *The Staffordshire Potter.*

To the architectural attraction signified by the title, Elizabeth W. Champney has added a romantic charm in the tales she relates under the caption *Romance of the Renaissance Chateaux.* The local color and picturesque language of the period have both been faithfully introduced, and the volume well reflects the spirit of the age described.

Tracks in the Snow.—From "A Year in the Fields."

In the new and enlarged holiday edition of Brownell's *French Art* there are forty-eight illustrations, the type has been reset and a chapter added on the sculptor Rodin, so that the book in its new form more fully than before measures and ilustrates from an interpretative and critical rather than a historical standpoint French plastic art from the period of the chateaux described in the Champney volume to the present time. The book in every respect is one of the best of the holiday books.

Amos Judd of this year follows the treatment that made "The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock" of last year so popular. It now appears with colored illustrations very attractive to the reader.

Those who love gardening (and who does not?) will enjoy Mrs. Earle's *Old Time Gardens.* The gardening achievements of our ancestors are described, and in simple but effective man-

ner are we led down to the present day. The theme that now engages Mrs. Earle is quite in contrast with her "Stage Coach and Tavern Days," but there is to be found in gardens quite as much that is romantic and otherwise pleasing. One form of garden ornamentation used to be a sun-dial set up to mark the flight of time. The chapter on these now obsolete forms of time measurement is noteworthy and will be novel to many people. This book of "The Sweet o' the Year" will appeal strongly to a very large class both of those who have and have not gardens of their own.

Sun Dial at Hon. Whitelaw Reid's Country Seat.—From "Old Time Gardens."

Smokers have a champion in W. A. Penn, who writes of *The Soverane Herbe* (otherwise tobacco). We can hardly realize that there was ever a time when "the solace of mankind" was unknown and there was no such refuge as the cigar or pipe. In our day, when smoking is so universal that even the women are again coming to the after dinner cigaret, it seems strange that nothing adequate has appeared since Fairholt's "Tobacco," published in 1859, in which this "divine" herb, as Spenser terms it, has had treatment, but except for isolated pamphleteers such is the case. Smoking began as a religous rite. It comforted adventurers in privation. Its use was in the beginning looked upon as anything but good form. Raleigh, however, made smoking popular in England, and step by step it made its way into many and various countries. It was carried into the East, and now the world worships at its shrine.

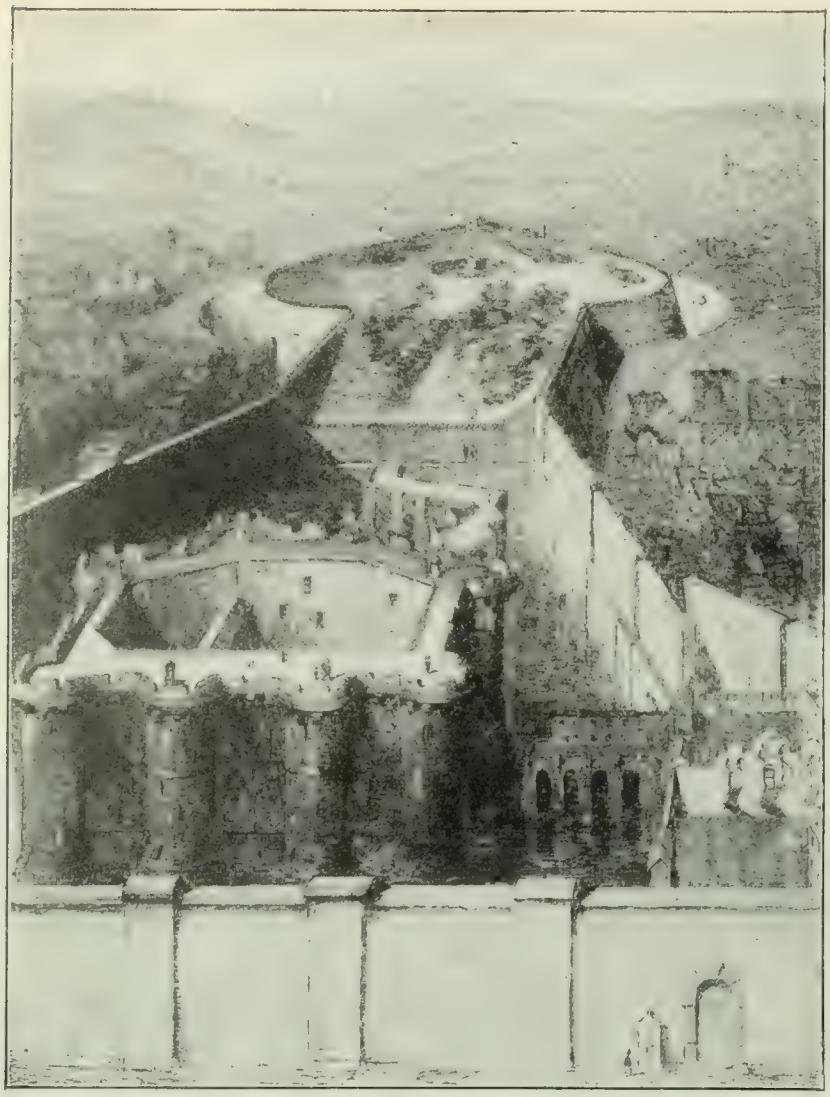
"With pipe and book at close of day
Oh, what is sweeter, mortal say;
It matters not what book on knee,
Old Izaak or the Odyssey,
It matters not meerschaum or clay.

"And tho one's eyes will dream astray
And lips forget to sue or sway
It is enough to merely Be
With Pipe and Book.

"What tho our modern skies be gray
As bards aver, I will not pray
For soothing Death to succor me
But ask this much, O Fate, of thee,
A little longer yet to stay
With Pipe and Book."

So Le Gallienne sang, and such is to a large extent the world's song.

The popularity of book-plates is evidenced by the number of works relating to them that have been published during the past twelve months. *Book-Plates,* by Gordon Craig; *The Purple Book of Book-Plates,* 50 *Book-Plates Engraved on Copper,* by Thomas Moring, 100 *Book-Plates Engraved on Wood,* by Thomas Moring (M. F. Mansfield & Co.), and *Some Children's Book-Plates,* by Wilbur Macey Stone (Brothers of the Book, Gouverneur, N. Y.), are among the recent volumes of this kind.



Bird's-Eye View of the Bastille.—From "The Bastille," Reduced.

Bastille represented, rather than what it was, which exposed it to the fury of the revolutionists of 1789. The gloomy prison no longer exists save in memory and in history. Its outlines are now marked in the pavements of Paris and tourists still look daily upon the spot where it once stood with awe and curious interest. Those who are not familiar with the story of this famous prison will find the present volume well worth their attention.

In *Colonial Furniture in America* there is a revival of interest in the fascinating furniture of our ancesters. We see again the chairs, tables, chests, cupboards, sideboards, scrutoires, bedsteds, clocks, settles, and even Bible boxes that some of us can still remember as figuring among the prized possessions of our grandparents, and the descriptive text helps those who never saw such ancestral furniture to know and appreciate it. In this age when the antique is more than ever appreciated this book is sure of a warm and cordial welcome.

The account given by Captain the Hon. D. Brigham of *The Bastille* is of unusual historical value. The *de luxe* edition is one of the artistic publications of the season. It was what the

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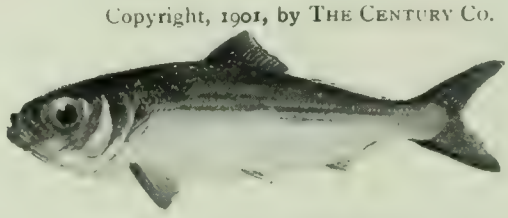


FROM "WILD LIFE NEAR HOME."

A Herring.

The Boer as a Prisoner of War

By Frank H. Vizetelly

[Mr. Vizetelly is the only civilian whom the British authorities have permitted to inspect the prison camps in Bermuda. Writing from Bermuda on Nov. 27, the Adjutant-General in charge of the prisoners of war, Colonel M. Quayle-Jones, said: "Many gentlemen have called on me asking for permission to visit the prisoners of war, saying that they represent papers of different countries, but I refuse all. . . . The only person who has had permission to visit the prisoners of war and who has been able to interview them alone is Mr. Frank Vizetelly of New York."

UNDER the shade of sheltering cedars, on five undulating islets that lie basking in almost tropical sunlight, within 700 miles from New York harbor—islets so small that their very diminutiveness suggests their being rocked in the cradle of the mighty Atlantic—there are quartered three thousand and seven Boer burghers, prisoners of war, that Great Britain has transported from the parched veldt of Africa to her sea-gardens in Bermuda. There it was I found them in laager, under canvas, or at work in the grateful shade of a nearby cedar grove, in chapel, or in school.

Nine o'clock struck as I stood on the Quebec Steamship Company's dock at Hamilton, waiting the arrival of the adjutant-general's launch to take me aboard. Ten minutes later the Adjutant-General, Col. M. Quayle-Jones, C. B., arrived, and we steered for Port's Island, a wooded dot about half a mile long, that rose nearly three miles away out of the seas of the Great Sound. Here the Royal Army Medical Corps has opened a station hospital for the invalid soldiers which consists of two hospital buildings and four marquees. It has accommodations for 150 patients. At the time of my visit 35 patients occupied these quarters. The buildings are reserved for severe cases of illness, and but one of these is partly occupied. In this ward were three patients, burghers Linder, Landeman and Wilemans. They lay on coirhair mattresses in regulation hospital beds, and ever and anon a hospital orderly passed in and out, tending their needs. One or two other patients sat in armchairs out on the veranda that surrounds each building.

Under the shade of the trees where the marquees were pitched I found several interesting convalescents. Among these were Mr. Botha, of Petrusburg, near Kimberley, who was 71 years old, an uncle of the fighting general of that name (he was fast recovering from a chill on the liver), and his son, a man about 25 years of age, a martyr to neuralgia in the head. The elder Botha told me his story.

At the outbreak of the war, he said, he had taken the oath of neutrality. When Lord Roberts advanced the British troops camped on a corner of one of his farms between Kimberley and Bloomfontein, Boshof and Fauresmith, and the following day the Boer Commandant in that region sent him word that if he (Botha) did not withdraw at once, with all his cattle, he would be charged with treason to his country, and, as he naïvely put it, "Being an Afrikander born, I packed up and moved away." But he had not reckoned with the English, who promptly followed him up and, charging him with having broken his oath of neutrality, put him under arrest, and, as a prisoner of war, transferred him to the coast, whence some time later he was transported to Bermuda, together with his son. The one sad note in this camp was the concern of this old man, who lay on a sick bed thousands of miles away from his native land, for his wife and six children.

In a second tent were six other convalescents, one only sixteen years old, Isaac Whord, who stood over six feet tall. His companions were J. H. De Beer, P. R. Delport, Stephanos Charalampou, J. P. Castelman and Henry Vesaji. These names are mentioned that relatives may know that the men are gradually regaining strength and, in their own words, are "on the road to getting well."

Before leaving the hospital buildings I inquired of Colonel North, the medical officer in command, whether the number of deaths, which had been given me as five, that had occurred in camp was correct. The reports on these cases were placed in my hands, as were also those

of the thirty-five patients then in the hospital, all of whom were in a fair way to convalescence. Four of the men died from enteric fever contracted in Africa and the death of the fifth was due to cancer.

The diet of the four enteric patients during their brief span in hospital consisted of milk plain (on the first day a gallon and a half), stewed chicken, eggs, custard pudding, lemonade, soda-water, beef-tea, whisky. In the case of Maartens, a prisoner who succumbed to enteric fever, the patient was given a plain milk diet, eggs, soda, Brand's essence, beef-tea, champagne and whisky; in that of Eloff, who suffered from cancer, the diet included, in addition, chicken broth, custard pudding, sugar and lemonade.

In special cases under treatment at the time of my visit recourse was had to a more varied diet, which included sirloin of beef, and leg of lamb served with mint sauce made from dried mint. Lime juice and beer were added to the list of beverages. The allowance of milk to each prisoner in hospital is a quart and a half *per diem*. Ice is furnished the patients as required, the contractor delivering, for the use of the thirty-five invalid men one hundred pounds every morning.

Immediately at the rear of the main building are the receiving room and medicine store, where all drugs, instruments and appliances are kept, and within a stone's throw is another structure used as a general storeroom, containing complete outfits for several hundred patients.

The hospital kitchen is about one hundred yards away from the invalids' quarters. Here orderlies prepare the food, which is cooked by the camp *chef*. The meat is furnished fresh daily, being butchered at Hamilton by contractors, who import it, on the hoof, from Chicago and Jersey City, a consignment being made every two weeks. While here I tasted the water, which, it had been said, was contaminated by the sewage of the camp and by that from the guard-boats. This water had been condensed from sea-water, but it was not brackish. The hospital water supply is usually drawn from

Boer Baggage at Darrell's Island, Bermuda.—Photograph by A. E. Lusher.

large reservoirs, but during periods of drought it is furnished by a condenser, one of four imported from England at a cost of over $35,000. The garbage of the camp is collected daily in barrels and carried out to sea, where it is dumped.

From Port's Island we crossed over to Darrell's, which is about three-quarters of a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. It is in charge of Major Armstrong. Before entering the Boer laager I obtained a ration-sheet, which gave the daily allowance of food served to each prisoner.

In this camp, where all the irreconcilables are detained, are quartered twenty-seven Boer officers, who employ their time in reading, writing, teaching in the camp schools, and in doing whatever else they can to make the lot of their comrades in arms more bearable. Approaching their quarters, Landdrost W. E. Zylstra, senior, formerly of Rouxville, Orange Free State, stepped out, and after a formal introduction, invited me to enter the marquee, which serves as headquarters, and meet his comrades.

Stating that I had been in France during the Franco-Prussian war, and had some knowledge of the treatment accorded to prisoners of war by both sides, I asked Zylstra and his companions (Captain J. J. Raaf, formerly of Johannesburg; Field-Cornets W. Barends and Vrede, of the Free State), how they were being treated, and whether they had any complaints to make. Zylstra answered for the party: "Remember," said he, "we don't grumble; but when you question us we will answer before the world as we would before God!"

"How do you like your quarters?"

"We put the British officers in the Model School at Pretoria," was the laconic reply, to which was added, "Here we have to sleep under canvas; we are quartered two in a tent. We get the same food as the men, and if we want any luxuries, we have to pay a high price for them. One contractor only furnishes these, and he charges exorbitant prices for everything."

"That's so," chimed in Field-Cornet Barends, thrusting a penholder and three pen points at me. "Why, I had to pay two pence for this penholder and a halfpenny apiece for these nibs. That's what I call imposition."

Captain Raaf complained that no papers and periodicals were allowed in camp. Another of the officers showed me a copy of the *Review of Reviews* over a year old, which, he said, contained an account of the treatment of the British soldiers in Pretoria by the Boers. I took the date, and, on my return home, found that the number contained a summary of Richard Harding Davis's by no means flattering impressions of the British officer as a prisoner of war.

The Boer officers all expressed the wish that the privilege of reading Dutch journals, and South African papers other than the *Cape Argus* and the *Cape Times* be granted them.

"This is not by any means a bed of roses," said Landdrost Zylstra. "When we came here we were promised that facilities to bathe and an approach to the sea would be made. We are still waiting for it."

"But," said I, "several men were bathing off shore this morning. Surely *you* are allowed to bathe."

"Oh, yes, at certain hours; but there's no approach, no beach to go down to the water. That's only another of many things we feel entitled to. Why is not parole granted us? We are treated like a lot of dummies. We have always trusted the English and treated them well, and they should trust us and treat us well in return."

Here Captain Raaf, turning abruptly to me, interrupted the Landdrost with "I want to buy a bottle of rum, but I can't get it."

"Then liquor is not permitted in camp?" I inquired. "Not a drop is to be had for love or money," put in Zylstra. "*Mais, que voulez-vous,*" he added, in excellent French, "*a la guerre comme a la guerre, voila tout!*"

At this moment I noticed the officers preparing for their mess and was about to withdraw, when they invited me to share their food, an invitation I was compelled to refuse, as not half the rounds of the camps had been made. Somewhat contemptuously they drew attention to their meal, which consisted of boiled beef, potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbage, Graham bread and water.

That these sturdy looking burghers were not unmindful of the comforts of the men they had once commanded was shown by their running comments. The

men, they said, didn't get enough clothing, and what they did get was too coarse; the pay offered them for volunteer work was only a penny an hour, eight pence a day, with which they might purchase tobacco or such comforts as they needed. The shoes supplied them they said were heavy and hobnailed and unsuited to the climate; the men didn't get enough green vegetables—complaints echoed by the rank and file.

Commandant Ferreira, the chief officer of the laager, appointed by a popular vote of the burghers, then accompanied me in my round of the camp. Here there are two water condensers, each of which condenses 700 gallons of water an hour, and is kept working by a night shift, for the entire twenty-four hours, thus supplying 16,800 gallons *per diem*. In addition to the condensers, two tanks, 11 feet high and 11¼ feet in circumference, which hold 620 gallons of water each, form another source from which water can be drawn. Nearby a number of burghers were at work under a guard laying a brick foundation for the second condenser.

On this island all prisoners who pursued a trade, and care to work at it, are permitted to do so, the Association for Providing Recreation for the Prisoners of War furnishing them with implements free of cost. Here one man who kept a little stall retailed excellent coffee, boiling hot, black as licorice, without milk or sugar, for a penny a cup. Another, standing over a lathe driven by man power, was shaping a piece of cedar wood into some article that could be sold as a memento. The variety of articles of this kind that the burghers make is almost endless, and comprises toys of all descriptions, anchors, giraffes, wooden chains, napkin rings, portrait frames, shoe boxes from which serpent heads with pin fangs shoot out as they are opened, knives and forks, hammocks, miniature Boer houses and furniture, wagons of all kinds, also in miniature, and ranging from a prairie schooner to an ambulance. J. P. Kriel, formerly of Ladybrand, had on exhibition in camp a wonderful working model of a modern threshing machine for which he asked £10. Each article bears the name of the maker, who puts a price upon it, and, after having passed the censor, it is put on

Boer Toy Makers. Photograph by Ercherback.

sale at a store in the city of Hamilton, known as the Boer Toy Agency, which is conducted under the auspices of a society formed there to furnish the men with opportunities to make a little money, and provide them with such pastimes as will enable them to bear their confinement more stoically.

The monotony of camp life on Darrell's island is dispelled by an occasional game of tennis, croquet, billiards or quoits. Some of the prisoners indulge in gymnastic exercises, with horizontal and parallel bars, others play draughts, halma or beanbag; others study in school, read or sing. The men are also permitted to compete in such athletics as running and jumping, and that there is plenty of room for this may be seen from the fact that no laager is pitched on any island without providing an alternate site in case it be found desirable to shift quarters.

No colored troops are permitted near the camp, none are admitted on the islands. General Sir G. Digby Barker, the Governor, declined to have Boer burghers quartered in the Bermudas if West Indian troops were to be detailed to guard them.

The system of government in laager is strictly home rule. The Boers elect a landrost and four assessors as a trial court before which all offences against the code of rules they have adopted for regulation of life in camp are brought. They also elect a public prosecutor and sheriff. In addition to the court the Commandant of the laager exercises power of inflicting penalties for non-observance of the regulations. The penalties are usually camp fatigues of varying duration or fines.

As I approached one of the larger marquees that here and there dot the camp, and serve as libraries or schoolrooms, the strains of "Cujus Animam" from the "Stabat Mater" struck my ears, and on entering, was not a little surprised to find one of the burghers sitting at a Bradbury piano with a book of Czerny's selections before him. Captain Mostert, the pianist, told me that the instrument had been bought by several of the wealthier Boer officers and men, and had been a source of great comfort to them. The captain gives instruction in music to such as wish to learn.

Near the instrument at a table—there are from eight to ten tables and benches in each tent—were seated some of the younger prisoners reading, playing draughts, or writing home. The camp library consists of such magazines and books as have been forwarded for the use of the prisoners from various parts of the world. Here, too, Mr. Van Gass, an officer of the Transvaal army, has charge of the schools in which there are no less than two hundred pupils of all ages. Instruction in arithmetic was being imparted to a number of scholars, the oldest of whom might be twenty. Dutch and English are both taught in the schools. My inquiries into the progress made by his pupils in the study of English elicited the fact that the correct pronunciation of English words was their greatest stumbling block.

The rations that each man receives *per diem,* which are examined and approved by the Boer commandant as well as the British officers before they are served out, comprise one pound of fresh meat or three-quarters of a pound of preserved meat (the reduction in the quantity of the preserved meat being due to the fact that it contains no bone or fat); one pound and a quarter of bread (white bread was originally supplied, but as the burghers expressed a wish for Graham bread, this is now furnished); one pound of biscuit, two-thirds of an ounce of ground coffee, two ounces of sugar, half an ounce of salt, one-thirty-sixth of an ounce of pepper. Of the fresh vegetables which at the time of my visit consisted of cabbage, turnips, carrots, and potatoes, each man gets half a pound. In the event of there being a scarcity, an ounce of preserved vegetables is served, and a quarter of an ounce of sugar is added. Each prisoner gets two gallons of fresh water and one-tenth of a gill of lime juice daily. A substantial field kitchen, built of brick, affords the chief means that the prisoners have for cooking. This kitchen is free to all, and as each man receives an allowance of coal and kindling wood daily, he is at liberty to make use of the kitchen, or to cook his food apart if he prefers to do so.

The quarters occupied by the men are bell tents, measuring about 196 square feet. Each of these affords shelter for seven men, who are furnished with camp bedding and blankets. The floor of each

Boer Laager, Darrell's Island, Bermuda.—Photograph by Lusher.

tent is boarded over so that the men need not sleep on the bare ground; such of them as prefer to sleep in the open are permitted to do so.

The spiritual needs of these prisoners are ministered to by worthy Dutch chaplains, the Revs. J. R. Albertyn and J. A. Van Blerk, earnest, hard-working men, who feel the delicacy of their position, which is one few would envy.

On our way back to the entanglement my attention was called to a little bit of a garden around one of the tents, where a burgher had planted some pumpkin seeds. Another had been permitted to buy a few chickens, which occasionally furnished him with eggs.

Prior to parting with the Commandant I asked him if he had anything to say regarding his treatment and that of his comrades, all of whom had met me with smiling faces and open hands.

He replied: "So far as recreation, games and working implements are concerned, we are well supplied. We cannot thank those persons who have taken an interest in us sufficiently for what they have done. We could do with more tobacco and more books. Some of us would like to have clothing we got in South Africa. But we are clothed, as you see. The water is good, but two gallons don't go very far for washing, cooking and drinking. We wish we could have more."

We had reached the gateway to the inclosure. Turning toward each other we shook hands, and after promising him to tell what I had seen and heard, we parted, I hope to meet again.

Life on Tucker's Island, which is in charge of Major Morrice, a bluff, ruddy-faced Englishman, who met one with hail-fellow-well met-shake of the hand, is much about the same as on Darrell's. Perhaps here the 809 prisoners seemed a little more reconciled to their surroundings and detention. Among the first of the burghers to whom I spoke was Captain Schonken, a man not far short of forty years old, and one with whom I spent one of the most interesting half-hours of my life, stretched on a grassy knoll that looked over the Great Sound from which we could see one of the guard-boats about a mile away.

Asked what he had to say regarding the treatment of the burghers, he replied: "Our treatment in general as prisoners of war is in all respects fair. I don't see in what way it can be improved. There was a scarcity of fresh water a few weeks ago, but that's passed now. The scenery here is fine. We have made a tennis-court, but we allow the men to play only with bare feet, as their heavy shoes would cut the ground. I wish we could get more tobacco. Yes, we buy it ourselves; we work for it, tho, and buy it with our pay. Personally, I am occupied from morning till half-past-eight at night, attending to my duties as Commandmant, answering the questions of the men, helping and explaining. Why, I'm so busy that I haven't had time this week to take a bath."

"Do you all smoke much?"

"By Jove, yes sir, we are smoking from morning till night," he replied.

Next, I inquired how his men fared for clothing, and he replied that clothing was furnished to the destitute, but that those who could afford to pay for it were expected to do so. Some of the men needed shoes, but these, the Captain said, had been ordered, and were promised by the first of October. "Are you sure, Captain, that you have no complaints to make?" I queried.

"Sure," and as if to emphasize this assurance, he added: "On this island we are as happy as the day is long."

On Tucker's Island, as on Darrell's, there are ten field kitchens, one for each line of tents. There, too, the garbage is collected and dumped out at sea three times a week, so that all possibility of disease being incurred through it is remote. The receipts of the canteen here averaged from four to five pounds per week. Not a drop of alcoholic liquor is permitted in these camps. The burghers themselves voted for its exclusion. The canteen is simply a general store, where the prisoners can buy what they need in the shape of stationery, ink, pens, needles and thread, straw hats, basins and such canned fruits and groceries as their appetites crave for.

Mr. Wepener is the teacher on Tucker's Island. As I entered the school an examination was progressing. Wepener held in his hands a Dutch catechism, published by Jacques Dusseau and Company,

of Kaapstad—" Het Niewe Catechiastie Boek "—from which he put questions to the class in Dutch.

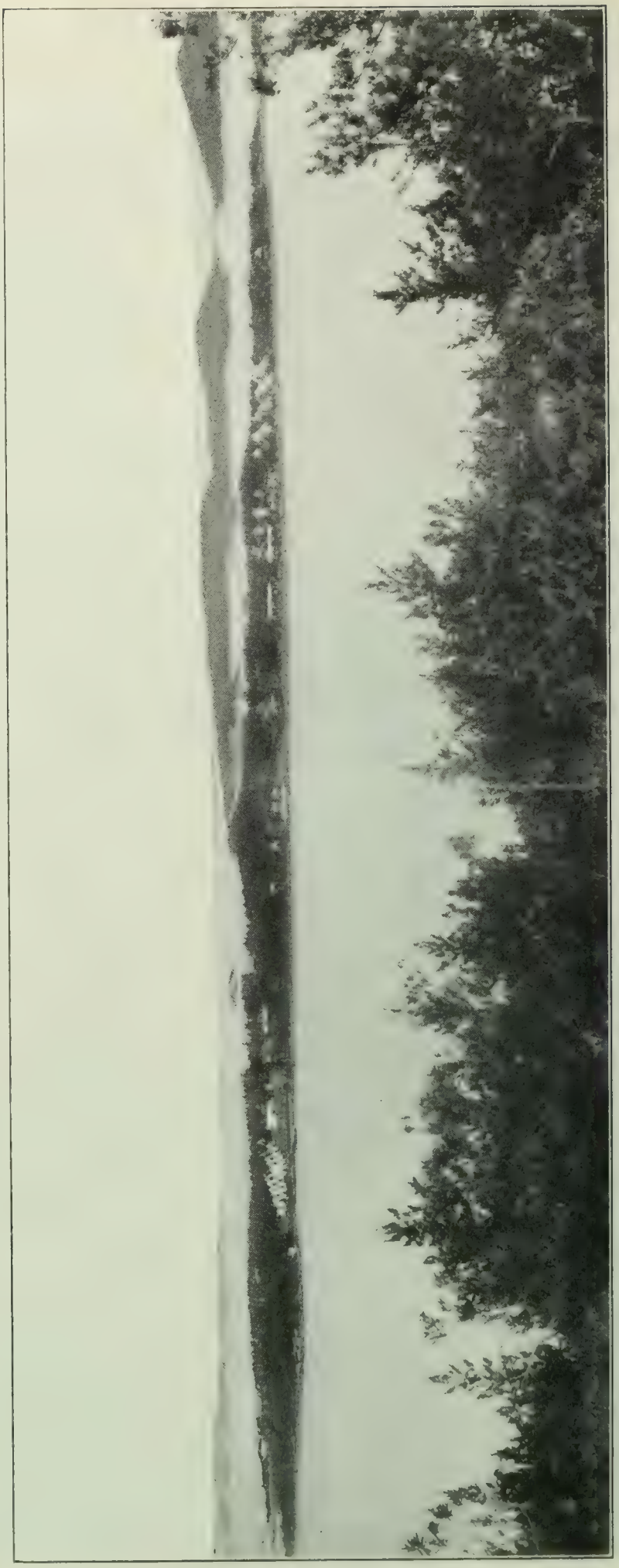
There are a number of boys of tender years in the laagers. Many of these were brought over with their fathers at their requests, so that they might not be separated. Others were found on the veldt driving sheep with no one near to care for them, and as their relatives could not be found easily, they were removed to the prison camps on the coast and thence to Bermuda.

On Morgan's Island 884 burghers are quartered. This camp is essentially the same in all particulars as the others I visited.

In addition to the numbers already recorded there are 465 prisoners on Burt's Island, one of the smallest of the group. This I did not visit, as dusk had already set in and, having been on my feet for almost twelve hours, in a pretty hot sun, I was glad to avail myself of the opportunity of returning to the mainland, which was reached a few minutes before seven.

There is some work that philanthropists can do for these unfortunate men if they are inclined to help them. Among the articles that would be serviceable to them, and would add to their comfort, are light clothing, underlinen, handkerchiefs, towels, barbers' outfits, boots and shoes for lads from 15 to 18 years of age, straw hats, arm chairs for men of 65 years old, smoked glasses, seeds, stationery and a supply of good books.

If there be any persons who believe to-day that the Boer is a bashful, retiring



Boer Camp on Darrell's Island, Bermuda.

creature of the veldt, a sordid and uncouth son of the soil, to these I say my experience satisfies me that this conception of the Boer character as I met it is erroneous. Those of the men with whom I mixed that could talk English came forward readily, and showed no sign of uneasiness as I stood chatting with them at their work or in their tents. All were intelligent, and many were highly cultivated.

There is probably more mental than physical suffering among the prisoners, who, often of swarthy complexion, generally looked a healthy set of men. So far as general care is concerned, there are without doubt many persons, especially in our big cities, who would gladly exchange their present surroundings and opportunities to share the life of the burgher prisoners of war in the Boer laagers of beautiful Bermuda.

New York City.

New Editions for Christmas

BUYERS of books and givers of gifts will thank us for calling their attention to a few of the new editions of standard authors which may be recommended for neatness of form and accuracy of text. To the large number of persons who prefer a thin pocket volume the long list of Temple Classics published by J. M. Dent & Co., of London, offers a bewildering choice. These little books, both for typographical beauty and excellence of editing, have become the standard in their kind. Among recent issues may be noted *The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living* (2 vols.) and *The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying* (1 vol.), by Jeremy Taylor; *The Natural History of Selborne,* by Gilbert White; *The Letters of Abelard and Heloise; Representative Men,* by Emerson (imported by The Macmillan Co.; 50 cents each). Of larger form, but remarkable for their light weight and fine, clear type, is the Library of English Classics, in which *Sterne* (2 vols.), De Quincy's *Opium Eater,* Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (3 vols.), Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus,* Malory's *Morte D'Arthur* (2 vols.), and other classics are already included. The Century Company have added to their series of Century Classics ($1.25 each) *The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, Hypatia* (2 vols.) and other volumes. These are bound in neat green cloth and are clearly printed. Those who wish an authoritative single-volume edition of the poets cannot do better than turn to the Cambridge Edition (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). These volumes are fully supplied with notes of a scholarly character, and are notable for their completeness. The type is always clear, altho it is in some cases necessarily small. The latest issue is Mr. Woodberry's admirable *Shelley* ($2.00). Among the newer and better editions of the novelists may be mentioned the Temple *Thackeray* in thirty volumes ($1.00 each), edited by Walter Jerrold and illustrated by C. E. Brock. The volumes are somewhat larger than the ordinary Temple classics, three to a novel. Vanity Fair has already appeared and the others will follow regularly. Smaller in size is the Temple edition of the *Bronté* novels in twelve volumes (50 cents each). Two pocket editions of *Balzac* may be noted, the "Saintsbury Edition" in forty volumes (The Macmillan Co., $30.00), and Miss Wormeley's translation in thirty volumes (Little, Brown & Co., $1.00 per volume). A like choice is offered in *Dickens.* Scribners publish the "Authentic Edition" in twenty-one 8vo. volumes ($1.50 each), which are somewhat large, but are handsomely printed on paper of unusually light weight. Doubleday, Page & Co. import the Temple edition in forty volumes (80 cents each). The "Personal Edition" of George Eliot also comes from Doubleday, Page & Co. This edition in twelve volumes ($1.50 each) contains introductions by Mrs. Wood, showing how the story came to the writer, describing the country and people among whom the author lived and giving other information of the sort. Uniform with Fielding's Works we now have *Smol-*

lett's Novels, edited by W. E. Henley, in twelve volumes (Charles Scribner's Sons, $30,00). Not as novels, but at least as a collection of stories the Temple *Arabian Nights,* trainslated by E. W. Lane and illustrated by Stanley Wood, should be mentioned. These six handsome volumes are imported by The Macmillan Co. ($9.00).

Juvenile Books for the Yule Tide.

Tales from Shakespeare. By Charles and Mary Lamb. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.
Little Men. By Louisa M. Alcott. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates. By Mary Mapes Dodge. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Chatterbox for 1901. Dana, Estes & Co. $1.25.
Caps and Capers. By Gabrielle Jackson. Henry Altemus Co. $1.00.
The Junior Cup. By Allen French. The Century Co. $1.20.
Our Jim. By Edward S. Ellis. Dana, Estes & Co. $1.25.
Lem: A New England Village Boy. By Noah Brooks. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.
The Youngest Girl in the School. By Evelyn Sharp. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
The Captain of the School. By Edith Robinson. Little, Brown & Co. $1.20.
At the Point of the Bayonet. By G. A. Henty. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
To Herat and Cabul. By G. A. Henty. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
With Roberts to Pretoria. By G. A. Henty. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
The Master Key. By L. Frank Baum. The Bowen-Merrill Co.
Boys of the Fort. By Capt. Ralph Bonehill. The Mershon Co. $1.25.
With Taylor on the Rio Grande. By Capt. Ralph Bonehill. Dana, Estes & Co. $1.25.
The Last of the Arawaks. By Frederick A. Ober. W. A. Wilde Co. $1.50.
Fernley House. By Laura E. Richards. Dana, Estes & Co. $1.25.
Patty Fairfield. By Carolyn Wells. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.10.
A Frigate's Namesake. By Alice Balch Abbott. The Century Co. $1.00.
Margot: The Court Shoemaker's Child. By Millicent E. Mann. A. C. McClurg Co. $1.00.
Betty Seldon: Patriot. By Adele E. Thompson. Lee & Shepard. $1.00.
My Friend Jim. By Martha James. Lee & Shepard. $1.00.
The Little Lady: Her Book. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Henry Altemus Co. $1.00.
Galopoff: The Talking Pony. By Tudor Jenks. Henry Altemus Co. $1.00.
Norse Stories. By Hamilton W. Mabie. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.80.
The Violet Fairy Book. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
A Real Queen's Fairy Tales. By Carmen Sylva. Davis & Co.
In the Reign of Old King Cole. By J. M. Gibbon. J. M. Dent & Co. $1.50.
Nine Unlucky Tales. By E. Nesbit. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Round the World to Wympland. By Evelyn Sharp. John Lane. $1.25.
Swedish Fairy Tales. By Anna Wahlenberg. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.00.
Mopsa, the Fairy. By Jean Ingelow. Thomas Y. Crowell. 60 cents.
Story of the Cid. By Calvin Dill Wilson. Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
In the Days of William the Conqueror. By Eva March Tappan. Lee & Shepard. $1.00.
The Boy's Odyssey. By Walter C. Perry. Macmillan & Co. $1.50.
The American Boy's Life of William McKinley. By Edward Stratemeyer. Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Jingleman Jack. By James O'Dea. The Saalfield Publishing Co. $1.25.
History in Rhymes and Jingles. By A. C. Flick, Ph.D. The Saalfield Publishing Co. $1.25.
Guess. By L. J. Bridgeman. H. M. Caldwell Co.

The array of juvenile books sent to The Independent this year is a bright one, a veritable rainbow of backs, and there are, withal, many alluring covers and exciting titles. But books, like chocolate creams, have to be tasted to find what is inside; often you get what you want; then again you are direfully disappointed.

There are a few "old favorites" in new clothes among the Christmas books. Conspicuous for its handsome appearance is Charles and Mary Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare,* a volume full of sympathetic illustrations, done in color and black and white by W. Paget. This "classic" will always be a delightful introduction, so to speak, to the real Shakespeare. *Little Men,* with fifteen full page drawings by Birch, will send a thrill to the hearts of Miss Alcott's many readers, and the cover is a bright beginning to this well-known story. Mary Mapes Dodge's *Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates,* which has been read in many lands, appears in attractive attire, illustrated by Allen B. Doggett, who went abroad especially to make his sketches. Familiar always is *Chatterbox,* and the 1901 volume is as inviting looking as ever.

School life plays an important part in several of the stories recently published, and in them the dividing line between girl and boy literature is distinct. *Caps and Capers,* by Gabrielle E. Jackson, is full of girls, with now and then a passive background of boys. On the other hand, *The Junior Cup* is replete with boys, and has no heroine. This book, by Allen French, originally formed two serials in *St. Nicholas;* it tells of how an unpopular boy won favor among his associates, and the reader is made to follow this hero through his athletic training, to his winning of the cup. *Our Jim,* by Edward S. Ellis, deals with an amateur baseball player, who while at college

becomes noted throughout the country for his prowess in the game, and because of his uprightness and honesty wins his way in politics. Noah Brooks, ever welcome to the juvenile reader, gives in *Lem, a New England Village Boy,* a graphic account of life in the early 30's and 40's. The atmosphere of this book is delightful, and Lem is subtly portrayed, while the accounts of old-time baseball and boy politics occupy many absorbing pages.

In *The Youngest Girl in School,* Evelyn Sharp tells of Babs, a most lovable heroine, and her friends at an English school, where the principal does not believe in punishment. The story is well worth the reading. There are two school stories that are "neutral," so to speak, with girls and boys of all ages. *The Captain of the School,* by Edith Robinson, introduces a struggling family, consisting of a girl with social aspirations, her three sisters, and Bob, the brother, who shows what he can do in the way of managing a school paper, and hiding his disappointment at not being elected captain of his class.

It seems that Christmas without Henty would not be Christmas, and the prolific pen of this writer has produced three new volumes, *At the Point of the Bayonet,* a tale of the Mahratta War; *To Herat and Cabul,* a story of the first Afghan War, and *With Roberts to Pretoria.* In *The Master Key,* L. Frank Baum makes his hero show King Edward VII the current events in Africa through an Automatic Record of Events given to him by the Demon of Electricity. The boy soars through the air, possesses spectacles that tell one's character, and has many wild adventures. A glance at Miss F. Y. Cory's very original drawings will only hasten the reading of this attractive book.

Captain Ralph Bonehill's *Boys of the Fort* will find willing readers among those who dream of going West and becoming soldiers. There are two heroes in the story who fall in with desperadoes, and after struggles, reach their destination—a fort, which becomes the center of an Indian uprising. Still another story by the same writer is *With Taylor on the Rio Grande.* Frederick Ober selects Santo Domingo as the scene for *The Last of the Arawaks,* full of history of the land made famous by Columbus, and rich in natural description. The boys have the Republic's President as their enemy, and many are the adventures they have, leading to the discovery of a queen and of a treasure.

Laura E. Richards has long ago proven that she could write a story worth reading. In *Fernley House* there are mysterious corners, and jewels with histories, to keep the young ones of the story busy. At times the story is a little hasty in the telling, but the scenes are natural and the characters live. *Patty Fairfield* is a girl with four families of relatives, and she spends three months with each of them. The little heroine's experiences with the proud family, the literary family, the upside down family, and the family of proper proportions, are cleverly told by Carolyn Wells, and quaintly illustrated by Miss Cory.

In *A Frigate's Namesake,* Essex, the heroine, spends most of her birthday reading a good book, and girls and boys of 11 will not put down this charming little story by Alice Balch Abbott until they have followed the sailor girl and her love for the navy to the last page. The publishers have given the book a dainty, springlike dress.

Margot, the Court Shoemaker's Child, is a refreshing feast from the pen of Millicent E. Mann, following a little Huguenot girl from troublous times in Paris, during Louis XIV's reign, to New Amsterdam, where she is captured by Indians and sold in Canada. *Betty Seldon, Patriot,* is by Adele E. Thompson, a story well written, and concerning a Revolutionary maid and her harsh Tory uncle.

Two stories of interest are to be found in *My Friend Jim,* by Martha James, and *The Little Lady—Her Book,* by Albert Bigelow Paine. The former is very boyish in tone, and the latter shows a delicate and a sympathetic insight into the child nature.

On the outskirts of Fairyland is *Galopoff,* the story of a talking pony and two very original little girls. Tudor Jenks, the author, has, in his inimitable way, made Galopoff a thoroughly interesting character, and a breezy conversationalist, and his book will afford many hours of pleasure.

Hamilton W. Mabie tells some *Norse Stories,* published in a most tempting

style, with many delightfully imaginative illustrations by George Wright. A rich volume is *The Violet Fairy Book,* an addition to that spectrum series edited by Andrew Lang. These folk tales are very, very old, but, like wine, they improve with the years. Carmen Sylva, a real Queen, issues a book of *Fairy Tales,* which are artistic and full of spirit. Unfortunately and yet fortunately, it is not the art children seek, but the story; the child-world is filled with the child-cry, "Tell us a story." *In the Reign of Old King Cole,* edited by J. M. Gibbon, the "fiddlers three," the royal subjects, and King Cole himself, tell the tales, many of them old and familiar, while Charles Robinson accompanies them with his outline drawings. *Nine Unlikely Tales,* by E. Nesbitt; *Round the World to Wympland,* by Evelyn Sharp, bound in the oddest of covers; *Swedish Fairy Tales,* by Anna Wahlenberg, and last, but not least, Jean Ingelow's still popular *Mopsa, the Fairy,* will make many young people curl up in some snug corner and become lost to view for hours.

The Story of the Cid is told by Calvin Dill Wilson, and *In the Days of William, the Conqueror,* is written by Eva March Tappan. These, with Walter C. Perry's *The Boy's Odyssey,* deal with incidents that the young imaginations would most eagerly grasp. Of more recent times is *The American Boy's Life of William McKinley,* by Edward Stratemeyer, who needs no introduction.

Probably there is no boy who has not had an ambition to be a street-car driver. *Jingleman Jack,* with verses by James O'Dea, and pictures by Harry Kennedy, deals with crafts and trades of to-day, and may be of use in choosing a profession. *History in Rhyme and Jingles* would be helpful were it not confusing in its mixture of dates. The author, A. C. Flick, would do well to pay attention to chronology. *Guess,* by L. J. Bridgeman, is to be mentioned because its "get up" is original, and its contents unique.

Many stories have been omitted from our list because of limited space, but it is to be hoped that the ones mentioned above will be suggestive to the mothers and fathers, aunts, uncles, and all who go into a well-filled larder of books, to satisfy the cravings of the various tastes. A hasty glance at the volumes before us, however, raises this question: Where is Santa Claus? He is most conspicuous by his absence.

The Influence of Mission Work on Commerce

By the Hon. Charles Denby

Formerly United States Minister to China

IT is possible that the layman should leave the discussion of missionary questions to the bishops and the divines. It would be better for him, no doubt, to heed the advice which Appelles gave to the criticising shoemaker, "*ne sutor ultra crepidam,*"—"let the shoemaker not go beyond his last." Still, when he reads in the religious press long and labored articles on the difficulty of raising money for mission purposes, and the inefficiency of the various organizations for the maintenance of the system, he is tempted—if he has an idea, or thinks he has—to violate all the rules, and print it.

It may seem to some fastidious persons that the cause of religion would be weakened if any sentiment of material benefit were to enter into its consideration, but as the missionary himself makes use of all the temporal means that are at hand for promoting the success of his religious efforts, it would seem that his supporters might properly use the same means to secure "the sinews of war." "Commercialism," even in politics, is not all wrong.

May it not be permitted, therefore, to suggest that, in urging on the laymen the propriety and duty of supporting missions, the argument drawn from faith and piety would not at all be weakened if the material benefits which are likely to accrue to the business man from mission work were sometimes alluded to? It is conceded, of course, that to the mis-

sionary the religious work is the supreme duty to which everything else is subsidiary. To promote that work trade, education, charity, medical and surgical attendance are all subordinate—they are only means to an end. Nevertheless it is unquestionably true that the statesman, the diplomatist, and the business man look at this work with reference to its influence on commerce and the general prosperity of the world.

Suppose that a man is absolutely irreligious, still is it forbidden, or even disreputable that he should give money in aid of missions for the distinct reason that he is thereby elevating, and improving mentally those for whose benefit the money is to be expended, or that his means cast upon the waters will come back to him after many days?

It cannot be doubted that the missionary question in China, in a purely civil and commercial point of view, is one of great importance. Let it be openly said that if the missionary taught nothing but theology he would fall far short of being the great benefactor that he is. In fact and in truth he becomes a teacher of learning, of mathematics, and the sciences, as Martin, a former missionary, and many others are. He establishes a college as Mater, Sheffield, Allen and others have done. He becomes the master and preceptor of agriculture, as Nevius did at Chefoo, and all the country around bloomed and blossomed with new seeds and fruits and flowers. He builds a university as Pilcher, Lowry, Hobart, Gamewell, Harper, Boone, and Potts did, whence every year educated teachers go forth to spread knowledge and learning among the people. He translates into Chinese a whole series of primers—as Edkins, an old missionary, did—and the Emperor commences to study and to learn English. He erects out of his own means a hospital and stocks it with medicines, as Atterbury did. There are 123 foreign hospitals in China. The lady missionary takes by the hand the ill-treated, the neglected, the despised girl, and transforms her into a modest, well-behaved, educated woman. And the woman doctor goes forth among her sisters and is their ministering angel. The missionary is the leader in charity. He gives largely out of his scanty means, and he honestly disburses the money intrusted to him. He is the pioneer of commerce. From his modest home there radiates the light of modern civilization. He alone of all classes has the right to go into the interior and reside. He precedes the drummer, who follows on behind, and foreign commerce has its birth. Says Sir Robert Hart in an article published in many magazines: "The missionary has done most excellent work."

It is not necessary to make any argument on the question whether the missionary benefits the Chinese or not. If his undisputed works, as above partly enumerated, do not prove that he is their benefactor, then let us burn our hospitals, schools and colleges as being useless. The problem is: How does his work benefit us and humanity in general? In semi-civilized, or barbarous peoples, civilization, instruction, learning, breed new wants which commerce supplies. Look at the electric telegraph in every province in China! Look at the steamships which ply along the coast from Hong Kong to Newchwang and on the Yangtze, and up the West River! Look at the foreign cities which have sprung up along the coast and rivers, Shanghai, Tientsin, Hankow, and others—object lessons to the Chinese! Look at the enormous trade which has been created between China and the rest of the world since the Protestant missionary got a foothold there! Look at the railroads which are built, or projected! There are thousands of missionaries in China, and they bore their part with the Imperial Maritime Customs, the diplomatists, the consuls, and the merchants, in all this progress. They were agents for the foreigner. They were his interpreters—at first his only interpreters. They translated Chinese books for him. They wrote books for the Chinese and for the foreigner as well. They explored China and made the interior familiar to the outer world. One of them, Williams, was the author of the Chinese dictionary, which is the students' text-book. Without them China would be a sealed country to-day. Two hundred and fifty years ago missionaries taught the sciences at Peking. France, Germany and England have always recognized their obligations and duties to this class. France has been the protector of

the Catholics in China for hundreds of years—a right which Germany now claims to share. These two astute nations understand what they are doing. Ridicule the Kaiser if you please, but his foreign policy has been brilliant.

Men of intelligence have declared that missionary work has to some extent repaid China for the injuries which the foreigner has introduced into her borders—opium, for instance, whose evils the missionaries cure.

If it is true that mission work tends to spread and benefit commerce, is there any reason why the fact should not be proclaimed, and on that ground appeals should be addressed to business men to help the cause of missions with their influence and money?

EVANSVILLE, IND.

The Control of the Nicaragua Canal

By Edward Van Dyke Robinson, Ph.D.

IT has been assumed, in all the discussion of the last few months, that there are but two possible alternatives respecting the Nicaragua Canal: either fortification or neutralization. If this be the case, then it is very questionable policy for the United States to become involved in the matter.

The plan of a "fortified canal" sounds very patriotic, and is undoubtedly the most popular, especially among such as have become intoxicated by the smell of gunpowder. But a very slight knowledge of the canal route, and of international law, suffices to show that to erect fortifications is simply to play into the hands of any power with whom we might chance to be at war. For, in the first place, effective fortification is impossible. Not to speak of the ease with which the locks could be destroyed by secret agents of a hostile Power, we are confronted by the ugly fact that the great dam on the Pacific side, standing less than three miles from the open sea, and offering a target which even a Spanish gunner could not miss, would be wrecked by a single shell. Against this contingency, what would it avail even if every mile of the canal were lined with forts and bristling with cannon? Moreover, unfortified places are by the laws of modern warfare exempt from bombardment. To fortify the canal is to forfeit this immunity. It at once invites and justifies attack, whereas to leave the canal unfortified is to place technically in the wrong all who assail it. As for the idea that a hostile fleet might pass the canal if unfortified, that is too preposterous for argument. No commander who valued his life or fleet would trust them in a canal operated by an enemy. Dynamite is too cheap, and the "Maine" is too eloquent an object lesson.

To neutralize the canal, on the other hand, is to throw about it all the sanctity of international law. For this reason it has been advocated, not alone by peace propagandists and idealists generally, but also by some of a more practical character, who considered it the best measure of protecting the canal. In support of their views, these men have pointed out that England, recognizing the futility of fortifications, secured the neutralization of the Suez Canal as a measure of protection. So long as the only alternative to fortification is neutralization, this argument is unanswerable. But let us not deceive ourselves with words. International law is not self executing, and international guarantees are valuable only in proportion to the force which stands ready to compel their observance. Does any one imagine that the neutrality of the Suez Canal would be respected in case of war between England and any of the great Powers? If so, he imagines what no one in England expects. The elaborate preparations for utilizing the Cape route in case of such a war indicate that the British Government cherishes no illusions as to the value of paper promises. The value of neutralization as a protection to the Nicaragua Canal, with its numerous dams and locks, is still more doubtful. Even tho it should prevent open attacks, it would avail nothing against the midnight dynamiter. In

spite of a guaranty of neutrality by every nation on earth, nothing but a large force of reliable troops, patrolling every foot of the canal, could insure its safety in any war involving the United States. For it would be our most vulnerable point, and the one certain to be first attacked.

Neutralization would thus fail to accomplish its avowed object, the protection of the canal. Moreover, it could scarcely fail to prove a positive menace, both to our own interests and the peace of the world. For all the nations joining in the guaranty would have an equal right to land troops for the protection of the canal: including, of course, the nation with whom we chanced to be at war. Could any situation more absurd or intolerable be imagined? So far from dedicating the canal forever to the uses of peace, as claimed by its advocates, neutralization would be the surest way to make it the scene of active hostilities in the event of war, and the source of interminable international broils in time of peace. Was our experience in the Tridominium at Samoa so peaceful and fortunate that we are anxious to set up a government, not of three nations, but of all nations, on the American Isthmus?

The advocates of neutralization will doubtless seek to break the force of this reasoning by denying any purpose to set up a government on the Isthmus. Neither was there any such purpose, originally, respecting either Samoa or Egypt. But did this prevent the unintended from happening? In point of fact, what men intend may be of interest to the student of ethics, but it has no bearing on the consequences of their acts. From certain conditions certain results inevitably follow, *rebus ipsis dictantibus.* When disorders broke out in Egypt which threatened the destruction of the canal, it became imperative for some one to intervene. The refusal of France to participate left this duty to England. She undertook it with extreme reluctance, cherishing the hope of an early withdrawal. This hope was vain. The time has never come, nor will it ever come, short of the millenium, when Egypt, left to her own resources, could maintain an honest and orderly government. Therefore if England withdraws, some other nation must and will take her place, to safeguard the world's commerce. It is needless to point out how completely these conditions are reproduced in Nicaragua. Does any one suppose that an interoceanic canal, and the commerce of the world, could or would long remain at the mercy of the military mobs and dictators who constantly contend there for the privilege of plundering the people? It is a settled fact, as certain as anything in the range of human affairs, that the construction of the canal means the speedy establishment of a foreign Government over the surrounding territory. In all probability, this result will follow long before the canal is finished. The only question open to discussion is, *Who shall conduct this Government?* If the canal be neutralized all parties to the compact will have an equal right to representation in the Government; and we shall have a monstrosity besides which the three-fold Government of Samoa was peaceful and pleasing to look upon—a monstrosity filled, like the Grecian horse, with armed men bearing death and destruction to those who thought it a token of peace. If three nations were kept in constant turmoil for twenty years, and more than once brought to the verge of war over these distant islands in the Southern seas, what would happen if the rival interests of all nations were let loose to plot and counterplot at a point of such vital importance, as the Nicaragua Canal? *Ex pede Herculem.*

The solution of the problem is therefore neither fortification nor neutralization, since neither affords adequate protection, and both involve the certainty of dangerous foreign complications. It can be solved only on three conditions: (a) That a foreign control be established over the canal region; (b) that this be exercised by one nation for the benefit of all, and (c) that it have adequate military and naval bases in the vicinity. These conditions are, it will be noted, all present in the case of the Suez Canal. If the United States is not ready to assume in respect of the Nicaragua Canal this responsibility, which follows by the sheer force of circumstances from the construction of the canal, then it is nothing short of suicidal folly for the United States either to build the canal or suffer it to be built.

If this responsibility is to be assumed

the first care must be to secure prior possession of the strategic points commanding all the approaches before work is begun on the canal. Gibraltar, Malta and Aden must be duplicated in American waters. Naval warfare is now "an affair of coal and cables," and fortified naval and coaling stations within easy reach of the entrances are indispensable if our possession of the canal is not to depend upon the forbearance of other nations. And unless they are secured before the canal is undertaken, we shall find they are not to be had except at the cost of war. This necessity is accentuated by the fact that France at Martinique and Guadaloupe and England at Bermuda, Nassau, Jamaica and Santa Lucia already hold strategic positions of the first rank, with reference both to our own coasts and the future canal. If any other stronghold in these waters be permitted to pass into the hands of powerful rival nations it will not be safe to build the canal; and we shall have either to double our fleet or resign all claim to the influence which we have wielded in this hemisphere for nearly a century. In any event, such an acquisition by any European nation would mark the definite abandonment on our part of the Monroe Doctrine.

Among the positions suitable for naval and coaling stations which are still open to acquisition one of the most important is St. Thomas. A treaty of purchase was negotiated by Seward, approved by the inhabitants, ratified by Denmark, but defeated in the Senate. Through these events the value of this splendid land locked harbor, commanding the Anegada passage, has become so well known that its sale to another nation would certainly arouse a popular tempest in this country. But there is danger in delay. If it be true, as reported, that the negotiations with Denmark are not progressing, because $3,400,000 is the largest sum offered, then the Government is guilty of an incredibly penny wise and pound foolish policy. It is an open secret, despite all denials of the official press, that certain European nations have sought and are still seeking these islands, and it is not wise to put the friendship of Denmark to too severe a test.

Another harbor of altogether exceptional value, on account of both of its formation and its location, is Santa Ana in the Island of Curaçao, off the Venezuelan coast. It was here that Cervera's fleet put in for coal and supplies on their run from Martinique to Cuba; a fact significant of its strategic position. This island is the headquarters of the Dutch colony, embracing, besides Curaçao, the islands of Aruba, Saba, St. Eustatius and half of St. Martin, having a total area of 403 square miles, and a population, largely English speaking, of about 50,000. Curaçao lies far enough from the continent to escape the torrential rains, so that the climate is dry, equable and healthy, even for Northern races. The harbor, "one of the finest and most commodious in the West Indies," is reached by a narrow passage between projecting headlands crowned by massive forts. It is a remarkable fiord-like bay, running far inland, perfectly land locked, impregnable to attack, and so deep that the largest vessels can everywhere lie along shore. It is situated very near all the routes passing south of Porto Rico, and within two days of the canal. There is no other port in the Southern Caribbean so admirably adapted for a coaling station and naval headquarters. It is also the natural *entrepot* for South American trade, but at present, owing to its isolated position in Dutch hands, the revenues show a considerable annual deficit. For this reason it is probable that an offer of purchase at a liberal price would receive consideration, provided it covered all the Dutch islands.

One of the most serious obstacles to the construction and successful operation of any canal in this vicinity is the climate. At Panama hardly enough well persons remained to care for the sick during some stages of the work. The failure of the Panama plan was brought about largely by the delay and expense caused by the deadly "Chagres fever." The danger from this source is lessened at Nicaragua, which is outside the equatorial belt of calms, by the health-giving trade winds; but this advantage is offset by the greater moisture at Nicaragua, the rainfall there being 20 to 25 feet per annum, whereas it is only 10 to 12 feet at Panama. No white man can endure such a combination of heat and moisture without speedy deterioration. It follows, therefore, that if the disas-

trous experience of Panama is not to be repeated provision must be made to employ permanently two shifts of men for all positions which cannot be filled by acclimated negroes. This is the only way to keep the death rate, and consequently the wages and losses from delay and inefficiency within reasonable bounds. The establishment of a sanitarium in the vicinity, where the engineers, officers and troops may be recruited in health when off duty, is therefore a simple business proposition. For this purpose there is no place so well adapted as Old Providence, St. Andrews and the Corn Islands. In fact, the mainland is out of the question, even on the Pacific side, because of heat, moisture and malaria; and these are the only islands, aside from mere patches of coral, nearer than Jamaica. They are, therefore, absolutely indispensable if such a station is to be established. All three lie to the northeast of the canal, directly on the route from all Gulf and Atlantic ports. Old Providence (Vieja Providencia) is 4½ x 2½ miles in size, from 300 to 1,100 feet above the sea and possessed of a useful port of refuge in Catalina Harbor. It lies about 150 miles off shore, and 225 miles from the entrance to the canal. It served as the headquarters of the buccaneers in the early days, and again of the patriot General Aury during the War of Independence. Its distance from the land protects it from the frightful torrential rains, while its small size and elevation render the climate cool and delightful. The official sailing directions published by the United States Hydrographic Office (Volume ii, page 209) declare that "it is remarkably healthy and extremely fertile, and rears abundance of stock." In all respects, therefore, it meets the requirements of an ideal sanitarium. It is furthermore supplemented by the neighboring island of St. Andrew (San Andreas), also an early settlement of the buccaneers and at present claimed by Colombia. This island is about 7 miles long by 1½ wide, 340 feet high, and of the same general character and climate as Old Providence. Still further south are the Great and Little Corn Islands, which belong to Nicaragua: the former 2½ x 2½ miles in size, and reaching 370 feet elevation. These lie 30 miles off shore and 90 miles from the canal. But they are, nevertheless, outside the belt of heavy rains. The Sailing Directions (II, pages 238-239) thus describe the larger island: "It is a most convenient spot to recruit the health of a vessel's crew. . . . The island, being free from swamps, is considered remarkably healthy, and it is fertile." On account of its proximity to the canal, this island acquires a value even greater, in some respects, than either Old Providence or St. Andrew, in spite of their greater size. This may serve to explain why the report has more than once been spread that it was on the point of being purchased by some European nation. To permit such an alienation of any of these islands would be a blunder scarcely less productive of evil than in the case of St. Thomas or Curaçao.

Natural harbors are entirely lacking at the entrances of the canal, and indeed for a long distance in both directions. Yet the need of fortified ports of refuge, with cable connections, in that vicinity is too obvious for discussion. For this reason American naval officers have repeatedly urged that the only first-class harbor on the Atlantic side, a harbor large enough to float the navies of all nations, Chiriqui Lagoon, should be secured. Among the latest to advise this action are Captain Mahan and Rear-Admiral Bradford, Chief of the Bureau of Equipment. Inasmuch as a report was published on December 10th that the gunboat "Bancroft" had sailed for Chiriqui Lagoon to investigate its adaptability for naval purposes, we may be permitted to hope that the Government is at last moving in the matter. The adjoining country is almost uninhabited, and the purchase of a narrow strip running through to Golfo Dulce, and including Golfito, on the Pacific, another fine land locked harbor, ought not to be difficult of accomplishment.

The Pacific side is everywhere singularly barren, both of good harbors and of outlying islands. This condition naturally emphasizes the value of such as do exist. Golfito would render admirable service as a port of refuge, corresponding to Chiriqui Lagoon. But where shall we find anything corresponding to Curaçao and St. Thomas? A survey of the entire coast, north and south, reveals but two positions possessing equal advan

tages for naval purposes: the Galapagos Islands and Magdalena Bay.

The Galapagos Islands lie on the equator, some 700 miles south of the canal and 600 miles from the coast of Ecuador. They include six large and nine smaller islands, all of volcanic origin, having a combined area of 2,400 square miles. This is nearly one-fifth larger than the State of Delaware; yet they have no government, and their population does not exceed 200. Cold ocean currents render their climate like that of places many degrees removed from the equator. At the sea level very little rain falls, a fact which, in this latitude, contributes much to their healthfulness; but the moisture is condensed on the mountain slopes and feeds an abundant vegetation on the upper levels. They have several serviceable harbors and anchorages, which could be greatly improved and fortified at no great expense. They constitute the only island stronghold nearer than Hawaii. Finally, they lie directly on the route to all South American ports, and very near to the route to New Zealand, Samoa or Australia. It is not surprising, therefore, that their value has long been recognized. M. Paul Deschanel, President of the French Chamber of Deputies, called attention to it nearly twenty years ago. A. Silva White, the well-known British geographer, published in the *United Service Magazine* of September, 1894, an able article, whose purpose appeared in its title, "The Galapagos Islands, a Needed Foothold in the Pacific Ocean." And at the last session of Congress rumors of their impending sale by Ecuador became so definite that Senator Lodge introduced a resolution of inquiry. This alone probably hindered the transaction at the time. But it is not consistent with either our safety or our dignity to continue the part of the "dog in the manger." If we will not or cannot utilize these points of vantage, we must stand aside for others, whether we will or no.

As the Galapagos group corresponds to Curaçao, so Magdalena Bay corresponds, in its general direction and importance, to St. Thomas. It is on the west coast of Lower California, nearly half-way between San Francisco and Nicaragua, and on the direct route of all vessels plying between northern Asia or the United States and the canal. It is a noble sheet of water, measuring some 12 miles by 15 in size, perfectly land locked, and so deep that vessels of any size can enter regardless of tide and weather, a thing not possible even at San Francisco nor at any other port south of Puget Sound. It is by far the most important location for a coaling station north of the canal, as the Galapagos Islands are on the south. Yet its shores now contain only ten houses! In fact, the whole of Lower California has not to exceed 40,000 people, chiefly American miners and Indians. It is, moreover, a natural pendant to California, having no land connection with Mexico, except across the Colorado River. Its acquisition, therefore, ought not to be a matter of great difficulty. But if this is impractical, no time should be lost in buying or leasing the harbor itself. Once the canal is begun, values will rise so as to render this impossible.

These islands and harbors by no means exhaust the list of desirable positions, but they possess the elements of strategic importance in the fullest measure, and without these bases of operations our control of the canal, whether fortified or neutralized, or neither, would never be secure. The delay caused by the amendment of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is nothing short of providential, in that it affords a last opportunity to make good our previous neglect. Shall we embrace it? Or shall history record that the voyage of the "Oregon" and the lessons of the Spanish-American war were wasted on a people who refused to learn, even from experience?

St. Paul, Minn.

EDITORIALS

President Roosevelt's Message

MANY persons and newspapers have expressed surprise and a sense of relief because of the conservative tendencies and maturity of thought exhibited in President Roosevelt's message. They should have reviewed the record of his service in the office of Governor of New York. Whenever Mr. Roosevelt has held an executive office of much responsibility his acts and utterances have not been revolutionary. He has striven conscientiously, with the energy and industry and earnestness that are his prominent characteristics, to perform his whole duty. He has sought to accomplish as much as possible, also, by avoiding unnecessary contests with powerful forces not in sympathy with his purpose, and has sometimes induced those forces to give him great assistance. As for that maturity of thought which to some is so unexpected, we should remember that Mr. Roosevelt, a well-educated man, has been in public life for many years, has held offices of great responsibility, is the author of enduring historical works, and, with the exception of service in Congress, is better equipped by practical experience, study and observation, for the office he now holds than any other man of his age in America.

The message is not one of the conventional type. It is not loaded down with statistics or perfunctory records of bureau work, but in the main is an earnest and lucid discussion of the public topics now before Congress and the people by the President himself. It is vigorous, straightforward and patriotic. It is very long, but we venture to say that no other message in ten years past has been read by so many American citizens. The just and affectionate tribute to Mr. McKinley, at the beginning, deserves all praise. Mr. Roosevelt's definition of an Anarchist will be accepted by all good men. There are sentences in it that will live in the memories of readers. His recommendations for new legislation against Anarchists are reasonable, and Congress should take action in accordance with them.

It is in the President's treatment of the Trust or corporation problem that his conservatism is most manifest. We have space for only a brief reference to his conclusions. He would not "destroy" or "suppress" the great corporations which now represent so much of American industry, but he admits that they are attended by "real and grave evils," for which he would apply a remedy by compelling publicity of accounts and financial operations, and by supervision and regulation through national agencies.

Undoubtedly much could be accomplished by publicity, which would restrain evil tendencies and at the same time show how other remedies could be applied. We think that some of the evils in question could be prevented by a reduction or the removal of certain tariff duties, but the President in another part of his message opposes any revision of the tariff. Unfortunately, it is not clear that the desired publicity and supervision, even for manufacturing corporations doing an interstate business, can be had without first procuring an amendment to the Constitution. Mr. Roosevelt does not overlook this. But to obtain such an amendment would be the work of several years. At all events, his remarks and suggestions are a helpful and stimulating contribution to the discussion of an important question and a difficult problem.

Altho the message deals with many great topics, there is nothing in it more important, more encouraging to the people, or more creditable to the President himself, than his vigorous advocacy of the merit system of making appointments, a system, he well says, "as democratic and American as the common-school system itself." We quote a part of his remarks about the enforcement of it in the army and the island service:

"Pressure for the promotion of civil officials

for political reasons is bad enough, but it is tenfold worse where applied on behalf of officers of the army or navy. Every promotion and every detail under the War Department must be made solely with regard to the good of the service and to the capacity and merit of the man himself. No pressure, political, social or personal, of any kind will be permitted to exercise the least effect in any question of promotion or detail; and if there is reason to believe that such pressure is exercised at the instigation of the officer concerned, it will be held to militate against him. In our army we cannot afford to have rewards or duties distributed save on the simple ground that those who by their own merits are entitled to the rewards get them, and that those who are peculiarly fit to do the duties are chosen to perform them."

"It is important to have this system obtain at home, but it is even more important to have it applied rigidly in our insular possessions. Not an office should be filled in the Philippines or Porto Rico with any regard to the man's partisan affiliations or services, with any regard to the political, social or personal influence which he may have at his command; in short, heed should be paid to absolutely nothing save the man's own character and capacity and the needs of the service."

This means honest and good government, so far as the influence of Theodore Roosevelt can make itself felt. Those who measure the President's character and purposes by it will get a correct estimate of them.

A general revision of the tariff is opposed upon the ground that a disturbance of business interests ought to be avoided. Still, the President will admit, we think, that revision by the friends of the tariff would cause less disturbance than revision by those who are hostile to it. There is some danger that refusal to correct what is wrong in the tariff, and also to ratify the treaties of reciprocity, may at the next election deprive the Republicans of their majority in the House. In our opinion the tariff ought to be revised.

The President is in favor of reciprocity, but under limitations that practically forbid the ratification of any treaty. "Our first duty is to see that the protection granted by the tariff in every case where it is needed is maintained," he says; and "to secure markets abroad for our constantly growing surplus we can utilize existing duties in any case where they are no longer needed for the purpose of protection." But these are the very duties that cannot be utilized in reciprocity agreements. If no part of a duty that is needed (the protected interests being the judges) may be yielded up, and if only those duties that are no longer needed can be used to offset reductions offered by some other country, there will be no reciprocity—not even with Cuba. The President most earnestly urges a reduction of the duty on Cuban sugar, but our own producers of beet and cane sugar will tell him that they need every bit of that duty for their protection.

An admirable passage is that which sets forth our purpose in the Philippines. It may be commended to the thoughtful consideration of all who have opposed the Government's policy concerning the islands. "Our aim is high," says the President. "We do not desire to do for the islanders merely what has elsewhere been done for tropic peoples by even the best foreign governments. We hope to do for them what has never before been done for any people of the tropics—to make them fit for self-government after the fashion of the really free nations." His definition and advocacy of the Monroe Doctrine are in no sense aggressive and ought not to give offense in any part of the world. Some enlargement of our navy is required, we believe, by our growth as a nation, our expansion in distant seas, and the duties we have assumed. The President's views on this subject deserve and will have the approval of a vast majority of our people.

Concerning the forest reserves he speaks with the knowledge acquired by personal observation. His remarks about irrigation in the arid region have the merit of being educational to a majority of those who read them. This is an important question, and some parts of the irrigation work must eventually be undertaken by the national Government for the public good. The recommendations will excite intelligent discussion. This will be the effect of his other suggestions and of the arguments associated with them; and one of the chief merits of this very interesting message is that it cannot fail to be helpful and stimulating in the Congress to which it is addressed.

Our Need of a Leisure Class

We need in America a leisure class. This declaration is heresy, of course; but heresies often have a way of turning out to be true.

An unhistorical belief that the framers of our Federal Constitution intended to break down in this nation all class distinctions is widely accepted. Few persons in our busy population have found time to learn what the fathers of the Republic really did intend; and this, by the way, is one reason why we need a leisure class.

The estimable fathers were not all Democrats—far from it. Federalism, with its strong smack of aristocratic tastes, was on the whole ascendant; and if it had not been, Alexander Hamilton would probably not have succeeded in carrying the new project through. The rich rum and tea merchants of Boston, and the highly connected tobacco planters of Virginia had no notion of surrendering social distinctions just because they had assented to the proposition that in natural (*i. e.*, in moral) rights all men are created free and equal, and should therefore be equal before the law and in their capacity as citizens.

It was not until the Jacksonian era, and the migration of Eastern men into new lands beyond the Alleghanies, where primitive conditions of existence favored only one way of life and one manner of thinking, that a passion for social equality became an important factor in American life. And to this day it is the West, rather than the East, which stands chiefly for a social and economic, as distinguished from a political, democracy.

The Western feeling, however, has grown in strength, and has made itself felt, in every section of the country since the Civil War. That titanic struggle developed a spirit of fraternity throughout the Northern States, east and west, as it never before had been developed in any nation. In the personality of Abraham Lincoln, also, the simple democratic standards of life and character were idealized, and by the tragedy of his death they were given an almost religious sanctity. Particularly to our rapidly increasing immigrant population have these ideals appealed, and it is in the foreign-born stock that the creed of social equality finds most of its adherents in the Eastern States.

It is true that this creed may arise under very different conditions from those of a pioneer agricultural community. For in Europe, and especially in England, the dogma of social equality, born of revolt against ancient privilege, has been winning adherents generation by generation for more than a century. To thousands of the noblest minds on the Continent and in England the life of a privileged class which contributes nothing to the sum total of human well-being has become abhorrent. Year by year the mutterings of condemnation grow louder to the ears of noble lords and ladies, who play no strenuous part in the practical activities of a fiercely toiling age.

The democratic creed of Europe, borne to us by yearly arriving immigrants, and also by the currents of literary communication, has been blending with the democratic creed of America, silently in individual minds, turbulently in the vast agitations over Grangerism, greenbacks, free silver, the labor question and the power of trusts. And the outcome of it all is that the American people in general —a vast majority of the people—believes in social not less than in political democracy, and, with a religious fervor, believes that a leisure class is the concrete embodiment of wanton wickedness.

In the face of these beliefs we fling our proposition that America needs, above all else, a leisure class.

A leisure class is not necessarily a privileged class. It may be made up of men and women who have had no advantages of place, of power, of wealth or of opportunity that might not have been shared by any of their fellow beings.

Again, a leisure class is not necessarily an idle class. It may be made up of men and women who have been among the most strenuous workers of their generation, and who, in the language of the French Declaration of Rights, "deserve well of mankind." Indeed, it may be made up of those who not only have been usefully active, but who continue to be among the most usefully active persons of their generation.

A leisure class consists of those who are no longer slaves of their business or professional interests; who have ample time for social amenities, for civic duties,

and, above all, for a vigorous intellectual activity. A man may belong to the leisure class, altho he goes to his counting room, or appears in court, or sees patients in his office every day of his life. He may belong to the leisure class, altho he climbs a ladder at eight o'clock every morning and taps bricks with a trowel until five in the afternoon. A man enters into the dignities and enjoyments of the leisure class the moment that he begins to shape his conduct by the maxim that "work is for life," and forever puts behind him the base maxim that "life is for work." So long as he lives by the baser maxim he is merely an ignoble slave, even tho he be a millionaire or the most powerful political boss.

America has the nucleus of a leisure class. Here and there are individual men of the type that we have described; men like Mr. George L. Rives, who stand ready at personal or professional sacrifice to serve the public, as Mr. Rives has done on the Rapid Transit Commission and on the New York Public Library Board, and as he now will do as Corporation Counsel; men like Mr. Robert W. De Forest, who for years has found time to be chairman of the Charity Organization Society, and who now, at very great personal sacrifice, accepts the duties of Tenement House Commissioner. America has men, too, who, as a matter of both duty and pleasure, make a point of keeping up with the important developments of art, of science, of discovery and of political philosophy; men who believe that the citizens of a Republic should be not only patriotic, but also informed.

But that America has as yet no considerable class of such men is proven by varied evidences. It is proven by the fact that, while in England any serious book which is a real contribution to human knowledge, if it is well written, is sure to be a reasonably profitable investment for the publisher, and to yield a fair profit to the author, in America the publishing business is practically given over to the making and handling of tons upon tons of badly written novels. The same truth is demonstrated also by the enormous vogue of sentimental, melodramatic, or merely amusing plays, of vaudeville and spectacular pieces on the stage, and the weary indifference of the populace to thoroughly good dramatic art.

And so, we repeat, America needs a class, not merely a few individuals, but a multitude, of men and women who can so moderate their ambitions and limit their business activities that, instead of being always too busy to be good citizens and always too weary to enjoy any art above the level of the novel or the skirt dance, they can bring fresh, elastic minds to public interests, to the pursuit of knowledge and to the amenities of a civilized existence.

The Impossible Creed

A Committee of the Presbyterian General Assembly is this week at work in Washington on an impossible task, that of preparing a creed which Presbyterians will be required to believe. Are we told that this is not the task set before them, that they are merely directed to prepare a simple statement of the accepted faith of the Presbyterian Church? We again say that this is an impossible task. If it is to be a test, for either members or office-bearers, practically to take the place of the old standards, which we are yet told are not to be retired, but amended by two other committees, then the task is evidently impossible, for in these days men will not be thus controlled and directed, told what they must believe. They will believe what they find evidence to believe; they cannot believe on orders. Or, if the purpose is simply to make an understandable statement of what Presbyterians believe, that is equally impossible. Professor Briggs has gone to the Episcopalians and Professors H. P. Smith and McGiffert to the Congregationalists, but there are numbers of Presbyterian ministers of the same general belief left behind, and if what they believe were put in the creed, Professor Warfield or Professor De Witt could not accept it; or if some mediating member of the Creed Committees, Prof. Herrick Johnson or Dr. Niccolls, should prepare a draft of a new creed, we may be sure that it could not satisfy the extremists on either side. There will be a dozen drafts, no sure final compromise reached that will be acceptable to, or accepted by, a majority, but when published not a few will reserve their ad-

hesion on various points; for it is inherently impossible for any committee to declare what is believed in Christianity, *semper, ubique, ab omnibus,* always, everywhere, by all, or even by all Presbyterians.

And yet the possession of a creed is a necessity to a thoughtful Christian, and its formulation a privilege where it is not a duty. Men must believe, or should believe, something about God, about Christ, about the Bible, about the Church, about duty, and they ought to know what they believe, and be able to put it any day into definite shape. They should have a creed.

But let it be remembered that the word *creed* comes from *credo,* the first word in the Apostles' Creed. It means, *I believe.* It is in the indicative mood, a definite statement of fact; present tense, what is believed now, to-day, not yesterday, not to-morrow; first person, singular, what the speaker himself believes, not what anybody else believes. It is *credo, I believe;* not *credendum,* the gerund, what must be believed, by me or by any one else, but my own personal statement of faith. So each person can make, and should make, his own creed, and it is an impertinence for any one to assume to make a creed for his neighbor.

Then would we not have the committee in Washington make an irenic creed, that shall express, in as general terms as possible, the prevailing Presbyterian faith? Certainly we would. It will be an excellent service. It will relieve the Presbyterian Church of not a little odium that comes justly from the contradictions between the old official creed and the various present-day, revised-to-date beliefs of the Church. They do not say so, but they know it—the old creed will be carried in an ambulance to the hospital, where the doctors of divinity will smother its wounds with soft cheesecloth lint, till it is safe to pronounce it dead and to bury it. The new creed will prance about in its pretty new dress-suit and imagine itself as fine and strong as it is told it is, but really its strength will be to sit still and look beautiful. And that will be a most valuable service. By this time the Presbyterian Church sadly needs a creed that will be attractive.

Certainly we would have the committee prepare such a creed, the majority of them; and then we would have the conservatives and the radicals do the same. There cannot be too many creeds. There should be as many creeds as there are thinking members. We don't make creeds enough. It is a matter of immense importance that a man should have his catalog of beliefs, and have them as carefully classified and labeled as are the books in a library. What makes one man greater and stronger than another is his possession of a larger number of settled beliefs, convictions. He has studied and made up his mind as to the great principles that should control life, the policies that benefit the community or give grandeur to the State. The leading statesman or teacher, the man whose advice we seek, is the man who has the largest assortment of well studied and well defended beliefs. They make his political or social creed. He has created his own *credo,* and his *credo* has made him great. And of all beliefs none are so important, none so intimately compulsive in conduct and character as those that have to do with religion, which includes one's relations of duty to God and man.

If, then, it is so immensely important that men should have a creed, and a right one, why should we not put out of our Church those who have a wrong creed? Because it is only for a failure of conduct and character, not of intellectual belief, that we have the right to excommunicate ourselves from a man's fellowship. A bad creed may make a bad character. The creed of Anarchy may make a man kill a President. But we do not know how much honest falseness of creed a man may hold while yet remaining essentially good in character. And, indeed, our own creeds, the creeds of mediating Presbyterians, may be somewhat wrong, may in the light of the future world be seen to be much wrong. Only God is wise.

We have said that these Presbyterian Committees are doing an impossible and yet useful task. We wish them a profitable failure. But what we are most earnest for is that every intelligent Christian, with no lazy indifference, and with no fear of conclusions, might carefully settle in his own mind what he believes about God, and why; what he believes about the sinfulness of sin; what about

Jesus Christ and his death and resurrection; what about heaven and hell; what about the Holy Scriptures. If we would be intelligent Christians let our beliefs be crystallized into the form of a settled, well reasoned individual *credo,* ours, no one's else, fixed for to-day, ready to be corrected to-morrow.

Educational Progress

Most excellent work has been done by the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland, which has just held its fifteenth annual meeting in Syracuse. The Association ought to become national. It has asked for union with a similar Association in New England. It has now co-ordinated the colleges and the preparatory schools, and provided uniform standards of examination, and is doing a great deal to raise the standard of instruction. It has created a revolution, and is now perfecting its methods.

The meeting at Syracuse devoted several sessions to the discussion of the large themes, less technical, which have interested the public, such as the yet not fully settled question of electives and that of academic freedom in its relation to the endowments of wealthy donors. We observe that while the freedom of electives is spreading and developing, those who are the extreme advocates of the system often go too far in their criticism of the system of prescribed studies which preceded it. Thus Prof. J. H. Robinson, of Columbia College, says that up to thirty-five years ago, with the notable exceptions of Harvard and the University of Virginia, the classics and mathematics controlled three years of study, and that not till senior year were all the known sciences flashed before the bewildered student for a term each, and without laboratory instruction. Things were not as bad as that in any reputable New England college, however they may have been in Columbia and in Princeton up to President McCosh's inauguration. We know that in New England colleges botany, zoology, chemistry and physics were taught in sophomore and junior year forty-five and fifty years ago, and taught in no bad way for the times, taught so as to produce chemists from the laboratory, and biologists who have since been the teachers of the world. Of course, the laboratories were not as complete nor were the teachings as extensive as is the case now, but neither was so much known.

The rights of universities and of donors in the matter of gifts and endowments was a subject of debate at the Syracuse meeting of the Association, but we cannot see that there was much serious difference of opinion expressed by Mr. St. Clair McKelway, President Faunce, President Schurman and Chief Justice Parker. The ideal way for rich donors is that followed by Mr. Rockefeller, who gives millions to the University of Chicago and to Brown University, but will not give his name to an institution, nor be one of its trustees, nor in any way suggest or control as to its teaching. He gives where he has confidence, and does not follow up his money, but trusts it implicitly with those he trusts. The rich man's business is to give money, to give it where he thinks it will do good; the business of the college or the university is to teach, to teach as nearly the truth as those in control know how; and the freedom of the one to give and of the other to teach is correlative and equal. This does not mean that a man may not, if he will, give money to be spent in teaching his own favorite theology or political economy. Thus a college of socialism has lately been projected by the friends of Mr. Herron. Mrs. Herron, or her mother, has the right to give money to that college, and control the selection of its trustees and teachers, who will see to it that only socialistic doctrines are taught, and that any teacher who goes astray from that teaching shall be removed. But such a college is not for learning generally, but for a doctrine. It is in the class with a theological seminary established and endowed to teach Presbyterianism, or with a business college which must not go beyond book-keeping. A real college or university must not be so fettered.

And yet a college professor once appointed cannot have unrestricted liberty to dodge, like a rabbit, from one vagary to another. Unfortunately, not all college professors have common sense. They may be learned, but lack balance; and it will be the duty of the governing

body of the trustees to see to it that there is no such teaching as makes the institution offensive or ridiculous. In many cases in which a professor has been removed it has been a lack of dignity and poise and good judgment that has been fatal to him, rather than the substance of his teaching. But the ideal for the teaching university must be freedom of research, and, fortunately, our larger institutions now so subdivide such departments as political economy, sociology and history that teachers may hold varying views, and one may supplement or correct another, and out of the difference and discussion the pupil may evolve the truth. Free giving and free teaching will give us great universities and an intelligent people.

The Ebb Tide of the Navy

Rear-Admiral Barker, in an after-dinner speech, before the Saint Nicholas Society, has just said that three years ago the people were ready to do anything for the Navy, but that now the tide of popular favor seems at a very low ebb. This is exactly true, and it is good that the Navy is at last beginning to appreciate the pass to which the course of a few of its members, aided by the vacillations in the Navy Department, have managed to bring it. Look at the category:

1. The untimely entry of the Presidential bee into the bonnet of Admiral Dewey, accompanied by the criticisms—none the less unfortunate because wholly undeserved—relative to the transfer of his house.

2. The attack on Admiral Schley, which, whatever its effect on that officer may be, left in the public mind the impression that the officers of the Navy were only too willing to name one another cowards and liars and so smirch their own calling.

3. The dismal failure of the Personnel Act, with its reduction of the engineer corps of the Navy from one of commissioned officers to one of enlisted men, and the miserable record of smashed engines and disabled torpedo boats.

4. The unlucky reflection cast by Admiral Sampson—charged as usual to a staff officer—upon the "social standing" of the enlisted men ambitious to rise—a wholly false issue.

5. The repudiation of the Navigators' Chart of the Battle of Santiago—after holding it out to the world as correct for three years—and the singular levity with which the public was informed that the official logs of United States vessels could be altered to make "things nice."

6. The outrageous attack on Captain Tilley, a man of the highest standing and reputation, blacklisted before the whole country for flagrant crimes while in office as Governor, and this at the instigation of people whose names the Navy Department was unwilling to publish, followed by a battle ship and an opera bouffe ship load of captains sent to Samoa to try him at a cost of some $75,000, and all suddenly to end in "honorable acquittal."

7. The endless wrangles in the Department between the Bureau Chiefs.

8. The court-martial of Colonel Meade, of the Marine Corps—an officer of proved gallantry and forty years' service—for drunkenness—another opera bouffe performance, since it virtually convicted the chief accuser of the same offense, and honorably restored the accused to duty.

How much more of this—and the list could be much more extended—is there to be? Is it any wonder that the project for the Naval Arch in New York is making no progress? Last spring the Association which undertook that work despite discouraging obstacles was in the full tide of success. It had determined upon the greatest single monument the world had ever seen to the honor of the Navy. It had selected and secured with full official approval the most commanding site on the magnificent bay of New York. It had completed its organization, chosen its design, and figured out its estimates. It had assurances of the strongest municipal and private support. There was nothing further to be done but arrange for the collecting of funds. This branch of the work began promisingly, but as one thing after another developed, and especially after the wretched charges of cowardice began to be rife in the clubs of New York, the public interest perceptibly weakened, and at the present time it is necessary to wait, tho hopefully, for the tide to turn again, necessary for the men who from patriotism and civic pride have labored for the great

enterprise to divert their work from an effort to honor the Navy to an effort to defend it—and because of the public misapprehensions, apparently against itself.

But it would be wrong to regard the whole Navy as responsible for this. Aside from errors of judgment and public misunderstandings, the trouble is mainly chargeable to a few individuals, and certainly in some degree to the inconsistencies of Navy Department officialdom. It is not right, moreover, to condemn or even blame all the Navy for these doings. It is just as much entitled honor as ever it was. Besides the man in the blue shirt has a claim to be remembered; and since the justice of a retiring law has been done him, and the way to commissioned rank is opened, the service offers him a career as fully as it has hitherto done to any one. Nobody has accused him of any shortcomings, the ebb tide is not his, and it is well to remember that if the great arch is ever built it will be as much to the glory and honor of the unknown heroes of the past who served the guns and forced the fires as to that of the captains whose names have become household words.

Athletics and Health

Our football editorial last week has called forth a request for further comment on the game with special reference to its effect on the general health of the players. As this is such an important problem in football, as indeed it is in all kinds of athletics, we shall discuss the question in some detail.

To begin with, we have reached the end of the football season for the year with even fewer accidents than usual. It would seem that the careful preliminary training of the members of the teams, now so prudently insisted on, makes the risk of accident much less. Besides the judicious modification of the rules of the game in recent years has resulted in the elimination of its gravest dangers. It might be thought, then, that there should remain no serious objection to the game as played at present, yet we doubt very much if most medical men are not drawn to mistrust its influence.

Long ago Oliver Wendell Holmes expressed himself in his own quaint, telling way on the subject of excess in athletics. His acuity of observation and his long experience as a practicing physician give his opinion great weight. He compared the muscles to sponges. Their excessive development causes them to make undue calls upon the system for nutrition. They soak up and keep for themselves an amount of the nutritional fluids of the body that should serve for the needs of other and more important organs. If the muscular development is to prove the basis of the life occupation of the individual, then its cultivation has a rational purpose. If, however, it is to be only an incident in life, a passing phase of existence without special import for the future, then it is a risky diversion of vital forces from their ordinary channels, all the more liable to be serious, because it comes at a time when the organism has not yet completed its adolescent evolution.

The crux of the matter lies in the fact that this muscular development, tho acquired at such an expenditure of vitality at a precious time of life, is, as a rule, to prove an absolutely useless possession in the after career. Most college men inevitably drift into more or less confined and sedentary occupations in city life. Developed muscular tissue does not normally go back to its previous undeveloped condition. Degenerative changes, and especially fatty degeneration of hypertrophied muscle fibers, take place, if the muscles fail to have the exercise needed to keep them in condition. The training necessary to preserve such muscular development at its health point is practically impossible, even if it were desirable, in the ordinary avocations of business life.

We have in these considerations very probably the best reason for the almost universal impression among medical men that athletes are not as a rule long lived, that their expectation of life is not up to the average life expectation of healthy individuals of similar years and circumstances. Of course, something of this liability to shorter life is due to the athletes' consciousness of strength leading them to overexertion and exposure to accident; something, too, to the fact that they refuse to give in when ill, remain on their feet when they should be

in bed. They thus constitute the chief part of those who come to the physician with walking typhoid fever, or pneumonia, and these diseases are notoriously fatal if the patient has not been at rest during the initial stage. But, aside from these considerations, there is apparently a distinct element of unfavorable prognosis as regards longevity for athletes. There are notable exceptions, of course, but the number of well-known athletes, even of the last twenty years, who have died untimely, shows that far from being a health provision, muscular development beyond the needs of the individual for the healthy pursuit of his avocation in life is rather a sapper of vitality.

Certain special risks have often been dwelt upon of late. The strain put upon the lungs sometimes seems to predispose to the development of tubercle, especially if that overdone state known as "going stale" has been allowed to come on. Heart affections are not infrequent. Some of them are actual injuries of the organ due to strain. A set of physicians who examined the contestants after a cross country run about a year ago found that practically all of them presented symptoms of heart dilation, with murmurs that showed some failure of the valves to work quite properly. These were only passing conditions, tho some signs of them still remained after twenty-four hours, but they give a striking idea of the strain put upon the heart muscle and its internal valvular mechanism. It is at the heart especially that the results of overdevelopment are apt to be most serious. The muscle fibers, for which there is no further use after the training period is past, go into fatty degeneration. This distinctly hampers the action of the remaining healthy fibers of this important organ. The degeneration described is probably one of the main sources of the lowered vitality that lessens vital expectation. In a word, while exercise is eminently healthful, and, with all our modern devotion to sport, there is still not enough of it, its abuse may do serious harm. This would seem to be the actual state of affairs with regard to the hard training required for our present day athletic contests and the great sports of football and rowing. A peculiar train of circumstances has led university authorities seemingly to encourage this overdoing of athletics. It will undoubtedly be for the benefit of the next generation if the new century shall see a modification of athletic methods that will bring back true sport and rid us of the overattention that now makes athletic training too much a serious business.

Reforming English Grammar

We would favor all real reforms of the English language, but it will be a long time before those suggested by Prof. G. F. Chamberlain, of Clark University, gain even the hollow currency of Volapuk. His theory is that the great merit of the English language is its discarding of grammatical inflections, and he would get rid of the rest of them. He proposes to drop the subjunctive mood altogether, and no longer say "if I *be*," or "if he *come*;" also drop the inflected past tense and past participle of verbs, as is the case with *hit, let;* give up plurals of nouns, as with *sheep, deer;* drop feminine endings in *ess,* also the apostrophe of the possessive case; use *who* for *whom;* use adjective forms in place of adverbs, as *kind* for *kindly;* use the same form for noun and verb as in *boycott;* omit the conjunction *that* when possible; use *as* and *but* as prepositions; cease distinguishing *who* from *that,* and *that* from *which;* and avoid coining Greek and Latin names for new things. Professor Chamberlain would reduce our language to a Chinese simplicity. Perhaps we can wait until the easier task of reforming our spelling is achieved before seriously attacking the vocal substance of our speech.

The Queen of Holland

There are blear-eyed people who declare that the world is getting darker because it does not afford them all the light they want. Here is the case of the Prince Consort to the Queen of Holland. What has gossip to bring against him? Nothing but that he drinks too much and is rude at table. That would have been no special offense in the days of the Georges. Now the Queen is herself a total abstainer, and her people think the better of her for it. Civilization demands better morals of its representatives than it did. Here is another ex-

ample in Austria, where we would not have expected it, of the requirement of decency of life. Herr Wolf, leader of the German party in the Reichstag, has just been absolutely driven out of political life because shown to be guilty of the same offense against public morals as caused the retirement of Mr. Parnell, the Irish leader. And this in Vienna, a city that has been noted for the laxness of its morals. Some people say that Christian faith is failing in the world. We do not believe it, however much Christian faith may have changed or ameliorated; but that Christian morals are improving, personal and political, admits of no doubt.

South American Politics

As a good example of the prevailing state of politics in Latin America we give the following quotation from the latest issue of the *Buenos Aires Herald*. It seems that a body of malcontents came up to the capital from the province of Santa Fé to protest against the illegal assumption of authority by the party in power and the corruption of elections in their province:

"Those who understand the inside of politics in this country know perfectly well that those who protest for the most part would do precisely what they protest against, if they were in a position to do it. It is not the illegality that troubles them, but the illegality of the acts of their political enemies. It is not that the people are not allowed to vote which troubles the most of them, but that the machine is in the hands of their enemies, and they stand no chance under the circumstances of defeating them and getting what they have got—namely, the control of the province. All the charges we believe, but all they say against their political enemies could be said of themselves were they in power, with a few honorable exceptions."

This might seem to show that democracy is a "stage of civilization" and not an inherent right.

We do not ask that the principle of tariff protection be given up; that is quite impracticable. But there are yet cases in which our tariff laws work very real injury to scholarship and art without giving the least protection to American industry. Mr. John W. Alexander, one of our foremost portrait painters, mentions the fact that at the Paris Exposition there was a great collection of eighteenth century portraits owned by an American who would not bring them to this country because of the duty. Only this past week an American collector of old gems and cameos told us that he kept his collection in Europe because of the duty. Such laws are against culture and learning and ought to be repealed.

Secretary Root, in his Report, would have Congress make an appropriation to purchase the 403,000 acres in the Philippines belonging to the religious orders and sell them to the people on reasonable terms. This we trust will be speedily provided for, and ought to satisfy all parties; but it is a very different way of settling the difficulty from what the Filipinos would employ if left to themselves, or from the way in which similar difficulties have been settled in Mexico and the South American States, not to speak of France and Italy. And yet those who ought to be most grateful have been bitterest in their abuse of our Government's course.

It is still most unfortunate that no success has yet followed the efforts for the release of Miss Stone. We have little doubt that there has been blundering about it, and that the bandits, who we still suppose are allied to the Bulgarian revolutionists, believe an immense sum of money has been raised in America for her release, and are rather inclined to raise than to reduce the ransom demanded. It is a pity that we have no Minister in Constantinople, and have to depend on Chargé d'Affaires Eddy and Consul Dickinson, who are not men of wise experience, and do not know how to work together.

The only two cities in the United States that have ever elected a Socialist Mayor are Haverhill and Brockton, Mass., both shoe manufacturing towns. Haverhill elected a Socialist Mayor two years in succession, but he failed of an election last year, while Brockton last year gave its Socialist Mayor a second term. This year the Socialists were defeated in both cities, losing in Brockton 179 votes and in Haverhill 533 votes.

INSURANCE

An Extraordinary Case

We have received a leaflet issued by the *Life Insurance Independent,* of Chicago, concerning the Northwestern Life and Savings Company, of Des Moines, "and other 10-year endowment companies," and the sender requests an opinion thereon. This leaflet (our only present information on the subject) states that Des Moines is the home of concerns of this nature; that the Northwestern was the pioneer in 1896, that it was soon followed by three others, and that they have made an astonishing progress in Iowa and other States.

An endowment policy is payable at the end of a specific term, or at death, if that occurs sooner. The premium on a 10-year endowment varies somewhat with age of entry, but at even the youngest ages is necessarily more than $100, because the company must pay the $1,000 in ten years in any case and may have to do so sooner; hence such a short endowment is undesirable and is rarely issued. This mis-called endowment scheme makes a $100 yearly rate at all ages; promises less than $1,000 insurance until near the end of the term; promises to pay back the total premiums (*i.e.,* the $1,000) at the end of the term, and promises also such unspecified dividend as the company is able to pay. The scheme is a full tontine, the lapsing member leaving every dollar. An examination by the State of Missouri shows that this Northwestern had at the end of 1900 $363,254 liability to policyholders, of which $358,055 was reserve; also that there was $67,600 surplus, of which $19,741 belonged to policyholders. During its five years policyholders have received $8,900, all for death claims. But by subtracting from the $947,201 premiums collected the sum of what has been paid to members and is held for them, there appears an absence of $555,306, so that nearly six-tenths of their money has disappeared. Expenses and stockholders' account for it. There is the familiar "authorized" capital—in this instance $100,000, of which a fourth has been paid in. The stockholders drew $317 in 1897, have drawn $2,500 annually since, and own now $47,760 of the surplus; moreover, $24,317 of first-year premium notes—which are their property, since the first premium is announced to be for expenses and stockholders—belongs to them.

The subscriber who sends the leaflet says he has gone into the scheme against his better judgment (which praises his judgment more than his action) and desires an opinion as to whether he will get back all his investment. Perhaps, if he perseveres and survives the term, he will receive back what he has paid in; but the prospect of profits is a dim one, except for the stockholders—for them the scheme is clearly excellent.

An examination of the Mutual Benefit Life of Newark has been made by Mr. David Parks Fackler, one of the oldest and best known of American actuaries, for the New Jersey Insurance Department. By his findings the company has overstated its premium notes $120.50, but understated its interest due $10 and its interest accrued $861.34, so that net errors on assets were against itself. The amount charged by the company for losses possibly accrued by January 1st, but not heard from, was found to be $50,000 more than proved to be the actual amount. Its real estate valuations were also found too low, and its general condition $300,000 better than as figured out in its annual statement; but Mr. Fackler refrained from making out complete figures, because he aimed only to verify the company's own statement and found that erring only on the side of safety. It is not necessary to say anything in commendation of such a solid, old and old-style sound company as the Mutual Benefit; and yet how poorly people in general know life insurance companies one from another, by name and character, was illustrated to us recently by an inquiry from a subscriber who wanted to be advised whether the Mutual Benefit, the Connecticut Mutual and the Northwestern Mutual are sound companies, and which is best. The letter was apparently written in good faith, and had to be courteously treated as such; yet it seemed to us much as if the same inquiry had come concerning the value, and comparative value, of Alaskan, Australian and African gold.

Secretary Gage's Suggestions

SECRETARY GAGE'S annual report shows that the surplus was $77,717,000 last year, and will be about $100,000,000 at the end of the current fiscal year. On November 15th the available cash balance was $171,000,000. The imports last year were $823,172,165 (a decrease of $26,769,000), and the exports $1,487,764,991 (an increase of $93,281,000), both the total of exports and the excess of exports over imports ($664,592,826) having been greater than in any preceding year. For the last four years the excess was the enormous sum of $2,354,442,213, against a net excess of only $356,808,000 in the 108 years preceding. Our exports last year exceeded those of any other nation, those of Great Britain having been $1,389,928,997. The national debt on November 15th was $954,027,150 (showing a reduction of $92,000,000 in two years), and the interest is $28,471,000, against $40,347,000 two years ago.

Altho this year's surplus will be $100,000,000, the Secretary thinks Congress ought not to reduce the revenue by more than $50,000,000, partly for the reason that $50,000,000 should be devoted to the sinking fund. He recommends that the miscellaneous war taxes should be the first to go. These—which do not include the new taxes on beer, tobacco and tea—amount to $27,500,000.

In connection with an admirable explanatory essay on the principles of banking Mr. Gage suggests a plan for the common defense of our banks in periods of depression, and also an interesting modification of the laws concerning the issue of national bank notes. For common protection by association he evidently prefers a large central bank with multiplied branches, but he realizes that at present this would "offend the common instincts of our people." He thinks, however, that the advantages of such a system could be gained if the banks, preserving their local independence, should by contributions of their capital establish a central safeguarding institution, whose function would be a shifting of resources from one section to another and the protection of isolated banks by the combined strength of all. This well deserves the careful consideration of national bank officers.

With respect to the currency he suggests a modification of the familiar plan for the issue of circulating notes upon the security of commercial assets. He would permit a bank to issue notes up to the limit of its paid-up and unimpaired capital upon security consisting of 30 per cent. of that capital in Government bonds, and 20 per cent. in greenbacks, provided that the banks establish a guarantee fund by an annual payment of ⅛ of 1 per cent. of their capital to the Treasury in trust. That is to say, half the security would be the bonds and greenbacks, and the other half would be the guarantee fund, the latter to receive the general dividend in cases of insolvency. He proves by reference to all the failures in the last thirty-six years that such a guarantee fund would afford ample protection. If, as he thinks, bank capital would be increased by $340,000,000 in three years, and bank circulation by $300,000,000, the impounding of $200,000,000 of greenbacks would relieve the Government of the burden incident to the redemption of them, and the remaining $146,000,000 would virtually become gold certificates. The profits of issuing notes, altho increased, would still be small.

Congress may safely take at least this step toward the new bank currency system, with respect to which the diminishing supply of bond security, the decrease of the profits of issue, and the increase of population must soon compel legislative action.

....The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company has decided to place orders for $7,000,000 worth of rails (55,000 tons), locomotives and cars.

....Dividends and coupons announced:

St. Joseph & Grand Island R. R. (1st preferred), 2½ per cent., payable Dec. 30th.

Chicago Great Western R. R. (preferred A.), $2.50 per share, payable Jan. 31st.

Chicago Great Western R. R. (4 per cent. debenture stock), $2.00 per share, payable Jan. 15th.

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R. Co. (preferred), $2.50 per share, payable Feb. 1st.

Manhattan R. R. Co. (quarterly), 1 per cent., payable Jan. 2d.

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Survey of the World

The President's Course

The President has approved several important amendments to the civil service rules that were recommended by the Commission. One cuts off the pay of persons found to have been appointed in violation of the law or rules. Another requires officers and employees to give the Commission all proper information when the same is called for, and to subscribe to their testimony under oath. This practically compels employees to assist the Commission in its investigations concerning violations and evasions of the law. The third amendment requires an appointing officer, when the register bears the names of only two eligibles, to appoint one of them instead of temporarily appointing some other person. The fourth is designed to prevent an evasion of the law repeatedly seen in post offices, where persons have been appointed without examination just before the office entered the classified service by acquiring the free-delivery privilege, and have been promptly transferred afterward to more desirable places. In appointing Judge Francis E. Baker of Indiana to the vacancy in the Seventh Judicial Circuit, the President has rejected the recommendations of Senator Fairbanks—who seems to have controlled the Federal patronage in that State heretofore—and has accepted the suggestions of Senator Beveridge and the Congressman from Judge Baker's district. The man thus selected is opposed by the labor unions because his father—also a Federal judge—issued an injunction against strikers at Hammond, Ind., last summer. In Kansas, Cyrus Leland, pension agent at Topeka, formerly a member of the National Committee, and powerful with respect to the filling of offices, is now to be displaced by the appointment of Gen. Wilder S. Metcalf, who has served with distinction in the Philippines. Leland was opposed by Senator Burton. The President has announced that, with respect to the appointment of judges, while he welcomes the advice of Senators, he shall insist upon the fitness of the person to be selected and shall regard such appointments as peculiarly his own. It appears that officers connected with the Department of Justice have been informed by the Department that they embarrass themselves when serving as chairmen of political committees. Therefore the District Attorney and the Marshal of the Knoxville district in Tennessee have resigned from the Republican Committee. The President has discontinued the practice of receiving at the White House all sorts of organizations that visit Washington, together with the practice of shaking hands with all who are admitted.

The Work of Congress

The Republican caucus for the consideration of questions suggested by the disfranchisement of negroes in the South will not be held until after the holidays. Republican representatives from Southern and border States oppose any movement at this session for a reduction of Southern representation. The Moody resolution, providing for an inquiry as to the constitutionality of the disfranchising laws, is said to be regarded by Southern Democrats with more apprehension than the Crumpacker resolution, which

provides for a reduction. In the House the Philippine Tariff bill has been reported. It imposes the Dingley rates on goods from the islands, and the Commission's tariff on the island's imports, with rebates of internal revenue taxes paid on American goods. The application of our navigation laws, which would exclude foreign ships from the traffic between this country and the islands, is deferred for three years. With the bill is the report of the Democratic minority of the committee, which is a denunciation of the entire policy of the Government concerning the Philippines. At the same time the Dingley tariff is denounced as a law for the benefit of trusts, and the assertion is made that at the end of next year the Philippines will have cost the United States $450,000,000. Judge Bartlett, of Georgia, has introduced in the House a bill providing that strikers accused of contempt of court in injunction cases shall have the right to be tried by a jury. A bill from Senator Aldrich authorizes the extension of national bank charters for twenty years. Senator Hoar is the author of a resolution requesting the President to negotiate with the civilized Powers for an agreement looking to the confinement on some remote island of persons found guilty of attempting or instigating the overthrow of all government, or of criminal attempts upon the lives of Chief Magistrates. The joint committee having charge of the proposed services in memory of President McKinley has decided to invite Secretary Hay to be the orator of the occasion. Senator Frye has introduced the new Ship Subsidy bill, a complicated measure, differing from the old one in certain features as to which concessions designed to meet Western objections have been made. This time the annual expenditure is not limited, and all foreign-built ships are excluded from the benefits of the subsidy, instead of being admitted within certain limits upon condition of the duplication of their tonnage in American yards. The unanimous favorable report upon the nomination of Attorney-General Knox has been withheld from the Senate by the Judiciary Committee in order that the objections of the Anti-Trust League may be heard. The League's affidavits—prepared by ex-Attorney-General Monnett, of Ohio, and others—assert that Mr. Knox is personally and improperly interested in several combinations—the Steel Corporation, the Standard Oil Company and others—which are alleged to exist in violation of law, and that because of this interest he has refused to enforce the law against them. The old quarrel between Senators McLaurin and Tillman, of South Carolina, was revived in debate last week, and Tillman again proposed that both should resign. At this point the controversy was interrupted by an executive session. McLaurin will not resign.

The Isthmian Canal

The debate, in executive session, that preceded the ratification of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was opened by Senator Lodge, who said that all the objectionable features of the first treaty had been removed. In his opinion, the present treaty left the United States free to fortify the canal. In case of war with England, the treaty would cease to exist; if we were at war with any other country we should, of course, close the canal against our enemy. Other Republican Senators held that in case of war the United States would have the right to close the water way. Mr. Spooner said that this country undoubtedly had the right to fortify the canal, and he agreed with Mr. Nelson in holding that we also shall have a perfect right to discriminate in tolls for the benefit of American vessels engaged in trade between one coast and the other. Messrs. Bacon, Money and Culberson opposed the treaty, mainly upon the ground that no treaty with England was needed, and that the present one really gave England a voice in the control of the canal. In Nicaragua a protocol providing for what is virtually a perpetual lease of a strip six miles wide along the course of the canal has been signed. It is reported that in return the United States guarantees the sovereignty and independence of Nicaragua. Mr. Morgan's Canal bill, in the Senate, provides that the construction and control of the canal shall be intrusted to a Canal Board composed of eight citizens and the Secretary of War, and that regulations for the government of the canal shall be made by the Chief Justice, the Secretary of War and the Secretary of

State. In the accompanying report Mr. Morgan sharply attacks President Hutin of the Panama Canal Company, quoting from the correspondence between him and the Isthmian Canal Commission, and characterizing his recent letter to President Roosevelt as "an insolent invitation to the President to control the action of Congress." It is said that Mr. Morison, of the Commission, was inclined to vote for the Panama route until restrained from doing so by Hutin's extravagant demands. There are rumors in Washington that the Republicans intend to reorganize the Senate Committee, now controlled by Mr. Morgan and his Democratic associates, and that the committee thereafter will make a thorough inquiry as to the comparative merits of the Panama route.

Report of the Schley Court

The report of the Schley Court of Inquiry discloses a disagreement. The conclusions of the majority (Admirals Ramsay and Benham) are against Schley on all the points that were raised, except that his conduct at the battle of Santiago is commended. Admiral Dewey adds what is virtually a minority report, taking the opposite view with respect to several points, and declaring that Schley "was in absolute command" at the Santiago battle and "is entitled to the credit due to such commanding officer for the glorious victory." The majority's opinion, which is preceded by a long statement of facts, or summary of the testimony, is as follows:

"Commodore Schley, in command of the Flying Squadron, should have proceeded with utmost dispatch off Cienfuegos and should have maintained a close blockade of that port. He should have endeavored on May 23, at Cienfuegos, to obtain information regarding the Spanish squadron by communicating with the insurgents at the place designated in the memorandum delivered to him at 8:15 A. M. of that date. He should have proceeded from Cienfuegos to Santiago de Cuba with all dispatch, and should have disposed his vessels with a view of intercepting the enemy in any attempt to pass the Flying Squadron. He should not have delayed the squadron for the 'Eagle.' He should not have made the retrogade turn westward with his squadron. He should have promptly obeyed the Navy Department's order of May 25th. He should have endeavored to capture or destroy the Spanish vessels at anchor near the entrance of Santiago harbor on May 29th and 30th. He did not do his utmost with the force under his command to capture or destroy the 'Colon' and other vessels of the enemy which he attacked on May 31st. By commencing the engagement on July 3d with the port battery and turning the 'Brooklyn' around with port helm, Commodore Schley caused her to lose distance and position with the Spanish vessels, especially with the 'Viscaya' and 'Colon.' The turn of the 'Brooklyn' to starboard was made to avoid getting her into dangerous proximity to the Spanish vessels. The turn was made toward the 'Texas' and caused that vessel to stop and back her engines to avoid possible collision. Admiral Schley did injustice to Lieutenant-Commander A. C. Hodgson in publishing only a portion of the correspondence which passed between them. Commodore Schley's conduct in connection with the events of the Santiago campaign prior to June 1st, 1898, was characterized by vacillation, dilatoriness and lack of enterprise. His official reports regarding the coal supply and the coaling facilities of the Flying Squadron were inaccurate and misleading. His conduct during the battle of July 3d was self-possessed, and he encouraged, in his own person, his subordinates, officers and men, to fight courageously."

This was signed by Admiral Dewey, as President of the Court, and not by his two associates, although it was their opinion. His own conclusions, as follows, were signed in the same way:

"In the opinion of the undersigned the passage from Key West to Cienfuegos was made by the Flying Squadron with all possible dispatch, Commodore Schley having in view the importance of arriving off Cienfuegos with as much coal as possible in the ships' bunkers. The blockade of Cienfuegos was effective. Commodore Schley, in permitting the steamer 'Adula' to enter the port of Cienfuegos, expected to obtain information concerning the Spanish squadron from her when she came out. The passage from Cienfuegos to a point about twenty-two miles south of Santiago was made with as much dispatch as was possible while keeping the squadron a unit. The blockade of Santiago was effective. Commodore Schley was the senior officer of our squadron off Santiago when the Spanish squadron attempted to escape on the morning of July 3d, 1898. He was in absolute command and is entitled to the credit due to such commanding officer for the glorious victory which resulted in the total destruction of the Spanish ships."

The Court recommends that no further proceedings be had. Judge Advocate Lemly and others hold that Dewey sub-

scribed to those parts of the majority's opinion as to which he did not specifically express dissent; others say that his purpose was to express disapproval of the entire opinion of the majority. Schley's counsel, Mr. Rayner, says he will advise him to appeal to Congress; but both Naval Committees seem disinclined to continue the controversy. "By the decision of the Court," Edgar Stanton Maclay remarks, "I and my book have been vindicated."

Tunneling into New York

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has decided to enter New York by tunnels under the Hudson River, and to prolong these tunnels through Manhattan Island and under the East River to Long Island. This great project will bring into the city the trains of the Long Island Railroad (which the Pennsylvania Company controls), and permit the through trains of the Pennsylvania from the West and South to be moved to Montauk Point, the eastern extremity of Long Island, where a port for transatlantic steamships may be established. Both companies will use a great station to be erected in New York on the tract bounded by Thirty-third Street, Thirty-fourth Street, Seventh Avenue and Ninth Avenue. This enormous building, beneath which twenty-five railway tracks will pass at a level thirty-six feet below the surface, is to be modeled after the Quai d'Orsay station of the Orleans Railway in Paris. The tunnels under the Hudson are to be constructed on a new plan. The mud and clay in the river bottom being from 75 to 100 feet deep, bridges based upon piers rising from bed rock will be built, and each bridge will be inclosed in a tight steel tube. All this will be far below the river bottom. Trains will pass through tunnels on tracks supported by piers. Under the East River the tunnels will be bored through rock. Trains will be drawn from Jersey City to the new station by electric engines, coupled on at the beginning of the tunnel. On Manhattan Island the tunnels will be so far beneath the surface that they cannot interfere with the construction of city subways. There is much curiosity as to what action will be taken by the other roads terminating on the Jersey side of the Hudson. A prominent trolley company in New Jersey has been led by the announcement of this project to buy the half-made Hudson tunnel, on which work was stopped eight years ago.

Cuba and Porto Rico

After exerting his influence in Washington to procure the desired tariff concessions on sugar and tobacco, General Wood has returned to Cuba. Altho for some time past those opposed to such concessions have appeared to have power enough to control the action of Congress, there is now reported to be an inclination to permit a reduction of one-fifth of the duty on sugar. As the desired relief is needed now by the sugar planters, the President and his Cabinet have been asked to consider the expediency of recommending the removal of the duty on Cuban raw sugar, or of one-half of it, for this season's crop, without reference to the crops of following years. Commander Lucien Young has been relieved from duty as Captain of the Port at Havana because of the opinions recently given by him to the press concerning annexation. The followers of General Maso still assert that the influence of the Government is exerted against their candidate. They have sent to Washington a representative who asks Secretary Root to defer the Cuban election for one year, alleging that a fair election cannot be held now, because members of the canvassing board are candidates for office and members of Palma's Campaign Committee. In Porto Rico, the Court at San Juan has made a decision in the long pending cases of Santiago Iglesias and seven other men who undertook to organize the workingmen of the island in connection with the American Federation of Labor. They have been found guilty of conspiring to raise the price of labor and of founding a labor federation, which is an illegal organization under Spanish law. Iglesias was sentenced to be imprisoned for three years and four months, and much lighter punishment was provided for his associates. The Court ordered that the federation be dissolved. Judge Savage, an American, dissented from a part of the decision, but concurred with the other judges in holding that Iglesias was guilty of conspiring

to raise the price of labor. An appeal to the Supreme Court of the island was taken.

Latin America Our South American neighbors are more troubled and troublesome than ever. During the past few days the Chilean-Argentine dispute has again become acute. The dispute hangs on the old question whether the boundary between the two republics follows the highest peaks of the Andes or the watershed of the mountains. In the latter case Chile gets about 10,000 square miles of land that Argentine up to this time has colonized and always considered her own. The dispute is entirely owing to the wording in the treaty, but the foreign policy of Chile, the most bellicose republic of all Latin America, is ever to get territory across the mountains. The cause of the present acuteness of the dispute is owing to the fact that Chile is said to have made some roads in the disputed territory, contrary to agreement with Argentina. If war comes, which does not seem possible, Chile would not have an ally in South America, except Ecuador and possibly Colombia. The United States and Brazil have tendered their good offices, but as yet nothing has come of it. In Venezuela there is great fear expressed that Germany will take one of the custom houses and collect money long owing to its citizens. President Castro refuses to pay the money on the ground that the debt was incurred by his predecessors, whose obligations he is not bound by, and whose legitimacy he does not acknowledge. This is an innovation in international law and of course will not be accepted by any nation capable of enforcing its rights. Every day it is becoming more evident that President Castro is an ungrateful and dishonest man. The semi-official press, evidently inspired by him, have ceased their attacks on Germany and are turning their wrath upon the United States, because we will evidently not prevent Germany from collecting her loans if she does not take any territory. President Castro has also sent an insulting letter to the Pan-American Congress at Mexico City in reply to their resolution hoping that an amicable settlement might be made of the dispute between his Government and that of Colombia. Instead of meeting the resolution in the spirit it was sent he writes a long diatribe attacking Colombia and adding that he has nothing to arbitrate. The Pan-American Congress is slowly progressing, but nothing of great importance has as yet been done. The Sanitary Committee's report advocates less stringent quarantine regulations than are now in force. It is claimed that the latest scientific researches make the old stringent laws unnecessary. As we go to press it is reported that the Congress will split on the question of arbitration and that the split will be so wide that the Congress will have to dissolve. It seems that Peru, Bolivia, Paraguay and Venezuela, led by Argentina, want compulsory arbitration for all international disputes, but Chile and Colombia, with the understood sanction of the United States, do not. Argentina is expected to withdraw if her policy is not carried out.

Changes in German Secondary Schools The Government of Prussia has by recent decree, on the basis of the deliberations of the Educational Congess held in Berlin some months ago, rearranged the course in the humanistic or classical gymnasium in accordance with the oft propounded convictions of the Kaiser, who wants his young men to become "not good Greeks and Romans, but good Germans." The new schedule reduces the number of Latin recitations per week from 77 to 68 and the number of Greek recitations from 40 to 36. There has been a general reduction from a total of 268 hours per week to 259, and Prussia now makes smaller demands upon the time of the pupil than any of the other States except Bavaria, which has a total of 228 hours. The reduction in the classical work in the gymnasium has been almost general in Germany in recent years and is characteristic of the trend of thought in that country. Bavaria has cut 7 hours a week out of its Latin course; Saxony, 7, and while Württemberg has added 2, its total is still below that of the other States. Only one State besides Prussia has changed its Greek course, namely

Württemberg, which has reduced it by 2 hours per week. Additions have been made in the Prussian and other gymnasia in German, history, the mathematical and natural sciences. These changes are but the expression of a growing conviction among the educators of Germany that the monopoly of the classical course in the secondary schools admitting to all the university privileges must cease. In fact, it has ceased, and all three of the nine-year institutions, the Gymnasium, the Realgymnasium, with a Latin but no Greek course, and the Oberrealschule, with its purely scientific curriculum, now admit to all departments of the universities and professional life. The antagonism to the classical course is so pronounced that efforts have been made to have the various professions declare that Latin and Greek are no longer necessary for their work, but these agitations have failed, and large representative bodies of theology, as also of jurisprudence and within recent weeks of medicine also, have protested against the change in the preparatory work for these callings and professions. These facts, in connection with the wonderful development of the technical schools, which had all along been regarded as inferior to the universities, but now have been accorded the right to grant the doctorate, show that educational ideas and values are being seriously shifted in "the land of thinkers and authors." In addition to these changes introduced by the Government, the classical course has met a serious danger in the so-called "Reform Gymnasium," the most prominent of which is found in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, which has thoroughly modernized the course and teaches according to new methods, and has found favor with those in authority in the State. At the recent National Philological Congress held in Strassburg, the Rector of the Frankfurt institution was one of the leading speakers and was warmly applauded. The secondary schools of Germany, which are still practically enlargements of the plans of their founder, Melanchthon, the "*Præceptor Germaniæ,*" in the days of the Reformation, are the subject of controversy as never before, and the conservative friends of the supremacy and superiority of the classical languages as the *sine qua non* for professional life are on the defensive.

Russia and Armenia

The American Board of Foreign Missions in its ninety-second annual report declares that it has reason to fear a repetition of the wholesale massacres in Armenia, and in this connection there is fresh interest in looking at the policy of Russia toward the Armenians. Russia, as a matter of fact, has never paid the slightest attention to the affairs of the Armenians in Constantinople and Asia Minor; but in Armenia itself the case is different, for she is the immediate neighbor of these districts, and the possession of them would render her mistress of the Euphrates. How Russia has balked the other Powers in their efforts to mitigate the state of affairs in Armenia came out in the recent trouble between France and Turkey. The French Government wanted to ask, together with a prompt settlement of the Lorando claim, for the execution of certain reforms in Armenia; but at the last moment Russia intervened, and France had to withdraw her demands in this direction. Russia has her own method of dealing with the Armenian question. On October 30th the Russian Minister of the Interior, M. Sipiagin, addressed a confidential circular note to the Transcaucasian Government officials to this effect:

"I beg to call your attention to the irregular situation of the Armenian refugees in the Transcaucasian General Government. Your reports state the fact that your efforts to get the Armenian refugees out of Transcaucasia and to have them sent back to Turkish territory have failed and that their number, instead of diminishing, is constantly increasing. It amounts now to over 40,000. Most of these people are wholly without means of subsistence, and they are, from commercial rivalry as well as from the necessity of supporting them, a heavy burden for the Government and a cause of trouble for the population. This state of things will not, as it seems, soon come to an end. Not only many refugees refuse to go back to Turkish territory, but even Turkish officials do not seem to be willing to take them back again to their country. According to reports, Turkish Consuls refuse to give visas of return passports asked for by Armenian refugees. It is, therefore, necessary to bear in mind that the refugees will constantly

reside in Russian territory. In this case, however, the present administrative situation of these people cannot continue as it has thus far been. I therefore beg to inform you that by the highest decision you will have to prepare all necessary measures in view of enforcing upon all Armenian refugees residing in the territory on the first day of March, 1902, naturalization as Russian subjects. You will please make up lists of persons residing in your district who are likely to be affected by this measure and add notes determining their situation as future military conscripts. It will be necessary, besides that, to have ground registers prepared in order to fix localities where naturalized Armenians may usefully be settled as crown farmers. The localities formerly occupied by the Dukhobortsy will, in many cases, be examined for this purpose. I wish you to send at your earliest convenience reports concerning this matter to your chiefs."

There are enormous tracts of land still uncultivated in Transcaucasia, and it would be of great use to Russia to establish some 40,000 Russian citizens there. The inference is that in case of further Armenian difficulties she will simply invite all discontented Armenians to cross the border and become Russian citizens, and there will be no further call on Russia to occupy herself with the fate of the Armenian people.

The Northwest Province of India

At the present time England has four columns, consisting in all of more than 2,500 men, in the Northwest Province of India; and, altho the Government does not look upon it as a state of war, still the troubles in that region are pretty serious. This new Northwest Province was inaugurated on the King's birthday, altho the formation of such a State had long been contemplated. The installation of a new Ameer in Afghanistan made this action necessary. The Northwest Province includes the long strip of mountainous territory lying between the Indus River and the southeast boundary of Afghanistan, which has been hitherto a sort of buffer between British India and the Ameer's country, being really under the control of neither Power. Nominally the British ruled the territory, but they allowed the natives to do about as they pleased, and followed the policy of indemnifying the old Ameer for the real or alleged offenses of the predatory tribes. This state of affairs of course could not continue, and it is now the effort of the British Government to bring this new frontier region strictly under imperial control. The principal tribes to be governed are the Waziris, the Afridis and the Mahsuds. Beyond the necessity of preventing conflicts with Afghanistan the primary reason for the closer control of this territory is the retention of Chitral. This is the region lying to the extreme north of the long strip of territory and contains the Malakand pass, which makes the chief communication between Afghanistan and Eastern Asia. The Viceroy, to this end, has concentrated the garrison in Chitral, has arranged for the protection of the Chitral road by local levies and has constructed a narrow gauge railroad to the foot of the Malakand pass. Furthermore, a railway bridge over the Kabul River and a road bridge over the Swat River are now being builded. These railways and roads are made necessary by the surprising growth of commerce in the Swat valley under British rule. This Swat River is a contributary of the Indus, running parallel with the Chitral mountains. The valley of the river is occupied by the Yusufzais, or "Sons of Joseph," who conquered it under their leader and legislator, Sheikh Mali, some three hundred years ago, and who are the most highly organized of all the Pathan class. The richness of their lands has brought about an elaborate system of party government and division of spoils, in place of the ordinary Pathan mode of living by raids on neighboring tribes. Socially the men are divided into landholders, who alone enjoy full Pathan rights, and the men without lands, who are dependents or "fakirs." Every village is divided politically into two parties, and the most dangerous members of the opposition are always in exile and are always planning to be restored by force. The profits of the Government are spent in supporting armed retainers to keep out the exiles, and a class of Hindu traders, outcast but sacred, controls the finances of the party in power on the security of the crops. It is believed that the bulk of the inhabitants are really attached to British rule, but they will never combine to defend the territory against the forces of unrest

which are continually at work among the Pathans, and for this reason it is most difficult to understand the exact conditions at any moment. One of the great dangers is the influence of the Mullahs, or religious leaders, who at any time may arise and excite the people to fury. Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, is, however, skilled in frontier policy, and so long as he is in control of affairs we may look for continual strengthening of the English empire in this new Northwest Territory.

China In his report to the Secretary of State, Special Commissioner W. W. Rockhill classifies the terms of the Chinese protocol under four principal heads:

"(1) Adequate punishment for the authors of and those guilty of actual participation in the anti-foreign massacres and riots; (2) the adoption of measures necessary to prevent their recurrence; (3) the indemnification for losses sustained by States and foreigners through these riots, and (4) the improvement of our relations, both official and commercial, with the Chinese Government, and with China generally."

He then goes on to show the influence of the United States in each of these matters. The Government of the United States, while insisting that all guilty persons should be held accountable, declined in every case to determine the nature of the penalty and maintained that the Chinese Government should carry out the punishment. While seeking with the other Powers the best means of preventing the recurrence of troubles the United States did not lend its support to any plan looking to prolonged occupation by foreign troops of any portions of China, or to the erection of an international fort in Peking. As regards the indemnity, which reaches the enormous sum of $333,000,000, the United States, by pressing insistently for a much lower sum, finally caused the indemnity to remain at this point and not to go on swelling indefinitely. From other sources it is known that our commercial relations with China are to be strengthened by the establishment of a great American bank at Shanghai. Up to the present time the United States has had to make all its payments in the far East through foreign banks. This and the necessity to manage the Chinese indemnity of $25,000,000, which with interest is payable to the United States in installments running to 1940, made it necessary for the country to establish a bank of its own in the Far East. The Guaranty Trust Company, of New York, has been selected by the Government to undertake these responsibilities at Shanghai, Hong Kong and eventually at Manila or other Eastern ports. The nature of the competition to be met is shown by the report of Commissioner Conant, who was sent to the East by Secretary Root to investigate the financial needs of the Philippines. He says:

"An american bank doing business in the Orient will be confronted by foreign competitors long established, of unquestioned credit and possessing great resources. English capital for many years dominated the colonial and foreign banking field, especially in the East, but has recently encountered powerful competion in French, German, Belgian and Russian institutions, or in banks deriving their capital from these sources. No less than nine large banks do business in Hong Kong, and other powerful institutions are scattered over Japan and the Russian and French establishments in Eastern Asia. A few of the leading banks doing business in the East, with their capital and reserve funds, appear in the following table:

Bank.	Capital and reserve (equivalent in U. S. currency).
Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank	$11,500,000
Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China	7,500,000
Deutsche Asiatische Bank	5,000,000
Imperial Bank of China	5,000,000
Mercantile Bank of India	3,000,000
Yokohama Specie Bank	13,000,000
National Bank of China	1,500,000
The Bank of Japan	22,000,000

"These banks represent only a part of the banking power available in the Orient for competition with American institutions. London is still the center of foreign banking enterprise, and in that city are the head offices or the London offices of some thirty large banks organized to do business in British dependencies and foreign countries, independently of the banks organized chiefly for domestic business in Great Britain and Ireland. The deposits of these Colonial and foreign banks having offices in London are about £200,000,000, and represent an advance of nearly $1,000,000,000 of English money for the development of trade in the British colonies and in foreign countries."

Christmas

By William Croswell Doane, D.D., LL.D.

Bishop of Albany

"Sudden into the midst of sorrow, leapt,
Along with the gay cheer of that great voice
Hope, joy, salvation: Herakles was here!
Himself o' the threshold, sent his voice on first
To herald all that human and divine
I' the weary happy face of him,—half god,
Half man, which made the god-part god the more."

IF Euripides, instead of Robert Browning, had written these lines in Balaustion's Adventure, he would have been almost a prophet, and his Herakles almost a type of Jesus Christ. And the Christmas thought, the Christmas lesson and the Christmas joy are, like the fact which Christmas brings to us in the completed Incarnation, half human, half divine. The divine side, or the side of it toward God, must come first. He is the great gift. It is the Christ-mas, the feast of Christ, whole-god and whole-man, in the one person with unconfused natures. Whether, because we are children we do not stop to think of it, or, because we are hardened with the ice of many Christmases into unrealizing forgetfulness of it; or, worse still, dehumanized with the greeds and lusts, the cares and pleasures of this world, we do not care or do not desire to acknowledge it; there is no real Christmas that does not lift loving eyes and prayers and thanksgivings, and new resolutions for better things, to the Christ, child once, man always, eternally God. It means worship and adoration, a thrill of the consciousness of what each man's nature can be made because it has been touched and dwelled in by "very God." Nobody fully knows what Christmas is, without a Christmas communion. We see the "Godhead veiled in flesh," surely the sight will bring us to "eat and drink in His presence veiled under the forms of bread and wine."

Then we are free for its human side, which is the joy of it, the home feast of the whole year; most blessed in the house with children in it, the house in which the children have come back to the old home, children still to the old folks at home if they are ever so grown up; with an added blessing when the grandchildren come, too. By all means let there be the chimney (the bigger the better) and the fireplace and the warm hearth and the pleasant fire, and the stockings on the mantelpiece, and the cheer of the table and the waking up of all the old memories, and the tenderest touch of the thought of those who once kept Christmas there, softening without shadowing our joy, and never taking off from any lips the "merry Christmas" greeting. For home is the most human thing, and the family the most fragrant reminder of Paradise before the fall.

And the in-between thing, that knits the human and divine together, is the outgoing of the divine in the human to make Christmas cheer for those to whom only the gaunt skeleton of its abstract fact on the calendar makes it Christmas at all. We are spoiling and vulgarizing Christmas and a good many other things—weddings among the rest—with costliness and display. A little simple gift, that has the touch and tenderness and tastefulness of love and choice in it, is better than a present that represents *only* wealth. And the true cheer of Christmas, which marks it with both the divine and the human sides; the thing that brings the two sides most together, is in the pains that personally picks out people, poor and lonely and cheerless, and sends a very gift of Christ to them, in some ministry and message of good cheer. Out of the icy leaflessness of our wintry woods we bring the evergreen things to decorate our homes and to beautify the place of God's sanctuary. Surely it is the complement to this that we should take, from the wealth and warmth of our homes and our blessings,

what will make bright and glad the empty house and the cold hearth of the poor and the needy, of the fatherless and the widow. This is to demonstrate the nature of God. This is to develop the nature of man. This is the Christmas combination of the human and divine.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Mr. Carnegie's Gift to the Nation

By Charles D. Wolcott

[There is possibly no person in the country who has taken a more active part in the development and plan of utilizing the resources of the Government for higher education and research in a practical manner, independent of direct Government support or control, than Dr. Wolcott, Director of the United States Geological Survey, president of the Washington Academy of Sciences, and president of the Board of Trustees of the George Washington Memorial Institution. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that we are enabled to give our readers the following statement from his pen, especially as Dr. Wolcott is very close to Mr. Carnegie in this matter, and was consulted before the gift was made.—EDITOR.]

THE question of organizing and endowing an institution for post-graduate study and research, to be located in Washington, was vigorously debated in 1900 in the Governing Board of the Washington Academy of Sciences. This resulted in the appointment of a special committee that, when the problem was developed, conferred with a committee of the George Washington Memorial Association, and agreed that the two organizations should create a memorial to George Washington in the form of a building to be dedicated to science, literature and the liberal arts, the term "science" being used in its general sense—"knowledge, comprehension of facts and principles." The committees of the two organizations next proceeded to establish in the city of Washington an institution whose object should be the realization of Washington's repeatedly expressed wish and recommendation that provision be made for the promotion of science and literature. The plan of organization was in brief as follows:

1. *Organization.*—A private foundation independent of Government support or control.

2. *Objects.*—(*a*) To facilitate the use of the scientific and other resources of the Government for research.

(*b*) To co-operate with universities, colleges and individuals in securing to properly qualified persons opportunities for advanced study and research.

Articles of incorporation were drawn and executed and filed on May 20, 1901, the title of the new institution being the Washington Memorial Institution. The objects of the Institution are stated to be "to create a memorial to George Washington, to promote science and literature, to provide opportunities and facilities for higher learning, and to facilitate the utilization of the scientific and other resources of the Government for purposes of research and higher education."

Nothing was done during the summer owing to the absence of members of the Executive Committee, but a meeting was called for December 7. Meantime the objects and purposes of the new Institution had been called to the attention of many individuals who were actively interested in higher education and research. It is known that Mr. Carnegie investigated the subject of establishing a national university in Washington and had decided that it would be unwise to duplicate existing institutions. When the matter was brought before him from the point of view of an institution for research and post-graduate study, he was favorably impressed and at once began an active investigation of the subject. This soon led to his formulating a plan for the organization of an institution which would be of benefit to all the higher institutions of learning, and which would encourage research by advanced students and investigators, and which would aid all students to prove their capacity to profit by the opportunities that might be offered.

It is well understood that the new in-

stitution will not in any way duplicate the work of the great universities of the country. It is not probable that more than an administration building will be erected at first, and at no time will there be a group of buildings corresponding to a modern university establishment. An institution devoted to research and the development of investigation needs a central administration; but if it is better to carry on an investigation on the Pacific Coast, in the far North, or elsewhere, the laboratories must necessarily be located at the most effective point to accomplish the results desired, or laboratories already in existence might be utilized.

Another point in relation to the plan, which is fairly well established, is that it will be free from governmental or university control, the administration being in the hands of a strong Board of Trustees, who will be represented by the necessary executive officers. By such an organization the most effective and highest results can be obtained and a business-like administration secured that will have the confidence of scientific men, educators, and all interested in the advance of the world's knowledge.

There are many large and small problems to be worked out, but with the plan that will be outlined by Mr. Carnegie, and a skilled organizer and administrator at the head of the new institution, their successful solution is only a matter of time.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Bethlehem's Babe

By Susie M. Best

IN a manger sleeps a baby,
Oh, so innocent and fair!
(Does he in his dreams, bethink you,
See a Garden of Despair?)

In a manger sleeps a baby,
Placidly his pulses throb!
(Does he hear the shouts derisive
Of a rude, reviling mob?)

In a manger sleeps a baby,
And a smile his lips adorns!
(Sure he wots not of the pressure
Of a cruel crown of thorns?)

In a manger sleeps a baby,
Heedless of the Sages Three!
(In his slumbers is he climbing
Up a Hill called Calvary?)

In a manger sleeps a baby,
By his virgin mother's side!
(Do his dreamings bring a vision
Of a martyr crucified?)

In a manger sleeps a baby,
On his cheeks the roses bloom!
(Does he see where One triumphant
Issues from a riven tomb?)

In a manger sleeps a baby,
Blessed Babe of Bethlehem!
(Does he know he'll wear the glory
Of a Savior's diadem?)

CINCINNATI, O.

At the Sign of the Cross

A ROUMANIAN NIGHT'S TALE

By Carmen Sylva

Her Majesty, Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania

THE following story was one day told me by our national poet, the great Alexandri:

It was Christmas Eve, and a bevy of young girls had assembled in the home of their friend Maruca, a lonely country house near the boundary of Moldavia. Left quite to themselves they were in high spirits, for Maruca's parents had driven away in the sledge to pay a visit to neighbors whose estate was at some distance, and they were not expected to return for several days. It was a pretty sight to see these young girls together—fair-haired and dark-haired girls, some with big black eyes, some with brown, but not one among them could compare with Maruca herself. She, with her jet black hair, her sea-green eyes, fringed by lashes curled at the tips, and so long and dark they cast a shadow half way down her cheek, with the finely penciled, boldly-arched brows, with the dimples playing round the well-cut mouth, with crimson lips parting on small even teeth of dazzling whiteness, was the prettiest of all. Her throat was slender, her shoulders admirably shaped, her skin as soft and delicate as the bloom on a ripe peach; she was tall, yet of slight and graceful build. She had the daintiest hands and feet—in short, everything about her was beautiful and lovable.

As might be expected, others had not been slow to remark this. Among the young men many a one would have liked to claim as his bride this lovely girl, the fame of whose beauty was known in the whole country, and had even reached the Tartars in their camp beyond the Pruth. One of these savage hordes had long been settled on the further side of the frontier river, from whence they were accustomed to make constant inroads into Moldavia, burning and pillaging, and filling the whole country with terror. One of their favorite exploits was to carry off young girls on their marauding expeditions, and this made them much dreaded. But nothing had been heard of them for some time past, and this it was which caused Maruca's parents to commit the imprudence of leaving their daughter and her young friends alone. They knew quite well that the young people would be all the merrier in their absence, for Maruca was an excellent hostess and understood how to keep her friends constantly amused. She was renowned for her skill in entertaining her guests, so that they had all looked forward with impatience to the days they were to spend together.

And when the time came they were not disappointed, for Maruca seemed to have inexhaustible resources for their amusement. They dragged their little sledges up the nearest hill, sliding down it again at full speed; they raced through the house, giving chase to one another, and played all sorts of games; they disguised themselves and danced and sang, and Maruca played any number of the prettiest dances, so that the time passed only too quickly. But now came a tremendous fall of snow that put a stop to their going out of doors, partly because the snow itself lay so thick on the ground it was difficult to make one's way through it, and partly for fear of the wolves, whom the intense cold made so ravenous they would stray right into the villages. But this merely gave fresh amusement to the gay young girls, who thought that, having plenty of provisions in the house, it was good fun to be snowed up. Above all they enjoyed the long evenings, when, glowing from their dance, they would gather near the stove, in which the logs

were blazing, and while they ate sweet cakes and sipped little glasses of spiced wine they would in turn relate the most frightful ghost stories—stories that literally made your blood run cold and your hair stand on end. At this also Maruca was more inventive than any of the others, hers were always the best stories, and they were always of something that had happened to some very dear friend, who was quite incapable of relating anything that was not strictly true, or to her grandmother, or her grandmother's best and dearest friend—in any case she had always had them from the most trustworthy sources, and they were about people of great coolness and presence of mind, who had never known what fear was.

"But you, yourself," asked a fair little girl, who had grown rather pale, "tell me, Maruca, did you never feel afraid?"

"Afraid of what?" laughed the other. "And yet," she went on, "I cannot say that I should not be frightened if occasion were there. So far there has never been anything to frighten me, for ghosts do one no harm, and with real, living robbers I have had nothing to do. Who knows if I should not be dreadfully afraid if I did meet some!"

She had scarcely said this when she suddenly became quite serious, put her finger to her lip, bent forward, and pointed down below. But down beneath them there was nothing but the cellar, for they were on the ground floor, and not far off was the kitchen, from which the most delicious flavor of cakes being baked was constantly wafted in. All the little heads bent in the same direction, and with horror they heard the sound of scratching underground, as if the boards were being scraped away under their feet. The sound grew more distinct, as if it grew nearer every minute, and Maruca rushed from the room, her startled and terror-stricken companions after her. To their surprise, however, she neither called for help, nor did she lead them upstairs to seek refuge there, but she simply snatched up from one of the outer rooms an immense hatchet, which had evidently been left in a corner after being used for chopping wood, and, armed with this, she made her way back quietly and calmly to the room they had just left.

"What do you mean to do?" asked the other girls, clinging around her like frightened doves.

"I hardly know yet, but I will defend myself and protect you."

They looked at her admiringly, so much cool determination was there in her flashing eyes and in her tightly compressed lips and firmly knit brows. "Only stand back a little to give my arms free play!" she whispered quickly, for at the spot whence the noise proceeded the planks of the flooring suddenly began to crack, then one of them was thrown back and a hand appeared in the opening. Quick as thought Maruca raised her axe and with one blow severed the four fingers as they clutched the edge of the boards. There was a fierce, muttered oath, a momentary hesitation, then the sound of a body sliding back into the cellar, a few rapidly exchanged words, and almost instantly the dull tramp of footsteps on the frozen snow.

"Strange," said Maruca, as calmly as if nothing unusual had taken place. "Where can all our dogs be?" They listened with increased attention, but not a dog barked.

"They have evidently poisoned the poor beasts," she said, flinging away the hatchet and clapping her hands, upon which a number of servants showed themselves in the doorway. Maruca pointed to the fingers lying on the floor, to the blood sprinkled around, to the hole in the boards that required mending. "You will have to keep watch by turns to-night," she said. "There is hot wine for you, and bread, too. Take care you are not caught napping, for if I am not much mistaken those were Tartars who were here just now. Clear away these traces and put everything in order; we are going to our rooms and shall not be down again."

Her words were so concise, she gave her orders in so decided a tone, the servants, apparently much more alarmed than herself, gazed at their young mistress in astonishment, which knew no bounds when they fully understood what her prompt and resolute action had been. The cellars were thoroughly searched,

but the torchlight brought to view nothing beyond a broken window through which the robbers must have entered, and a pool of blood upon the floor.

"The fellow who lost his fingers must have bled freely—he will not be coming back in a hurry," remarked the men, as they busied themselves with washing the floor and nailing the boards down again. They looked for the dogs and found them all lying dead, but the big gate of the court-yard had not been broken open, the robbers must have managed to climb over it. They seemed to have taken flight as quickly as possible, for in a few minutes they were entirely out of sight, tho in the bright moonlight one could see to an immense distance on the snowy landscape, and for some way the blood-marks on the snow were clearly visible.

Somehow the careless merriment of the first few days was not so easily restored after that night. There seemed to be a general inclination to avoid the big room downstairs, as tho it were haunted, and no one cared to dance upon those boards. The girls spent most of their time upstairs, and looked forward with some impatience to the old people's return, feeling that the presence of Maruca's father with his good pistols would give them a comfortable sense of security.

When at length the parents did return and heard the story of their daughter's prowess, the father repeated over and over again with a deep sigh: "If she had but been a boy! What a pity! what a pity!" for she was their only child. Maruca sighed too, wishing that she had been a boy, as she did not at all relish the prospect of one day having to leave her parents and her home to become some stranger's wife. She was sorry to say good-by to her friends and begged them to come again very soon, and never fear to be left alone with her in the house, as she hoped fortune would favor them as much in the future as on the last occasion. As she said this, smiling, she showed all her white teeth, and her eyes danced, and the dimples came out at the corners of her mouth. Then she embraced her friends, who stepped into their sledges and drove away, in their hearts not altogether sorry to leave the house that now would always be associated in their minds with the alarming apparition of the hand peeping out through the floor. In their dreams and in their recollection the hand went on growing bigger, and in time it had grown into two hands, and afterward it became a whole band of robbers, who had concealed themselves in the cellar, and so the story grew until at last folks told how it had been Chirai, the Tartar chief himself, who had sworn to carry off the fair Maruca.

"But he has not yet got hold of her!" Maruca said, laughing when she heard this.

The winter passed, and spring came in all its beauty, the fields were rich with blossom and gave promise of plentiful harvest. But the contentment and hopefulness were of short duration, the Tartars had again begun their savage inroads, bands of marauders swept the country in all directions and nothing was talked of but their deeds of violence and rapine. Above all, people dreaded the danger that threatened the young girls, whom the Tartars always tried to carry off on their plundering excursions. None of them were allowed to go beyond the garden gates—even Maruca had to consent never to stroll outside the grounds, so great was her parents' anxiety for her.

Months passed in this way, the harvest was over and the fruit ripening, when Maruca was standing one day on a ladder leaning against a cherry tree, filling a basket for preserving—for a great many preserves are eaten in Roumania and it is always the custom to eat preserved fruits when one drinks a glass of water. She looked so lovely standing in her white dress on the ladder in the midst of the red cherries it was no wonder that the dignified looking man with the long mustaches and the handsomely embroidered jacket who was just riding past should check his horse and beg the beautiful maiden for a handful of cherries, to refresh him from the heat and dust of his long ride.

"Hand me your cap and I will fill it for you," she said good-naturedly, without hesitation; but as the stranger held out his fur cap with the left hand he suddenly leant forward and, while she was busy filling the cap, his right arm was swiftly and firmly flung round her waist, and before she could utter a cry

or even realize what had happened she was lifted into the saddle, with the fur cap pressed tightly upon her lips, and the horse was galloping away at full speed, so quickly that the sparks flew from its hoofs. On they rode, and Maruca began trying to look round, for she was thinking all the time how she could possibly manage to escape. But her companion muttered between his teeth: "At last you will pay me for my four fingers, my beautiful girl! I saw you better than you saw me. You will only recognize my hand when I show it to you, but I knew your face in a moment. The day of reckoning has come and will be a bitter one for you!"

Maruca thought to herself, as long as one is not dead one is still alive, and as long as one is alive one can always defend oneself and find a way out of the worst plight, instead of giving oneself up tamely to one's fate. And then, too, this might not be her fate, for she had once had her fortune told by a gipsy woman, who had seen in her hand that she would have to "pass through three great dangers before marrying an excellent husband."

This must be the second danger that had been foretold her, and all she had to do was to keep her wits about her and notice the road well, so as to profit by any opportunity of escape that might present itself. The situation certainly looked bad, but Maruca did not lose her courage, even when they reached the Pruth. The horse plunged in and swam across, swollen as the river at that moment was, and continued the same swinging gallop on the further side. Soon they approached the Tartar territory, and Maruca could not help thinking how entirely she would be in the terrible chieftain's power. He did not address a dozen words to her, but only from time to time spoke to his horse, which he had constantly excited to fresh exertions as long as they were in the enemy's country, but which he now allowed to take a steadier pace. Maruca had already been able to convince herself of the strength of the man, who with the stump of a hand held her fast as in a vice, for once or twice she had made a quiet attempt to free herself, but had felt the iron grasp only tighten its hold upon her, while her captor's mocking smile showed her he had been fully aware of her purpose.

At last they arrived in the Tartar camp. Chirai—for her captor was none other than the Tartar chieftain—jumped from his horse and helped Maruca to alight. She pretended to be so stiff and cramped from the uncomfortable position in which she had lain across the saddle that she could scarcely stand. Again the robber held up his mutilated hand before her threateningly, with a cruel smile that made the teeth showing through his long mustaches look like the teeth of a hungry wolf. She was shut up in a small, low hut, in front of which an old woman was set to work to make an immense fire, and the men kept bringing fresh faggots and logs of wood to heap on it, till the flames rose much higher than the hut. Chirai told the woman to hang her caldron over it, and then mounted a fresh horse and rode away in another direction, for one of his followers had brought him news with a very grave face,and tho the chief listened with apparent unconcern, the matter seemed to be one requiring his attention. The old woman who had been left to tend the fire kept casting compassionate glances toward the beautiful girl whenever they were a moment alone, but directly the men reappeared with their load of wood she looked away and sang to herself in a low voice. After a time Maruca began to pay attention to the strange crooning, and she soon discovered that the words were Roumanian and that she could follow them.

"When I fall asleep," the song ran, "jump out of the window and run for thy life. For if he finds thee here when he returns he means to marry thee, and after the wedding thou wilt be popped into this caldron and boiled over the fire. So lose no time, but run, run, run fast as thou can'st, if thou dost still know the way, else may heaven take pity on thy soul!"

Maruca gave no sign of having understood, but as soon as the men were out of sight she jumped from the window, pulling it down after her, and ran as hard as she could until she reached the Pruth. The river had risen still higher and was rushing along still more fiercely than before, swollen by the recent heavy

rainfall, but there was no choice about the matter—Maruca much preferred the idea of drowning in the waves to that of marrying the horrible Tartar and being burned alive afterward. So she unfastened her dress, tied it about her head, pulled off her shoes, and plunged boldly into the stream. She was carried away by the current with considerable loss of time, since it took her some distance out of her direction, but at least she did not sink, and landed at last on the other bank only a mile or two down stream. Without a pause she set off running, all the quicker to make up for the extra distance, in the direction in which she remembered to have come. She was obliged every now and then to stand still to take breath, the long swim had so taken her strength, and she had had no time to recover from it, but she knew that everything depended on her success in reaching the nearest wood before she were overtaken. She had not long been in it when she heard the sound of horses' hoofs galloping across the plain, and saw several horsemen coming along at full speed, and then separating in different directions. Her constant practice in climbing trees stood her in good stead; in a moment she had sprung up the nearest and hidden herself among the branches. It was high time.

In another minute horsemen came up, talking vehemently in their Tartar language apparently about the probable direction taken by the fugitive, for they looked on all sides and seemed to be searching for her footmarks on the ground. But when she came out of the river she had taken care to run for some distance on the short, dry grass that did not keep the print of her feet, and she afterward often stepped in the tracks of the horses' hoofs, so that her own light footmarks were nowhere visible. The horsemen still hunted for awhile in the forest, but soon seemed to have given up all hope of discovering any traces of her there, and rode off, shaking their heads, apparently thinking she had been drowned in crossing the river, for they turned their horses' heads in that direction and rode along the bank for some distance.

Maruca waited till they were out of sight, then came down from the tree, and started running again as fast as she could. It was hard work as, tired, hungry and footsore she tried to cover the same ground as a strong horse, but she was confident that heaven, which had helped her so far, would not desert her now. Whenever she felt as if her strength were really failing her she crossed herself and her breath came again, and her feet, which by this time were wounded and bleeding, bore her along as lightly as ever. At last, at nightfall, she drew near home; here were the first houses of the nearest village, and on the doorstep of one of these she sank down exhausted. The villagers, who had been out all day helping the distracted parents in their fruitless search, were overjoyed at recognizing her, tho shocked to see her in such a plight. The women put her to bed, after bathing her poor weary feet, and brought water to moisten her lips, which were so dry and parched they refused to utter a sound. In the meantime some of the men had hurried off with the good news to the poor parents, who had begun to despair of ever seeing their dear child again. For from the Tartar camp none had ever come back alive, and they could not think otherwise than that she had been carried off by the Tartars, tho they could not imagine how.

When finally her parents saw her lying on the bed so weak and helpless, they could not restrain their tears and did not want to let her speak at all at first, to try to tell them anything. But she was soon in such high fever she was talking all the time, telling of the long ride, and of the big fire, and the good woman who had saved her from the horrible fate that threatened her, and little by little her parents gathered the whole story and understood what had happened. What impressed them most was that she should have swam across the river, for the story of the fire they did not believe at all and put it down to the ravings of delirium. But when Maruca recovered and could tell everything clearly they were still more alarmed to think of the frightful dangers from which she had so narrowly escaped. As for Maruca herself, she had had a shock which she could not easily get over; for a long time she could not be persuaded to stir outside the house, nor could she bear to be left alone, for she always fancied the terrible Chirai

must make his appearance once more to be revenged on her.

So two years wore away. It was said that the Tartars had meanwhile been ofttimes rebuffed, and that they had retired by degrees far away into the Crimea. Maruca began to look up again and breathe more freely, but even now she kept within doors and could not be prevailed on even to go to church, insisting that she could quite well say her prayers at home. All this time she had no lack of suitors for her hand, for her beauty had in no wise suffered by reason of her low spirits—on the contrary, it seemed to increase every day. But she could not make up her mind to accept one or other of her wooers.

At last one day her father came to tell her of the proposal made for her hand by a Greek merchant of immense wealth and so remarkably handsome that he could not fail to please her. Maruca felt little disposed to listen to the stranger, and when she entered the room and a tall, stately man with a long beard rose to greet her, something in the expression of his eyes filled her with such horror and repulsion that she began to tremble violently and could scarcely control herself to reply to the compliments he addressed to her. It had not escaped her that the newcomer always kept one hand buried in the folds of his loose-flowing garment, never once letting it appear, either when he first bent low before her, or in the course of their brief subsequent conversation, and this peculiarity, together with that strange, stealthy, sidelong glance—all this revived the terrors she had scarce forgotten and inspired her with so strong an aversion for her Greek suitor that she implored her parents to dismiss him at once. To her surprise and distress they insisted that this was childish and unreasoning dislike on her part, which she could not fail to get over in time. For the first time Maruca found her usually indulgent parents determined to force her inclination, and, her resistance continuing, her father owned to her at last his reasons for desiring the marriage. He was entirely in the Greek's power he told her; in a time of difficulty the man had lent him money, and the debt had mounted up till there was no possibility of repayment. They were at the mercy of this stranger, who could at any moment seize everything they possessed, and who now made it the condition of his desisting from selling their house and lands that Maruca should become his wife. This was enough to decide Maruca; she was ready to sacrifice herself for her parents. So after a bitter struggle in her own soul, and many hot tears shed in secret, she gave her consent. Triumphant, the Greek now took his leave, saying that he must prepare his home and presents for his bride, and should not return until the wedding day, in a month's time.

Maruca now at last almost gave way to despair. She shuddered at the thought of becoming the wife of the man, whose presence filled her with such nameless dread, and whom she now hated the more for the underhand means by which he had obtained her hand. But the time was short, and she saw no possibility of escape, tho she thought over it day and night, and by constant worry wasted almost to a shadow.

The four weeks passed and the next day was that fixed for the wedding, the day for which the bridegroom had announced his return. He had arranged to meet them at the church door itself, as he had told them only to expect him in time for the ceremony. Maruca prayed and prayed that heaven would help her in her need, but no answer came, and toward morning, utterly worn out, she at last fell asleep, and dreamed a most remarkable dream.

She thought she stood before the altar with the Greek beside her, but he had shaved his beard and, as he now stood there without it, she recognized instantly that it was Chirai himself; that he had thrown off the disguise recently assumed to deceive them, so as at last to wreak his cherished vengeance on her. She saw and recognized the hand, which he at length drew from its hiding place in his girdle to make the sign of the cross—and with a scream she awoke.

She said nothing while she was being attired in her bridal clothes, altho her mother talked to her all the time, trying in vain to cheer her—herself quite broken-hearted at the thought of her daughter's sacrifice. But Maruca took an old servant to one side, and sent her

into the village with instructions, which the old woman carried out faithfully and well.

When the bridal party reached the church there stood all the young men from the neighborhood drawn up, armed, before the door. And the bride, who had looked rather as tho being led to the scaffold, when now she saw that her friends had come in answer to her summons, gathered courage and passed into the church with a firm step. The young men followed close upon her steps and fastened and bolted the doors as soon as they were inside. When Maruca raised her eyes to the bridegroom's face, as they stood side by side before the altar, the same unconquerable loathing and dread came over her, and she had well-nigh swooned with fright, for she saw him now as she had seen him in her dream, and she knew the features under the false beard that hid them, and understood the danger that threatened her.

Now, when the moment came when the priest asked if they were agreed to be man and wife, Maruca cried with a loud voice, "I take no husband who dares not make the sign of the cross!"

And when the bridegroom would have tried to make the sign with his left hand, she called out, louder still: "The right hand! the right hand!"

So he must perforce draw forth his maimed hand. At that sight the young men rushed upon him and bound him fast. Then Chirai's followers, whom he had posted secretly in the church, rushed to his assistance, and a desperate struggle arose. But the Roumanians, being prepared and on their guard, fought so well that they overcame the Tartars, and killed them all, with the single exception of the chief himself, whom they sent bound to the Prince's headquarters, where he paid for his misdeeds with his life.

As to Maruca herself, the Prince was so enchanted with the tale of her brave conduct, since she had not only saved herself from such great dangers, but had also been the means of ridding the land of its worst foe, he swore this noble and beautiful girl must be his wife. And thus the gipsy's prophecy came true, that she should "pass through three great dangers before marrying an excellent husband"—who was none other than the Prince of Roumania himself. Soon after they were married and lived happily, and she was honored and beloved by her whole people. And in her own good fortune her first thought was for her parents, whose old age she made happy and prosperous.

CASTLE PELESCH SINAIA, ROUMANIA.

Upon the Shepherds' Hill

By Thomas Walsh

BESIDE her weary mother the lamb began to bleat:
"Mother, mother, hearken to those voices strange and sweet!"
The old ewe slumbered soundly; the winds and clouds were fleet.

"O mother, look and tell me what forms are those in flight
Across the frosty mountains—those floating eyes light!"
("Hush! You are dreaming; the mists are thick to-night.")

"But, mother, mother, listen, they are whispering again
That Christ a Lord and Saviour is born this night to men
In David's holy city beyond the pasture glen.

"And see, like drifting fleeces upon the night they wing!"
("Wake me not, little one, I cannot see the thing.")
"O, hearken, hearken, mother, a *Gloria* they sing!

"Awake, the skies are clearing, the stars are peeping down,
Awake, and follow, mother, for through the shadows brown,
The shepherds bear me off on the path to Bethlehem Town."

MT. ARLINGTON, N. J.

Our Commercial and Financial Supremacy

By the Hon. Milton E. Ailes

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

"WE may indeed be said to have reached almost the last stage of national humiliation," was the alarm sounded by the *Federalist* in the early days of the Republic.

"There is scarcely anything that can wound the pride or degrade the character of an independent people which we do not experience. Spain excludes us from free participation in the navigation of the Mississippi. Is public credit an indispensable resource in time of public danger? We seem to have abandoned its cause as desperate and irretrievable. Is commerce of importance to national wealth? Ours is at the lowest point of declination."

MILTON E. AILES

The American to-day, in the pride of present achievements, finds it difficult not to believe that the picture was overdrawn, yet the plain facts of history are not to be denied. The mighty power which then controlled our greatest artery of trade has been driven from both hemispheres. Cuba, once her pride, is lost to her forever, while Porto Rico has been added to the national domain of the Republic, as have also the Philippine Islands, now coming to be recognized as the richest archipelago in the world. What balm it would have been to that writer in the *Federalist* if it had been given to him to look forward a century! He would have seen the United States triumphant over Spain in a degree beyond hope; he would have seen the public credit stronger and higher than that of any other Government, and, as to commerce, he would have seen his country at the very forefront of all the nations on the globe.

Turn from the dismal picture which he portrayed to that which is given by Secretary Gage in his recent report to Congress. No citizen of the United States can contemplate these figures of our present prosperity without a thrill of pride. "These simple statements and plain figures are more eloquent than any elucidation of them could be," said Speaker Henderson when they were called to his attention. Secretary Gage believes that the proper time for making needed repairs to our financial house is when the sun is shining, and in the closing paragraph of his report he demonstrates that the present is the most propitious hour in all our history for such undertakings. He points out that on April 1, 1898, the interest-bearing debt of the United States was $847,366,680; that incidental to the war with Spain the debt was increased to $1,046,049,020. Including the payment of anticipated interest, the public debt has been reduced within two years to the extent of $146,570,294, and adding the increase of cash on hand as between April 1, 1898, and November 15, 1901, amounting to $96,346,788, he says that the effective reduction of the debt, and such increased cash now available, exceed in their total the Spanish war bonds sold, amounting to $200,000,000. These operations have resulted in a most satisfactory state of things, as will be understood from the fact that the annual interest charge on

account of the public debt has been reduced from $34,387,377, where it stood on April 1, 1898, to $28,471,228 on November 15, 1901, a reduction of $5,916,149. This means that the annual interest to be paid on the public debt of the United States is roundly $6,000,000 less than it was, as compared with the period just antedating the Spanish-American war, notwithstanding the fact that $200,000,000 in war bonds were issued. So important a fact, in the multiplicity of other things to be considered, really escaped attention in the newspaper reviews of the recent report; yet, as Mr. Gage says, these facts relating to a reduction of the debt

"indicate a condition of unparalleled strength in the Treasury, and go far to explain the superior credit of the United States as measured and illustrated by price quotations in the world's financial markets."

If the reader wishes to see a striking picture of the superior credit of this country, let him compare the quotations of our Government bonds with those of European countries. While United States 2 and 3 per cents are quoted at 108 and 109, 4's of 1907 at 111, and 4's of 1925 at 140, British consols are being sold at 92 and 93, German 3's at 89, French 3's at 101, Spanish bonds at 75, and Russian Government securities at 97. With few exceptions at the present time, foreign Government securities are quoted below par. No bond of the United States can be purchased at prevailing prices to yield an interest return to the private investor of a rate as high as 2 per cent. As a matter of fact, the Secretary of the Treasury is buying bonds for the sinking fund—the 3's, 4's of 1907, and 5's of 1904—on the basis of an interest return of only 1.726 per cent., and the 4's of 1925 at prices representing an interest value of only 1.906 per cent.

No country of the world to-day has so large a stock of gold as the United States. By the middle of November the gross gold amounted to $544,824,726. Never before in the history of the United States has the Treasury held such a fund of the yellow metal, and no other Government has ever accumulated so much except Russia, which country, at the close of 1897, under its policy of accumulation, held $676,786,666.

The latest statistics which the Iron and Steel Association is able to present show that at the close of 1899 the miles of completed railroad in the United States exceeded those of all Europe, the figures for the former being 189,295 and for the latter 172,621 miles. During the last year the miles of railroad built in the United States were 4,157, or sufficient new construction to build a road from San Francisco to New York and back to Chicago. Engine building shops have found it difficult to supply orders for locomotives, and it is reported that even the engines shown at the Pan-American Exposition were sold long ago and were to be delivered when the fair closed. Among railroad men all over the country there is serious talk of a scarcity of cars, and the demands of traffic are in some instances far beyond the capacity of the roads.

Last season was a year of prodigious earnings for the railroads, and yet they are exceeded by this year's operations. Take fifteen or twenty of the leading roads and it is found that from July 1st to the present time they have earned over $40,000,000 more than they did during a similar period last year.

These roads exhaustively penetrate all the various industrial fields of the United States. They carry the grain of the middle and northwestern sections, the coal and iron of Pennsylvania, the cotton and sugar, steel, coal and iron products of the South, the lumber of the Pacific States, and the ores of the Rocky Mountain regions. The list exhibits unexampled prosperity on every hand and in all industries.

The Treasury Department, aside from the records which it keeps of foreign commerce, has several indicia of trade conditions. The authorities who have charge of the settlement of post-office money-order accounts report an astounding increase in the volume of post-office money orders, representing a growth this year over last of not less than 16 per cent., and to meet the demands of the country in the smaller trade activities the Department has been compelled to double almost the supply of small notes printed at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The output has been increased from a former maximum estimate of 72,000 sheets a day, of four notes to a sheet, to the present estimate of 136,000,

and all this in a single year. To meet such a demand the Bureau of Engraving and Printing has been required to work the twenty-four hours of the day, and the Treasurer of the United States is now compelled to run a night force in his office.

To-day conditions of industry give promise, such as a generation of Americans has not seen, of a great future for the United States as a shipbuilding and shipowning nation. The amount of steel shipbuilding under way in the United States at present is double what it was at the same time in any previous year. Encouragement may be found not only in the volume, but in the character of this construction. It is significant that we are building the four largest steamers ever laid down for the trade of the Pacific Ocean, and that our shipyards are duplicating four of the largest types of transatlantic steamers which British yards have ever launched. The Lake shipyards have never before had so much work in sight as at present, and the success of small steamers built on the Lakes for the coasting trade will probably result hereafter in the steady employment of part of the shipbuilding facilities of that region by seaboard owners.

The naval program of the United States, involving a steadily increasing amount of large construction, has contributed greatly to the creation of new shipbuilding plants and the extension of old ones. Coupled with these evidences of mechanical development, the recent investment of millions of American dollars in the Leyland and other foreign steamship lines shows that the labor, brains and capital to make the United States again a great power at sea have begun to assemble.

The forthcoming report of the Director of the Mint will show that the United States leads the world in the production of both gold and silver. Out of a total production of $255,000,000 gold, the United States in 1900 supplied almost one-third, or $79,171,000, and this country furnished one-third of the world's output of silver, or $35,741,000, commercial value, out of a total production of $107,000,000.

There is another fact of tremendous significance, and that is that the gold production of practically the whole of North America finds its way to the United States. The gold of Mexico and of the British possessions in the Northwest must be counted a part of the gold reserve of the United States.

The United States is the world's greatest exporter. In the calendar year 1875 our exports of domestic merchandise were $497,263,737, and in 1900, $1,453,013,659. In 1875 Germany's exports of domestic merchandise were valued at $607,096,000, and in 1900, $1,050,611,000. In 1875 the domestic exports of the United Kingdom were $1,087,497,000, and in 1900, $1,418,348,000. While, therefore, the domestic exports of the United States are greater than those of any other nation, the rate of increase of this country has been much more rapid during the last quarter of a century than that of either of these great commercial rivals. But we must compare the import with the export figures and measure "trade balances," as they are called, to realize fully their relation to the question of financial and commercial supremacy. In the case of Germany the imports exceed the exports at the rate of from $250,000,000 to $300,000,000 a year, while in the case of the United Kingdom the imports exceed the exports by more than $1,000,000,000 per annum. But it should not be forgotten that Great Britain is a distributer. Contrast these figures with those of the United States; in the last fiscal year our excess of exports over imports was $654,592,826, and in the four years ending with June 30, 1901, the excess of exports over imports was $2,354,442,213, against an excess of exports over imports of only $356,808,822 in the entire period from 1790 to June 30, 1897. These are the actual figures of commercial supremacy.

The exports of agricultural products from the United States have grown from $108,605,713 in 1850 to $835,858,123 in 1900; the value of farm animals has increased from $545,180,516 in 1850 to $2,042,650,813 in 1900; the production of gold, from $50,000,000 in 1850 to $79,129,000 in 1900, and of silver, from $50,000 in 1850 to $35,741,000, commercial value, in 1900. Coal production has increased from 3,358,899 tons in 1850 to 240,965,917 tons in 1900; petroleum, from 21,000,000 gallons in 1860 to 2,661,233,568 gallons in 1900;

pig iron production, from 563,755 tons in 1850 to 13,789,242 tons in 1900. Savings bank deposits have increased from $43,431,130 in 1850 to $2,449,547,885 in 1900; national bank deposits, from $507,368,619 in 1870 to $2,508,248,558 in 1900; money in circulation, from $435,407,252 in 1860 to $2,055,150,998 in 1900; and the total wealth of the United States in 1850, as shown by the census figures, was $7,135,780,000, and in 1900 was, according to the best estimates, $94,300,000,000, making the per capita wealth in 1850 $307.69, and in 1900 $1,235.86.

The great factors which are giving the United States commercial and financial ascendency are:

(1) The natural facilities for production,

(2) The natural skill of the people in developing the natural products and turning them into a marketable condition, and

(3) The facilities for offering these products in the markets of the world.

A country which has greater natural supplies of the articles required for daily life the world over than any other country, which possesses greater energy and skill in their production and preparation for consumption, and has greater facilities for transporting them to the world's markets, must take first rank. All of these valuable conditions exist in the United States to-day.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Need of Foreign Intervention in Venezuelan Affairs

[The following significant article is written by a resident of Caracas who is as well qualified to understand and judge the obscure politics of Venezuela and the popular feelings of its inhabitants as any one we know. Although he is no wise connected with the Venezuelan or any other Government it would be evidently imprudent for him to sign his name to this article.—EDITOR.]

THE rapid march of events in this now and too often convulsed part of South America may make what is here stated seem like ancient history by the time it reaches the United States. During a four years' residence in this city we have passed through four "revolutions" and are now in the midst of the fifth. Within two years we have seen a Dictator take possession of the Executive Mansion by force; then, during a term of a few months, a new constitution was discussed and adopted by a "Constituent Assembly," created by the Dictator, who, in turn, was created by this Assembly "Provisional President," but who now declares himself "Supreme Chief" of the Nation—and to prove his title he has suspended all constitutional rights of the citizens, and resorts to the "Press Gang," as has been done by all his predecessors in power for untold years—altho the constitution expressly forbids any enforced recruiting. Meantime, a so-called Presidential election has taken place; "the Supreme Chief" has been made "Constitutional President" for a term of six years. He has not yet been inaugurated, or, in Venezuelan phrase, "has not yet taken possession of a power." Meantime the dispute with Colombia has arisen, and the "President" has assumed the necessity of mobilizing all the troops which he can possibly sustain and has massed them on the frontier, in order to repel the "threatened invasion" (?) from Colombia. He strongly desired to declare war, but was dissuaded by the firm opposition of his own Minister of War as well as that of the diplomatic corps, most of whom are representatives of countries which have very considerable claims for debt against Venezuela; and who therefore questioned Castro's right to make war with funds which in reality are not his to waste in war, when he claimed that the public funds were not sufficient to pay even in part *the interest* of said debts.

Castro's true motive for a war is not to repel an "invasion," but really to aid and comfort the revolution in Colombia;

to make war (without *declaring* it) on that Government, which Castro, in common with the "Liberals" of Ecuador and Nicaragua, as well as those of Colombia, thinks should be overthrown, it being both clerical and retrograde.

Meantime, and all the time, in Venezuela there is a division, much divided, of political parties—in fact, a chaos of conflicting groups—but a dearth of *real men* to lead them. Herein lies Castro's strength and weakness; his strength, in that no combination, as yet possible, to oppose and overthrow him, has arisen; his weakness, in that he has not a friend outside of the officials of his own creation and conservation. Yes, a hundred Diogeneses, each with a latest improved search light, would be troubled to find a single man worthy of the name who in any sense would be available for leader and governor of his own people. And the worst of all is that this has been the state of the case in Venezuela, with one apparent exception, from the day of its independence till now. Hence the frequent recurrence of so-called "revolutions"—and hence their certain recurrence in the future, unless some great Power intervene to compel these knots of adventurers to keep the peace.

"Revolutions," occurring at the rate of forty within the past fifty years, have left every staple product exhausted, and the richest stock and product of the nation—its men—have perished in these ignoble fights, or have been driven out of the country. Consequently all guaranties to capital—even that of foreign enterprises—have vanished or are seriously endangered, while all business is either paralyzed or reduced to petty trade in the bare necessities of life. Prices are incredibly high, and everything which may be called a product of civilization is hard to procure at the dearest rate known to any part of the world. The people themselves declare that there is no hope of paying the public debt or the mere interest of the same, much less is there prospect of reorganizing old industries, to say nothing of planting new. They see that society itself is disorgan-

La Guayra, Port of Caracas

ized, and confess that the moral elements no longer exist to warrant any hope of improvement.

Meantime, Germany, the most important of Venezuela's creditors, is also the most prominent in demanding immediate liquidation of her claims. But the United States does not wish to see any European Power intrenched here and thus far has played the part of "the dog in the manger." Perhaps the United States Government has been forced to follow this canine policy from an ill-informed, or misinformed, public opinion at home. which would have demanded and have sustained the Government in a more dignified and consistent activity in South American affairs. As a consequence of this "do-nothing-and-permit-nothing" policy, we see the entire press of Venezuela, Ecuador and Colombia at one in vilifying the United States. In this, if in no other thing, they are unanimous. A sudden gush of "sympathy" with Spain has also appeared, not only in the press, but also in the "Pan-American Conference," in session in Mexico.

Hence, just now, as it would seem, the United States is shut up to one of two courses: It must shoulder the responsibility of the debts of these insolvent South American States to European Powers, and then administer their revenues so as to reimburse itself and compel public order, or it must cast the vaunted Monroe Doctrine to the winds, and allow the just operations of Germany and other creditors in exacting payment of just demands from men who have no more responsibility than the waves of the sea, while they seek the positions of power only for "what there is in it"—men whose methods and means cause those of Tammany to whiten into innocence in the comparison. Now what is the United States Government going to do about it? The decision of this question seems to be upon us, especially since the rupture between Colombia and Venezuela.

Meantime what is the state of society here? Men's minds are wholly taken up with the struggle for mere existence, since all manner of industry, all public works, and even most of the agriculture is paralyzed through the general liability

Residence of President Castro.

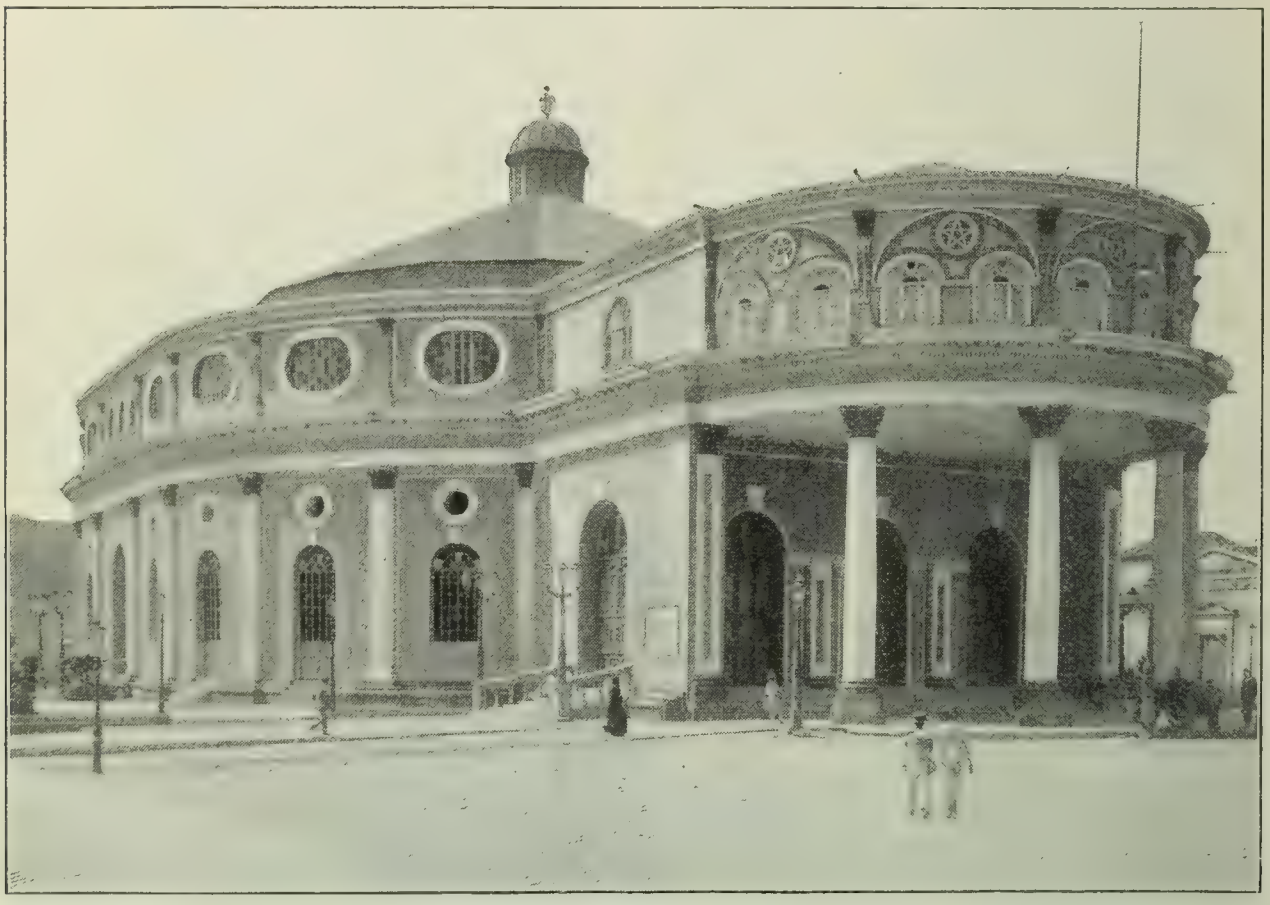
of both men and products to be carried off to the war by either party. Rare indeed is the recompense made in full for these requisitions of provisions; never for seizure and impressment of men, or for the many lives wantonly sacrificed.

This gives some hint of the poverty and misery in the rural districts. There is scarcity even of common fruits, greater scarcity of raiment, and real danger to life. This general and now rapid progress toward anarchy has already reached the stage of brigandage in numerous sections, and is liable to manifest itself in any country district. In the cities there is more open vice than at any previous time. Drunkenness, once rare, is already a monstrous and still growing evil. Gambling, lotteries and bull fights—all licensed by the Government—absorb the available cash of all classes. True, the bull fights have recently been suspended, as they demand greater outlay; but even the theater has been starved out. Meantime, for four cents a man or woman may get rum enough to still the pangs of hunger; and, as effectually, drown all sense of shame. The majority of families do not succeed in getting one fair meal a day—many do not have that—and yet, not a little luxury in women's dress is seen on the streets, for almost everything is sacrificed to obtain a new gown and hat, while hunger gnaws their families at home. It is not strange that the rate of mortality of Caracas is very high, while the level of social life and morals has fallen lamentably low. Many of the better class have left the country for Cuba, Porto Rico and other less disturbed countries. All foreign investments are quoted at below par and going lower. True, paper money has not been launched upon the country, but gold is scarcely to be had at any price. Silver coin there is from one dollar down. Bank notes are no longer taken, altho the Bank is so involved with the Government that its credit would hold good if that Government were good. At intervals the Dictator has sent gold out of the country to buy silver to be coined in France and brought back for circulation at a gain—to Castro—of one hundred per

The Federal Palace, Caracas

cent. In appearance there is no paper money, but the effect is the constant rise of prices for all necessities and the bankruptcy of the people, with the near bankruptcy of the Government, for it has now suspended (for two months) the payment of many of its employees, on the pretext of a war with Colombia.

There is need of paternal intervention on the part of the United States of a character to give guaranties of order, of personal rights and foreign capital. But if it should be objected: "That is too questionable a proceeding, both financially and politically considered," then, in a very short time, we shall see Germany or other Power intervening—and that justly—in such a way as to compel the United States to protest and to assume the responsibilities as well as the assumptions—not to say the presumptions of the Monroe Doctrine. In the present and prospective political condition of Venezuela no capital will make the venture, no immigrants will trust themselves to the certain evils of endless civil strife; where government is purely by the sword, and might makes right, even in courts of so-called justice where there never was a change of office-holders save by bullet and bayonet instead of ballot; where constitutions come up in a night and vanish in a fight the next day; where official blackmail is levied on all commerce and all enterprise, after the most approved manner of the Turk; where public office means first class facility to steal, which "out-Tammanies Tammany"; where many a public functionary has gone to bed poor and has risen a millionaire; where there is license for every abuse in public life, every vilest peculation in commercial life, and vice is too widely condoned in social life.



Municipal Theater, Caracas

The efforts of the Pan-American Conference may find, or produce, some solid basis for international peace; but the hope of this must be shadowy when not a single one of the South American States can keep the peace within its own borders. It may be said that the United States cannot assume the responsibility of securing peace in the whole Southern Continent. Yet the fact that the Northern tier of States—Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador—are to a great extent isolated

Statue of Columbus, Caracas.

from their Southern neighbors, and that they are the countries where war, real and sanguinary, has become chronic, and that they are next-door neighbors to the United States, and have a strategic importance for the United States second to none—these facts with reference to the above-named States would seem to constitute a loud call to the United States to assume their responsibility under the Monroe Doctrine.

The facts to be remembered are:

I. Four revolutions within the last four years and the fifth already begun —in which ex-President Andrade bears a hand.

II. Forty revolutions within the past fifty years.

III. Castro took possession of the Executive Mansion by force; remained Dictator for a year; created a Constituent Assembly, which issued a new constitu-

tion and created Castro Provisional President.

IV. Since 1821 there have been adopted eleven several constitutions—many of which have come up in a night and perished in the heat of a new revolution, to be followed by another dictatorship.

V. Fifty million dollar debt to German capitalists, and no prospect of paying even the interest; considerable claims by Spain and France, which latter power withdrew her Minister Plenipotentiary several years ago.

VI. Many of the most intelligent natives of the country praying for the dawn of the day of peace and quiet under the Protectorate.

VII. Even comic papers copying editorials of the most respectable journals in Caracas and elsewhere in Venezuela—veritable Jeremiads over the moral ruin wrought by hopeless hunger and persistent seduction.

VIII. Two of the best railroads in South America are within the bounds of Venezuela, and are forced to run their machinery and running stock at a daily loss, with the hope of preserving, at least, a part. These are only specimens of *all* foreign enterprises here.

CARACAS, VENEZUELA.

Statue of George Washington, Caracas

The Object of Universities

By Prof. Goldwin Smith, D.C.L.

KNOWLEDGE or culture, which of these is the proper object of the university? The two are not mutually exclusive. Culture of a certain kind goes with all high knowledge. Mental exercise, developing the faculties, goes with all acquisition of knowledge, indeed with all worthy use of the mind. The two things which are mutually exclusive are purely scientific or mechanical knowledge and cultivation of the taste.

The original object of the university was knowledge. This was the object even of the university, if it is to be so called, of Athens, where students like Cicero and his son sought, not mere cultivation of the mind or of the taste, but a practical rule of life. Knowledge was the object of the medieval universities, even of those of which the staple was Scholastic Philosophy, since it was then imagined that mental introspection was the key to objective truth; still more plainly of universities like Padua or Bologna, whose staple was the Civil or Canon Law, then a most lucrative profession; or of Salerno, whose staple was Medicine. The *Trivium* and *Quadrivium* were a course of study in all departments of knowledge looking to the professional study as the end.

The statutes of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, founded by Bishop Fox, were of the Renaissance, and comprised a classical education. But to a Renaissance founder the ancient languages would present themselves as the key to all the knowledge worth having.

The culture theory has a history and rather a mournful history in connection with the English universities. In the Middle Ages the colleges were all clerical, the Fellows being required to take Orders. But in the Middle Ages a Clerk was not estranged by his tonsure from secular studies. All intellectual callings were clerical. All students were termed "Clerks," in opposition to the townsmen, who were laics. Then came the Reformation and drew a sharp line between those who were devoted to the ministry and those who were not. At the same time it happened that the colleges with their clerical restrictions absorbed the university. The consequence was that science and secular studies generally became atrophied or were banished; the ancient languages, which were still necessary for ministerial education, alone holding their ground, tho at Cambrdige Newton's influence, when it came, gave a special footing to mathematics. Utility for the mass of the students having thus departed, culture was set up as the object of the university course. In the case of the "class men" it might be, and no doubt was, a reality. In the case of the "pass men," who did not read for honors, but only crammed classics enough to squeeze through a very limited examination and never opened the books afterward, it was a sham. The lives of the "pass men," or, as at Cambridge they were called, the "poll men," at the universities were almost wasted so far as knowledge or mental training was concerned.

Thus, in making knowledge the object of a university, we are reverting to the original ideal. High knowledge no doubt it ought to be. A university is not intended to be a mechanic's shop. I heard a high university officer tell his audience that the institution would offer to students something more succulent than Greek roots, roots of turnip and mangel-wurzel.

Culture of a certain kind, as well as invigoration and improvement, goes, as was said before, with all high knowledge. Culture in the sense of taste goes with literary studies only. The student of Practical Science at the university has the opportunity of coupling with it some literary studies; at all events he breathes a liberal air. He may to some extent imbibe the literary spirit and acquire a liking for general reading. He has stimulating companionship and he may form useful friendships.

In England there is a large leisure class. There is not so much of it here. Academical institutions, like institutions generally, must adapt themselves to the general demand.

The classics seem under a free system of choice to be finding their proper place. They are worth nothing to any but the

genuine student, while to the genuine student they are of great value. The smattering acquired by the mass of the students at Oxford and Cambridge under the compulsory classical system was totally worthless. To the contents of the prose classics, tho not to their beauty of form or their aroma, there is now access through translations.

"Business" is now everything. We must be prepared to meet and to confute the allegation that the office-boy at fourteen is worth more than the university bred man at twenty-four. It seems to be receiving a practical confutation from the frequent return of men bred in the scientific department of universities to the conduct of great business concerns. We shall, of course, at the same time point out that "business" is not the whole of life and that the office-boy of fourteen, if he develops solely along that line, will in his later years not be a very noble creature or a partaker of the highest pleasures.

One thing is certain. Universities will forfeit general confidence if they cannot put a check on the monstrous development of athletics. English universities, frequented by an idle class, are the original sources of this tendency. It has now come to such a pitch that exceptional muscle is bribed to migrate from one university to another. Listening to the speeches at a university dinner you would suppose you were attending the annual meeting of a rowing club. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is all right; but *sanus* means healthy, not muscular, and muscular development by no means implies health or strength of mind. Games and sport are better than mere exercise; they wash the brain. But mental and bodily exertion draw on the same fund of nervous energy, and if one draws to excess the other must suffer. A false standard is set up; manners, it is said, are not improved; unwise expense is often incurred. The university betrays its trust; it receives the boy from his father to be prepared for life, not for success as an athlete. To control a mania which, partly through the moral weakness of university authorities, has reached such a height, is no doubt difficult, but in the end, by whatever means, the thing will have to be done.

TORONTO, CANADA.

Song of the Star of Bethlehem

By James Larkin Pearson

I HAVE come from out the silence of the days that are to be;
I have brought a holy message, line of Adam, unto thee;
I have stood upon the summit of the highest hills of grace,
And have seen One great of power take the world in His embrace.

From the awful deep of darkness that has held the heaving earth,
I have seen her issue smiling, blooming in her second birth;
Yea, the Lord hath had compassion on the stricken souls of men,
He hath planned a great redemption whereby they may live again.

I have seen the Lord Jehovah summon forth his angel band—
Seen the angels stand in silence while He gave the great command:
"Haste ye earthward, shining children, where a people groaning lies,
Tell them that to-day in Judah shall a mighty Priest arise."

Then I heard the swoop of pinions, and I saw the morning light
Straight descend and rest upon them, and it followed them in flight;
Then the eyes of men were opened, and the hearts of men were glad,
When they saw the King of glory in those tattered garments clad.

Magi! O, ye men familiar with the language of the stars,
Who have won the courts of wisdom past her mighty gates and bars,
I have come to bear you witness of the things that are to be;
If you seek the great Redeemer of all peoples, follow me.

ELKVILLE, N. C.

Leaves from the Diary of a Tramp

III

By Prof. John J. McCook

Of Trinity College

I HAVE noticed that Chesapeake Bay oystering is one of the last resorts of the vagrant in search of temporary work. Curiously enough, as if by contrast, Roving Bill's mind strays off from these tranquil idyllic scenes, over which he rhapsodizes in our last, to the stormy billows and the rough experiences of a voyage oystering. I will not qoute his description, but only say that it corresponds so entirely with descriptions that have come to me orally that I am disposed to believe them all, in the main, and to conclude that Baltimore oysters ought to be very good, indeed, to justify so much discomfort and so little profit in their quest. He says his crew were "treated well to what some crews were." But, nevertheless, once was enough for him.

On May 31 he writes:

"I stopped last night in a shanty alongside the Railroad. It had a stove in it: built a fire, was Comfortable. Was out before sun up, met a Frenchman that wanted his Umberella Mended, went with him to his home, done the job, got my Breakfast and fifteen cents before five A. M. I am now eight miles from Manchester. Will arrive there about 12 M."

I fear he reckoned, in this, without his host, for he keeps on chatting about his past until the sun must have been high in the heavens.

"I have made two trips through the Southern States. Eight years ago I went all through the Southwest, Illinois, Missouri, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Alabama. I guarded Convicts on a plantation near Greenwood on the Yazoo River, Miss. Was there three months. Was Superintendent of a Cotton mill [he was brought up in one] near Carrolton, Miss., was there the time of the yellow fever. I run a grist mill at Cumberland, Miss., near West Point. I heard Jeff Davis make a speech in a grove near Tupelo, Miss. I have been in New Orleans and Mobile a number of times, been hunting in the wilds of the Yazoo, Tallahatchie and Yellow Bash Swamps. I have been on almost all the Battle fields of the Civel War East and West. Been in the famous Brandywine and Delaware River of Revolutionary times, seen Bunker Hill, Boston Common, also Washington Monument at Washington City; been in all the Capitals of the States of the Union and seen the White House and Capitol at Washington, was in U. S. Pension Office, Treasury Building and other places too numerous to mention; seen Pulaski's Monument, also Confederate monuments in several cities of the South."

The following remark was quite superfluous:

"I take a great interest and visit all these Places of Note in my travels. I made a trip to Leadville, Colorado, the time of the first gold excitement—was going to make a fortune there, but got through in three days; went back to Denver, from there to Salt Lake, thence to Sacramento, San Francisco. Signed as a sailor, sailed across to Melbourne, and Sidney; done the same coming back. Was over there about three months. Came back to 'Frisco. Beat my way Back. Went down into New Mexico and Arizona. On my way back was out in the Indian Territory among the Indians two months—Comanchees and Cherikees. Fixed Clocks and Sewing Machines all through Southwest Missouri that winter; came out in the spring Fat and Raged. I could tell you many a laughable incident.

"I went over to London on a Cattle Steamer near six years ago." [I have met several who have duplicated this experience; that and oystering in the Chesapeake seem to be final resorts.—J. J. McC.] "Worked my way over. After I got over there my employer gave me five lbs. for being a good Hand. I traveled through England. I have some relatives living in Yorkshire, on my Father's side; went to Scotland, Dublin and Cork; back to Liverpool and signed on a vessel as ordinary seaman to Calcutta and Bombay; came back on the same ship, had enough money to pay my way steerage to New York and some left when I arrived, but soon had to strike out on the Tramp."

Bill is heard from next at Keene, N. H., under date of June 5:

"I have just arrived here to-day. I am going from here to Brattleborough, Vt. Write

me at Brattleboro. Will go from there to Bennington, Vt. I have not money to get photograph. Yrs of 31st came to hand today. Rough times in this Country. But still I live. Yours,

"WILLIAM."

The photograph business is again alluded to here. I had greatly desired to have my friend's portrait, but since I remained true to my first resolve to have no question of dollars and cents cloud or

The Prize-Fight, Street Corner Fake

complicate our relations, it was a matter of some difficulty to know how to get it and be sure of its genuineness. At length I wrote to him to go to the best artist in Bennington and tell him that if he would take his picture and send me one copy, with the negative, I would forward my check for a dollar and a half, and that my letter might be exhibited as evidence of my good faith. It was further stipulated that there must be no fixing up, no shaving or polishing, but that everything must be taken as if on the road. Would any photographer assume the risk?

The answer came in the shape of a fresh negative,* with excellent cabinet impression, bearing the imprint of a Bennington photographer; and much rejoiced at the success of the venture, I with great alacrity returned the stipulated fee.

* This was published in THE INDEPENDENT of Nov. 21, p. 2761.

With true artistic feeling the operator has arranged a hillside background, with attractive cottage in the distance, embowered in trees, and in the foreground rocks, weeds and wild flowers. Against this stands a man rather under the middle size with mustache and stubby beard, smallish eyes, and nose slightly *retroussé*, a long, straight mouth, with lips braced to sustain the weight of a long-stemmed corncob pipe. The chin is not strong, nor notably weak. The throat is bare, save for a little patch of dark woolen shirt with white cording. Jacket, waistcoat and trousers are of dark check, of uniform pattern. The trousers are turned up, and the shoes, an important item in

Portrait of the Prize-Fight Fake.— A "Gauger"

the diagnosis of these cases, are muddy and worn. The hat is a derby and looks in fair condition.

Photographs, however, are exceedingly unsatisfactory in matters of this kind. There is apt to be an indefinable tint to garment and hat and complexion, the resultant of various forces—dust, sun, rain, wind, contact with mother earth under varying conditions of comfort and discomfort, ebriety and inebriety—which it would be worthy of the highset ambition of the most aspiring artist to secure, but which has thus far eluded the science of the most scientific.

One circumstance, however, is conclusive as to one point. The photograph

reveals the garments as being fairly neat and tidy. And this shows that "Roving Bill" is no vulgar shovel or city bum. They are prone to be very ragged and slatternly—tho even they never look like the comic newspaper type. It also exhibits the parts as belonging to the same original suit. This is fair evidence that the owner has been reasonably sober and well to do during his immediate past. Otherwise the pawn shop would have introduced variety.

Our friend has described himself as being for the time engaged in "mush-faking"—in plain English, umbrella mending. He is here pictured with a wooden box hanging by a strap from his left shoulder, and to the top of the box is strapped a bundle of umbrella sticks and frames. The box is labeled on end and side "Pepper Sauce." It looks about ten inches high and twelve or fourteen long. He will himself tell us later what is in it.

Meanwhile there is a letter from Bennington, dated June 9, that offers some passages of interest:

"I am hungry now and have not a cent to get anything to eat, but may strike something before long. I won't beg if I can Help it. I slept last night in a vacant house between here and Wilmington, Vt., five miles up on the mountains. There was no other house within a mile of it. I went up stairs, got into a little bedroom, shut the Door, Pulled of my shoes and coat and made a pillow of my umberellas and slept sound. Got up at day break and came here. I had quite an eventful trip since I left Manchester. I had many a weary step climbing of those mountains, and the muskeetoes, knats and other insects made me miserable. I slept in box cars and once in the woods. It was dark and I was verry tiard and the muskeetoes were nearly eating me up. I filed to the right up the side of the mountain and Built a Fire. Stumbled around in the dark and found Some wood, pulled off shoes and coat and turned in. I left Manchester on June 1st, slept in a Barn that night.

"I came down Hill ten miles yesterday afternoon. Part of the way it is a surging river Running alongside of the Road, the Watter trying to pass itself to get down Hill. At first there would be little lakes connected by a little stream, and further down it turned in to a Roaling tumbling River. Here and there a Saw mill and when I arrived at Bennington I found it Propeling numerous Factories. Nature is great to Behold in its Beauties and Might."

This is a fair sample of my friend's eloquence when face to face with "Nature."

Residence of President Castro, Caracas

Tramps often call themselves "gentlemen tourists." Here is one who writes down his feelings. One may criticise the manner of expression, but the emotion appears to be correct.

I had asked him to give his classification of the genus Ho-Bo, in order to compare it with other systems. Here it is:

"There is several clases of tramps or Haut Beaus. I can make about three out of them with occasionally a woman. There is 1st the Harmless Tramp that tramps because he has no home, no Friends and got on the road from Drink and then No. 2 is Fakers and Mush Fakers, Mechanics and others on the Tramp hunting work, and some of the finest mechanicks in the country, comprising all

Guardian Angels of the Bull Barn, Kelly, "Tip" and "Sport"

trades, get on the road by spending their money too liberal and Partly from drink and get down and ashamed to ask for a Job, and good fellows they are, will divide the last nickel with you or the last Biscuit. There appears to be a kind of Brotherly feeling amongst this Class, but they have no use for Class No. 3 as they are composed of ex Convicts, Jail Birds and Regular Dead Beats. There is some mean Haut Beaus that will venture to do anything—insult Women, steal and fire Barns, Can't be trusted. This makes it bad for an Honest man as the Public thinks they are all Chips of the same block, but far from it. Just as much difference in the Classes as there is in the Classes of societies in a Citty, or a Vilage.

"It is the last Class that has all the signs and Camps and patronizes the Poor Houses, Jails, &c. They manage to get some money by stealing or Begging and Buy Alcohall, dilute it in Watter and drink that. They call it Alca', or Booze and other names.

"I have seen several women on the tramp, but generally very low down creatures. The boys call them Bags, old Bags. A man along with a Bag don't stand very high in Haut Beau society. Farmers are called Rubes. When a Bum goes to a house and gets a lunch they call it Hand out, Lump, Soup, Slop, &c."

Four day later, June 13, our pilgrim is at Troy, N. Y., where he acknowledges receipt of a letter and says he is bound for Schenectady, Fort Plain and Utica, and that I may write to any of the three. Twenty-five days have now elapsed since we first heard from him at Jewett City. He has crossed part of Connecticut, and traversed Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont. The distance from point to point, in a straight line, is 248 miles, and leaving out three Sundays, when he generally rests, we have an average of eleven and a third miles a day, as the crow flies. If we allow a third more for crooked roads and indirect routes, we have not far from fifteen miles a day—certainly not extremely rapid marching, but not discreditable, either, for a long stretch like this—the pedestrian practicing a trade, too, meanwhile! Sherman's "Bums" were considerably less fleet of foot.

Our friend is a "loner." They are not common. Where there is one you will generally find two, if you look closely enough. If number one is at your door trying to "strike" you, his "buddy"—brother, I suppose—will be at some lamp-post or corner that commands a view of the house, with his back turned, but casting quick glances from time to time over his shoulder to see what has happened. I have more than once watched the operation, following the pair in and out to the end of their pilgrimage, invariably a saloon. But "Roving Bill" generally prefers his own company.

"I most always travel by myself unless I can strike a good civel partner. I don't take up with every one. Sometimes I get with a good fellow and we stay together for some time until he wants to go one way and me another, or we get lost from each other. I had a Partner when I left N. Y. City but he had to Return to N. Y. as his folks wrote for him.

He was a good, straight fellow. I was sorry to part with him."

And again, under date of June 10th, he writes from a barn:

"This is a pleasant Place—cool and the smell of the hay is fragrant. I like to be to myself: no one to interrupt my meditations."

The advantage of having a "good, straight fellow" for a partner is not far to seek. It is regard for health that makes the tramp remove his shoes before retiring for the night. But it is from quite a different motive that he uses them for a pillow, first carefully stowing away in them the most precious of his personal belongings!

HARTFORD, CONN.

The Audience and the Pianist*

By Josef Hofmann

QUITE often I am asked the question, "Does not the artist find keen pleasure in his own performance?" and I reply, "Of a certainty he does—the greatest—if he has the right audience." I mean if he has, in a large gathering, a hundred people who know, who feel, who sympathize.

JOSEF HOFMANN

How can the artist tell, some ask, when all are silent and apparently attentive while he is playing and all applaud after he has finished? How can he tell true sympathy from empty, tho noisy, demonstration?

Ah, my friends, you ask me too much. I do not know. No one knows how the communication is made, but it is instant, it is positive, and it is as real as this table before me or the message you receive by the wireless telegraph.

It is not what they do or say—these people who understand—it is what they *feel* that is helpful. Between them and the artist a current is immediately set up. They give him power, he gives it back to them, they return it to him increased; he gives it to them again multiplied, and so they go on with action and reaction like the armature and magnet multiplying the force of the electric current in the dynamo.

Without such aid as I have described the artist cannot possibly be at his best, and no amount of simulated enthusiasm by people who do not really understand can compensate for its absence.

Another question frequently asked me is:

"What is the gift that makes the great musician?" My reply to that is that so far as my observation goes some qualities of the brain are the source of the artistic power. Observe the head of the good musician and you will always find it fuller over the eyes than that of other men. But the real motive power that makes for the production or happy performance of great musical compositions resides further back than that chamber over the eyes. I have no doubt but that the surgeons could find the exact portion of the brain which is devoted to music if they were allowed to make the experi-

*From an Interview for THE INDEPENDENT.

ments with human beings that they now make with birds, animals, reptiles and insects, by means of which they have been enabled to show the localization in the brain lobes of the various senses.

I have no doubt but that the severing of certain delicate cords would deprive the artist of all sense in regard to music, and the experiment, therefore, is so tempting that perhaps it is as well the law restrains the surgeon.

It is, therefore, a question of brain in the first place. One can develop the qualities that go to make the true musical artist, but he cannot create them by education. That is why there are great numbers of people who play music with skill, dexterity and precision, and of whose work the undiscerning say: "That is a finished performance," yet still feel vaguely that there is something lacking; while those people who know and who have sympathy, exclaim: "The soul is lacking."

The artist must *feel* before he can *express;* he must thrill with the beauty of the theme he has in hand before he can present that beauty to his hearers. And this ability to feel is inborn, it cannot be taught.

When one has the right brain and the right feeling there is still the right physique that must go to the making of the pianist. One must have strength and swiftness as well as good eyesight. So excellent physical condition has much to do with the making of good music, and to that end outdoor exercise of all kinds is good. During the six years that have gone by since I was last in America I left the piano alone and took my pleasure in the open air, going about automobiling. By this means I have gained strength and my hands have power that is out of all proportion to their size. People who examine them closely are generally much surprised to find them so hard and muscular. I believe that I could break a board with a blow. The only trouble with them is that they are not long enough. My hands being short, I have to jump where, if they were longer, I could stretch or glide; that causes me to expend more exertion than would otherwise be necessary, and such increased exertion is always bad.

Strength, therefore, is important to the pianist, and to that end he needs open air and physical exercise; but he must beware of too much strength, which would be certain to result in coarseness.

Another question which is frequently propounded to me is as to how I get into training again after a long time away from the piano?

Well, for the first three or four days I play everything *pianissimo.* I take great pains not to overexert the muscles of the hands and fingers, as, if I strained them, the mischief might be exceedingly hard to remedy.

As to the mental work of conquering new compositions, that does not trouble me much. I have been so familiar with music from my very earliest days that I learn quickly and find that I always overestimate the length of time it will take me to learn a new piece. I say to myself that it will take three days, but find that I have it conquered at the end of the first day.

I do not study music much now. One may so easily overstudy,—may so easily become absorbed in mere details to such an extent that he loses his grasp of the theme as a whole. I prefer to leave something to inspiration.

Overstudy, I believe, ruins a great many artists. A steel spring can be bent just so far and retain its strength and elasticity. If pressed beyond that point it snaps and its life departs.

Another question often asked me is: "Whose music do I most admire?" That I find it impossible to answer. There are so many composers who are excellent and whose qualities are so widely different. I reverence Wagner, he is great, perhaps the greatest, but he has done much harm.

Sometimes you will see a great artist laboring away faithfully for years doing the noblest sort of work, but quite unable to gain the notice of the world until he says in desperation: "I will do something so unusual that people will have to regard me," and he proceeds to produce a thing that is horrible, startling, shocking, outrageous, and so gains notoriety instead of fame, after which, having obtained the attention of the world, he settles down to true and noble art work again.

Wagner, in spite of his greatness, is responsible for much evil that has been

done. It is all very well to say that certain music shall describe a storm, a battle, the sea, dawn, or sunset; but when you carry it so far as to insist that other music represents cheese or lump sugar, you are producing absurdity and setting the weak-minded on a wrong track.

No, no; music must not be hampered and shackled and bound in such a fashion. Music is free, music is independent; there is no other obligation legitimately laid upon it than that it shall be beautiful and pleasing.

I am often asked whether or not I compose? Oh, yes; yes,—symphonies. I compose a good deal, and I find the difficulty which all composers have, of distinguishing between a new composition and an old memory. The composer in making a new thing must repeat it very often to himself, and after he has done that some scores of times he begins to doubt whether it is really new; he suspects that it may be an old recollection. If he has no conscience this does not disturb him, because there is no prison for the person who steals music; but if he is sensitive and desirous of appropriating nothing which belongs to another, he is very much worried and tries by all means to discover whether what he has is new or old. In most instances he finds it is new and that he has simply deceived himself by constant repetition.

Some people ask me what I think of native American music? I like it very much. The time is odd. We had nothing like it on the other side till it originated here, but it is spreading all over Europe now.

As to the pianola, I welcome it. I am glad of the pianola; the pianola is my friend because it at once disposes of all that music which is merely difficult. The musical mechanic who simply exhibits manipulation, who inflicts on audiences deviled chromatic scales, without joy, without sorrow, without emotion of any kind, without coherence, beauty or significance, he must sit back—whisk! The pianola has eclipsed him at one bound.

The man whose only ability is in moving his fingers rapidly or stretching them far may find an eclipse in the performance of the pianola, but it cannot affect the artist. The matter is very simple, the machine cannot be greater than its director, and in order that the pianola shall produce the truly artistic it must have the true artist behind it.

It has always seemed to me a great impertinence to inflict upon an audience a soulless thing that has no beauty and which they cannot love, in order to amaze them by a display of mere manual dexterity. It is as if a painter were to offer you a wretched daub and say: "Observe, see, this wonderful painting. I made it in fifteen minutes." You would be tempted to answer: "Yes, sir, and you will be fifteen centuries in selling it."

When the mechanic with the brush paints a picture without sense or beauty merely to show his skill, the public punish him by leaving his work alone, but the punishment of the musician who sacrifices soul-beauty to mere manipulation is not so easy. The pianola comes at last as a Nemesis. Good for the pianola!

Another question my American friends reiterate is as to my pleasures. In answer to that I may say that I like open air exercise, and am fond of quiet sport. I read a good deal. Haeckel, for instance, gives me much amusement and profit. He is well worthy of close attention.

I delight in chess and have some talent that way, I believe, but I dare not play it. It is so exhausting. It takes so much out of a person, and it leads to nothing but more chess.

New York City.

The Disturbances in Athens

By an Athens Correspondent

IT is now nearly two months since there began to appear in *The Acropolis,* one of the leading papers of Athens, installments of a translation of the New Testament by an Athenian merchant by the name of Palli, now living in Manchester, England. These translations, which proceeded as far as the end of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, were an avowed attempt to turn the original text into the vernacular Greek of to-day.

Of course, every well educated Greek can, if he wants to do so, read the original, and the Church recognizes no other form. A teacher in one of the gymnasia of Athens was heard to declare the other day, "Of course we understand the *words* of the text, it is the ideas that are hard to grasp." It is a matter of pride with the Greeks that they alone read the New Testament in the identical words penned by the apostles. But Mr. Palli meant to bring home the story of the gospels in intelligible form to the people of fair intelligence who simply knew how to read. And in his effort to do so he made his translation popular with a vengeance, or, as the educated Athenian would say, he made it vulgar. He was, to be sure, only carrying out in a new field the principles of Psichari, who has used the popular language, which many people sincerely believe to be the only honest Greek of to-day. It is substantially the kind of Greek that is presented in Mrs. Mary Gardner's Greek Grammar, the kind which the higher classes sneer at as "servant girls' Greek," while they write, and, to some extent, speak, a language that is not so very different from that of Demosthenes; altho when they get particularly jolly and fall to telling good jokes they drop into something considerably less stately. By the aid of the newspapers and the schools this high style is constantly gaining ground, and it is extremely likely that this artificial and reactionary current will ultimately spread over the language of Greece.

In one aspect the objection to the translation under discussion was a part of this everlasting *linguistic* quarrel. Several translations of the New Testament have, in fact, already been made in what we may call the high style, and have been circulated over the kingdom of Greece with no opposition. A few years ago such a translation was made at the instance of the Queen of Greece. The story generally told in regard to its origin is that the Queen distributed copies of the New Testament in the original to the patients in the hospital, of which she is the patroness, and to which she gives considerable attention; and that these copies were returned to her with the statement of the patients that they could not read them; whereupon she had a translation made by five Greek theologians, the Metropolitan Bishop of Athens, whom she consulted in regard to the matter, saying that he approved of the enterprise personally, altho as the head of the Church of Greece he could not sanction it. Up to the present crisis no one has found fault with her.

Mr. Palli's motives were doubtless as unimpeachable as those of Queen Olga. His great eror was that, in applying the vulgar language to a sacred theme, he laid himself open to the charge of intentional vulgarity. One educated man told me that it seemed monstrous to see the word *symposi* used for *deipnon.* It seems that the once stately word *symposium* has become degraded to mean something like *spree* or *rouse.* Another said that while he did not object to hear of Christ riding into Jerusalem on an *onos,* he did object to hear of his riding on a *gaidhouri.* It was a feeling expressed by such utterances as these and widely shared by men who, up to the present time, had not been very prominent for their interest in the sacred scrip-

tures, that raised the question out of the sphere of linguistics into one of religion, and what at first sight seems stranger yet, into one of nationality and patriotism.

It must, however, be borne in mind that during the four centuries of servitude to the Turks the main thing which kept alive the feeling of nationality among the Greeks was the common language and the common sacred book. The language did suffer some debasement, but the New Testament, the *Evangelion*, as they call it, remained the same, and was a symbol, a pledge, like the ark of the covenant to the Israelites, that they were still a nation. Now that they have become a nation in fact, and no longer merely in promise and potency, they have not entirely forgotten the sacredness of that symbol, and it needed only that one should lay rude hands upon it to kindle devotion into something like fanaticism. And during the last five days, when Athens has been given over to mob-law, the watchwords of the agitators have been, "Save the symbol of our faith." "Down with the defilers of the evangel." "The existence of the Church and the nation is threatened."

For some time mutterings had been heard against the translation and against the paper that was publishing it. The paper meanwhile stoutly defended itself, and other papers, particularly *The Asty*, came to its defense, which was virtually the defense of freedom of publication. Most of the smaller papers took the other side and grew more and more bitter in their utterances. The air was surcharged with electricity. It needed but a spark to kindle a conflagration, and this came from the University students, a body having great confidence in itself as a great factor in national affairs, a highly inflammable body with very exalted notions of its rights and little thought of its obligations and duties. Considerable pressure had been brought to bear upon the Holy Synod and the Metropolitan at its head to get them to condemn the translation officially, which they had been slow to do, when all at once, on Monday, November 18th, the medical students, taking the initiative, abandoned their lectures, and, making the round of the other departments, broke up exercises of unwilling professors, and, collecting a body of about five hundred students, proceeded with great noise to the offices of the offending newspapers, where they forced an entrance after a feeble resistance of the police, and with cheers and yells demanded an abjuration of the translation, a confession of wrong doing and an apology in an extra supplement. This they failed to get; but the chief of police promised them that the translation should be stopped. But the *Asty* and the *Acropolis*, having in their next morning editions spoken most jocosely of the affair, a much larger body of students made a more threatening demonstration. They broke through the cordon which soldiers of the garrison of Athens drew around these two offices. They did not, however, enter the offices, which were closed and bolted, but contented themselves with carrying off the signs. In one case the commander of the soldiers let them have the sign, saying: "If that is all you want, boys, take it." Not even on this day did the students get the recantation which they had demanded, nor did they get satisfaction for the insult which they said the papers had put upon them.

The rather mild interference which they found at the hands of the police and the military force did not intimidate them, but did exasperate them. In great excitement they defied the whole military force, shouting derisively at its commander-in-chief when he tried to talk to them. The longer lawless defiance of authority continues the stronger it grows. Unrest is contagious. Citizens, not all of the unruly elements either, attached themselves to the students, and the soldiers began to feel that they were on the unpopular side. The next day collisions took place between the military and the excited populace, and many soldiers were hit with stones. A conspicuous feature in the affair was the forbearance of the military, which was under strict orders not to fire, and so had to submit to having its lines broken through again and again.

By this time the mob, for by this name we must call the party which was resorting to violence, of whatever elements it may have been composed, had grown to

include the major part of the population of Athens; and the students, who were always taking the initiative, organized a mass meeting to be held the next day, Friday, November 22d, at the columns of the Temple of the Olympian Zeus, the usual place for mass meetings. The Ministry, now considering the situation serious, instructed the commander of the military forces of Athens to notify the students that, while they were at liberty to make any noise they pleased in the University yard, they should not be allowed to parade the streets. But for some reason or other, some say it was at the request of the King, a mass of citizens and students were allowed to march through the streets to the appointed place of meeting, altho a detachment of marines drawn up in front of the Palace turned them aside from the direct road to the Temple. As bad luck would have it, the day was one of the great holidays of Greece, the Day of the Archangels, and, as the weather was fine, everybody was on the streets. The crowd that gathered at the rendezvous is variously estimated at from thirty thousand to fifty thousand. This body passed *viva voce* three resolutions:

1st. To request the Holy Synod to watch that our sacred Gospel remain intact, as it was bequeathed to us by the Apostles and inspired fathers.

2d. To demand that the Holy Synod, as a supplement to its pronunciamento, shall proceed to anathematize and excommunicate the translation made and put in circulation and those who took part in this translation, and shall order the seizing and burning of existing copies. [The Metropolitan and the Holy Synod had already, under pressure of public opinion and after considerable delay, condemned the translation, but had not proceeded to anathemas and excommunications.]

3d. That a committee give this vote to the Metropolitan and the Government, calling on them to take thought to carry out the decisions of the people.

When the meeting broke up the crowd returned to the University, being again hindered by the marines from passing the Palace. A caricature of the Metropolitan was borne along on a pole and was greeted with jeers and hooting. Proposals were made, it is said, to go to his house and cut off his hair and his beard. The students appeared to think themselves more zealous for the Holy Church than the head of it himself.

After the return to the University, when it was already growing dusk, a most deplorable event took place. It is not quite clear how it came about, and yet it is a wonder that it had been delayed so long. The monster crowd began surging from the University down the broad street, Adimantos Koraes, which leads into Stadion Street. Here they were at last checked by the military force, whether because it was thought that it was already license enough to have allowed the carrying out of the whole program of the mob, or, as some said, because of the special fear that violence was intended to the Metropolitan. But the crowd that had had its own way so long did not propose to submit. Heaps of broken stones ready for mending the streets were unfortunately at hand. The soldiers were unmercifully pelted. They then fired by order several volleys into the air, and the cavalry charged. It is difficult at this time to ascertain the exact truth, but it is alleged by enemies of the Government that the police force shot straight into the mob. When Adimantos Koraes Street was cleared many dead and wounded citizens lay there, nine dead and about thirty wounded. As the result of a careful examination it has been declared that only one ball has been extracted from the wounds that could have come from a soldier's musket. The rest are all pistol balls, not of the size used by the police, and it is suggested that many were shot from the mass behind them.

A night of terror followed. The Prime Minister, Mr. Theotoki, returning to his house just below the University, was repeatedly shot at as he was entering his door. He coolly turned and begged that the firing should cease, at the same time restraining the guard posted at his door from returning the fire. The resignations of the commander of the military forces of Athens and of the chief of police, who had been severely wounded, were accepted. The Metropolitan also, at the instance of the Minis-

ter of Religion and Public Instruction, who told him that he could not vouch for the safety of his life if he did not resign, went with this Minister and the Prime Minister to the Palace at midnight, and finding the King of the same mind, wrote his resignation with a trembling hand. This has done a good deal toward quieting the excited spirits. The students have since passed resolutions asking that he never be reappointed to this position nor to any ecclesiastical post.

The next day the bodies of the dead were buried with great ostentation under the auspices of the students, the procession making a detour to the front of the Palace on the way to the cemetery.

And now the affair has become a factor in party politics. The *Proia,* the semi-official organ of Mr. Deliyianni, attacked the Ministry in the bitterest language, and no wonder; for Deliyianni himself, after having presented himself with other leaders of the opposition at the Chamber of Deputies for an extra morning session, and finding neither the Ministers nor their adherents present, allowed himself to be escorted to his house by a crowd calling him "the Savior of the Country," and after going into his house, came out and addressed them from his balcony. The tenor of his speech is indicated by the following passage:

"Never have I seen similar scenes in the long life that I have lived, nor has it ever happened in Greece that those connected with the Ministry and their attendants should take aim at citizens and at members of the noble student youth, and shoot them down as if they were shooting at quail."

In the following passage he speaks as leader of the principal faction of the opposition:

"Be assured, fellow citizens, that as often as you shall be exposed to arbitrariness or force exercised for the taking away of your legal rights, you will find us also by your side ready to defend you, because we also belong in your ranks."

This looks like pouring oil on a fire that every prudent citizen ought to be anxious to put out. But the opposition will in all probability make the most of the occasion, and this highly respectable Ministry is doomed.

When Mr. Theotoki deprecated in the Chamber yesterday with a quavering voice the appellation of "murderer," Mr. Dragoumi replied to him:

"If, sir, you had *resisted certain demands* with the same courage which you showed when you were exposed to fire, the position of the Ministry would have been different."

But in almost any other civilized country than Greece one would say that if the strong hand of the police, and if that were not strong enough, the strong hand of the army, had been brought in on the occasion of the first acts of violence against the newspapers, which had not gone beyond their legal rights, the whole affair would have stopped there, and the only sufferers, except the police and soldiers, who must expect rough handling sometimes in the execution of their duty, would have been those engaged in actual rioting, instead of a lot of chance victims in a crowd, many of whom were present from mere curiosity.

In this affair nothing will sound more strange to European ears than the motives here imputed to the translators of the Gospels. Even the Queen is accused of attempting in this way to Slavize the nation, as if, forsooth, she would be willing to make her own son a ruler of a Russian province instead of King of Greece. In the mob the name of this noble woman was execrated. It is insinuated in the Chamber of Deputies that all the troubles of the Prime Minister, as well as those of the Metropolitan, arose from an unwillingness to see the Queen's translation condemned and anathematized. The newspapers openly declare that if translations of the New Testament are allowed the prestige of the Greek nation is gone. They say, "The student youth stands forth again as the guardian of the national Palladium as touching language, religion, nation, fatherland." They refer to their nation as "holding the scepter over the Slavs and over every orthodox nation." One paper adds:

"When the Savior saw the Greeks, and heard their voice about him, he said: 'Now is the Son of Man glorified.'"

ATHENS, GREECE.

LITERATURE

Another Footnote to History*

THIS *Vanished Arcadia* of Mr. Graham's is a very unusual book, marked throughout by a curious sort of dualism, its one character represented by the title, its other by the subtitle. Purporting to set out the story of the Jesuit missions in Paraguay, it is in many respects a work rather of literature than history. It is literary, in particular, by the personal mood with which it is persistently colored—a mood for the most part of mellow reminiscent regret, but broken now and then by the bitterness with which those who look wistfully to the past are likely to regard the present; for Mr. Graham in his wanderings through the wilderness of this world has penetrated into Paraguay and burrowed deeply into the life he describes. And it is literary, in the same sense as Robert Louis Stevenson's account of the Samoan troubles, by the nature of the subject, the relative obscurity and insignificance of the episode being especially susceptible to such a treatment.

In the year 1610, it should seem, two priests of the Society of Jesus, which Phillip III of Spain had recently authorized to the conversion of the Indians of Paraguay, arrived after a journey of four months from Asuncion upon the banks of the Paranapané River. There, amid the tropical wilderness, "in one of the remotest corners of the world," they established their first mission among the Guaranís. Despite the savagery of man and nature this small beginning was destined to grow with time into thirty prosperous villages, each a miniature Arcadia of labor and thanksgiving, supporting a child-like and happy population of native converts. What hardships, sufferings and persecutions these priests and their successors underwent, often unto death, in their arduous and disinterested ministry, until finally, in 1767, they were ousted from their seats by the malice of the world and the envy of their rivals, it is the business of the book to relate.

On the whole, readable as most of it is, we cannot say that Mr. Graham has been completely successful in interesting us in his story from end to end. His skill in narrative is by no means equal to Stevenson's—to use a comparison, which, unfair as it may seem, is almost forced upon us; and the deficiency is particularly noticeable when he is called upon to ravel out a complicated tangle of incident, as in the beginning of his account. In compensation, however, he has several other fine literary qualities, as admirable in history as elsewhere. Above all, he is blessed with that saving sense of humor, which, in his own words, "has, from the beginning of the world, been a stumbling-block to fools;" and he is at his happiest where he has opportunity to use it, as in the relation of Don Bernardino de Cardenas, Bishop of Asuncion del Paraguay, with his flagellations and excommunications, who, ambitious of saintship, contrived to stay his impatience by appropriating the Governor's candlesticks and usurping his temporal power. Then, too, like most persons of his reminiscent turn, he has a gift of picturesqueness, which enables him to prick out a landscape very prettily or touch a personality with a vividness not unlike Carlyle's.

But, after all, what is, perhaps, most interesting about Mr. Graham is his attitude toward life in general. As a *littérateur,* he is certainly guilty of the cardinal sin of irrelevancy, and his philosophy enters mostly by way of interpolation, being lugged in as unseasonably as the body of Polonius. There is, too, a pungency about his objurgatory language untransmittible save by quotation, for which unluckily we have not the space. But his attitude may be characterized briefly as exceeding wary and suspicious, particularly toward the present, which, in spite of his profound sense of the relativity of all things earthly and

* A VANISHED ARCADIA: BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE JESUITS IN PARAGUAY, 1607 TO 1767. *By R. B. Cunninghame Graham.* New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

in reversal of the general practice, he is too much inclined to measure by the standards of the past—an historical method, it may be suggested, which is at least as likely to lead to error as the contrary and more usual procedure.

In conclusion we can hardly do better than allow Mr. Graham to speak to the nature of his own book, and so permit the reader to catch the tang of its style for himself.

"A treatise of a forgotten subject by a laborer unskilled, and who, moreover, by his very task challenges competition with those who have written on the theme with better knowledge and perhaps less sympathy; a pother about some few discredited and unremembered priests; details about half-savages, who 'quoi! ne portaient pas des haults de chausses;' the recollections of long, silent rides through forest paths, ablaze with flowers, and across which the tropic birds darted like atoms cut adrift from the apocalypse; a hotchpotch, salmagundi, olla podrida, or sea-pie of sweet and bitter, with perhaps the bitter ruling most, as is the way when we unpack our reminiscences—yes, gentle and indulgent reader, that's the humor of it."

The Westerners *

In *The Westerners* there is a certain vigor and virility not common enough to pass unmentioned. These men and women—mostly men—have a vitality beyond question. And the author expresses himself with an economy of energy, a concentration that might have been learned from his characters. It would be difficult to say whether this absence of superfluities argues a native directness or a dexterity with the file, nor does it matter.

The very first chapter, describing "The Rivers," as it was in the early seventies, swarming with men of all sorts and conditions on their way to the Black Hills, is written with a laconic terseness, a half satirical humor full of distinction. A few slight touches serve to set before us the more important characters, and the germ of the plot. The three scouts who have determined to form a wagon train and push on to the hills before winter receive an application from "a tall, dark, straight young man, broad-shouldered and clean built; strong, but with fine hands and feet"—a half-breed, as may be known from his clear-cut swarthy features. He gave his name as Michael Lafond. The interview was brief:

"One says that you will tak' train through thees summer," began the half breed abruptly. "Ah lak' to go, also."

After a few questions to the candidate:

"We ain't takin' but damn few," said Buckley, "and them that goes has to be on to their job. No women; good cattle. Ask the others."

Billy Knapp looked him over briefly.

"Yo're a breed, ain't yo?" he inquired with refreshing directness. "I thought so. That bars him," he said with a little laugh. He began to whistle and rummage in the back of the wagon with a charming obliviousness to the presence of the subject of his remarks.

"That settles it," said Buckley, curtly and indifferently, and Lafond leapt on his horse and disappeared.

But beside this group there were three others to be comprehended by the half-breed's hatred, for despite the dictum "no women," the wagon train took with it an Eastern family—an impractical geologian who had stood ninety-nine in school, his blue-eyed New England wife who had been "attacking the problem of life on six hundred dollars a year," and a little Prue, also blue-eyed. And the plot so swiftly suggested develops without delay or haste.

The unsleeping vengeance of the half-breed, which knows at first no resource save murder, is finally taught by a chance word that it is a finer revenge to steal away what a man holds most dear. So it is that, having got possession of little Prue, he determines to bring her up as his own amid all the corruption of a mining camp. But he leaves out of his calculation the invincible New England conscience which grows up in the girl uncontaminated, and asserts itself at the critical moment. A Nemesis waiting for him in the darkness brings the story to a close.

There is something to be desired in the art of the writer. There is at times too much comment on his part, and a disposition to interfere with his characters in advancing the plot. But a fine dramatic sense is shown by an occasional touch that moves us with its pathos or horror, as when the miners find traces of gold in the sand where they are digging a grave for the woman whose days were pinched with want, or when the half-breed lays the little child down in the

* The Westerners. *By Stewart Edward White.* New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.

wigwam and hangs her mother's scalp over her head; and the final scene, wherein the charred, mutilated body of Michael, wrapped in its blanket, is raised high on the litter in the shadow of the hills, has something of the strength of real tragedy.

Lives of the Hunted *

In a delightful volume of 360 pages, Mr. Seton, as he is now called, tells eight stories of wild animal life. The book may be regarded as a continuation of the author's prior work, "Wild Animals I Have Known," and is like it in style, tone and treatment. The creatures which constitute the heroes of the new venture are the Rocky Mountain sheep, sparrow, bear, teal, dog, kangaroo rat, coyote and chickadee. Around each is woven a narrative, in which pathos and humor, the love of the naturalist and the lore of the hunter are curiously mingled. The strongest feature of the workmanship is the skillful manner in which the writer puts the reader in the animal's place, and makes him realize the joys and sorrows, activities and limitations of animal life and environment. Only in this way can a person appreciate the daily career of the children of the forest and plain, and understand the tragedy that is woven through their existence. It then becomes easy to understand the mental and physical development, a development in most instances surpassing that of a human being, which enables them to avoid danger and lengthen their days in the land. This shadow of perpetual fear increases the altruistic qualities wherever they tend to perpetuate the species. Friendship, co-operation and love are as marked in the lower animal kingdom as in its highest member. Mr. Seton never tires of picturing the maternal tenderness of bird and beast. This arouses affection on the reader's part, and as the author omits all mention, where possible, of the iron law of tooth and claw, the result is a series of pictures which must appeal to every kind heart.

Generous praise must be awarded to the illustrations, of which more than two hundred are scattered through the work. These range from full-page drawings to marginal foot-prints and impressionistic outlines. Of the latter, nothing could be better than the five bear-cubs in the tree on page 189. At times Mr. Seton goes beyond this excellent kind of work, and indulges in symbolical sketches, rather at variance with the tone of the text, such as two clasped hands on page 35, an etiquet-book, gavel and bell on page 33 and a scepter and scales on page 37. The publishers deserve a high compliment for the making of the book. Its paper, ink and type, as well as the broad margins, are a delight to the eye.

* Lives of the Hunted. *By Ernest Seton-Thompson* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

Phrenology *

One of the most striking expressions in Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace's book, "The Wonderful Century," is to be found at the end of his essay on phrenology. He says:

> "In the coming century phrenology will assuredly attain general acceptance. It will prove itself to be the true science of mind. Its practical uses in education, in self discipline, in the reformatory treatment of the criminal and in the remedial treatment of the insane will give it one of the highest places in the hierarchy of the sciences, and its persistent neglect and obloquy during the last sixty years will be referred to as an example of the almost incredible narrowness and prejudice which prevailed among men of science at the very time when they were making such splendid advances in other fields of thought and discovery."

Mr. Wallace was mainly influenced in coming to this conclusion, it should seem, by various articles of Mr. Hollander, read at the meetings of scientific societies in Great Britain. The volume under review, then, should furnish, as the very latest word of that writer on the subject of phrenology (or, as he prefers to call it, the localization of mental functions of the brain), the best evidence for Mr. Wallace's rather startling declaration. There is no doubt that Mr. Hollander does rescue phrenology from something of the scientific neglect into which it has been allowed to fall on account of the disgust awakened by the methods of charlatans in its diffusion. The work of

* Mental Functions of the Brain. An Investigation Into Their Localization and Their Manifestation in Health and Disease. *By Bernard Hollander, M.D.* Illustrated with the clinical records of 800 cases of localized brain derangements and with several plates. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 00 net.

Gall particularly has been permitted to be smirched by undeserved obloquy because of the commercial methods of his immediate disciples. Gall undoubtedly made brilliant discoveries in the anatomy of the brain and spinal cord. This has been too long unrecognized. If we owed to him nothing else than the original introduction into modern thought of the idea of localization of special functions in specialized parts of the brain, our debt would not be easy to pay. Cerebral localization has become one of the accepted doctrines of scientific medicine, and Gall's work paved the way for its acceptance.

On the other hand, a system of phrenology—that is, the definite location of all the mental faculties in their own portion of brain substance—is further from the minds of medical men or physiological psychologists than ever before. While Dr. Hollander's book is called on its title-page a revival of phrenology, the author disclaims the inference of any attempt at systematic completeness in his work. He says, "It is not a text-book of phrenology, but only an attempt to localize some mental faculties." His conclusions are modest enough. He claims

"(1) that the prefrontal lobes of the brain are concerned in the purely intellectual operations; (2) that the temporo-sphenoidal lobes (external landmark the ear and its neighborhood) are in some way connected with the propensities common to man and the lower animals; (3) that the parietal lobes and the posterior parts of the frontal lobes are involved in the manifestation of definite emotions; while (4) the occipital lobes bear a relation to the domestic and social affections."

Most neurologists will not agree entirely with Dr. Hollander even in this attenuated phrenology. The cases he has collected show, however, that some of his conclusions must be accepted and that the study of mental function as connected with definite areas of the brain deserves more careful attention than has been hitherto given it. Some of the cases cited by Dr. Hollander furnish striking exemplifications of how small a portion of the brain cortex may preside over a complex intellectual process. The mystery of the influence of mind over matter is rather emphasized than minimized by the consideration of such observations. That the brain is somehow the organ of mind and that partial disturbance of cerebral tissues may disorganize certain faculties is now an accepted doctrine. Pathology, as in other parts of the body, has simplified the problem of physiology by suppressing some of the factors and has helped to a partial solution of it. Dr. Hollander's book will serve a very useful purpose in calling attention to the light that has been shed upon physiological psychology by observations upon the disturbed mentality that results from pathological conditions of brain tissue. It is a suggestive preliminary collation of cases that will probably lead many observers to more careful investigations in neural pathology and portray at the same time the trend of modern neurology.

Sir Richard Calmady *

HERE we have a novel projected upon a large plan, giving scope to work out the details with elaborate care. The author of it, whose real name is Mrs. St. Leger Harrison, is the wife of an English clergyman and a daughter of Charles Kingsley. Since "The Wages of Sin" came out, she has published several novels which failed to fulfil the promise of power and genius intimated by that first story. But in the present instance she has taken her time and produced a really great book. Nor is the scene cramped within the narrow limits of a primrose landscape, with a rectory and a church spire to divide the sky line; but her perspective reaches far and wide through the sweet green heart of England. The parks stretch away into the mysterious silence of the brotherhood of trees. There are red deer in the forests and wattle folds under the hillsides upon Sir Richard Calmady's estate, as well as stud farms and racing stables.

The story itself is one of thoroughbreds, even to the courtesan, who is not merely a scarlet woman, but an exquisite refinement upon that particular kind of female diabolism. And the author's distinguished style matches her material, from the splendid stag manners of the English gentlemen and the *décolleté*

* SIR RICHARD CALMADY. *By Lucas Malet.* New York; Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

airs of the ladies, down to the rudest instinct of fidelity in the ruling bulldog of the kennels. Nor is there any peeping through keyholes for information—as is the impression too often made by ambitious novelists when dealing with the affairs of their "nobler kind." Lucas Malet appears to sit on the right hand side of Sir Richard Calmady in this drama and studies him astutely face to face.

The fascination of the book is horrid rather than pleasant, on account of the daring deformity of the hero. But his rôle in the tragedy is well sustained. First, as a generous, high spirited child, protected and surrounded by unusual devotion, he fails to realize the extent of his misfortune. Later, he is like a young Prometheus bound to his rock, railing at all things human or divine, and showing a mental ferocity that is as revolting as his more obvious infirmity. Suddenly, he reverses nature, gives up mythological characteristics and becomes simply a "mad bull in the net." At last, under particularly distressing circumstances, he comes to his wicked self, says a Black Mass and makes haste to waste his substance in a far country—the substance, that is, of his moral nature, of those delicate flute-like virtues instilled by his lady mother, which so often fail a man in the crises of life. Having sowed and reaped to his everlasting shame, he repents like any other prodigal, returns home, and finds a woman there who is brave enough to love him in spite of his deformity—a "gallant" woman, the author calls her, with narrow hips and the chastity of a wood nymph in her long striding walk.

But by far the most admirable character in the book is "Lady Calmady," Sir Richard's mother. In her devotion to him we have a revelation of maternal love rarely, if ever, surpassed in literature. A queen in all else, as a mother she is one of those immortal women, with the fair madonna face, to be found at the foot of every cross whereon a man suffers, whether as a thief or a martyr.

The author shows a noble intimacy with the peaks and table lands of the spiritual life. At the outset, she starts a man to moving through this story with the chanting face and noiseless tread of a priest, who stands for the God idea through all tribulations, faithfully, to the solemn, crowning end. He adds the majesty of goodness to suffering and defies skepticism even in the agnostical reader by the holy logic of his living.

But with all the enchantments of love and wealth and power, this is far from being an attractive novel. It is like the hero, deformed by the psychology of his deformity. Still the author has developed her theories with a gravity and a certainty of conclusions which invite attention and command respect.

Essays and Addresses. *By Augustine Birrell.* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.) Something more serious in substance and manner and more general in scope than the delightful "birrelling" of "Obiter Dicta" and "Men, Women and Books," is here attempted and achieved. There are papers on Wesley, Froude, Bagehot, Browning and Peel; on the House of Commons, the Reformation, the ideal university, the "Christian Evidences," and the problem of telling a good book from a bad one. It is a hard task this discriminating between froth and substance in literature, but it is not a hopeless one, according to Mr. Birrell; and even the multitude may learn to do it with some measure of success. Following Hume, he declares that good taste is compounded of a strong understanding, knowledge and a delicate sentiment. Furthermore he holds that all of these may to some extent be acquired, a rather heretical conclusion, tho it is entertainingly argued out. By far the best of the papers is that on the House of Commons. The author knows his subject, for he is a twelve years' veteran of that legislative body. The distinctive features which characterize it, most of them somewhat puzzling to an American and some of them not wholly understandable by the average Briton, are happily explained. It is deeply interesting to learn that the utmost democracy of spirit prevails among the members, even tho in the nation at large the spirit of caste is well nigh as prevalent as in Hindustan; and quite as interesting is the declaration that the warmest welcome is extended to the labor members. But what moves us to most wonder is the recital of what

phrases and incidents pass for humor in and out of that solemn society. "When Mr. Gladstone declared in the House of Commons, with an irresistible twinkle of the eye, that he was an 'old Parliamentary hand,' the House was convulsed with laughter, and the next morning the whole country chuckled with delight." We doubt whether, if Mr. Reed or Mr. Blaine had so confessed himself in the House of Representatives, the admission would have awakened so much as a dry chuckle.

MUSICAL MINISTRIES IN THE CHURCH. *By Waldo Selden Pratt.* (Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.00.) The importance of Dr. Pratt's book is altogether out of proportion to its size or to the amount of attention it is likely to receive. Church music is managed too often with the stupidity that comes of neglect. Neither ministers nor music committees appear to know the function of music as an aid to religion. The "best music," popularly so-called, is often the worst from the point of view of aid to devotion and the culture of the religious feelings. Dr. Pratt combines musical knowledge with appreciation of the ideals of Christian worship. He feels keenly the needs of church music in America, and his book is an earnest, common-sense effort to better present conditions. With patience and enthusiasm he teaches the relation of music to religion, and the purposes and ideals of Church music. He is practical and suggestive in treating of the work of choir, organist and minister, and his book will promote the worthy praise of God.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS. *By Florence Wilkinson.* (New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.) The author of this book has given evidence that she is a person of culture, a lover of nature and books and a good observer of life. The character studies show great contrast. Enoch Holme, the country-bred Methodist, with his uncompromising earnestness, serves as a foil to Richard Hollister, the finished, almost conscienceless man of the world, while Sararose and Alisa MacDonald are no less unlike each other. A logging camp and forest furnish the background for the chief events, and the destinies of these people become inextricably interwoven, like silken and homespun threads. The author has also a gift for conveying with a touch almost epigrammatic in its brevity impressions of people and places, so that the reader seems to see with his own eyes the lake lying like a gleam of gray silk on the landscape, or the ladies on the hotel piazza with jet-trimmed bosoms and steep laps.

THE RULING PASSION. *By Henry Van Dyke.* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.) Dr. Van Dyke is best known to the world at large for his studies of Tennyson and his fishing tales. So it is natural that in this volume of short stories we should have an interesting glimpse of Sir Izaak Walton, still philosophizing over the one-eyed perch, through the dream of a romantic tourist who falls asleep with a classical shade of the old fisherman in his mind. A more pretentious story is that of a thin-chested painter who dies of love. And another is a really excellent presentation of a dog whose instincts prove him to be a fine gentleman at heart. But most of Dr. Van Dyke's characters are primitive types, French Canadian fishermen, mountain guides, and lumbermen—people of narrow, uncomplexed intelligences and wolfish natures. According to the admirable "prayer" which serves as an introduction to the volume, no morals "tag" the tales. But "the ruling passion" in each man is too significant to render such a homily necessary. It is a ghostly finger reaching out of the unwritten, congenital past, moving with unerring certainty to mark out the predestined course of a man's life. With the possibility of choice before him, he can only choose according to the inbred nature of his sin or according to the inspiration which comes from having an ancestral chart of righteousness laid down in him. In the frosty climate where these people congeal into manhood, the carnal never becomes spiritual; and the destiny of the man with the God idea is equally fixed. The fact is, those "Determinists" whom the Doctor scores so roundly in his theological lectures appear to have mightily affected his imagination.

THE WORLD AND WINSTON. *By Edith Henrietta Fowler.* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.) A fat, good-natured novel, containing most of the characters known to modern fiction except the preacher and the villain. Apparently the author's imagination could not be stretched enough to reach these two extremes of the human creation. Still, she has the Sabbath school mind, and a corresponding desire to instruct travelers through this world. Some of her people stand out like guide posts upon the broad road which leads to mortification, or like little bisque images of vanity in pretty wayside shrines, while the hero wanders through the story like a good Samaritan, and finally overtakes and marries the heroine, who is a sort of gray church mouse of a woman with her eyes fixed upon the stars. All we have to say by way of criticism is that, as we must have Sabbath school tales, since some people will read no other kind, we wish the writers of them would not squeeze all the blood and humanity out of religion. The pious girl in fiction is always "pale" and abnormally thin. If she could be toned up with a flush, and a slight sense of humor, and have a real sin to repent of occasionally, we think that the type would be more attractive to the unregenerate world—nor is such a creation unscriptural.

NATURE AND CHARACTER AT GRANITE BAY. *By Daniel A. Goodsell.* (New York: Eaton & Mains. $1.25.) "Less than a hundred miles from New York Granite Bay opens into the greatest width of Long Island Sound. Near a large city, knowing it scantily, it has been, until just now, accessible only by a long aisle of forest and hilly road." There is the book in the initial sentences. It is in the modern school of Isaak Walton, which Dr. Van Dyke has made so popular—a cheerful gossiping story of a wayside spot, made up of observations on quiet scenes of nature and on whimsical humanity. The illustrations are from photographs sufficiently realistic and artistic.

THE BELT OF SEVEN TOTEMS. *By Kirk Munroe.* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.20 net.) One of the better boys' books such as seekers for Christmas gifts may care to know about. The story has to do with Squanto, who taught the New England emigrants how to plant, and with the powerful chief Massosoit; and the scenes shift from America to Europe and back again. There is sufficient adventure to keep the attention awake, and a good deal of information on Indian life is carried along with the story.

FOR AULD ACQUAINTANCE. *Compiled by Adam Goodfellow and William Payne.* (New York: New Amsterdam Book Company.) This is a neatly printed volume of drinking songs and quotations on social matters from old Ben Jonson to Longfellow. It will be a rich mine for those seeking appropriate matter for *menu* cards, and for others whose imagination is vivid enough to enjoy banqueting dissipation within the seclusion of their solitary chambers here is a pleasant feast spread out. There is no pretense of completeness; even so memorable a song is omitted as Jonson's "Drink to me only with thine eyes;" but everything included is good. The verses printed as a motto for the work give the keynote of the whole:

"Nor shall our cup make any guilty men,
But at our parting we will be as when
We innocently met."

Literary Notes

THE Grafton Press announce what they claim to be the first limited edition of any of the "Canterbury Tales." This is the "Nonnes Preestes Tale," printed in black-letter type on Whatman hand-made paper.

....Two notable books in regard to Yale are "Two Centuries of Christian Activity at Yale," published by Putnams, and from Houghton, Mifflin & Co. a beautifully printed edition of "Mater Coronata," Mr. Stedman's ode for the bi-centennial celebration.

....Mr. John Lane is now bringing out an admirable pocket edition (cloth 50 cents, leather 75 cents) of various novels. Three of Anthony Trollope's stories have already appeared—"The Warden," "Barchester Towers," "Dr. Thorne." Trollope has never entirely lost his popularity, and these neat volumes will probably find a pretty large circulation.

...."The Journals of Hugh Gaine" are published by Dodd, Mead & Co. in a limited edition. Hugh Gaine, it may be well to remark, was a printer in colonial New York, being editor and publisher of the *New York*

Mercury from 1752 to 1783. The nature of the present publication may be understood from the opening paragraph: "A journal of occurrences, omitted in the publick papers by the order of the Governor, for no other reason, than he protested he would crush the printers in New York, who he says, are a composition of impudence and arrogance."

....The *Post* has printed a neat poem by Andrew Lang to Austin Dobson on the occasion of Mr. Dobson's retiring from public service. *In Augustinum Dobson Jam Rude Donatum,* is the pleasant caption of the verses, of which we quote the first:

"Dear Poet, now turned out to grass
(Like him who reigned in Babylon),
Forget the seasons overlaid
By business and the Board of Trade:
And sing of old-world lad and lass
As in the summers that are gone."

...."The Townsend Library of National, State and Individual Civil War Records," now owned by Columbia University, which was begun in November, 1860, six months before the attack on Fort Sumter, is now completed, Mr. Townsend having just finished the ninety-first volume, in the preparation of which he has been for some time engaged. This library represents forty-one years of continuous labor, and is really unique as a cotemporary history of a great national event. A Digest in thirty volumes makes reference to the innumerable documents contained quite easy.

....A curious mathematical study of style by ex-President T. C. Mendenhall appears in the December *Popular Science Monthly.* By counting up the number of words of different lengths Mr. Mendenhall makes a characteristic "curve" of each writer's style. He shows in this way that Shakespeare and Bacon use language that could not come from the same author. He also shows an extraordinary similarity between the style of Shakespeare and that of Professor Shaler of Harvard. The conclusion is simple: Bacon did not write Shakespeare's plays, but Professor Shaler did!

....Under the title "Concretions from the Champlain Clays of the Connecticut Valley" Mrs. J. M. Arms Sheldon has made a comprehensive study of the peculiar so-called "claystones" abundant in many clay banks and river beds where clay deposits occur. She has found the shapes of these concretionary stones to be typical in particular localities. They are modified, too, in accordance with their depth below the surface. Collections of these clay stones made at Hartford, Conn., in series, showed most remarkable resemblances and relationships. The tendency for these clay concretions to assume animal forms is well known to those who have collected them. This monograph is illustrated with fourteen very satisfactory plates.

Pebbles

JOHNNY'S tooth was aching dreadfully. He started for the dentist's office. When he came to the stairway leading up to the office he didn't hesitate an instant. His tooth was aching worse than ever, and he went up stairs and had it extracted. This, it is believed, never happened before, in just this way.—*Chicago Tribune.*

...."Alone in a great city!" A groan burst from the young man's pallid lips. "Alone in a great city! Ha! That reminds me!" With feverish haste he rushed to the nearest pawnbroker's. "How much on this?" he asked, breathlessly, thrusting his overcoat at the proprietor. "Three dollars." "Give me the cash!" He grabbed the money and the pawn check and rushed forth into the open air again. "A loan in a great city!" he chuckled.—*Chicago Tribune.*

...."Hello, Central!" "Hello!" "How would you call 'Main, 'leven hundred and 'leven?'" "What?" "Four ones?" "What do you want?" "Or would you say, 'One, one, one, one?'" "I don't quite catch you. Say it again." "Or would it be one thousand one hundred and eleven?" "Can't you speak plainer?" "I'm asking you how to call Main, e-lev-en hun-dred and e-lev-en. Get that?" "Oh, you mean one, one, double one." "Thanks." "Here it is." "Here what is?" "Main, one, one, double one." "Oh, I didn't want to talk to anybody. I only wanted to find out, to settle a bet, how you would call that particular number. I've lost. Good-by."—*Chicago Tribune.*

...."We have seen Novembers, the Indian summer having drawn about her the glowing drapery of her cloak, and laid down to dreams, where gray thin lights seemed to struggle in ragged cloud-heaps like small gauzy insects in a shadowed web. There have been some, where the bowl of the sky was a stony blue and the wind, like a lone wolf silhoutted on an ashen slope of snow, dripped with voluble woe and seemed to stand at bay, aggrieved and exhausted; others have come in glad smiles and have perished dismally in deep drifts, the little sad bushes left out like ghostly hands in appeal and pathetic warning, but this November comes with slow and monotonous pace from among the weary solitudes of the bare trees, has come dragging out to lean upon the bosom of the earth the leaden burden of its dull, complaining breath; solitary and chilled it awaits its apotheosis, the ring of the glancing axe upon the fall turkey's ruby throat, and the savory odors steaming up in the tendrils of warm smoke, and the outpouring of the glad Thanksgiving hymns addressed to the Spring of all good for what bounties this life has held for us."—*A Pilduzer Pastel collected by the New York Sun.*

EDITORIALS

A National University

REVOLUTIONARY events are said to come without prelude. This is not true of the munificent gift of Mr. Carnegie, toward the founding of a National University. The idea of a national system of education is not novel. It has in some form possessed our greatest minds from the beginning of the Republic. To many it has not seemed enough that there should be common school education for all, or even compulsory schooling of every American citizen. Why should not our school follow our civic organization and become federalized at Washington? It does not seem probable that President Washington had just this in mind, when he willed 25 Potomac shares "for the establishment of a National University." In his eighth annual message, he said:

"Among the motives to the creation of such an institution is the assimilation of the principles, opinions and manners of our countrymen, by the common education of a portion of our youths, from every quarter of the country. A primary object of such an institution should also be the education of our youth in the science of government."

The formal response of the Senate was:

"A national university may contribute to the most useful purposes. The public interest depends upon the general diffusion of knowledge."

The end mainly sought by Washington was accomplished by forces that he could not foresee. The rise of steam as a power brought together the widely severed parts of our territory and affiliated the people. Jefferson seems to have seen further and to have conceived a system of State universities, completing State systems of common school education—these, in turn, to be federated by an institution at Washington. The parallel would be completed with the civic system; which, leading up from town government to State legislatures, is finally brought into a federal union at the national capital. But Washington, with Jefferson and Adams and Madison, made a unit in advocating the establishment of a university, in order to influence legislation and the character of legislators. Our lawmakers, congregating from very dissimilar sections, would not only have local prejudices, but would, for the most part, be lacking in knowledge of political economy, jurisprudence, and both national and international needs. The mere contiguity of a powerful learned body would tend to prevent amateur handling of national questions. Madison said distinctly that he advocated a national university only as a superadded institution, after the several States had each established a State system. He insisted that education was a power correlative with legislative power, "to create a community of sentiment and national integrity."

By 1840 the States were well under way in creating State systems. At least one of our State universities had secured a reputation in Europe. Was all that remained to be created an institution that should overtop and correlate those below? Should not a national university be something different; something larger; something that the State universities could not hope to be? The more these State universities were multiplied the more urgent became the need of a completed American system. Below, the State schools were steadily grading up to the State universities; why should not the State universities, in turn, graduate into a greater university at the national capital? The National Educational Association took up the idea as early as 1869. Emphasis was placed on the pressing demand for more complete educational facilities in the States. It was insisted that we hasten the time when our young people need not go abroad for any branch of technical learning.

Meanwhile Washington has accumulated the *disjecta membra* of a vast university, and only waits a sufficient endowment to bring these into correlation. If the various commissions, bureaus and divisions devoted to research and to scientific investigation should be com-

bined as integral parts of one institution, it would at once create a university of grander proportions than the world elsewhere holds. The Government appropriations for dissociated scientific work now exceed $3,000,000, which would become a part of the reliable endowment. The Library of Congress, the Corcoran Gallery, the Smithsonian Institution, the National Museum, with twenty-two departments of investigation, the Bureau of Ethnology, the Weather Bureau, the Coast Survey, the National Observatory, the Patent Office and the whole Department of Education, besides the subdivisions of other departments, would cohere and be unified by a central institution which would utilize all their advantages for research; for it is not instruction but the opportunity for research which this new institution will encourage. Washington, now our political capital, would be our intellectual capital —the head and the heart of the nation.

At the present juncture there is no need of rehearsing the conflict of plans. That able educators have distrusted any program that would create a university subject to political intrigue is true; and well that it has been true. The gift of Mr. Carnegie, it is understood, is to be accepted fully in accordance with the most advanced views of an educational system, out of reach of politics. The program is not yet fully announced; probably is not yet clear to the donor. But this Mr. Carnegie has settled; there is no more question but that, in some form, the United States will have a National University of Research. That it will develop into the greatest and most beneficial institution of the kind the world holds, or ever has held, we confidently believe.

The Philippine Friars

If we are to have final peace and goodwill in the land of the Filipinos—and we are—we must somehow reach a settlement of the trouble with the Friars. The immediate object of the Filipinos' hatred has not been the United States, or Spain, and certainly not the Church of which they were members; it is and has been the Friars. And the hatred of the Friars, and, consequently, of Spain, which fostered and protected them, and whose agents they were, was like the hatred of the Irish tenantry for their landlords or England, because these Friars owned so much of the best farm land; yet not a limitless amount, in all less than five hundred thousand acres. But their wealth and strength was in the rent of these great lands, and they were the real rulers of the islands, the eyes and hands by whom the Spanish Governor General held sway. The hatred of them was intense, and it remains. The effort of Archbishop Chapelle, as Papal Delegate, to pacify the people and yet support the Friars, has been a failure, and he returns to this country, after making his report to Rome, with Archbishop Nozaleda, of Manila, and with no bright laurels. He is replaced as Delegate by Archbishop Sbaretti, who, however, seems to be remaining at Rome, as if the Vatican itself, even at this Christmas season, were uncertain how to restore peace and good will.

But one solution of the difficulty seems to be possible. It is not confiscation of the ecclesiastical lands, which are lawfully held. Confiscation would be the way of the Filipinos, and very likely the murder of the Friars besides, if they had the power. That has been the way in France and Mexico and other countries. Our nation is not only under treaty obligations to respect the ecclesiastical rights of property, but our sense of justice forbids forcible alienation. For this reason the Filipinos ask what they have gained by the substitution of American for Spanish rule. If we cannot confiscate the lands, but one other course seems feasible; we must buy them after fair appraisal and sell them to the occupants. That is the method, substantially, that the Irish trouble is being relieved; for it is a land question in both countries.

The Taft Commission has recommended this, and we hardly know a more important matter to be considered by Congress. Let the United States buy out the Friars and offer the lands to the holders on easy terms, and it will save us thousands of lives of soldiers dying of disease or wounds, and millions of money. But much more than this, it will remove the causes of ill will; it will make government easy; it will make possible the success of a great experiment of self-government among an Oriental people,

an experiment which we are bound, by all our traditions, to try, and which the world will watch with a strained interest. Great Britain has never dared to try it in India, nor Holland in Sumatra, nor France in Anam. We *must* try it in the Philippines, and we can be encouraged by its success in Japan. Let the United States buy out the Friars, as the Commission in charge of the experiment asks, and the main difficulty will be removed.

But will the Friars sell? We think so. What they fear is confiscation, notwithstanding the Treaty of Paris, and it is reported that one of the Orders has put its holdings into the nominal possession of a company. Naturally they like to retain the power which the lands give them, and some influence, some pressure, perhaps, may have to be put on them to persuade them to sell.

Yet we do not see any place where that influence can be exerted, except at Rome. The heads of the Orders are in Rome. The Vatican controls. The interests of the Friars and the interests of the Church are not the same. What the Church of Rome may be supposed to want is such peaceable relations as exist in the United States. We doubt not that the Vatican is satisfied to have the United States hold the Philippines, at least that it readily accepts the situation and would work with us for peace. The negotiations for the purchase of the Friars' holdings in the Philippines will have finally to be carried on, we suspect, not in Manila, but in Rome, where the ultimate financial authority rests, for this is not an ecclesiastical but a financial business, altho the ecclesiastics have the right of sale. What the Vatican says, the Orders will do, will have to do; and we make little doubt that, when our Administration makes plain, in some courteous way, to those who have the power to make the sale, our desire to buy, the Vatican will direct the sale to be made; for peace will bring its benefits to the Catholic Church in the Philippines as well as to the United States. Cuba is near to us, and the question of reciprocity with Cuba gives much concern to Congress. But the Philippines belong to us; Cuba does not. The Philippines have the territory and the population of half a dozen Cubas. The settlement of peace in the Philippines concerns us quite as much as the financial prosperity of Cuba. We would have Congress not forget its duty to remove the chief cause of offense in the islands where lies our chief responsibility.

The Finding of the Schley Court

THE report of the Schley Court of Inquiry comes simply to this: The charges of cowardice made by Maclay in his History, which were the direct cause of Admiral Schley's requesting this investigation, are completely overthrown. The Court unanimously bears testimony to the Admiral's courage. The investigation made by THE INDEPENDENT had already cleared the commanding officers of the Navy implicated by Maclay in these aspersions. The confusion of Mr. Maclay is complete.

The rest of the report is the judgment of the majority of the Court concerning the tactics of Rear-Admiral Schley during the nine days preceding June 1st, 1898, and at the battle of Santiago. Admiral Schley's proceedings in May, 1898, were not challenged until after the public had refused to recognize Admiral Sampson—who was not present at the battle of Santiago—as the winner of it, and had insisted on according the credit to Commodore Schley—who was actually in command. It was the disappointment of those whose interest it was to advocate Admiral Sampson's claims which caused them to bring up charges of vacillation and dilatoriness against Admiral Schley relative to matters which had taken place more than a month prior to the fight, and afterward sedulously to keep them before the public. This was done, altho it amounted to condemning Rear-Admiral Sampson for serious neglect of duty in not relieving Schley of his command at the time when he discovered the alleged shortcomings.

More than two years ago the Navy Department repeated the same charges. Nevertheless, with all the evidence adduced afterward before the Court at his disposal, and with the fullest power to obtain any other information that he might desire, the Secretary of the Navy

then decided that these alleged faults on the part of Admiral Schley should be condoned. He did formally condone them. He recommended Schley and Sampson jointly for special rewards. He sent Schley before a Board sworn to pass truthfully upon his mental, moral and physical fitness. He accepted the favorable report of that Board. He caused the President to recommend Admiral Schley for promotion to the grade of Rear-Admiral. The Senate of the United States confirmed that promotion, and thereafter the Secretary assigned Rear-Admiral Schley to the highest command of his rank afloat and kept him there until the period of retirement had nearly arrived. If Secretary Long was right, if the Examining Board was right, if the President of the United States was right, if the Senate of the United States was right, in 1899, the findings of the present investigating committee (only by name a Court) in 1901 culminating in these identical charges and merely reiterating them, ought to be no imputation upon Admiral Schley. If, on the other hand, Secretary Long was wrong in 1899, then the present conclusion amounts to a severe condemnation of his action then, to an equally severe condemnation of Admiral Sampson for his neglect of duty, and to the fixing on both of them of the responsibility for a controversy which has been most demoralizing to the Navy.

The surprise of the hour is Admiral Dewey's vigorous dissent from the findings of Admirals Benham and Ramsay, for a dissenting opinion is against the usual interpreation of the rules of the Navy, and is without precedent. He confirms the effectiveness of the Santiago and Cienfuegos blockades, which, of course, is a matter of historical fact, since every one knows the Spanish squadron never got away. Then, shrewdly recognizing the necessity for ending so far as possible the "Sampson-Schley" phase of the controversy, as distinguished from the issues depending upon Schley's individual behavior, he boldly detaches the laurels of the Santiago victory from Sampson and bestows them thus unequivocally upon Schley:

"Commodore Schley was the senior officer of our squadron off Santiago when the Spanish Squadron attempted to escape on the morning of July 3d, 1898. He was in absolute command, and is entitled to the credit due to such victory which resulted in the total destruction of the Spanish ships."

This was the real matter in controversy from the beginning. The American people do not care whether or not some one else might have done more judicious things during the famous nine days in May than Commodore Schley did. They know that in all the history of mankind there never was a great undertaking accomplished in which after the event somebody could not explain how this or that step might have been done differently. If loss or damage results from error, then it is pertinent to inquire into the responsibility involved, and perhaps to mete out penalties. But when the outcome of a series of events is not loss or damage, but, on the contrary, magnificent success, the unwisdom of rummaging into ancient history for no better purpose now than to depreciate the glory of an action which belongs not only to Admiral Schley, but to his country, ought to be too obvious to need argument. This Admiral Dewey has fully seen, and with characteristic magnanimity, courage and independence he has spoken.

It is complained that Admiral Dewey has traveled outside of the record of the testimony before him in thus giving expression to his views. He has not. The record speaks for itself. It contains testimony—and abundant testimony—covering every point necessary to determine precisely who, under the Regulations of the Navy, was in responsible command. It is enough for the American people that they know that Admiral Dewey has full knowledge of all the questions involved, and enough for them that he expresses his opinion. They care nothing for legal quibbles as to whether that opinion was *obiter* or not.

There is basis sufficient for a Congressional investigation, if any good could come from it. But the trend of popular opinion at the present writing is evidently in favor of avoiding a Congressional investigation, which might entangle the whole matter in politics.

In any event, to be specifically exonerated from the charges of cowardice which led him to ask for vindication, and to be recognized as the winner of one of

the greatest sea victories of the world, is certainly glory enough for one man, even altho two members of the court charge him with serious errors a month before.

"I have never denied that during those anxious days plenty of other fellows in the navy could have done better than I did," said Admiral Schley, recently, "but I just did the best I could, and let Providence look after the rest."

And this, with the greatest respect for the opinion of the late Court of Inquiry, we submit is all that the American people asks, ever has asked or ever will ask of any of its public servants.

The Principle of Local Option

The differences of opinion over the question of the Sunday opening of saloons, which are now finding expression in this city and throughout the State, call attention to that necessity for an ever nicer discrimination, in law and in administration, between things that are generally alike but specifically different, which is one of the truest marks of a high civilization. The barbarian may make laws, as he digs out canoes, by rough strokes. The democratic State, numbering its inhabitants by millions, and their complex economic and moral interests by the sign of infinity, must legislate, as it draws the lines of its battle ships, with precision.

"The saloon" is a phrase which lumps many things that are not specifically alike. The vulgar hole into which brutal fellows sneak for "a stand up drink" is a different place from the volksgarden to which neatly dressed German families —mothers and children with the fathers —go in a self-respecting fashion to enjoy meeting their friends, to eat with them a simple meal, and to drink more or less beer while listening to fairly good music. The saloon of the lowest type and the volksgarden of the best type are alike only in the single item that both sell alcoholic beverages for consumption on the spot. Between these extremes are numerous gradations of beer gardens, restaurants, concert or music halls and saloons of the more pretentious type.

Because of such differences the Sunday opening question becomes two different propositions when applied to the better beer gardens or restaurants on the one hand, and to the lowest concert halls and "rum holes" on the other hand; and the practical issue is not met when either the "moral element" or the "dive-keepers" insist that in actual administration it is "impossible to draw the line." True progress in civic evolution consists in drawing lines that have in the past been regarded as impossible. One invention for this purpose was made some years ago in the Raines law bill itself, which undertook to discriminate between the hotel and the saloon. The discrimination was very badly made, and the Raines law hotel in consequence became something far worse than the saloon. Nevertheless, if in law a bad discrimination can be made and be upheld by the courts, it is certain that good discriminations also can be made and upheld.

Back of all discrimination, moreover, lies that recognition of its necessity, and that legal authority to discriminate, which has been so ingeniously incorporated in our whole constitutional and administrative system. In true discrimination the differing circumstances of differently situated and differently constituted local communities must be recognized. The strength of American self-government lies in the authority which the commonwealths enjoy to legislate each in its own way for its own people in matters not of national concern; and in the authority delegated to townships, counties and municipalities to make ordinances for the better administration of their own local interests.

This principle of local option is now being invoked as a possible means of dealing with the Sunday opening question. If "Up the State people" do not wish any modification of the present law, why, it is asked, must the people of Greater New York be bound by the Up State preference? Or, if it should turn out that a Greater New York demand for Sunday opening can control the legislature at Albany, why should it force its unwelcome view upon the rural neighborhoods?

This appeal to the principle of local option is sound enough in principle, but it is taking the form of an alignment of opposing forces which is badly made in detail. The precise nature of the error is brought out in the argument of those who remind us that cities like Albany,

Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo are suffering, equally with New York, from the present working of the Raines law, and that in all the great cities of the State a thoughtful element in the community stands ready to work for some more promising policy. What this argument really proves is, that it is a serious mistake to make the local option areas large and heterogeneous in composition, when questions of moral policy are to be submitted to a local-option vote. What we obviously need for the satisfactory determination of the whole saloon question in accordance with the American plan of local self-government is a vote, not by large geographical sections, not by counties, not even by townships and municipalities, but rather by *neighborhoods,* which, for practical purposes, may conveniently be identified with assembly districts. It is just as absurd to combine the eighth and the twenty-first assembly districts of New York City for the purposes of a vote on the question of Sunday opening as it would be to combine Boston with Mobile or Savannah for the purposes of a vote on the question whether negro children and white children should study and recite together in the same school rooms.

If these questions of liquor licensing, liquor prohibition, Sunday opening or closing, and the like, are ultimately to be dealt with by local option, it is time to set about a reconstruction of the local option areas. A careful study of the conditions in New York city or in any other large city of this Commonwealth will show differences of population, of habits, and of moral convictions within comparatively narrow geographical limits. There may be excellent reasons for permitting certain places on the East Side to keep open and to sell alcoholic beverages on Sunday; and yet those reasons may have not the slightest application to the upper West Side, a region of residence in which churches abound, and in which the church-going habit prevails. In like manner there may be wards or assembly districts in Albany, in Buffalo, and elsewhere, in which it might be distinctly in the interest of good government to permit Sunday opening under carefully devised restrictions; and yet this is no reason at all for bringing a heavy political pressure, originating in such wards or assembly districts, to bear upon the entire city, in the hope of committing the city as a whole to the Sunday opening policy. The great residence areas in which a majority of good citizens are opposed to Sunday opening should be permitted to preserve in their own neighborhoods that Sunday quiet and decorum which they value.

These, we hold, are fundamental principles; and we believe that only by admitting them, and applying them in administrative practice, can we hope to work out real solutions of the more complicated problems of moral policy.

The Park Street Eviction

That Park Street Church, Boston, should have evicted a revival is something surprising and new in its history. It has been the home of revivals. Founded when the old churches of Boston one after another "went astray" to Unitarianism, set on the most conspicuous and frequented corner as a bulwark of the faith, challenging with the tallest and most defiant spire the defection of other churches, refusing not the designation of Brimstone Corner, boasting a succession of eloquent and fervid preachers from Griffin to Withrow, and a history of many revivals, who could have believed that it would ever have cast out and locked out a lusty revival in the midst of its success?

These revivalists, a branch of the Christian Alliance of which Mr. Simpson is the head, had hired the church for a ten-day series of meetings, for three hundred dollars. One might fairly stop to ask why a building that earns rent should not pay taxes; but let that pass. The rentors, the pastor and the trustees, did not know what lively revivalists these were. When their meetings developed, and the conductors of them, instead of confining their exercises to efforts to convince the intelligence or persuade the will of their hearers, began to shout and howl and run and dance and jump, in their zeal to bring "red hot" salvation, when they outdid the antics of the Southern negroes in their meetings, and only failed to cut themselves like the mad priests of Baal on Carmel, or the Persian maniacs in their festival of Ali, then Dr. Withrow and his trustees could stand it

no longer. They forfeited their three hundred dollars, locked the doors and shut out the revivalists.

Of course, all that behavior seemed very profane to the Park Street trustees. It would have been profane in them. But in the heart of these revivalists there was no profanity. The first Christian revival we hear of seemed very profane to the trustees of the temple, who declared that the disciples were filled with new wine, making a disturbance as if they were drunk and crazy. St. Paul had both to excuse and restrain such noisy revival meetings. We are not at all sure that the Park Street Church trustees were wise in their eviction of these men who were trying to do good in a rude way, for a crude class of city people, and who believed, and possibly correctly, that the Spirit of God worked through them. At any rate, there may be room in religion for the tolerant philosophy of Abraham Lincoln, and place in the church "for them that like that sort of thing."

But the philosophy and the theology of these revivalists are atrocious. We do not say their religion, for that bears good fruit. There is no body of Christians more self-sacrificingly devoted to the love of God and man and to mission work. They have all the zeal which is usually inflamed by unquestioning literal faith in every word of the Bible, with its conclusions of faith-healing and the speedy second coming of our Lord. We happen to have knowledge of a school of theirs in Saratoga, where boys and girls are educated to become missionaries. This fall term required a revival, and it was continued until every child, fifty or a hundred of them, was "converted." The "conversion" came first; that was "justification." But that was not enough; they must be "sanctified," and this was a work not their own, but bestowed by the Holy Spirit, to be prayed for and awaited. To be sure it comes by faith, but the faith is equally a gift from above. So they labored and prayed for the Spirit. They were stirred up spiritually and physically. They marched around. Then a boy here and a girl there fell in a fit on the floor. A pillow was put under each one's head where he or she lay. They kicked, they struggled, they groaned, they cried; their hysterics continued for an hour, two hours, or even four hours, before exhaustion came, and with it the peace of perfect surrender to the will of God. Now they have "sanctification," they have received the gift of holiness, a second blessing.

All this is shocking enough to our cold nerves, very bad psychology; but many of those children, we doubt not, have through this process made the supreme resolve that will lift their whole life out of selfishness and sin. But it is those that do not respond to these methods that we are concerned for. We know such a child there. With all the rest she was "converted," but the second blessing, the sanctification, the hysterical collapse, would not come. She was not built that way. She saw others yield, but she could not. Now she is almost in despair, feels she has backslidden; but she will not go away till the blessing comes to her also. But if it does not come, what then? Will there not be the gradual hardening of the soul into callous indifference and unbelief? We hope she will find somewhere wiser instruction, but she will not get it there.

In such ways as have been described, by auto-suggestion, good and learned people confuse their own subjective excitements with the operations of the Holy Spirit. Either such pious extravagancies may well make us a bit suspicious of some far more refined and esoteric experiences of mysticism which are now being taught as the higher flowering of faith; or, at least, those who claim evidential value for the knowledge of God and the indwelling of Christ thus experienced should be very tolerant of the blustering faith of their noisier brethren.

Mr. Roosevelt and the Offices

Some persons say the President has been making appointments to public office with the purpose of breaking down the "machines" in politics. This comment upon his course is suggested by evidence that party leaders in several States have recently been unable to fill vacant offices with men of their own choice. It is said that they are offended; and the assumption is made by some that the President has sought to deprive them of their power. The more obvious ex-

planation—and the only reasonable one for the minds of men who know something about the President's character—that he has sought to obtain the best available men for the offices in question, is overlooked by those who think he wants to smash political "machines" because he fears they will be used to prevent his nomination in 1904. It ought to be plain enough to all who have watched his course in the White House, even if they have no knowledge of his character and of his course elsewhere, that his purpose is to secure the right kind of men. If the enforcement of it deprives some leader or local boss of power, then the power is rightfully taken away; if it deranges the cogs and wheels of some machine organization, then that is a machine that ought to be broken up and sent to the scrap heap.

In Missouri Mr. Kerens is offended because he no longer has his say about all the Federal offices in that State. He represented, or he was, the "organization." Why should he be permitted to rule over the Missouri offices? In Delaware Addicks is angry because the President will not help him to acquire a Senatorship by giving the highest offices to his tools. We sincerely hope that a machine has been smashed in that State by the President's good appointments. The Senators from West Virginia are grieving because their protests could not prevent the removal of Cridler from the State Department, but the loss of this man appears to be regretted by Senator Scott chiefly for the reason, as the Senator says, that he "kept West Virginians in touch with State Department openings." Senator Fairbanks is displeased because his province was invaded by the appointment of Judge Baker; but the man thus selected had won the support of his party for high judicial office in the State, and was the choice of the Senator's colleague, who ought not to be ignored for the benefit of Mr. Fairbanks with respect to every Federal appointment in Indiana.

The President is not unwilling to receive the recommendations and suggestions of Senators. He invites them, but he requires that the fitness of the candidate shall be clearly shown. The best available man is the man he wants. If Senators do not bring forward that man, but do recommend an unfit man or one much less to be desired, they must not be surprised if the better man gets the office. This is as it should be. We believe that in pursuing this policy the President never thinks of promoting his nomination for another term. He promptly showed to the door, a few days ago, with some emphatic remarks, a politician who warned him that some action which he had decided to take would "hurt him in the national convention." But while he is not thinking of his own political future, nothing could more warmly commend him to a vast majority of the people than this sturdy determination to promote the cause of good government and clean politics by getting the best men for office, in preference to unfit men brought forward by local leaders or bosses.

This policy concerning the higher offices is merely an application of the rules of that merit system of which the President has been an untiring and effective advocate since he entered public life. See how diligently he has sought to enforce the same policy with respect to the lower offices or clerkships from the day when he came into the office he now holds. The restoration of 1,600 places in the staff departments of the army to the control of the civil service rules, the addition of the rural delivery to the classified service, the appointment of Civil Service Commissioner Foulke, the changes in the Indian service, the recommendation for the extension of the classified service to the District of Columbia, the amendments that were added to the rules last week, his emphatic assertion that neither political nor social influence shall have weight with regard to appointments or promotion or privileges in the army, the navy, or the colonial service—these, not less than his admirable expression of policy and assumption of responsibility as to the appointment of judges, show his fidelity to the principles of what is called Civil Service Reform. In other words, they show his loyalty to the democratic and honest doctrine that men should be enabled to enter the public service by reason of their merit and fitness for the work to be done, and not by favor or mere political influence or "pull" of any kind; that promotion and privilege thereafter should be gained by

merit alone; and that the faithful trained employee in the public service should be protected in his place so long as he is efficient and desires to hold it.

The principles on which this merit system rests are so just, so reasonable, so honest and so important for the defense of our public service against debasing and dangerous influences that earnest and stedfast loyalty to them are an unfailing indication of character. There is no one in America to-day who has been more loyal to them or more persistent in his advocacy of them, or who has accomplished more in the work of enforcing them in the public service than Theodore Roosevelt. Those who attempt to measure his character, ascertain his motives and forecast his policy without taking into account his devotion to these principles may not do him justice.

The Nobel Prizes

Think of $201,000 being distributed from the Nobel Fund this year in five prizes to the men who have done most for the good of the world! One prize, that for the encouragement of peace and arbitration, given by this man who acquired his immense wealth by manufacturing material for war, is divided between a Swiss, Dr. Henri Dumant, and the Frenchman, Frederick Passy; while the medical prize goes to Professor Behring, the discoverer of antitoxin; the chemical prize to Dr. Van't Hoff; the physical science prize to Professor Röntgen, and the literary prize to Armand Sully Prudhomme. Of these successful claimants Dr. Van't Hoff is called the first living chemist. Every one knows of Röntgen's discovery of the wonderful X-rays. Prudhomme is a French poet, who led the movement of "Art for art's sake," and is a leading member of the French Academy. Dumant is an aged and needy physician who has labored much for peace, as has also the aged M. Passy, the founder and secretary of the several Peace Congresses and Leagues, who has, perhaps, done more for the cause than any other man. The noisy and quarrelsome advocacy of peaceful arbitration in the Pan-American Congress in Mexico suggests that several of its members have their eye on the future awards of the Nobel prizes.

Great Gifts to Education

It has been a great week for educational gifts. The immense gift which finally transfers to the Leland Stanford, Jr., University thirty million dollars, is the largest sum, by far, ever given by one person to the cause of education, or to any other cause. It expresses the adoption, by Mr. and Mrs. Stanford, on the death of their son, of the youth of California and the country. The purpose of the transfer is finally to complete the gift and prevent any wasteful litigation after her death. Possibly the consideration of the fact that up to this time the money on which the university was conducted was actually hers, may relieve some criticism of her act in asserting control in a late case of the removal of an unwise professor. It was still in her power to alienate the entire endowment and give it to an utterly different object. It is reported that she will still retain a voice in the conduct of the institution, and even if this should continue during the brief remainder of her life, and if she should exercise that power much less wisely and sparingly than in the past, which we do not imagine, it could well be borne with in view of the magnificence of the endowment for all generations. On another page comment is made on Mr. Carnegie's wonderful gift—only nothing surprises us from him now—of ten million dollars to endow an institution of scholarly research in Washington. We doubt not that Mr. Carnegie will be able to put the gift into a form which the Government can accept; that the Government should be a partner in a steel industry would not be wise. There is the rumor, not yet confirmed, of another big gift from Mr. Rockefeller for the law department of the Chicago University; but we may fairly anticipate that his conditional gift of $200,000 to Oberlin College has been met by gifts from others of $300,000, which will greatly relieve the necessities of one of our best institutions, which has been mother to more colleges than any other except Yale, and has given the example of co-education to our State Universities.

Army and Navy Football

If there must be a match game between the Military Academy and the Naval School we do not wonder

that the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, with the President, took an afternoon holiday to see it. At the same time we are far from holding that it is a good thing for either school that so much interest and time and energy should be given to such training. The extravagant attention paid to games is an evil in our colleges, and it is not generally known that it is a greater evil if allowed to run riot in these two institutions. The young cadets of either service may be received at fifteen years of age. All their schooling comes into four years, and their first year's work is little more than the ordinary common school studies. Their after rank depends upon their scholarship during these four years. A college boy may be put by his father into business and may make up what he has lost in rank as a scholar, but that is impossible to a student for the army or navy. His future rank depends utterly upon his scholarship. Number Three will be a commodore or colonel before Number Four. Seniority depends on scholarship. A boy who takes his time for games which he might be giving to studies, when he retires at sixty-two or sixty-four will have lost the rank which his more faithful classmate secured. Besides, the ordinary tasks of war give very nearly or quite all the physical exercise that is required. It will be well enough to have Saturday afternoon games, and the extreme that should be allowed would be a game between West Point and Annapolis, altho even that has generally, and we think wisely, been forbidden.

Reciprocity and Protection

It is not yet quite clear how much practical reciprocity the present Administration is willing to advise. President McKinley spoke positively for reciprocity, for the purpose of assuring a market for our surplus products. President Roosevelt indorsed his utterance, but in his message he seemed to limit reciprocity by denying that it must interfere with protection; and reciprocity thus appeared to be approaching a vanishing point. But, on the other hand, he urged special reciprocity with Cuba, first, as a moral obligation, and then as a commercial advantage. Now we have a clearer voice from the Cabinet. Postmaster General Smith, in his speech in Boston last week, said:

"Reciprocity is the corollary of protection. It is not a departure but a development; it is not an inconsistency but a sequence; it is not a contradiction but a culmination. It is the offspring and heritage of protection. If you did not protect, you would have nothing but natural products to send out. If you did not protect, you would have no means for reciprocal terms."

How this reciprocity is to be accomplished without sacrifice to protection the Postmaster General indicates, in part, when he suggests that there might be liberal terms of exchange of the products of our temperate climate for those of the warmer zone. Thus we should get a concession for allowing coffee to come in free. But this does not help reciprocity with France or Germany. There is the rub.

Compulsory Arbitration

The New Zealand Parliament has just amended the famous Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Bill. But, instead of impairing the principle of compulsory arbitration, as some hostile critics have tried to make the world believe it would do, Parliament has strengthened it by curtailing the power of the conciliation court and making the direct appeal to compulsory arbitration easier to obtain. This would seem to show that the people of New Zealand are very well satisfied with the principle of compulsory arbitration. Moreover, New South Wales sent over a Commission to New Zealand a few months ago to study this same act. At the conclusion of his judicially worded report the Royal Commissioner has this to say:

"Altho I have gone full into matters in which the Act appears to be defective, I wish it to be clearly and unmistakably known that the result of my observations is that the Act has so far, notwithstanding its faults, been productive of good. The Act has prevented strikes of any magnitude, and has, on the whole, brought about a better relation between employers and employees than would exist if there were no Act. It has enabled the increase of wages and other conditions favorable to the workmen which, under the circumstances of the colony, they are entitled to, to be settled without that friction and bitterness of feeling which otherwise might have existed; it has enabled employers, for a time at least, to know

with certainty the conditions of production, and therefore to make contracts with the knowledge that they would be able to fulfil them; and, indirectly, it has tended to a more harmonious feeling among the people generally, which must have worked for the weal of the colony. A very large majority of the employers of labor whom I interviewed are in favor of the principle of the Act."

This report has apparently had its effect with a vengeance, for the cable announced last week that New South Wales had enacted a compulsory Arbitration Bill, in which not only the quarrelsome boards of conciliation are abolished altogether, and the sole power of deciding disputes vested in the Court, but strikes and lockouts are made penal offenses, and even the discharging of the employees so as to suspend the industry, and thus remove a dispute from the jurisdiction of the Court, is made a misdemeanor. This out New Zealands New Zealand.

Killing of Languages

How much respect for liberty is there in a country like Germany, where sixty schoolboys have been tried for the offense of belonging to a society the sole object of which is to promote the study of the Polish language and literature? We spoke lately of patriotic efforts to revive the dying or dead languages; quite as much might be said of efforts to limit or destroy the use of a language. It is recognized by the German authorities that language is the chief distinguishing badge of nationality, and if the Polish language can be replaced by German in the annexed Polish districts the German sentiment will grow with the German language. The Germans are now doing their best to expel French from Alsace, as the French language had previously expelled German. It is largely the fight of languages that makes the trouble in polyglottal Austria. In Finland the Russians are expelling the Finnish tongue from the schools and the press, as they are driving the German out of the districts and the higher schools where it was in use. In our own country it is the policy of our Indian Bureau to require the use of English in Indian schools, altho no further restraint is put on the use of the Indian tongue. We are inclined to think that the best work for the Indians has been done in schools where both the English and the native tongue have been used. The French, in taking possession of territory previously under English influence, as in Madagascar and the Gaboon, have immediately suppressed, with some severity, the use of any language for education but French. Yet it is a fact that the American way of letting every language of an immigrant race have fair play works the best. Thus English is almost the exclusive language of the second generation of our immigrants, whether their parents were German, Italian, Poles or Russians. So Spanish or Portuguese became the ready language of South America, not by repressing the native languages, but from the fact that the European tongue, being that of culture, became the ready solvent for all the irreconcilable native barbarisms.

It is an extraordinary claim, made in behalf of Mr. Marconi, that he has succeeded in sending a message, consisting of repetitions of a single letter, across the Atlantic. This claim is not yet officially confirmed, and we accept it with reserve, as it seems, at first sight, so unlikely that, under the law that the effect is inversely as the square of the distance, any available electric energy would fail to be dissipated before reaching out more than two thousand miles over the curve of the earth. But if one letter has been recorded, a million messages can be sent; and we may hold our breath while we are told that one Dr. Sylvestre has discovered a way to send vision by wire. Cyrus W. Field's first cable recorded but one message and then broke down, but it proved the possibility of cable transmission. We hope that Marconi has similar success in store for us.

We congratulate the Catholic benevolent and literary societies on their perfecting their federation last week. Such union should increase enthusiasm and strength. The only threatened danger ought to be escaped by the rule in the constitution adopted, which forbids partisan politics to be discussed or candidates for office to be indorsed by any constituent society.

American Supremacy in Production and Trade —Movements of the Year

THE year now closing has been marked in the United States by great commercial activity, most interesting industrial development, and abundant proof of that American supremacy in production and trade which the world now acknowledges. A year ago we enumerated in these pages the foreign loans negotiated in New York during the preceding eighteen months. The investment of more than $100,000,000 of American funds in such loans was very significant evidence as to the commanding position which, for the first time, New York and the United States had attained in the money markets of the world. Such investments have now ceased to be a novelty. Europe (chiefly Great Britain) has borrowed as much in this country during the present year, but the loans excited little popular interest. While our capitalists have taken these foreign bonds—afterward selling a considerable quantity of them in Europe at a profit—their attention has been given almost exclusively to great projects of development and investment in their own country—to the massing and training and mobilization of American industrial and commercial forces.

We have already invaded the markets of the world with our manufactures. Our capitalists and captains of industry in the past year have been perfecting the machinery of production, distribution, and finance; having in mind, of course, the incidental pecuniary profit, but also intending that this invasion, as a result of their labors, shall lead to permanent occupation. Their work is seen (1) in such movements as those for consolidation in the steel and anthracite coal industries, (2) in the grouping of railway systems, (3) in the association of steamship lines with these grouped railroad lines, (4) in the increase of bank capital, the consolidation of banks and in other subsidiary operations.

EXPORT TRADE.

The year's record furnishes proof of enormous growth, with accompanying increase of power. We shall point out a part of the statistical evidence upon which the claim for American supremacy in production and trade must rest. First, the great continuing excess of exports over imports, as shown below:

Calendar year.	Imports.	Exports.	Excess of exports.
1895....	$801,669,347	$824,860,136	$23,190,780
1896....	681,579,556	1,005,837,241	324,257,685
1897....	742,595,229	1,099,709,045	357,113,816
1898....	634,964,448	1,255,546,266	620,581,818
1899....	798,967,410	1,275,467,971	476,500,561
1900....	829,149,714	1,477,946,113	648,796,399
1901*...	727,868,026	1,191,970,449	464,102,424

* Ten months.

In exports we now lead all the nations of the world. We passed Great Britain ($1,389,928,997) in the last fiscal year. The excess to our credit in the last four calendar years has been nearly $2,300,000,000. In the 108 years preceding 1896 it was only $356,000,000. The most significant feature of this enormous export trade has been the recent increase of the exports of manufactures, as shown in the following table:

Calendar year.		Calendar year.	
1892.....	$152,397,392	1897.....	$279,616,898
1893.....	177,419,288	1898.....	307,924,994
1894.....	177,786,069	1899.....	380,787,891
1895.....	201,153,663	1900.....	441,406,942
1896.....	253,688,527	1901*.....	332,084,762

* Ten months.

The decrease this year points to no permanent reduction. It is due mainly to the restrictive influence of a copper ring, lower prices for oil, and lower prices for steel, together with the attempt to satisfy an enormous demand at home for all iron products.

IRON AND STEEL.

With these exports should be considered the growth and clear supremacy of our iron and steel industry. In output of iron we passed Great Britain four years ago, and are now far in advance. The product of our furnaces has almost been doubled since 1896. Here is a statement showing in tons the sources of the world's supply of iron and steel in 1899:

	Pig iron.	Steel.
United States.....	13,838,634	10,832,765
Great Britain.....	9,454,204	4,933,010
Germany	8,029,305	6,290,434
	31,322,143	22,056,209
Other countries.....	9,252,365	5,697,555
Totals.....	40,574,508	27,753,764

We were then producing more than one-third of the world's iron and nearly 40 per cent. of the supply of steel. But in the present year our output of iron has been greatly enlarged. The product in the first six months (7,674,613) was at the rate of 15,350,000 tons per annum; and recently all records have been broken, the furnaces on December 1st turning out iron at the rate of 16,850,000 tons a year.

Two years ago we passed Great Britain in the production of coal.

CLEARINGS.

Turning to the exchanges and bank clearings, which measure the growth and activity of business, we find a record without precedent. In 1901 the clearings of our cities for the first time have exceeded $100,000,000,000, and with respect to such evidence of financial power New York far surpasses London. Clearings for six years have been as follows:

	New York.	United States.
1896	$28,870,775,056	$51,338,931,431
1897	33,427,027,471	57,321,973,200
1898	41,971,782,437	68,931,197,724
1899	60,761,791,901	94,178,089,233
1900	52,634,201,865	86,160,587,352
1901*	73,111,912,009	108,724,847,518

* Eleven months.

Statistics are dry reading if one does not see the significance of them. Such figures as these show the expansion of financial transactions in the financial center of the United States—a city destined to become in every respect the world's greatest money market. London's clearings were $45,750,000,000 in 1899, and $44,800,000,000 in 1900, and will be about $47,000,000,000 this year. Only three years ago the two cities were abreast in this respect. This year's gain has not been confined to New York; for the eleven months the increase in other cities was 17 per cent.

SALES OF STOCKS.

Growth of business on the New York Stock Exchange has been even more remarkable, for the number of shares sold has doubled in one year, and has been multiplied by five since 1896. Here are the figures:

	Shares.	Value.
1896	54,654,096	$3,329,969,940
1897	77,324,172	4,973,553,064
1898	112,699,957	8,187,413,985
1899	176,421,135	13,429,291,715
1900	138,380,184	9,249,285,109
1901*	253,883,592	24,623,301,075

* To December 7th.

Following the defeat of Bryan a great buying movement imparted to the stock market an unprecedented activity, which was prolonged by various causes until the sharp reverse due to the Northern Pacific "corner." So it came about that in the seven months ending with May the sales exceeded 200,000,000 shares. On the last day of April the record was 3,281,226.

BANKS AND TRUST COMPANIES.

The recent report of the Comptroller of the Currency points to an increase for the fiscal year of 14 per cent., or more than $1,500,000,000, in the aggregate resources of all the banks and trust companies in the country, and asserts that the banking power of the United States has increased by 121 per cent. in ten years, being now more than twice as great as that of Great Britain. The growth of the resources of the national banks of the country is shown below, in millions, the date being on or about September 30th in each year:

	Number.	Total resources.	Loans and discounts.	Deposits.
1896	3,676	$3,263	$1,876	$1,597
1897	3,610	3,705	2,051	1,853
1898	3,585	4,003	2,155	2,031
1899	3,595	4,650	2,496	2,450
1900	3,871	5,048	2,686	2,505
1901	4,221	5,695	3,018	2,937

It is in the extraordinary record of the banks and trust companies of New York, however, that the recent expansion is most clearly shown. The Clearing-House banks of the city supply the following figures, the date being about December 1st in each year:

	Capital.	Loans.	Deposits.
1896	$60,600,000	$472,400,000	$502,000,000
1897	59,000,000	597,700,000	666,300,000
1898	59,000,000	697,700,000	789,500,000
1899	58,900,000	682,200,000	748,100,000
1900	74,200,000	804,500,000	864,400,000
1901	83,600,000	876,100,000	940,600,000

In February the deposits of these banks for the first time exceeded $1,000,000,000, and for six weeks they remained above that sum. A marvelous enlargement of business is exhibited by the New York trust companies, to which so much banking capital has been drawn. As they are the agents in so many large financial and industrial operations, a statement of financial growth should include the following record:

	Resources.	Deposits.
1891, January 1st	$280,688,769	$211,320,275
1897, " "	396,742,948	305,314,637
1898, " "	483,739,926	383,328,735
1899, " "	579,205,442	467,184,258
1900, " "	672,190,672	523,541,590
1901, " "	797,983,573	638,121,771
1901, July 1st	966,528,398	802,518,096

It will be observed that in the first six months of the present year the resources of these companies were increased by $168,000,000, and their deposits by $164,000,000.

RAILROAD EARNINGS.

We have about 200,000 miles of railroad (193,345 miles on June 30th, 1900), which exceeds the entire railway mileage of Europe, is 42 per cent. of the world's mileage, and is six times as much as can be found in the territory of any other nation. Gross and net earnings have been increasing steadily for several years past. Here are some official figures:

	Employees.	Gross earnings.	Net earnings.
1897....	823,476	$1,122,089,773	$369,565,009
1898....	874,558	1,247,325,621	429,352,345
1899....	928,924	1,313,610,118	456,641,119
1900....	1,017,653	1,487,044,814	525,616,303

Here is shown an increase of 42 per cent. in net earnings in three years. The advance has been continued during the present year, a trustworthy estimate pointing to an increase of 12 per cent. in gross and 15 per cent. in net earnings for the first nine months.

The stock of gold in the national Treasury ($542,831,000 on November 1st), greater than the sum ever held by any other nation, except in one instance; the reduction of the public debt by $92,000,000 in the last two years; and our national credit, as indicated by the high price of United States bonds—these furnish additional proof of our commanding commercial position in production, trade and finance.

GROUPING THE RAILWAYS.

In what we have called the work of perfecting the machinery of production, distribution and finance, the most notable transaction at the beginning of the year was Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's purchase of the Jersey Central Railroad for the Reading Railroad Company. This, following his purchase of the Pennsylvania Coal Company for the Erie, at the end of the preceding year, caused what was virtually a consolidation, upon the basis of a community of interest and ownership, of the anthracite coal industry and of the railroads intimately connected with it. By this consolidation in the East public attention was directed to the progress of a highly important movement for a grouping of all the railroads of the country. The purchase of the Southern Pacific by the Union Pacific was followed by the purchase of the Burlington system in behalf of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern alliance. Then the unsatisfied demand of the Union Pacific for an interest in the Burlington led to the memorable fight for control of the Northern Pacific, and to the "corner" that caused so sharp a fall of all active securities. Reconciliation, based upon the agreement of May 31st, has since caused the adoption of a plan for harmonizing the interests that were at war. We refer briefly to this because of its relation to the railway consolidation movement. The railroads of the entire country have now been placed in a very few great groups, each controlled by a small party of capitalists, and all connected in some degree by the branching pecuniary interests of these capitalists. In the coming year these groups will be more clearly defined, and probably the number of them will be decreased. The ultimate result, it can be foreseen, will be concentration of the control of our enormous railway mileage in the hands of a very few men.

With this movement should be considered the association of ocean steamship lines with the great railway groups, by purchase or intimate relation. The Union Pacific-Southern Pacific combination holds Pacific Mail, and control of many other steamship lines is vested directly or indirectly in the trunk railroad companies. Mr. Morgan's purchase in England of the Leyland Line's fleet—one of the startling transactions of the first half of the year—appears to have been in accordance with a general plan for the facilitation of international trade by what will be virtually an extension of the great railway lines across the two oceans.

THE STEEL COMBINATION.

Coincident in time with the railway grouping, and in some measure connected with it, was the concentration of production in the iron and steel industry, accomplished with respect to a great part (probably two-thirds) of that industry by the creation of the United States Steel Corporation and by the control which the Corporation exercises over producing interests not directly governed

by its officers. The Corporation, including the Carnegie Steel Company and a number of the other leading companies, and capitalized at about $1,500,000,000, was formed in March, and its net earnings have been at the rate of about $115,000,000 per annum. The purchase of the Cambria and Pennsylvania Steel companies by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and of the Bethlehem Steel Company by the President of the Steel Corporation, together with other incidents and tendencies in the recent history of the industry, seem to point to a more comprehensive control of the American output of iron and steel by a few affiliated capitalists and corporations in the near future.

BANKING POWER INCREASED.

An enlargement of banking power in New York and other cities was required by the commercial and industrial expansion as to which we have shown statistical proofs, and especially by the great projects of transportation and production of which we have made brief mention. It is not surprising, therefore, to find in New York during the present year a movement among the banks for concentration or "community of interest," accompanied by some large increases of capital stock. Smaller increases have been observed in other cities, with some examples of consolidation. In New York, the National City Bank's increase of capital from $1,000,000 to $10,000,000; the consolidation of the National Union Bank with the Bank of Commerce, with an increase of the latter's capital to $10,000,000; and the Hanover Bank's addition of $2,000,000 to its capital and $2,000,000 to its surplus, preceded the beginning of the present year. But they should be mentioned as part of the movement that has since been continued by some extensions of central control, and notably by the action of the First National Bank, which has absorbed the National Bank of the Republic and increased its capital from $500,000 to $10,000,000, maintaining with this a surplus of $10,000,000. An example of the extension of control is seen in the acquisition of the National Citizens' Bank and the Butchers' and Drovers' Bank by the National City, which now holds a controlling interest in at least seven banks. We can only mention the fact that increases of capital have been made by prominent banks in Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, Cleveland, Indianapolis and other cities. The movement is a natural one. Until recently the capital stock of some of our largest banks in New York was inadequate for such enormous transactions as the banks and trust companies have in the last two years been called upon to promote and carry through. It is interesting to observe that the recent enlargements and consolidations tend to create a community of interest and ownership for some of the great capitalists most extensively interested in them. For this reason, consolidations involving institutions of the first rank may hereafter take place, and we may see in New York banking something resembling what has been done or attempted with steel and the railways.

To the proofs of American industrial and commercial supremacy, and to our brief consideration of the movement for perfecting American agencies of production and distribution, we might add much evidence as to the effect of all this growth and power upon the nations of the Old World. But such evidence is laid before our people every day in the reports of our sales abroad, in the cries of alarm excited in Europe by "the American peril," and by the admission there that even after the adoption of some of our methods the Old World will have no sure defense against our national resources and the efficiency of those who develop them. F. D. R.

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THE report issued by the Western Union Telegraph Company in connection with the declaration of the customary quarterly dividend of 1¼ per cent. (payable on and after January 15th) shows that the net revenues (partly estimated) for the quarter ending December 31st will be about $1,850,000, and that after the payment of interest and this dividend the surplus will be $10,201,551, against $9,812,556 on October 1st.

....The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will spend $25,000,000 in 1902 for rolling stock—$19,000,000 for cars and $6,000,000 for locomotives.

The Financial Side of Life Insurance

By Darwin P. Kingsley

Third Vice-President of the New York Life Insurance Company

January 1st, 1902, will undoubtedly show that American life insurance companies have a total amount of insurance at risk on their books approximating $7,500,000,000.*

We are accustomed to think of life insurance companies, and especially of the three great American companies, as financial institutions, but the thought will not occur to most people that these companies are under contract ultimately to provide a dollar in cash for every dollar represented in that enormous ultimate liability; such, however, is the fact.

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY

The history of a successful life insurance company may be generally divided into two periods, which somewhat overlap each other:

First: The Agency Period, which in a company that is alive never passes away.

Second: The Financial Period.

In the early history of a company the Agency Department is substantially the entire company; it represents the days when the organization is planned and developed and perfected, when a great machine is constructed. The Financial Period represents the time when the contracts made through the labors of the Agency Department begin to bring in their results; and the greater the success of the first the more enormous the responsibility of the second period.

It is inevitable that the financial conduct of a company, which in the beginning is a minor matter, should with the lapse of time become a matter of first importance; and the reasons that compel a company to give its best efforts to organization in the field in its earlier history will compel it later to look to its organization in financial matters.

There are two great reasons why American life insurance companies will become financial concerns of the first rank:

First: Because the amount of outstanding insurance per capita has been and is rapidly increasing.

Second: Because there is a law governing the development of level premium life insurance which says that assets and insurance at risk must some time or other approach relatively near each other.

Statistics of population and insurance outstanding show that in 1860 all American life companies together had on an average about $5 at risk for each person in the United States; in 1901 the amount per capita at risk had increased to somewhere near $85: in forty-one years the average has been multiplied by seventeen. This is one of the great factors that explains the financial future of our life companies.

The second factor is the rapidity with which assets overtake insurance in force in an active company. We can illustrate this in a most striking way by citing the experience of the three great American companies.

On the first of January, 1886, the New

* Excluding industrial, assessment and fraternal insurance.

York Life, the Mutual Life, and the Equitable Life together had about $986,000,000 of insurance at risk. On the first of January, 1902—sixteen years later—the same companies will have in cash assets not far from that same total. In other words, cash assets will approximate in 1902 what insurance in force aggregated in 1886. Does it follow that sixteen years hence these three companies will have in cash assets a sum equal to their present outstanding insurance,—probably $3,500,000,000? Does it also follow that to this will be added an increment resulting from a further relative increase in the amount of insurance per capita?

We do not need to speculate over what may happen. We have only to deal with what is certain to happen, and we are forced to the conclusion that our life insurance companies during the next decade will play a part quite different from any they have hitherto undertaken.

If no new insurance were written, if palsy should suddenly seize the tremendous activities of these companies, the contracts that are now outstanding and well established, in the very nature of the case would bring in such sums of money for investment that the companies would be compelled to become an active factor in the investment world.

Moreover, these investments will represent a new growth. They will be new creations. They will not be the result of an amalgamation of smaller corporations, but will be the product of the obligations clearly written in hundreds of thousands of outstanding contracts, whose terms carry them far into the future and, to some extent, fix and forecast what that future of the world shall be.

That the life companies will be obliged to enter into the financial world in a somewhat new relation should be a happy factor in any financial forecast. They will be the most conservative investors possible. They will buy only the best securities. They will have a right in buying to expect and demand the best price. They will always be in favor of financial transactions that are constructive, never in favor of anything that is destructive. They will always be in favor of peace, never in favor of war. They will be exemplars of the highest type of commercial honor; repudiation in any form will find in them an uncompromising foe. They will never hoist the black flag in Wall Street or anywhere else. Their influence in the world of money will be as widespread and as benign as it has been and is in the homes of the people.

New York City.

INSURANCE

Life Insurance and the Century

The first gun fired by Dewey in Manila Bay in May of 1898 threw far beyond its intended mark. It put an end to the domestic, stay-at-home position of the United States. Already we had, without realizing it, very much indeed "to do with abroad," but this was the beginning of realization. To stay within even the largest of our old bounds, waxing fat upon domestic trade and some sales of surplus to foreign lands, while the throes and troubles of the outside world never reached us in our providential nidus, used to be the dream of many of us; but that is ended. The "Olympia" shot the door wide open, and it cannot be closed. We may deplore the change, and it may or may not be desirable. Certainly we did not choose it—nobody chose it, and nobody did it. To deplore it and to dismiss it are alike futile, for there is no turning back. It is not even America for Americans now; it is the world for Americans—in commercial invasion and conquest, in sharing of "burden," in unavoidable responsibility.

This is not a cause for self-glorification, or for easy rejoicing, or for any feeling except a serious sense of enlarged responsibility. It is no time for jingoism. Internationally speaking, we have suddenly come to our majority, and are henceforth to participate instead of

look on. But the destiny made manifest imposes a serious duty. We are to readjust ourselves; to "have done with childish ways," to make our finances, our public policies and our ideas of things conform to the larger position. We should be thoughtful, not boastful.

This change will certainly tend to further expansion in American life insurance, which is already considerably expanded. What the figures are now is not ascertainable, but three years ago the three largest companies had $638,000,000 insurance outside the United States, or about 22 per cent. of their entire amount outstanding. Of the 90 or more British offices, only the Prudential had a larger total business than the foreign business of either of these three; on the Continent of Europe, out of 200 companies none equaled this foreign American total and only one approached it; and of nearly 400 companies in the whole world, only five (outside of these three) had a larger total business in force than the foreign business of either of the three. Approximately the total life insurance of the world may be stated thus:

	Insurance in Force.	Annual Premiums.
In the U. S.....	$11,694,469,000	$339,945,000
In Great Britain.	3,290,521,000	126,458,000
In Germany.....	1,320,163,000	50,313,000
In France.....	695,231,000	40,351,000

These figures are vast indeed, and are food for reflection, but they are domestic business as respects this country, for foreign companies have done nothing here in the life field. In the fire and marine field the foreign offices are among our largest and best; their methods and management are good, their financial position strong, their record thoroughly creditable, and their enterprise sufficient. In this business, which finds men ready to insure unasked, they have been well equipped; but in the life field they have been from the first hampered by the traditional habit of waiting for a business that ought to, but will not, come forward of itself. The habit is so fixed that they are not able to overcome it, even at home, with the American example before them and commended to them by the object-lesson of success where they have not suceeded. On the contrary, the American company preserves abroad the methods which have served at home, only modifying them to suit what might be called "the local color" of the country. Herein is shown again a piece of American equipment which has some hazards of its own, perhaps, yet has been greatly effective in life insurance as well as elsewhere—namely, freedom from tradition and precedent and only a very moderate regard for either. The fact that a thing has never been done at all, or has not been done in a certain way, has no force *per se* for the American; if the fact of novelty affects him at all it is rather as a reason why the untried thing should not stay untried. The shortest and straightest means to a desired end, the means most economically productive on a large scale—this he is after, and he never hesitates to sacrifice old means in favor of more efficient ones.

American life insurance is of the last half-century; it is largely of the last forty years, more largely of the last thirty, and most largely of the last twenty, its accomplishments abroad particularly going back little beyond twenty years. The degree in which it may partake of the general national expansion above referred to we cannot venture to forecast, but the persistent antagonism in Prussia is a proof of the fear there of this particular line of "American invasion."

There are errors in judgment—some temporary and incidental, some perhaps more radical—and probably some derelictions from official duty. Such are not absent in any department. We would that the companies were wiser than they are, that newspapers were the same, that legislation were less irrational, that supervision were more helpful than hurtful—or, if you please, all helpful and none hurtful. There are spots on the sun, and excesses in the weather. Just as it is, life insurance is acceptable and accepted. It is a power for good, and nothing not solidly founded upon social laws and human needs could have so borne as it has borne the final test of time. It never was so solid, and with such prospects, as in the first years of the new century.

Obituary—C. M. Ransom

Chauncey M. Ransom, founder and head of the *Standard,* of Boston (insurance), died on the 9th, at the age of about 71, after having been for two years in failing health and wholly retired from work since March 4. He was born in an interior county in this State; after the educational course furnished by the rural "academy" of that day, he began life as a teacher at 17, employing the winter months thus and the remainder of the year otherwise; he then, after a little experience as a country merchant, moved to Cincinnati and continued at merchandising there. Soon he became secretary of a local fire insurance company; next an officer of a local life company; next, superintendent of agencies for a St. Louis life company. Having fully turned to insurance, he bought an interest in the Baltimore *Underwriter* and devoted his time to that journal for seven years; in 1878 he bought the *Index,* a Boston monthly insurance journal, which he renamed the *Standard* and in 1883 converted into a weekly. As such it took high rank among insurance journals, and has been one of a small number which are really newspapers in the field of insurance. It has been able, dignified, clean and influential.

Some friend bestowed on Mr. Ransom the title of Colonel, which he suffered rather than wore, taking more satisfaction in his other title of "Father." This fitted him better, suggested by his genial and benignant nature and by his rather patriarchal appearance in his later years. In another respect the title had more than an affectionate significance, for he was really father and founder of association among life underwriters, and this association is now in national as well as local form. Probably very few readers of The Independent, other than those professionally concerned with insurance, have ever heard Mr. Ransom's name; yet this brief tribute to the memory of a man who wrought worthily and faithfully in one special field is not only due but gives opportunity to say that insurance journalism is one of the institutions whose value and service are not to be measured by what might be called their public publicity. An insurance journal sustained and read directly by the large public ought on the merits to exist, and practically cannot, but the numerical smallness of its public does not measure its capacity either for usefulness in respect to news and opinion or its commercial value. This was never so true of insurance journalism as now, for the quality of such journalism has greatly risen in the past quarter-century. No man has contributed more to this than has C. M. Ransom.

The vice-presidency in the Travelers, of Hartford, made vacant by moving up Mr. Dunham from it to the high place from which death removed Mr. Batterson, is now disposed of by the selection for it of John B. Lunger. This man, still to be classed among the young men (for he lacks several months of being 38) is a Jerseyman, and began for himself, at 15, as office boy in a law office in Newark; but mathematics, especially actuarial mathematics, had an attraction for him, and he found a place in the Prudential. Instead of devoting his evenings to amusement he devoted them to actuarial studies, and at the age of 19 became actuary of the Prudential, which was then a growing company. In another few years he persuaded the company to add an ordinary to its regular industrial branch, and he was placed in charge of it. By 1896 his department was doing an annual business of $25,000,000, and the New York Life wanted and secured him. He went to that company early in 1897, and has since been actively concerned in its pushing, expansive work. He now goes to the second office in the Travelers, and will there be in the line of possible succession to the highest one. His career illustrates anew that fitness moves toward the head as surely and naturally as unfitness toward the foot.

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Survey of the World

Changes in the Cabinet

Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith has resigned, and his successor will be Henry C. Payne, of Milwaukee, vice-chairman of the Republican National Committee and chairman of the Executive Committee of that organization. Mr. Smith resigned for purely personal reasons, which had led him to ask to be relieved at the beginning of Mr. McKinley's second term. After the death of Mr. McKinley he consented to remain in office until, as he says, he could withdraw without embarrassing the new President's declared policy, and until department measures in which he was deeply interested (the rural delivery service and the reduction of second-class mail matter) could be "satisfactorily advanced and assured." His relations with Mr. Roosevelt were cordial, and he says the latter is his candidate for the nomination in 1904. It is understood that Mr. Smith found his salary insufficient for the current expenses of a Cabinet officer. Mr. Payne is 58 years old, and has for a long time been prominent in politics. For fourteen years he was postmaster in Milwaukee. In Wisconsin he has been a leader of the Republicans opposed to Gov. La Follette and the latter's projects for the taxation of railroads and other corporations. He has been president of the Milwaukee street railroad company and of the local telephone company, and has been criticised because of the acquisition of valuable franchises by the corporations with which he was connected. His ability as a politician is unquestioned. In the National Committee he has persistently advocated a reduction of Southern representation in national conventions, urging that representation should be based upon the Republican vote. In this he was opposed by Mr. Hanna and Mr. McKinley. Notice is given that Secretary Gage will resign as soon as the President shall have satisfied himself in the selection of his successor. The President desires him to stay, and the relations of the two appear to be harmonious. Mr. Gage, however, has held office at a great pecuniary sacrifice, as he could have received one of the largest banking salaries and has had many very attractive offers. Since the death of Mrs. Gage, life in Washington has been distasteful to him. The recent changes in the New York Custom House do not appear to have hastened his withdrawal, altho it is said that he was not consulted concerning the nomination of Collector Stranahan. He desired the dismissal of Appraiser Wakeman, who was summarily removed by the President last week, upon the receipt from him of a long letter in which he refused to resign and added to his refusal an attack upon the course of the Treasury Department with respect to the Custom House in New York. Secretary Gage's place has been offered to Winthrop Murray Crane, whose second term as Governor of Massachusetts will begin on January 1st. Secretary Long desired to resign more than a year ago, and he may retire at an early date. Some think his place will be given to Gov. Taft, who is now on his way home from the Philippines. There has been published what seems to be an authoritative statement that Secretary Hay does not intend to resign.

the office which the President so earnestly desires him to retain. If Mr. Hay should resign, Mr. Root would probably be transferred to the State Department. The postmaster of Philadelphia, against whom charges were submitted by the Civil Service Reform League, has not been reappointed; his place has been given to Clayton McMichael. The controversy concerning offices in Missouri has been settled by a compromise. The Kerens men in the offices of Surveyor of the Port at St. Louis and Collector of Internal Revenue have been displaced by men whom the local Congressmen selected, but Kerens is to be consulted with regard to appointments in other parts of the State. Dr. Crossland, of St. Joseph, Mo., has been selected for Minister to Liberia, and J. C. Dancy, Collector at Wilmington, N. C., for Recorder of Deeds in the District of Columbia. Both are negroes. Dancy displaces ex-Congressman Cheatham, also a negro, who was found to have violated the civil service laws. Mr. Roosevelt has been conferring with Southern Democrats as to the appointment of several Democrats in the South. His appointment of Patrick F. Garrett, of New Mexico (who, while acting as sheriff, killed the notorious outlaw, "Billy the Kid,") to be Collector at El Paso is resented by the Republicans of Texas, some of whom are said to have sought unwisely to prevent the appointment by warning the President that by making it he would lose the votes of Texas in the next national convention.

The Work of Congress

The bill imposing the rates of the Dingley tariff on goods entering the country from the Philippines, and the Taft Commission's tariff on goods imported into the islands, was passed in the House last week by a vote of 163 to 128. Five Republicans—McCall, of Massachusetts; Littlefield, of Maine; and Heatwole, Eddy and Stevens, of Minnesota—voted against it, and three Democrats from Louisiana for it. Legislation of some kind concerning the tariff was required, on account of the recent decision of the Supreme Court. The Democrats in opposition denounced the Philippine policy of the Administration, some holding that we should withdraw from the islands and others that we should promise to give the Filipinos independence after the establishment of a stable government. The proposed taxes were declared to be unjust. It was suggested that the islands should be exchanged for others in the West Indies. By a party vote the House rejected the Democratic motion to recommit the bill with instructions to revise our entire tariff on a revenue basis, to apply the revised rates to the Philippines, and to permit the Filipinos to establish an independent government. The bill defers for three years the application of our laws confining to American ships the traffic between the islands and this country. In the course of the debate Mr. Hepburn (Republican) asserted that the Democrats had forced the Administration to take a position in favor of Cuban independence, and predicted that eventually they would regret this action. The nomination of Attorney-General Knox was confirmed on the 16th, the committee having made a favorable report by unanimous vote. Only seven Senators supported a motion to recommit, and on the final question the only negative vote was that of Mr. Jones, of Arkansas. Members of the committee in their speeches said that the charges made by the Anti-Trust League were frivolous, trivial and unsupported by proof. It is expected that the attack upon Mr. Knox will be renewed in connection with a resolution for an investigation as to his relations with certain incorporated combinations. In the new arrangement of the Senate committees Mr. Cullom becomes chairman of Foreign Relations, Mr. Elkins chairman of Interstate Commerce, and Mr. Stewart chairman of Indian Affairs. Mr. Wellington was deposed from the chairmanship held by him at the last session, and Mr. McLaurin, of South Carolina, was placed in six committees as a Republican. Mr. Morgan (Democrat) was permitted to remain at the head of the Committee on Interoceanic Canal, but was virtually deprived of power by the addition of two Republicans to the committee. Mr. Jenkins has introduced again in the House last year's bill for so amending the Constitution that all corporations shall be under the control of Congress.

A majority voted for it in the last House. On the 19th Congress adjourned to January 6th.

The Coming Isthmian Canal

After the holiday recess legislation for the projected interoceanic canal will be considered in the House without delay. The Hepburn bill—appropriating $10,000,000 at once, with an ultimate limit of $180,000,000, for a canal on the Nicaragua route—has been made a special order for January 7th, the day after the reassembling of Congress. In the Senate action will first be taken upon a short bill authorizing the President to acquire control of a strip of land six miles wide, along the canal route. The vote on the ratification of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was 72 to 6, the negative votes having been cast by Bacon, Blackburn, Culberson, Mallory, Teller and Tillman. The pairs showed that Bailey and Rawlins should be counted with these. Motions for amendments providing for fortifications and excluding the neutrality clauses were promptly defeated by votes of about four to one. At the end of the week M. Hutin, President of the Panama Canal Company, resigned his office, evidently having been driven to this action by shareholders who believed he had sacrificed their interests by his foolish course at Washington. The directors now say that they want the company to make a frank and definite offer, and they ask for full power to negotiate with the United States. It is thought in Washington that this change in the company's attitude comes too late, and that an offer to sell for even so low a sum as $25,000,000 would not change the apparent determination of Congress to make a canal on the Nicaragua route. The report that Germany might set up an annoying claim, on account of the recent transfer of an exclusive grant for the navigation of the San Juan River from an English to a German steamship company, appears to have no foundation in fact. It is now stated that this grant was transferred, not to the German company, but to another corporation in which Englishmen, Americans and Italians are prominent shareholders, and which desires to promote the construction of the canal. The terms of the concession provided that it should not obstruct the making of a canal; and, moreover, it has been canceled by Nicaragua.

The Schley Controversy

The announcement of the Schley Court's opinions has been followed by incidents and proceedings that tend to increase the bitterness of the controversy. Schley's counsel filed a bill of exceptions, alleging that the majority selected as a basis for their opinion "the testimony of a few hostile witnesses," and asking the Department to disapprove the majority report. A long and sharp reply to this bill was filed by Judge Advocate Lemly. Sampson's counsel then submitted a long protest against that part of Admiral Dewey's minority opinion which asserted that Schley was "in absolute command" at the battle of Santiago, asking that this be disapproved. On the following day Secretary Long approved the majority's opinion and statement of facts, indirectly rebuking Admiral Dewey by saying that the Court could not "with propriety" express an opinion on the question whether Schley or Sampson was in command at Santiago. Thereupon the Court was dissolved. Lieutenant-General Miles was then called to account for a published interview (of December 16th) in which he accepted Dewey's opinion and said that he had "no sympathy with the efforts which have been made to destroy the honor of an officer." Having acknowledged this utterance and defended it, he was very severely reprimanded in a letter written by Secretary Root at the direction of the President. On the same day, by direction of the President, Secretary Long called for the resignation of Maclay, "special laborer" in the New York Navy Yard, and author of the book in which Schley was accused of cowardice. Many resolutions and bills favorable to Schley have been introduced in Congress. There is also a compromise bill reviving the grade of Vice-Admiral and giving this rank to Sampson, Schley, and Captain Clark, of the "Oregon." Owing to the effect of the controversy upon the public mind, the project for a grand Naval Arch at the Battery, in New York, has been aban-

doned, and the money already subscribed will be refunded.

An Industrial Peace Commission

At a memorable convention in New York last week of men representing more than two billions of capital and one million of organized workmen, a remarkable committee for the promotion of industrial peace was appointed. The meeting had been called by the National Civic Federation. Among the two hundred persons who attended were such representatives of capital as President Schwab, of the Steel Corporation, such labor leaders as President Gompers, of the Federation of Labor, and President Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers, and such mediators as Bishop Potter and Archbishop Ireland. At the open sessions admirable addresses were made, all showing a desire for the settlement of labor controversies by agreement following friendly discussion upon a basis of mutual confidence and a clear understanding of all the questions involved. Senator Hanna's evident and very earnest desire to assist was heartily welcomed by the labor leaders, and his story of his efforts during thirty years for conciliation deeply impressed those who had regarded him as an enemy of labor unions. He began by assisting in the formation of a miners' union, thirty-seven years ago. He had said in Washington before coming to this meeting:

"I would rather have the credit of making successful the movement to bring labor and capital into closer relations of confidence and reliance than be President of the United States. If by resigning my seat in the Senate I could bring to fruition the plans that we are now fostering to make strikes, lockouts and great labor disputes impossible, I would gladly do so. I would want no greater monument than to have the world remember that I did something to end wars between American labor and American capital."

The presiding officer was Oscar S. Straus. Among those who spoke were Bishop Potter, Senator Hanna, President Gompers, President Mitchell and Archbishop Ireland. Mr. Schwab did not attempt to conceal the fact that he was opposed to labor unions as they are now organized and conducted. He would not oppose them if they were conducted on correct principles. Trusts organized to restrict output and raise prices must fail, he said, and unions ought not to restrict the output; but all those with which he had had experience had for their foundation the restriction of output. Mr. Gompers said he would not join in the cry against combinations of capital, but the trusts should not interfere with politics and the judiciary. At the end of the second day the great permanent committee of thirty-six was appointed, labor, capital and the public each having twelve members, as follows:

Representing Employers and Capital.—Senator Marcus A. Hanna; Charles M. Schwab, President of the United States Steel Corporation; S. R. Callaway, President of the American Locomotive Company; Charles A. Moore, President of the National Tool Company; John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Standard Oil Company; H. H. Vreeland, President of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company; Lewis Nixon, Crescent Shipyard; James A. Chambers, President of the American Glass Company; William H. Pfahler, President of the National Association of Stove Manufacturers; E. P. Ripley, President of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway; Marcus M. Marks, President of the National Association of Clothing Manufacturers; J. Kruttschnitt, President of the Southern Pacific Railway Company.

Representing Organized Labor.—Samuel Gompers, President of the Federation of Labor; John Mitchell, President of the United Mine Workers; Frank P. Sargent, Grand Master of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen; Theodore J. Shaffer, President of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers; James Duncan, Secretary of the Granite Cutters' Association; Daniel J. Keefe, President of the International Association of Longshoremen; Martin Fox, President of the Iron Molders' Union; James E. Lynch, President of the International Typographical Union; Edward E. Clarke, Grand Conductor of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors; Henry White, Secretary of the Garment Workers of America; Walter MacArthur, editor of the *Coast Seamen's Journal*, San Francisco; James O'Connell, President of the International Association of Machinists.

Representing the Public.—Grover Cleveland, ex-President of the United States; Cornelius N. Bliss, ex-Secretary of the Interior; Charles Francis Adams ex-President of the Union Pacific Railroad Company; John Ireland, Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church; Henry C. Potter, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York; Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University;

Franklin McVeagh, merchant, Chicago; James H. Eckels, ex-Comptroller of the Currency; John J. McCook, lawyer, New York; John G. Milburn, President of the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo; Charles J. Bonaparte, Baltimore; Oscar S. Straus, ex-Minister to Turkey; (ex-officio) Ralph M. Easley, Secretary of the National Civic Federation.

Senator Hanna was elected chairman. The vice-chairmen are Samuel Gompers and Oscar S. Straus, and Mr. Easley is secretary. The committee will be known as the Industrial Department of the National Civic Federation. It will strive by its good offices to prevent strikes, to establish friendly relations between employers and workmen, to encourage the making of mutual agreements and faithful observance of the same. When requested to do so, it will, as a whole or by sub-committee, act as a forum to adjust and decide questions at issue. It will not consider abstract industrial problems, and it assumes no powers of arbitration unless such powers are given to it by both parties to a dispute. The opinion of all the labor leaders and others who took part in the proceedings is that its influence will be exerted with excellent effect throughout the country, and that the formation of the committee is cause for general rejoicing.

Mr. Low's Appointments

Many admirable appointments have been made by Mr. Seth Low, who will became Mayor of New York on January 1st. The new Police Commissioner, Col. John N. Partridge (now State Superintendent of Public Works by Governor Roosevelt's appointment), is a veteran of the Civil War, who was Police Commissioner of Brooklyn when Mr. Low was Mayor of that city, and has an excellent record. The Corporation Counsel will be George L. Rives, who was president of the Commission appointed by Governor Roosevelt to make that revision of the charter which now goes into effect, has been for five years a member of the Rapid Transit Commission, and was Assistant Secretary of State under President Cleveland. Robert W. De Forest, Tenement House Commissioner, was chairman of the Commission that prepared the new Tenement House law, has for years been a prominent officer of charity organizations, and succeeded Secretary Elihu Root as chairman of the Bar Association's Committee on Judicial Nominations. Homer Folks, Commissioner of Charities, has been actively interested for years in charity associations, and is the General Secretary of the National Conference of Charities and Correction. The Mayor's private secretary will be James B. Reynolds, a Yale graduate who has for some years past been the Head Worker of the University Settlement in New York; the assistant secretary, William J. Moran, has been prominently connected with the charitable and educational institutions of the Catholic Church. The Health Commissioner, Dr. Lederle, has for five years been Chief Chemist of the Health Department; associated with him as Medical Officer is Dr. Herman J. Biggs, the well-known bacteriologist. Gustav Lindenthal, the new Bridge Commissioner, is an engineer of excellent standing, who has been engaged in railroad and bridge construction in both Europe and America. The Street Cleaning Commissioner, Dr. Woodbury, is a graduate of Princeton and Vienna, was a surgeon in the army during the recent war, and has studied the sanitary practice of foreign cities. Mr. Low's aim has been to obtain for the city the services of men of high character, well equipped for the work in hand. The contrast is sharp between them and the Tammany officers whom they are to displace.

The Apia Consulate

In succession to the late Luther W. Osborn, of Nebraska, who died at his post in the South Seas, the President has nominated a Mr. Heimrod, also of Nebraska, to be Consul-General of the United States in Samoa and Tonga. So long as Consul-General Osborn remained in office at Apia the German colonial authorities did not deem it in accordance with international usage to proffer any suggestion as to the maintenance of this office, which, under the new conditions in Samoa, bulked inconveniently big. Without at all traversing the individuality of the new appointee, who, as a German by birth, could not fail of being agreeable to the Germans, official and other, in Apia, the opportunity for issuing the

first exequatur affords the German Foreign Office the chance to suggest that possibly it might be just as well to intrust to the Naval Governor of American Samoa the task of looking after the interests of his nationals across the straits in the German colony, or, at any rate, to reduce the rank of the consular office so that in the matter of guns and side boys and other pomp and circumstance the representative of the United States shall not outrank (as he now does by two guns and four sideboys in every salute) the Governor himself of the colony. For all practical purposes the Apia office has become a mere historical survival. Half a century ago there was need of a consular officer there, in the middle of the South Sea whaling ground, and a commercial agent found a place in attending to the needs of the New England whalemen. When the sperm whales had been all fished out (one may sail those seas a year on end and see no cachalot now) the office was continued because it already existed. Thus this country drifted idly into the Samoan troubles, and the protectorate, with its farcical monarchy of Malietoa the Good but Scared to Death. The triple protectorate, the *condominium,* is as dead as the sperm whale. The salary attached to the office is $3,000 a year, the official expenses can with difficulty be kept below $2,000; the office, therefore, represents an outlay of at least $5,000 a year; in return for which the United States gets nothing. In the partition of Samoa the American consular officer is shorn of all the diplomatic powers and ministerial duties which, without any instructions from Washington, it was necessary under the Berlin Act to exercise and to assume. There is no more to do as a commercial officer. When Samoa was yet under the King the American consulate could charge the mail steamers half a dollar for a supplementary bill of health into San Francisco provided the boat was of alien registry. From this source there was an annual revenue of from $2.00 to $2.50, for it was only once in every three months that the mail steamer was British. Even that revenue is cut off, for the mail steamers now call at the more commodious and entirely American harbor of Pago Pago. From all other sources the revenue of the office has seldom reached the high water mark of $25 in any year. It is not supposable that the officials of this remote and obscure German colony are going to assail the rights of Americans in Upolu and Savai and that the matter will become too great to be looked after by the American Ambassador in Berlin. Four Americans with property enough in German Samoa to attract the smallest kind of an oppressor would be hard to find, and, as for the handful of others with no vestige of a stake in the country, being divided into the two classes of beachcombers and Mormon missionaries, they can find an adjacent refuge in Tutuila, unless previous record interposes an obstacle which might make it inconvenient to claim the protection of their country's flag.

Lord Rosebery's Speech

England has been waiting for Lord Rosebery's pronunciamento anent the Government, the Liberal party, and things in general, and at last the oracle has spoken. On the evening of the 16th he addressed an audience of some five thousand persons gathered in a large railway shed that had been specially fitted up for the occasion. Owing to the fact that many of the telegraph lines had been made inoperative by storms the reports of the speech which reached London that night and thence came to New York were very meager, but it is plain that the speech was general in character and did not go much into details of reform. He said that the Liberal party had been passing through a state of feebleness, but that it was now in a better condition. He judged it a good sign that the Irish alliance had been broken, and it remained now for the various divisions of the party to get together—but just how this union was to be accomplished he did not say. In this connection he quoted the following words from the message of President Roosevelt:

> "We hope to keep going by slow steps, not by bounds. We must keep our eyes on the stars, but we must also remember that our feet are on the ground."

He declared that a reform in the War Office was necessary, and that the appointment of a commission looking to-

ward its reorganization was desirable, but at the same time he thought such an undertaking should not be entered upon until after the war was over. His condemnation of the actual conduct of the war was most bitter. The complaint of the Government that the Boers did not fight in accordance with recognized rules reminded him that the same complaint had been made by the old Austrian Generals of Napoleon when he was beating them. He treated with sarcasm the explanation made by the Earl of Halsbury, the Lord Chancellor, that only a "sort of warfare" was now going on. He maintained that the war should be carried on vigorously to a conclusion, and expressed the fullest confidence in the abilities of Lord Kitchener. The Boers had deliberately chosen the arbitrament of the sword and must now abide by the issue, which meant incorporation in the British Empire. At the same time he thought that England should be generous and should listen to any overtures of peace from the exiled Boer Government. In this connection he cited the examples of the three civilians who had conducted wars in the past century—Pitt, Bismarck and Lincoln—all of whom had accepted proposals of peace of this kind. He protested against undue harshness toward the Boers in the field, and thought that the 40,000 prisoners should be resettled in South Africa in the event of peace. He denounced the Government for its whole general policy, as well as for its mismanagement of the war, and to those who said there was no alternative government to the present one, he replied emphatically, "If that were so, we should forswear our empire and go dig in our cabbage gardens. Such a nation would be more fit to control allotments than an empire." In all his life he had never from the bitterest foes of England heard such disparagement of her as such a saying implied. Turning to the subject of the hostile feeling toward the country in Europe, he declared that the responsibility for such a state of affairs lay largely on Mr. Chamberlain's oratory. The speech was listened to enthusiastically throughout, but was most loudly applauded at the close, when Lord Rosebery said that his services were at the disposal of the country in anything he could do to further the policy he had expounded. He did not appeal to party, which in the present straits could avail little or nothing. From the Parliament, with its numerous but half-hearted supporters and its disunited opposition, he appealed to that silent but supreme tribunal which controlled the destinies of the nation—the tribunal of public opinion and common sense. It is not entirely easy to see why this speech should have aroused so much comment and enthusiasm, as the policy outlined is of the vaguest sort, but it is a fact that such men as Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Lloyd George have approved it most cordially. It is also praised by most of the London papers, except the *Standard,* which advises Lord Rosebery to go back to his "cabbage garden," or "lonely furrow," as he has no place in serious politics. His definite appeal from Parliament to public opinion is at least noteworthy.

Germany The feud between the Prussians and Poles in the German Empire has been taken up by the Poles of Russia and Austria and bids fair to cause continued trouble. In Galicia (Austrian) the agitation over the Wreschen school scandal goes on as bitterly as ever. Thus at a meeting in Lemberg attended by more than a thousand Polish women it was decided to boycott all German journals, especially the comic and fashion papers, and all German shopkeepers, manufacturers, schools and governesses. The German newspapers are treating the affair seriously. The *Cologne Gazette,* for instance, regards the demonstrations in Galicia as part of a definite policy carried out by the enemies of the Empire to disturb the good relations between Austria and Germany. It compares the calmness with which the Germans have heard of these demonstrations with the outcry raised by Mr. Chamberlain's recent Edinburgh speech, altho the present affair is far more dangerous in its nature.—In Berlin the chief topic of conversation is Emperor William's speech at the Palace on the occasion of a dinner given to the artists who collaborated in embellishing the *Sieges Allee.* He declared that he had not interfered with the artists in carrying out the de-

tails of their works, but had been content to give a directing impulse to the general idea. He compared himself with the rulers of the Middle Ages and of Italy, who discovered the great artists and attached them to their courts, and thus established the various schools of art. The Berlin School for Sculpture stood on a plane of splendor such as was scarcely equaled in the time of the Renaissance; and it was a source of pride to him, the Emperor, that such great works as those now completed could be executed in Berlin. He said in continuation:

"Our sculpture stands to-day pure from modern tendencies. Do not give up the great principles of the old art which thrusts itself beyond the esthetic laws. It is the workshop art, the proneness to mere technical tasks, which leads to sinning against the very wells of art. Art, furthermore, should educate the people and offer ideals to the lower classes after a hard day's toil. The great ideals have been with the Germans a lasting good, while they have been more or less lost with other peoples. It only remains for the Germans to preserve, foster and hand down to posterity these great ideals. The working classes must be edified by means of the beautiful. If art represents misery as more hideous than it is, it sins against the German people. The cultivation of the ideal is the highest mission of civilization, and if we are to be and to remain a model for other nations in this respect, the whole people must work in unison. Art helps when it raises the people, but not when it runs to the gutter. A true artist does not require to be cried up in the market place. The great masters of Greece and Italy at the Renaissance knew nothing of the present day newspapers' advertising. They worked as God gave them inspiration, and let the people chatter as they pleased. It is for the cultivation of this feeling that I need you. I thank you for having accomplished such work in the *Sieges Allee*. The impression it exercises on strangers is stupendous. In all lands there is the deepest respect for German sculpture. May this be maintained."

The South African War

Lord Kitchener's dispatch from Pretoria, dated Monday, December 9th, reports the following results for the preceding week: 31 Boers killed, 17 wounded, 352 made prisoners, 35 surrendered, and quantities of supplies captured. The War Office has also published his promised statement, specifying thirty-seven cases in which natives have been shot by the Boers, and which involve a loss of eighty-four lives. These executions have, according to Lord Kitchener, been made in cold blood to hide traces of the movements of commandos. A later dispatch from Lord Kitchener states that General French has at last captured Commandant Kruitzinger, badly wounded. Kruitzinger was attempting to break through the British lines near Hanover. It is said that he is a rebel British citizen, in which case he will probably be shot as a traitor. He has been one of the most energetic and elusive of the Boer officers. The method of warfare now employed is to establish blockhouses and so inclose the enemy within a certain territory. So far this plan has been only partially successful, as the Boers have been able to break through the lines at night with comparative ease. However, the lines are being gradually drawn closer and are hoped soon to prove effective. The blockhouses cannot stop the enemy's movements unless built six hundred yards apart, and connected with barbed wire entanglements. Lord Kitchener's operations against Botha have included the construction of a line of blockhouses between Greylingstadt, on the Natal-Johannesburg Railway, and Brugspruit, on the Delagoa Bay line. In this way he has inclosed General Botha's force within an area of some ten thousand square miles. The north line is formed by about a hundred miles of protected railway, the west line by a hundred miles of blockhouses, the south line by a hundred miles of railway, and the east line by the Swaziland border. It is estimated that the Boers are keeping in the field from 8,000 to 10,000 men, and their whole fighting force mounts up to some 20,000 exceedingly mobile troops. The Rand mines, which were closed shortly after the British capture of Johannesburg, have now been in operation for some six months. The rate of production in 1899 was about £1,522,000 a month. During the five months ending September 30th of this year, 202,405 tons of ore were crushed. If to this is added the estimated output of October, 55,100 tons, the total will be 257,505 tons, which gives a yield of 147,021 ounces of gold, with the average value of £624,012 a month.

Small vs. Large Families

By Ida Husted Harper

Author of "The Life of Susan B. Anthony," Etc.

TWO little children were playing together in the hall. Finally the girl began climbing the stairs. "Come down," said the boy, but she kept on creeping up the steps. "Come down," he cried again, but the climber ignored the cry. "Come down," he commanded, savagely, at last. "I want you." Then, without turning her head, the little girl answered calmly, "I want myself"—and continued her upward course. This is a true story.

Now the central force in the whole progressive movement on the part of woman to-day is simply that she "wants herself." In the long history of the human race woman has been considered almost wholly in her relation to man—the wife entirely so. The man is educated, trained and developed as an individual—the woman solely as a correlative of man. When it was first proposed, about fifty years ago, to allow the wife to possess and control her separate property the fight against it was made on the one ground that it would weaken the authority of the husband and tend to disrupt the family. The justice of making the wife financially independent, and thus enabling her to free herself, if necessary, from a drunken, abusive or immoral husband had no influence with the average legislator.

The chief and almost the only objection now urged against granting political rights to women is that it will make them masculine, and, therefore, unpleasing to men; and that it will have a tendency to affect their relations to domestic life. There is never a doubt that it would render them more intelligent, more public spirited, more powerful to influence local and general government, but the nearly universal belief is that this consideration should be unhesitatingly set aside rather than allow them to be diverted from the domestic sphere.

And so with the entrance of women into the field of paid industries. The satisfaction of being self-supporting, the pleasure of earning and spending their own money, the independence of accumulating for future needs—all are lost sight of in the direful forebodings that they are not being trained for the married state.

Nevertheless, the right of every woman to earn her living as she chooses and the right of a married woman to own and control her separate property are now so nearly established as to demand no further controversy. The question of enfranchisement is still so far from settled that its discussion can be postponed. In which of these two divisions, then, shall be placed the higher education of women? Unquestionably in the former, for there is no proposition more absolutely determined than that from now till the end of time every woman in this country who desires the highest education is to have the opportunity. All of the best women's colleges are crowded as never before, and the general statement may be made that every co-educational university shows a larger increase in the percentage of women than of men students for the present year. From 1872 to 1899 the number of men college students lacked a considerable per cent. of having doubled, while the number of women had increased over six times.

This is the condition at the end of half a century of protest by the opponents on the sole ground that the higher education destroys the domestic instincts and unfits women for wives and mothers. What, then, is the object of President G. Stanley Hall and his *confrères* in continuing to assert that it "deprives women of the strength for wifehood and motherhood," and, in fact, operates against marriage? Have they the faintest idea that they can stem the tide in favor of giving women as thorough an education as men? And if they could do so, would they reduce women to a state of comparative ignorance in order to fit them for marriage and motherhood? Dr. Hall's own Clark University

for purely post-graduate work, at his long and earnest solicitation, has recently admitted women to full privileges. Every State university in the Union, except those of Virginia, Georgia and Mississippi, is open to women. Does any one believe for an instant that they ever will be closed? The charters of Chicago and Stanford universities provide for the equal education of both sexes. Is it to be supposed that these institutions eventually will provide inferior courses of study, or that the great women's colleges will reduce the standards of their curriculums for the sole purpose of fitting women for possible marriage and to the detriment of any professional career they may wish to adopt? Or will each girl "elect," when she enters, whether she will be educated with a view to marriage or to the highest culture for whatever use she may wish to make of it? And in this case who will decide what studies, and how many, can be safely pursued without injuring the prospects for wifehood and motherhood? The whole matter is reduced to an absurdity and an impossibility, and for what purpose is the stereotyped harping upon it?

It is not the object of this article to prove that college women average better in health than non-college women, but this has been thoroughly demonstrated by statistics carefully gathered by the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, and also those prepared by individual colleges.

The point for consideration is simply this—that, in all this protest against the higher education, woman is not considered as an individual, but solely in relation to wifehood and motherhood. There is no recognition of the great pleasure and benefit she will derive from it, and no anxiety in regard to her health as it will affect her own comfort and happiness, but only as it may interfere with her becoming the wife of some man and the mother of his children. Woman never has attempted one advanced step which has not been blocked by these two words—wifehood and motherhood. In olden times the position of the "spinster" was so intolerable that she was glad to find refuge behind this barrier, but in the new freedom which has come to the unmarried woman she is ordering her own life according to her own ideas. When men would deprive her of a university education lest it should interfere with the functions of marriage, she says, "Very well; if I must choose I will take the education and remain single;" and in books, writing, art, music, travel, cultured friends and, perhaps, a profession, she finds a very acceptable substitute. Marriage, nowadays, is by no means so necessary to women as men are apt to think; and while, if all the conditions were favorable, the average woman might prefer to be married, she may not consider it worth the sacrifices which are oftentimes required. The number of educated women who take this position is apt to increase so long as men continue to insist on a certain amount of ignorance and a strong constitution as the essentials of matrimony. After a while, when they become liberal enough and wise enough to make intellectual companionship, sympathy of thought and congeniality in tastes the prominent features, they may be able to convince such women of its great advantages.

There is another phase of this question which is being continually obtruded by men, viz.: The disinclination of women who do marry to have a number of children, or, in some cases, to have any, but in all of this one-sided discussion, for women themselves take no part in it, one indisputable fact is wholly ignored—that where there are one hundred wives who desire few or no children, there can be found one hundred husbands of the same mind. There could be no greater injustice than to hold wives alone responsible for the failure to have a family. The mother instinct is much stronger in woman than is the father instinct in man, and, notwithstanding the far greater liabilities incurred by the wife, there is no hesitation in saying that as a rule she would be willing to assume them if there was a great desire for children on the part of the husband. But there is not. The average man does not want the burden of a large family, and there are many husbands who object for other reasons. With an apology for being personal the writer will mention several examples among her own acquaintances.

One man, a banker, with an only son,

in speaking on this subject, said: "I should be very glad, indeed, to have a few more children, but I am not willing for my wife or myself to make the sacrifices which would be necessary. We are perfectly alike in our tastes; we love music and art, good lectures, the theater and society in moderation; we like to take long walks and to travel. We married so that we might enjoy these things together. For the most of a year before our boy was born all these things had to be given up, and for two or three years afterward he was very delicate and required practically her whole time. I would not go out to find pleasure, leaving her alone, so we were both deprived of what we most liked. If every few years there had been another child we would simply have had to settle down to a humdrum and commonplace existence which would have been unendurable. While we will help our boy to make as fine a man as possible we will also try to get something out of life for ourselves."

Another, the wealthy president of a corporation, also with one son, declared: "I would give half I am worth for a daughter, but when I saw what my wife endured before our boy was born, at the time and afterward, I thought, 'Not for ten times what I am worth would I ever allow this again.'"

A professional man of much refinement and sensibility said with emotion: "I would be willing to give my own life to save my wife from pain and sorrow and, much as I love children, I will do without them forever rather than permit her to pass through the necessary ordeal."

Still another, with a beautiful home and spacious grounds which would be a paradise for children, said, when some one suggested this: "My first wife died in childbirth. When I married the second I resolved that there should not be another sacrifice."

These instances might be multiplied. They will touch a responsive chord in the heart of more than one man who reads them, and all who are honest will admit that it is husbands as well as wives who are responsible for the small families of the present day.

When men criticise women so severely for avoiding maternity do they ever stop to consider what they themselves would do in her place? A man in New York, not long ago, sent the writer of this a letter regarding something which she had published, in which, in a burst of rage, he declared that all the "crimes against women," for which men are punished, are offset by the refusal of women to bear children, for which they are not punished. He would like a law to punish them.

It is only in recent years, since there has been a decrease in the number of children, that the life insurance companies will insure women. They refused on account of the terrible mortality in childbirth, which, as the ages go by, counts more victims than all the wars. Is it not asking a great deal of a woman to face death deliberately every few years from youth to middle age? We laud the soldier to the skies who risks his life in battle, but we take it as a matter of course that women should be continually putting their lives in peril, year after year, mother, daughter, granddaughter, from generation to generation, for all time.

Putting aside, however, the danger, the suffering and all the immediate inconveniences, think what it means for a woman to give the core of her life, the beautiful years between twenty and forty-five, the time when the mental powers are at their best, when enjoyment in the pleasant things of the world is keenest, to the exacting demands of the nursery. The society of little children has much in it that is sweet, but it is not mentally stimulating, and there is nothing that so wears on the nerves as to have their constant care. It would drive a man insane, and he would welcome a change to mining coal or excavating the New York tunnel. There never was a mother of a large family who was willing that her daughters should have a similar experience.

Women are encouraged with the assurance that "motherhood is regarded as the most sacred office in the world." That is not true. Motherhood is only considered sacred when it is preceded by wifehood. Without this it is looked upon as a disgrace. The unmarried mother is repudiated by the whole world, including the father of her child. It is only when a woman has been consecrated

to the one man and bears children who are to perpetuate his name and family that her "motherhood" becomes sacred either to the Church, the State, or the man himself. The most sacred thing about maternity is the divine love of the mother for her child, and in this she needs no instruction. There is no human being, however, who has the right to dictate to her the number of children she shall bear. The vast majority of women gladly devote the years necessary to rearing two or three, but when there is a demand that they shall give up their entire life they object.

In demurring, conscientious women do not base their objections on the ground that "they can be something better than the mother of children," but rather on their right to claim a part of life for what Elizabeth Cady Stanton so aptly calls the "Solitude of Self." For the public to insist that every marriage shall result in children is an impertinent interference with private rights. Reasons of heredity may exist why it is a blessing to the race not to perpetuate a certain branch of it, but these need not doom men and women to lives of celibacy. There are delightful homes in every community, the center of hospitality and good works, which are childless. Some of the greatest benefactions, which will be enjoyed by generations to come, have been made because there were no direct heirs to the money. There are innumerable ways of benefiting the world besides bringing children into it.

The question arises, also, to what extent individuals are under obligations to sacrifice themselves, their ambitions, their desires, their hopes, for the sake of society at large? A man with a keen love of books and order and quiet went home every night from his large and exacting business to a house full of little ones, a tired, nervous wife and inevitable noise and confusion. One evening he called on a friend who had been married at the same time but had no family. The house was in exquisite order, his friend was stretched out in an easy chair and, by a shaded lamp, his wife, daintily dressed, rested and fresh, was reading aloud. Looking about, he said with a sigh: "No man could love his children more than I do, but this was my dream of marriage."

Must the sweetest dreams be prevented from fulfilment because of an alleged duty to the public when life is so short and contains at best so little of happiness? It is shown by statistics that of college women who marry over sixty per cent. marry college men. These marriages are founded almost wholly on congeniality of tastes, which find expression in a purely literary life. If this is to be broken up by a constantly increasing family of children, driving the father to the lonely seclusion of his study and depriving the mother entirely of any share in pursuits which are just as dear to her as to him, can there be any real happiness for either? And would it help matters if the wife had been debarred from the college education in order that she might be contented simply to raise children and have nothing else in common with the husband?

With the requirements of modern life the expense and responsibility of bringing up children are out of all proportion to what they were a century ago. Where the family is large it means for parents in moderate circumstances a lifetime of self-denial in the companionship of each other and in the development which comes through means and leisure, as there must be a never-ending outlay of time and money in properly clothing, educating and training the many children. They are deprived also of rendering such service in civic affairs as might have been possible had they not been necessarily absorbed in rearing their numerous progeny. By what authority has the State a right to exact such self-abnegation, and how much more is it benefited by these many new citizens than it would have been with a smaller number and more assistance from the older ones?

In the pioneer days of our country the need of large families was greater than any other, but that need no longer exists. We are already increasing more rapidly than necessity requires. If the percentage is as great the next decade as the last we shall have one hundred million people in the United States. We have at the present time 26,111,000 children of school age. The very least danger that threatens us is that of depopulation. Without any encouragement the additions are certain to be more than

equal to the demands. There are already more workers than there is employment for them, and hundreds of thousands are coming in every year full grown. In every large city there are thousands of children for whom no school privileges can be furnished. The charitable institutions everywhere are overflowing with them. Why, then, this continual cry that women must be barred from the colleges and the industries lest it affect their capacity as mothers? Instead of insisting upon larger families it should be urged that they become smaller.

It is said that the present increase is not of a desirable nature and that large families of the better classes are necessary for the welfare of the Government. The supremacy of the future is not to be a matter of numbers, but of intellect. There is no hope of a decrease in the undesirable population, and the remedy lies not so much in more children among the better classes as in a careful training of the present number and the applying of the surplus time, money and effort to the improvement of those whose parents are wholly unequal to it. For both of these purposes there is the most urgent need of highly educated, well disciplined and thoroughly progressive women.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Evolution of Sex in Mind

By Henry T. Finck

AUTHOR OF "ROMANTIC LOVE AND PERSONAL BEAUTY," ETC.

"Talk of a true woman needing the ballot as an accessory of power, when she rules the world by a glance of the eye!"—*Horace Greeley.*

"A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action."—*Shakespeare.*

"For contemplation he and valor form'd
For softness she and sweet attractive grace."—*Milton.*

"For woman is not undeveloped man
But diverse; could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain."—*Tennyson.*

IN view of the impending convention of the National Woman's Suffrage Association at Washington, February 12-18, which is to be of special importance, I respectfully submit the following considerations to the American public.

If two twin brothers were separated in infancy and one of them was brought up among girls, like a girl, playing with dolls, learning to sew and cook, taking care of children and leading a domestic and social life just like women, while the other grew up amid the rough gambols of a boys' school, becoming a football player in college and, later in life, a constable, a soldier, a sailor, or a wrangling politician, does any one suppose for a moment that these two men would in the end be equally manly?

Among the natives of East Central Africa sewing is so thoroughly recognized as the work of men that, as Macdonald informs us, a wife may obtain a divorce if she "can show a neglected rent in her petticoat." In civilized communities, on the contrary, sewing is considered unmanly because it does not call into activity any of the distinctive capacities of strong manhood, but rather involves the feminine qualities of neatness, taste, good eyes, patience. Hence we have the proverb that it takes nine tailors to make a man, and the story of the queen who received a deputation of eighteen tailors with the words, "Good morrow, gentlemen both."

Perhaps the most extraordinary foible of the woman suffragists is their failure to understand the power of environment, education and employment to alter or develop sexual traits of the mind. Most of them, indeed, go so far as to say there is no sex in mind at all. The wiser ones deny this. Colonel Higginson, for instance, grants that there is something

"in the intellectual sphere to correspond to the physical difference;" indeed, he adroitly uses this admission as an argument for woman's enfranchisement; for, he says:

"if she has traits of her own, absolutely distinct from his, then he cannot represent her, and she must have a voice and a vote of her own."

Strange to say, he does not specify these things concerning women for which men cannot legislate. As a matter of fact there is no more reason why men should not legislate for women in all things than why they should not, for instance, cook for them in restaurants, or design artistic gowns for them. Are not the best *chefs* men always, and do not all the women who can afford it wear tailor-made gowns designed by men? In other words, do not women often deliberately choose men to be their lawmakers even in so distinctively feminine a matter as dress?

But if the suffragists disagree as regards the existence of sex in mind, in two things they are unanimous. Clamorously they all insist that women should have the same training, the same education and the same political activity as the men; and they all get red in the face with anger at the charge that the granting of their demands would tend to unsex women.

The assertion made by me in THE INDEPENDENT of January 31, 1901, that if women continue to ape men, "their thoughts and feelings, their tastes and manners, and even their features and figures, will gradually approximate those of the men," was violently resented by the suffragists. They pointed to the existence of women who have held their doctrines and who have, nevertheless, remained indisputably feminine. As a matter of fact I have the honor of knowing a few such women myself. But that has nothing to do with the question. What I assert is, not that the mere holding of such opinions makes women unwomanly, but that if they *persist in doing the work* which makes men manly they will in the course of a lifetime, and more still in a few generations, become mannish—that is, unsexed.

What biologists call the primary sexual qualities are, of course, unalterable. But some of the secondary and all of the tertiary qualities of sex, including sex in mind, can be effaced. The traits of pugnacious lawyers, boisterous brokers, unemotional scholars, fighting politicians can be easily substituted for the gentle, domestic, sympathetic qualities we admire in women. As for the corresponding physical traits, there are countless warning examples, especially in the Old World, showing how the doing of men's work, such as mining, building railways and houses, plowing, harvesting, unsexes women, making them unpleasantly mannish in appearance, coarse in morals and rough in manners.

When Dr. Heber Newton declared the other day that "there is no danger of anything unsexing a woman," he had not, I fear, given this subject so much thought as he has those topics on which he speaks as an authority. I call his attention to a particularly instructive instance of the lamentable potency of masculine activity in unsexing women—the case of the Dahoman Amazons. "The warlike instinct, as the annals of the four quarters of the globe prove, is," as R. H. Burton wrote in his book on Dahomey, "easily bred in the opposite sex." Ever since 1728 the rulers of that region of Africa have surrounded themselves, as J. R. Sketchly remarks, "with an armed body of viragos, who, like every bluestocking among civilized nations, were conceitedly vain of their manly qualities." There have been many thousands at a time of these spinster soldieresses. They are divided into different classes—blunderbusseers, elephant huntresses, musketeers, and the "razor-women," whose gentle work consists in chopping off heads. These Amazons have a great reputation for valor, and surrounding nations look on them with special dread because, as Sketchly adds, "whenever a woman becomes unsexed, either by the force of circumstances or depravity, she invariably exhibits a superlativeness of evil." Commander Forbes testified that the Dahoman Amazons "indulge in the excitement of the most fearful cruelties;" and Burton adds that "they are savage as wounded gorillas, more cruel far than their brethren in arms." Which shows once more that women can never be quite the equals of men; they are either better or worse:

"For men at most differ as heaven and earth;
But women, worst and best, as heaven and hell."

It is by order of the king that these Dahoman women are thus unsexed by assuming the activities of men. In other parts of Africa bands of women have become warriors of their own accord; as in the Soudan, where, Professor Bastian informs us, "the power of the women banded together for protection is so great that men are often put under ban and obliged to emigrate."

This calls attention to another suggestive fact: that, wherever women become abnormally mannish, we must expect the men to degenerate in the opposite direction, into equally loathsome and unnatural effeminacy. Among the Beni-Amer, for instance, Munzinger found that "the sexes seem to have exchanged *rôles,*" the women being aggressively masculine and the men timid and henpecked. Chapman commented on "the passive and effeminate disposition" of the Bushmen as compared with their pugnacious wives; Barrow noted the "timid and pusillanimous minds" of the Hottentot men; and so on.

On the American continent we find the same state of affairs. Professor Agassiz and his wife noted in their book on Brazil that

"the Indian woman has a very masculine air, extending, indeed, more or less to her whole bearing; for even her features have rarely the feminine delicacy of higher womanhood."

The Jesuit missionaries in Canada often commented on the difficulty of distinguishing the squaws from the men except by certain articles of dress; and in the minds of these Indians, too, the sexual traits were little differentiated. Parkman relates that in the Huron villages there were squaws who "in vindictiveness, ferocity and cruelty far excelled the men." Before marriage, he says, they were wantons, after marriage drudges. In the words of Champlain, "their women were their mules." It is needless to add that neither as wantons nor as drudges did they represent real womanliness—that womanliness which we sum up in the word "lady."

Three important truths are established by the foregoing facts and considerations: (1) that there is sex in mind; (2) that sexual distinctions can be weakened or altogether eliminated by making women do the work of men or men that of women; (3) the truth—the most important truth in the whole suffrage controversy—that the state in which the sexes most resemble each other—that is, in which there is least sex in face and mind—is the state of savagery. Anthropology, the youngest and the most suggestive and delightful of all sciences proves that the tendency of civilization has been to make men and women more and more unlike, both in body and mind; that it has strengthened the manly qualities in men, the womanly qualities in women.

Comparatively, however, man has changed less than woman. He has acquired more muscle in body and mind (compare a Newton with a savage who cannot count ten without feeling tired!), he has become more truly courageous (Indians fight from ambush only) and he has gradually acquired noble virtues, like the chivalrous impulse to protect women and release them from the hardest labor. But, on the whole, there was less occasion for a radical change in man than in woman, because the conditions of savage life were always much more favorable to the development of manly than of womanly traits. The men fought and hunted; the women did the rest.

Fighting and hunting bring out at least some of the traits peculiar to men; but being a man's "mule" does not give a woman much chance to be womanly. The barbarian ideal of woman is, indeed, purely muscular—that is, manly. An Indian once told Hearne that "Women were made for labor; one of them can carry as much as two men can do." Similar conditions prevail even now in European countries, where men have not yet emerged from the barbarous habit of compelling or permitting women to do hard work. Professor Mantegazza points out that, whereas, under the normal conditions of modern civilization, man's strength is to woman's as 9 to 5, in Northern Italy and Switzerland women often carry heavier burdens than the men. "To the present day," wrote Burton, "the woman of the Scotch fishing is-

lands is the man of the family, who does not marry till she can support what she produces; and the times are not long passed since she was, among the Southrons, a barber, a mason, and a day laborer."

If the so-called New Woman, who is so eager to support herself and to be a barber and a day laborer and everything that man is, had any sense of humor, she would see in the mirror of these anthropologic and historic facts that she is in reality a very old-fashioned, primitive and crab-like sort of a woman. Like the squaw and the peasant woman, she has taken to smoking again, and, in some respects she is even more mannish than the savage woman, for that woman in most cases leaves at least hunting and politics to the men. The "New Woman," who has a periodical ironically called *Progress,* really represents ideals which the world outgrew more and more as civilization progressed. It was in the days of savagery that woman had the "right" to support not only herself with hard labor, but her husband, too. O, for the good old times!

The crude and unnatural division of labor existing in these good old days of savagery had the effect of practically eliminating a sex from the world, except as regards the lowest animal functions. Before the higher functions for which nature had designed women could be developed a great change had to take place in man. He had to acquire an entirely new sense, the sense of beauty.

It is, indeed, commonly supposed that a sense of beauty exists among all races of mankind, even the lowest, and that peculiarities of "taste" account for the different standards. In my "Primitive Love and Love Stories" (pp. 229-287) I have shown that, on the contrary, there is no such thing as a sense of personal beauty among the lower races; that sense being, like romantic (supersensual) love, one of the latest products of civilization. I cannot take space here to summarize my arguments; but I can, in one brief sentence, mention three things which alone incontrovertibly prove my point: If these lower races had a sense of personal beauty they would not have fattened their girls literally like hogs for the marriage market; they would not have been indifferent to the fact that they never washed their faces, and they would not have compelled them to be their "mules"—to do the hard work which robbed them of all traces of beauty nature may have given them, at a time when they should have been still in the full bloom of girlhood.

This being so, we must conclude that Kate Holladay Claghorn, in her sensible book, "College Training for Women," made too comprehensive a statement when she wrote:

> "All ages have united in declaring that woman's great function is to please, and to please by that which is most closely associated with her personality,—by her beauty of form and feature, by her manner, and by her dress."

In the early barbarous ages utility, not beauty, was considered woman's cardinal virtue. But so far as civilized nations are concerned, Miss Claghorn is emphatically right. In proportion as men acquired the esthetic sense they saw that beauty was woman's real sphere, and they, therefore, began to treat her in such a way that it became possible for her to unfold her charms of body and mind and make them her specialty, for her own sake as well as for man's. This was the first and most important of "woman's rights" granted to her by man. But before he could grant this boon deliberately he had to make the discovery that she could not compete with him in trials of strength and be beautiful at the same time. And thus, in course of time, was established the real antithesis between the sexes—strength in man, beauty in woman. It was the most important discovery ever made, for it brought a new sex into the world—the fair sex.

All Europe and civilized America had accepted this antithesis between fair women and strong men when, about half a century ago, a small band of American women (most of them not conspicuously of the fair sex) came together, concluded that the world was out of joint, and proceeded in an attempt to swim up the Niagara Falls, to make the clock of time move backward, and change the laws of nature. Far from recognizing beauty as woman's special prerogative, they promptly began a war of extermination against it. In the years 1851-52 about a hundred of them, "as a matter of prin-

ciple," adopted the Bloomer costume—the most hideous parody on dress ever conceived by human brain. Nor was that all. As Ida Husted Harper informs us in her biography of Susan B. Anthony, "In order to be entirely relieved from the care of personal ornament, they also cut off their hair." Precisely what the Dahoman Amazons did!

How did the American public receive this campaign against womanly dress and womanly beauty? The same biographer tells us:

> "The outcry against it extended from one end of the country to the other; the press howled in derision, the pulpit hurled its anathemas, and the rabble took up the refrain. On the streets of the larger cities the women were followed by mobs of men and boys, who jeered and yelled. . . . Their husbands and children refused to be seen with them in public, and they were wholly ostracized by the other sex."

What was the meaning of these extraordinary demonstrations and protests? Was it simply the ugliness of the Bloomers as clothes? Obviously not, for various freaks of fashion, almost equally ugly—the hoop skirts, for instance—have always been accepted meekly and adopted unversally. The real meaning of the demonstrations is hinted at in the lines from Shakespeare prefixed to this article. A woman bold and mannish grown is loathed no less than a man who is effeminate and cowardly in time of danger.

In other words, the question of sex in mind came into play here. It was not so much the Bloomers on the bodies of these would-be "reformers" that excited indignation, as *the Bloomers in their minds.* The garb of their minds, as of their bodies, was half trousers, half skirts—a most unlovely combination. And many who saw and heard these "reformers" were doubtless tempted to ask, with the poet,

> "Sir, or madame, choose you whether
> You are one or both together."

The public had gradually accepted as its ideal of womanhood a lady, refined, modest, gentle, sympathetic, shrinking, if possible, from rough conflict of any sort, and blessed with a voice "ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman." It had learned instinctively that these qualities represented *beauty of mind,* and that beauty of body and mind—or at least of mind, the more important of the two—is the *sine qua non* of true womanliness. It knew that as the pen is mightier than the sword, so beauty is mightier than manly muscle; that beauty needs no strong cords, because it "draws us with a single hair," and woman has whole tresses with which to govern "man's imperial race." Yet here were a handful of persons clamoring that women should throw overboard all these advantages, and once more enter into competition and conflict with man in his own realm of muscle, strength, strife and struggle for existence!

How far these Amazons were from representing the cause of woman—womanly woman—may be seen from the fact that they deliberately sought conflict, going from house to house to stir up discontent, tho the womanly women often shut the door in their faces, after telling them they had "all the rights they wanted." Of the leaders it was said (I quote only from writers entirely friendly to them), that they had been for decades "diligent forgers of all manner of projectiles, from fireworks to thunderbolts." One of them is likened to Bismarck (the man of blood and iron); she "plans the campaigns, provides the munitions of war," etc. As a speaker, she is "angular and rigid." Her face "has an expression of masculine strength." "She is hard-featured, cold as an icicle." In carrying out her schemes she is "rugged, unflinching and stern." I respectfully submit that a woman with these unqualifiedly masculine attributes does not seem the right person to speak for the fair sex. There is too much Bloomerism in her mental make-up; and among a thousand women there are not ten who like Bloomers.

So great was the storm of indignation against the outward and visible signs of Bloomerism that few of the "reformers" had the courage to wear the hideous tell-tale costume more than a year or two. Their mental Bloomers, however, they have retained to this day. Quite recently one of the gentle speakers before the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association declared that "women are and always have been doormats and dishwashers for men."

Similar loving, sweet, and ladylike expressions will, no doubt, be uttered at the February convention in Washington. These extraordinary women are always stirring up sex antagonism and violently abusing men, while at the same time imitating them in every possible way, and whining piteously to be allowed to be just like them!

It is very funny. But, then, the whole movement has been funny. Its very beginnings (in 1848) were so farcical that Gilbert and Sullivan alone could have quite done them justice. Imagine a group of women undertaking to inaugurate a rebellion "such as the world had never seen," yet being obliged, in order to find the number of "grievances" desired (eighteen, because the Declaration of the men in 1776 had that number!), to make "a protracted search" (I cite their own words) "through statute books, church usages, and the customs of society." Helen Kendrick Johnson cites the words of a young man who was present: "Your grievances must be grievous, indeed, when you are obliged to go to books to find them out."

However, let us be gallant and just and give these women their dues. Some grievances no doubt did exist, and they certainly helped to abolish them. Susan B. Anthony, to be sure, intimates that they did not help, for that is the only construction that can possibly be put to the words she addressed to a meeting in Cleveland a few years ago: "Women, we might as well be dogs baying the moon as petitioners without the power to vote." But her biographer, who has a delightfully undiplomatic and honest way of letting the cat out of the bag, admits in regard to the things asked for by the agitators that "the close of the century finds practically all granted except the ballot."

By the inexorable laws of logic this proves that women do not need the ballot, since it shows that they can get everything they want and need without it. There remains, therefore, only the question of woman's right to take an active part in political life. That "right," if secured, would prove the most grievous wrong ever inflicted on her—worse than all the original eighteen grievances combined. If the evolution of sex in mind—that grandest achievement of civilization—is to continue; if we are unwilling to go to Dahomey for our ideals of womanhood; if we are to have two sexes instead of one, or one and a half, then our women must be saved at all costs from what President Roosevelt in his recent message called "the bitter animosities incident to public life." Politics is too rough a game for them. It is essentially a perpetual fight against unscrupulous adversaries, and women were not meant to be fighters any more than they were meant to be hod-carriers, stokers, or football players. If it is difficult for a man to be a politician and remain a gentleman, for a woman to engage in the besmirching football of politics and remain a lady would be infinitely more difficult.

Laura Marholm has well said that the so-called woman movement "gives to woman every possible freedom except one—that of being woman." It is the urgent duty of manly men to combine and save womanly woman from her female enemies. Every woman has a right to expect the men she meets to be manly and to despise them ("loathe" them, Shakespeare would say) if they are not; and on the same grounds man has an inalienable right to womanly woman. Senator Vest has expressed this idea eloquently:

> "I want, when I go to my home . . . not to be received in the masculine embrace of some female ward politician, but to the earnest loving look and touch of a true woman. I want to go back to the jurisdiction of the wife, the mother; and instead of a lecture upon finance or the tariff, or upon the construction of the constitution, I want those blessed loving details of domestic life and domestic love."

New York City

A Tribute to Li Hung Chang

By W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D.

President of the Imperial University at Peking

[The week after Li Hung Chang's death we printed an estimate of his life and work from Dr. Martin, who had prepared the article for us some months previous when it was reported Li was approaching his end. We are glad to publish these additional words from Dr. Martin just received from Peking.—Editor.]

CHINA'S Grand Old Man has fallen at last. He expired on the 6th inst., after a week's illness and many years of infirmity. Long paralyzed in legs and arms, he continued to bear the burdens of the State, apparently because there was no one to take his place.

His career has shone the brighter in the deepening gloom that has settled on his country. After winning the honors of the Imperial Academy, he devoted himself mainly to military affairs. The Taiping rebels having overrun his native province, Anhwei, nearly fifty years ago, he took arms and raised a force to drive them back. Fortunate in obtaining the co-operation of General Gordon and the forces of Great Britain, he succeeded in expelling them from Shanghai, Suchow and Nanking. In the war with Japan, 1895, he bore a conspicuous part. Especially noticeable was his mission to arrange the terms of peace. While there, a bullet was lodged in his head, which he has now carried to the grave.

In the war of last year he filled a similar rôle. And altho he has been many times governor and viceroy, nothing has brought him before the eyes of the world like the peace which he has been the chief agent in restoring. He had, it is true, the co-operation of Prince Ching, but the onus of negotiation fell on Li Hung Chang.

His name, long the best known in China, will shine with an imperishable luster. He was viceroy at Canton when the outbreak of last year occurred, and no sooner had Tientsin fallen before the advance of the allied Powers than the Dowager Empress turned to him to stop the march on Peking. That he was unable to do, but after one year of negotiation he succeeded in making such terms as to permit the Court to return and to obtain for China a new lease of life.

For over twenty years he has been a conspicuous patron of educational reform. The University and other schools at Tientsin were founded by him, and he had a large share in founding the Imperial University in Peking.

Six feet two inches in hight, well formed and muscular, he was in his younger days one of the handsomest men I ever saw. During the last twenty years I have had the honor of being on intimate terms with him. Five years ago he wrote a preface for a book of mine on Christian psychology, showing a freedom from prejudice very rare among Chinese officials. Another preface which he wrote for me is still more noteworthy, from the fact that it is one of the last papers that came from his prolific pencil. I had finished a translation of Hall's "International Law" (begun before the siege), and just two weeks ago I showed it to Li Hung Chang. The old man took a deep interest in it, and returned it with a preface, in the last paragraph of which he says: "I am now eighty; Dr. Martin is over seventy. We are old and soon to pass away; but we both hope that coming generations will be guided by the principles of this book."

With all his faults (those of his time and country), Li Hung Chang was a true patriot; and for him it was a fitting task to place the keystone in the arch that commemorates China's peace with the world.

Peking, China.

The Sultan's Cakes

By Sir Edwin Arnold

Author of "The Light of Asia," Etc

ON New Year's Night, in Baghdad, walked our King:
Omar Ibn Al-Khattâb. Khalifa he,
Commander of the Faithful, just and mild;
With Abu Zeyd, his Minister. And bread
Was dear, and poor folk suffered, since the rains
Held off, till, in their grain-pits, dealers hid—
Like gold and silver—all the corn and rice;
Yet this the Sultan wist not, wandering
Full of rich meats, and rosy with good cheer—
And Abu Zeyd, behind him, fresh from feast—
At night, in garments such as merchants wear,
Hither and thither, up and down his town.

So spied they presently a twinkling fire
Under a garden-wall, whereto they drew,
Amind to find what wight on such a night
Made lodging on the chilly waste. They see
A woman, wo-begone, in hanging rags,
Who blows, with pinched lips at the leaves and sticks
Under an earthen pot, where something boils—
Or should boil, if that feeble flame would take—
But while she strives, it dies; and, at her side,
Two wailing, hungry children moan anew.

Then spake the Sultan, "Peace be unto thee!
My sister! What is this thou doest here
In the hard darkness and the bitter cold
With thy twin babes?"
"My Lord!" the woman said,
Fain would I make a drink of water hot
To warm the bellies of my little ones,
Who die of cold and famine; but some day
Allah shall settle this with him who rules,
Omar the Sultan: he will answer for't
That my pot boiled not, and we died like dogs."

And answer gave the Sultan—sorely moved—
"Think'st thou, O woman! Omar knoweth this,
Or, knowing, had not succored?"

"Sir!" said she,
"How dares he be a king, and rule our land,
Holding the place of Allah over us,
And not be 'ware how these, his mean ones, pinch
In sight of lavish comfort of his court,
In smell of his kab'abs?"

Then the King cried
To Aslam Abu Zeyd, "Come we away!
I have a thing to do!" So parted those
Quick for the palace, where they turn anon
Into a store-room. Here our lord dislodged
From loaded shelves a bag of wheaten flour,
And from another part a close-sealed jar
Of sheep's fat; and some salt and cinnamon;
Next, a dry kindling faggot. "Load thou these,"
Quoth he, "upon my shoulders, Minister!"

"Allah forbid!" cried Abu Zeyd. "But I
Will hoist and carry. What! a hamal thou!
The Emir of Believers!"

"See now, friend,"
Replied the Sultan: "When comes Judgment Day,
Is it thy back will bear the heavy sack
Which holds thy Sovereign's sins?"

So Abu Zeyd
Piled on his master mutton-fat and flour,
And salt, and cinnamon, and faggot-sticks;
Which, toilfully conveying, while the sweat
Beaded the royal brow, the Sultan bore
Back to the wall. There were those three forlorn,
Mother and babes; and there our lord knelt down,
And laid the wood fair underneath the pot,
And set good blaze aglow; then spread his skirt—
Of silk, with pearls and turkis 'round the seams—
To mix the flour and fat, and knead them in
With salt and spice and sprinkled water—so
As ye roll dumplings. Then he thrust them deep
To bob and bubble in the goodly broth,
Watched by those three; while, full solicitous,
Omar—crowned King of all the shining East—
On hands and knees blew hard to fan the flame,
Scorching his golden beard: till, aptly cooked,
With point of jeweled sword he spitted each
And laid it in their laps. So those did eat,
And eat, and eat again, of mutton-cakes;
Then, joyful, wandered home with sack and jar.

But, backward, pacing by his master's side,
Quoth Zeyd: "Now, by His name, who is the Truth!
The fire has scorched great holes in beard of thee
That art the Lord's viceregent!"

Omar said:
"Peace! It is nothing, Minister! that flame
Singeing my beard hath lighted up my heart."

LONDON, ENGLAND.

A Clergyman's Callers

By a City Clergyman

[The writer of the following article serves one of our largest city churches. For obvious reasons his name is withheld.—EDITOR.]

THERE is one phase of the life of a city clergyman as little known among the laity as it is well known among members of the professions; that is the way in which his time is taken up by calls made on him, at his home, between Sundays. I happen to minister to one of the so-called "wealthy city churches," and of such calls I have had my share. During the past year I have kept, partly for my own amusement, partly for the purpose of composing this article, a record of the names and errands of the persons who have rung my door bell; there have been just seven hundred of them, they consumed two hundred hours of time, and their requests for money total up a million dollars.

Of these persons there were three classes; it is only of the third I wish to write. First, there were about a hundred members of my congregation, upon errands strictly personal. Nothing must be said of these; they are the "joy and crown of rejoicing" of a pastor's life. Some of their stories involved the deepest tragedies of life, but vulgar would he be indeed who could portray such things for public scrutiny. Secondly, there were a hundred calls for help from worthy persons in real need. Nothing may be said of these, either; they are the kind of poor that "ye have always with you;" some were worthy and many were helped. But the remaining five hundred were total strangers.

Of such strangers, in turn, there are two classes: First, roughly speaking, those who are freaks, and, secondly, those who are frauds. One group comprises persons who are honest enough, but who are for some reason and on some one subject deluded—queer; the other group, persons who are dishonest—bad: these try by one method or another to impose on charitable people through the medium of clergymen who act as agents for those people in the distribution of their alms.

Chief among the first group come those *queer requests for information or advice.* For example: There was one man just out of the Orthopedic Hospital, who wanted to know if I knew where he could hire a cork foot. There was a man, evidently insane, who carried what he assured me was a valid bill for two million dollars against Mr. Carnegie for wages(!) and wanted to know how he could employ a lawyer. Another man came in a matter of fact way to ask if I thought fifty dollars might be offered as a bribe to the trustees of an adjoining church to get for him the position of sexton. But perhaps the strangest case of all was that of a one-legged man, wearing one shoe, who came to me to ask if I knew any other one-legged man to whom he could sell now and then his unused shoe.

Again, there are those persons with requests for *money for queer uses.* For example: A woman once wanted to borrow five dollars, which sum she assured me was sufficient to stock and equip a candy store, the income from which would support herself and three children. There was a man who had long been out of work who wanted to borrow one dollar with which to buy a stock of tin horns to sell on the street at profit on the night following election day. But here, again, perhaps the strangest case was that of a man who came to tell me that, as a book-agent, he had been canvassing for orders for the Bible. Not having met with success, he explained that the reason was that "the Bible was played out;" he therefore wanted to borrow a quarter to invest in some sort of a sample mouse trap, the need for which he thought would be "abiding, permanent, perpetual and perennially recurring."

Still again, there are those persons with *queer schemes.* Chief among these are authors and patentees. The first wish to have books printed and must have money to deposit with the publisher. Of these the name is legion and the titles of the books

range through a field as wide as do the merits of their contents. One woman bore the manuscript of a volume which she assured me would take the town by storm of which the title was to be "The Church of the Three Thousandth Century." She tried to bargain with me by offering, on condition that I lend her money, to make out of *me* the "Gay Young Parson" in the story. A man approached me one day with a proposition to sell out the copyright of a newly discovered recipe for "the elixir of life." The poor old fellow looked so forlorn that I gave him three dollars and sent him off. He left behind his paper, which when he had gone I opened up and read therein: "The Book says, 'Not a hair of your head shall perish.' Therefore to live always is a simple matter: Never have your hair cut." There was another old man who wanted money to secure a patent on a new kind of refrigerator, the peculiarity of which was that it needed no ice; but again the climax came with a man who offered to sell me all the rights and titles in a patent for a "horseless sleigh."

So there are the persons with *queer things to sell.* One man wanted to unload on me a thousand shares of stock in a phosphate mine on the West(!) Coast of China. A woman came one day to borrow money to relieve a temporary difficulty, offering to give as security a lease that she said she held for twenty thousand acres of oil land in Cuba. There have been men with books and music, organs, furniture and lamps, upholstery and fixtures of all kinds appropriate to use in church. Of all this class the most unusual was a man who wanted to sell to the trustees of the parish, for a thousand dollars, a plot of ground which he assured me would be an ideal spot for a private cemetery; it was in the most extreme southwestern corner of the State of Texas.

Incidentally, there are those *queer attempts to use me* as a medium through which to do business with parishioners. Men whom I have never seen or heard of come to ask me for letters of introduction to secure positions from men who know them as well—rather as little—as I do. Men representing churches, institutions, hospitals, schools, colleges and what not, come in droves to ask for opportunity to lay their needs before the congregation at a Sunday service and beg for collections. One man came once to beg for a list of names of pewholders so that he might ply his business among them, the business being the raising of Angora cats and pet dogs. There was one man, a clergyman in former days, who, having failed in his profession, had become a butcher; on the ground that he had once preached in this pulpit long ago, he wished me to announce this to the people and solicit their patronage at his butcher shop. Following close on this, but even exceeding it in degree of absurdity, was a woman who, having seen better days, but being now compelled to earn a livelihood, had taken up the industry of raising chickens for sale on a farm in Jersey. She came to me once with seven hundred circulars, each bearing pictures, pounds and prices of her fowls, and asked me to have these distributed by ushers in the pews on Sunday morning.

Finally, there are those persons who come on personal business interviews with the clergyman himself. Chief among these are book agents; next in order of persistency are representatives of life insurance companies, and following these the men with schemes to sell you foreign cloth with which to have your clothes made up by home tailors. Last of all and at the same time most persistent of all agents who approach the clergy and least of all known among the laity, is the solicitor of this or that "Sermon Factory," so-called, who offers to prepare for you by order from Sunday to Sunday your two weekly sermons. Truly, as the Frenchman once replied to his friend who assured him that "It takes all kinds of people to make a world," I, too, could say "Yes; and they are all here."

But besides this group of *queer* cases there is that other—a still larger group—of fraudulent ones. The representative of this group may be most appropriately styled "The fellow with a story." The stories that they tell vary in detail, but on the basis of some leading feature in the plot may all be reduced to about these five: First, there are those who say they have been sick; are just out of the hospital, and are in need of money to buy clothing, food or medicine. Secondly, there is the man who is bound for some point and wants money to pay carfare;

the point may be five miles or five thousand miles away. The story may be that he has for a long time been out of work, but has the offer of a job at that place if he can only get to it, or that in traveling thither on his own account he has been robbed or lost his pocketbook or ticket. Thirdly, there is the man who is out of work and consequently out of money, but has found an opportunity to go to work all of a sudden if he only had money enough to "join the union," buy a uniform, get clean linen out of the laundry, lift his kit of tools from some pawnshop, or often even to pay in advance his first week's board bill. Fourth, there is the man who tells a tragic tale involving penury and suffering, in a tone of importunity, introducing threats of violence, or hints at suicide. Fifth, there are bogus solicitors for societies, schools, institutions, hospitals, or even trust funds to pay off imaginary debts upon fictitious churches. Sometimes these last merely claim to be laymen; sometimes they say they are clergymen "and are not; but are of the synagogue of Satan and do lie." In this latter case they may even be deposed ministers of one denomination or another, who know well the cant phrases and language of their fellows, or else they are poor Englishmen, who having donned a cassock-vest, impersonate so easily the clergyman of the Episcopal Church. It is an established fact that many of these men have formerly been choir boys.

The bases, too, on which appeals are made are interesting. A favorite expression is: "You helped me once before," as if that were abundant reason for continuing such folly. Another is, "I come to this church," notwithstanding the fact that you claim to know best your own members and are certain you have never seen this person. One other common ground of appeal is: "My children used to go to Sunday school at your mission," as tho this were a favor done the mission rather than the children. One very hackneyed claim, but one as general in usage as it is in scope, is "I am an American citizen." It may be stated merely in passing that more of these people really are poor, no-class, no-account Americans than foreigners. Last of all these general claims are the statements "I must live," "The world owes me a living," etc.; in reply to which one is constrained to use the sage remark of Horace Greeley, "My dear sir, that remains to be seen!" During a limited period of last year a novel claim was, "I am a discharged soldier." In fact, I think enough men interviewed me to compose a regiment in Cuba, Porto Rico, or Tientsin. One man in his extremity based his appeal upon the fact that he had worked on the street once directly in front of my house, while still another thought to curry favor by explaining that once while he served as a waiter at Delmonico's he waited on me there at dinner, and remembered having given me portions unusually large.

In amplifying and elaborating each his own story each member of each group presents his own peculiar kind of testimonial to prove the story's truth. Chief among these are genuine letters of introduction from some other clergyman; but often it is easy to read in between the lines the fact that he who wrote it did so only to get rid of the bearer himself. The sick man has a letter or a card from some doctor or hospital—more often from a free dispensary. The railroad-fare-man has letters in his pocket which he brings forth to establish his identity and his respectability. Solicitors have catalogs and photographs, and lists of names and facts descriptive of the institution in whose name they beg. Sometimes these stories are so plausible they would deceive the very elect. They have been composed with such care that the amount of skill and work expended in gathering and arranging facts so as to make them appear accurate were worthy of a better cause.

There are also shrewd attempts by which these people try to establish the innocence and honesty of their intentions. One man explains that, tempted by the open door, he had just stepped into the church to pray when it occurred to him to come to me for money. Another comes ostensibly to thank me for securing him a position and after talking with me ends before he goes by asking me for five dollars toward another. All insisting that they are eager for nothing else in the world so much as for work—that is, until I offer them a ticket to a woodyard in the neighborhood. Now and then one claims to be a reformed drunkard, opium or morphine fiend, and asks to take from me the pledge. When I have given it he

promptly follows up this step by asking for a dollar to support him while he makes a new start. This in common decency I cannot well refuse.

But of all these interviews, appeals, stories, credentials, testimonials, etc., what is the outcome? Well, here are a few instances.

One day "the sick man" came to me with a letter purporting to be written by a doctor in Boston. The letter paper bore the doctor's name, address and office hours in delicately printed type on one corner, but the fellow must have somehow gotten a blank page of office paper and have written it himself, for when I came to read it I discovered that it was poorly written, still more poorly spelled, and phrased in such manner as to make ghosts of Boston literature turn more pallid in their coffins. By way of signature it bore the misspelled appellation "Doctir Furgissin."

One day "the hungry man" came in. He was pallid in appearance and tragic in expression. He told his story with great sighs and groans. It was that he was starving and had not a penny in the world; would I not give him twenty cents to buy a meal? I was touched and said "You surely are in trouble. This is genuine. I will give you what you ask, but first I must go out and get some change; the smallest thing I have is a five-dollar bill." In his haste to clinch the matter he forgot himself and thrust his hand into his pocket, saying "I can change it for you."

One other day it was "the railroad ticket man." He needed two dollars to pay his fare to Philadelphia. He had a chance to go to work in that city to-morrow, and he said he came to me from Bishop Blank, one of whose cards he handed me. This card he must have gotten by some ruse, also the confidence of the Right Reverend, for on the card was written in what I knew was the Bishop's writing, the words, "Introducing Mr. Smith." Consenting to give him the money, I remarked that I would keep the card. He snatched it back, and turning suddenly escaped, saying: "Not much you won't. I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for that card."

Came also "the solicitor" one day. He said that he was an Episcopalian minister, and in dress and manner looked and acted well the part. The object for which he begged funds was a new hospital in a far Western town, of which he had designs and photographs. He also had a subscription list, and wanted me to give him fifty dollars. I felt that there was something wrong, and it occurred to me to make this test: Every clergyman should know at least his catechism, and every one who ever saw that catechism knows the first two questions: "What is thy name?" "M. or N." "Who gave thee this name?" "My sponsors in baptism." While he talked on glibly I remarked, "You are ordained?" "O, yes, twelve years ago." Then, apropos of nothing, I inquired, "What is thy name?" He answered, staring blankly, "Mr. So and So." "Who gave thee this name?" But there was only silence of the kind that could be felt.

There are several general tests which one comes in time to apply to special members of these five great classes. The one that comes near to meeting all cases is the use of the telephone or telegraph offering to do this at your own expense in order to consult those whom the person has quoted as sponsors; in almost every case the person will vanish before the answer comes. Another is to notice that a story is familiar; you may believe the laundry ticket story once, but when five men in one day stand before you and tell the same story word for word and each ask for the same amount, the coincidence begins to be suspicious. Again, it is a bad sign when there is a mixture of too many stories; it is evident that the narrator is trying you along various lines. Again it is a bad sign for a man to begin by asking for a hundred dollars for some great project then dropping down to ten, five, etc., finally appearing satisfied to go away with fifteen cents. In cases where requests for money take the form of loans, one can judge only by experiment. I have made such an experiment. At one hundred different times I have loaned to one hundred different men one hundred different dollars, giving each my carefully inscribed address, and extracting from each a solemn promise to return it; in just one lone case did it ever come back, and even that one case was spoiled by that one man returning a week later to borrow again two dollars, this time on the basis of his former honesty. There is

always something wrong when the story is too tragic; few people are good actors, and acting, unless it be great acting, is most easily detected of all kinds of sham. Sometimes the very wording of a phrase employed marks a discrepancy; as in the case of a solicitor who claimed to be a clergyman remarking: "As the Bible says, 'Locking the door after the horse is stolen.'" Sometimes one says he is a Protestant, and makes out of this claim the basis of his whole appeal. I let him go along this line as far as possible, then draw him up short with: "How many sacraments are there?" Of course, if he is what he says he is, he answers promptly: "Two." If, however, he so far forgets himself as to reply glibly: "Sivin, yer Riverence," it is mortal certain that the man he ought to see is the Father whose confessional is on the next street round the corner from my study.

But just as all signs fail in dry weather, so likewise all tests. That is why I sometimes trap myself in turn and work my own confusion. One day a well-dressed, fine looking man came with this story: He was on his way home from Boston to Chicago and in New York he had lost his pocketbook containing all his money and his railroad ticket; could I lend him twenty dollars? Why had he come to me? Because he knew that I knew Rev. A. B., his pastor in Chicago, who was also his cousin. He made his story good by telling me in great detail long stories about A. B. which I knew were true. I would have taken oath that he was honest, but I asked him to go off and come back in two hours, during which time I promised to wire A. B. and ask him to identify him. Promptly on the minute the man came back. The answer to my telegram had not come, but I reasoned that he must have told the truth, else he would not have risked the answer's being unfavorable; so I gave him twenty dollars. Fifteen minutes after he had gone the second time this message from Chicago was delivered: "Never heard of any such man." He had watched my front door from some point across the street for those two hours and knew that as yet no message had been delivered.

And so on and on. One does not like to be hard hearted; he likes as little to be gullible; and the task of finding the right mean between these two extremes is a most difficult one. This difficulty is especially great in New York because there always is the possibility that any story *may be true;* this city is full of truths that are more strange than any fiction. Again, in every story, there are many elements involved and it is difficult —almost impossible—to draw the line, for example, between folly and foolishness, infamy and ignorance, between insanity and pure rascality. It is difficult also for one who lives in comfort and in culture to understand the ways and means of life of those who have neither. Few persons have any idea on just how little some other people can subsist, and as few realize how many people live from hand to mouth habitually. Besides, who that has not been "out of work" knows whether it is hard or easy to find work? Or who that has never been stranded in a strange city, away from home, knows just what he himself would do?

But who are these and where do they come from? Their stories would bring them from all over the earth. In reality, however, about one-half of them are flotsam and jetsam of this one single city. I had occasion one day to visit a sick man in one of the cheap lodging houses down the Bowery—those homes of all the city's homeless. In the corridor I found sitting ten men of whom I recognized six as men who had been to me at some time. The other half are professional "Rounders," persons who move on from city to city, living in turn off bureaus of charity, institutions, refuges, missions and churches. It is easy to do this because these various agencies can only to a small degree co-operate, records of benefactions can be only loosely kept, and to adopt a new alias is an easy matter.

But what makes them come to the clergy? Maybe they think clergymen are more tender hearted than their fellows; maybe they are right. Maybe they think they are more easily deceived than other men, and maybe they are right. Maybe they think that one whose sympathy is touched will be more generous when the money that he has to give away is not his own, but that of other people; in this also it is possible that they may be right. Or, maybe they think the risk is smallest here; they know they are in little danger of arrest or prosecution even if they are found to be frauds, for what priest ever

would appear against a pauper in a police court?

But all of these "maybe's" apart, what makes them do the thing at all? Well, that is a big question, and that is the bald way in which I put it one day to one of these men himself. He had told me a great story which I knew was not true at a single point. I told him so and begged him with all frankness to explain just why he followed up the game. He looked me over hopelessly and helplessly, then sank back in his chair and sighed: "Oh, dominie, you don't understand. If you only could know what it is to be lazy!"

The Alleged Industrial Invasion of England by America

By Ben Tillett

[Mr. Tillett, who is one of the best known labor leaders in England, is now in this country, where he was a delegate to the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor. He began his life work in a brick yard at eight, and at twelve went to sea and later joined the navy. After several voyages he settled at the Docks and formed the Dockers' Union. He has contested twice West Bradford for a seat in Parliament and was recently imprisoned at Hambourg, where he had gone to help the strikers. He is at present secretary of the Dock, Wharf, Riverside and General Workers' Union of Great Britain and Ireland —Editor.]

NATIONS, like individuals, usually want to blame some other nation or some other person for their misfortunes.

When a boom takes place in trade the capitalist and the average run of employers modestly claim the same as a demonstration of their genius, proof positive of the all wise and eternal fitness of our prevailing commercial system; but let trade take a turn, with the same machinery, with the same men and means at their disposal (except a market), and the slump which comes in economic cycle is an indication that workmen are to blame.

In England we have periods of prosperity, then all is well; but, having been the best workshop of the world for nearly a century, the old belief in our right to rule the world of trade dies a lingering death.

From the time when the children were taken out of the mills and women were saved from the mines and accompanying degradation, right through the fight for shorter hours, protection to life and limb, good wages, the abolition of the Truck Act and kindred hardships,—the same cry has gone up, that workpeople living decent lives and having a good standard of comfort would "drive trade from the country." In every particular this has been falsified. While our country rang out indignation against the slave system of America (a system and slaves we introduced), the very leaders of that movement were buying little children from workhouses by the score and putting them in beds still warm from the children who had been taken from them to work in the mills and mines. Even the children had to be saved by the menace of a riot and revolution. With a history such as this to depend upon, it is foolish of those who desire to enforce wretched conditions of toil to use arguments so obsolete, so asinine, and as low in meanness as is the capacity of those who stand on such reasoning.

What America has demonstrated is that high wages mean high efficiency and high economy. After all, the standard of living is the standard of productive effectiveness. In the growth of the resources of so vast a continent as America, with nature favoring every energy possessed by your people, it is inevitable that trade should center where nature, man's invention and facilities of transport are available. Alertness in supplying a demand is, after all, the test of business capacity, where competition is at all keen. I have no doubt that where circumstances afford the British an equal opportunity with yourselves we shall not be far behind; but to blame the workmen of a country is both cowardly and contemptible in the face of the fact that

our business acumen has lost its sharpness, through fattened content and false assurance on the part of those who own the means and instruments of production. It is not sportsmanlike either, altho many of the American speculators in England assure the easily gullible capitalists of England that it is not their fault, but the fault of those who do the drudgery. The object may be a smart bit of business, but it is hardly creditable to the employers and capitalists to be lured into a struggle with their workmen while America takes the trade away during a trade dislocation in England. But the dignified self confidence of those controlling our industries is beginning to waver. In the first awakening it is only natural that a panic should take place; some one has blundered, and, as is the practice in other directions, those least responsible are saddled with the blame. The English workman is not respected as workmen are in America; as a consequence he is more sullen and stubborn and gives the employer a good fight, is vicious at times, believing in the callousness of the employing classes. He fights, while Germany and America take the orders which otherwise would be executed in Britain. It would be a supine act for American millionaires to do other than goad our fatuous employers, touching them on the softest spot, namely, their rights and the dignity of the right attaching to the position of an employer.

The insane greed which has characterized the conduct of the employers in the textile trade is evidence of how much madness may do to ruin the employer and his trade. A few years ago every Young Men's Christian Association class, every political platform where the employer said more or less wise things, rang with denunciation of the poor English clerk's avariciousness on five and six dollars a week, and a family to keep. Did not "the careful and abstemious young German clerk offer an example to be followed?" That clerk could correspond in English, German and even French! Here was the paragon! Here was the very genius of the whole commercial economy! Four dollars a week, even three dollars a week, while the English clerk demanded the fat of the land and five or six dollars.

Smiles on "Thrift" and all the virtues were quoted to show the rebellious clerk that he was ruining the trade of the country by not taking as little as the well educated German. The unsophisticated young German in the meantime was improving his English and improving his employer out of the world's markets. Subsidized by various government and commercial combinations, he assiduously cultivated the interests of his own country by getting to know every condition and particular of trade, of markets, of centers of distribution, transport, cost of carriage, names and places of apportionment, terms, prices, qualities of goods, agents' names and methods, until, well armed with a whole library of statistics, after a pretty "swift" time with the generous amounts afforded him from the Fatherland, he left his gullible employer and his virtues behind to place in possession of active agencies the information he had gathered from his greedy but gullible employer. The employer has since found out that young man from Germany, and there is no more lecturing on the virtue of starvation.

The evidence thus gained has been used with demoralizing effect on English trade. Agents are planted in every one of our colonies, who subscribe full information for developments, markets, prices, stock, new ventures, acting as supplementary consuls and obtaining local celebrity and office, gaining information first hand for the advancement of their own employers in Germany, with whom they personally and periodically confer, taking trips to Europe for the purpose. It is all fair in love, war and trade, so one does not grumble; only one is troubled to think that our "captains" of industry are so blind to their own position, lamely blaming others for their own incompetence. As a rule the general is looked upon as a sneak who whines that he "could have done this, that, or the other thing, but the men were to blame." The workmen of the old country are no more to blame for defeats in the commercial war than the ordinary soldier is to blame for defeats on the battle field.

The American and German realize that the average person of experience knows what he wants as well as, or bet-

ter than, the person who tells him he should take just the sort of machinery, or tool, or implement, the manufacturer in his wisdom has devised. My own experience in Australia, in a single example of Sheffield conceit, showed very clearly to me that what our consuls complained of was true. In this case a saddler used an American skiver, with a flat ferrule, and discarded the one previously in use with a round ferrule. As the flat ferruled skiver allowed of better and easier work, allowing also for finer thinning of edges, the saddler found it to his advantage to buy an American tool. I have used the information gained in that instance, but have been met with a rebuff and statements as to present number of orders showing that quite a busy trade was maintained, and that Sheffield knows its business. In the saddlery trade, as well as in the wood trades, cabinet and carpentry, a decided preference is shown for American tools. In the latter trade the workmen could hardly get along now with only Sheffield tools. Employers even desire their employees to use them, as better work is done. The ingenious artisan, instead of having to extemporize some little fitment to the usefulness of his tools, now finds his every want satisfied by American manufacturers, who anticipate his every requirement.

Nattier work is done, the labor is more expeditiously accomplished, time is saved thereby to all concerned. In tool making machinery Americans display great resource and multiply the productive capacity of the worker, more finish is given to the article made, its adaptability is assured in every particular for its special work, and it is, as a consequence, bought and used with satisfaction. What the American tool maker considers a utility the English tool makers call a fad, and point to years of use, and the continued custom of using English "good old solid tools." Doddering conservatism is considered quite patriotic, the while the world is moving with flying feet. In the shoe trade the American maker is again to the front, with every artifice and device to suit the wishes of customers.

To the alert American the *wish* is not a fad, a "take it or you leave it" policy is not indulged in, a habit characteristic of English houses, who again complain of workmen not accepting lower wages as a means of restoring equilibrium and dominance of trade to the British. The fit, the variety, the multiplicity of intersizes, lighter, softer material; the boot more anatomically made—all these are attractive to the buyer, who is flouted by our makers as a person not to be considered in the matter at all. The American seems to have had an eye to the business of assiduously cultivating the customer, who, up till now, has been deliberately ignored by the home producer. Parochialism in production seems to be a feature which is doing considerable harm to the trade of England.

Adding to the muddle is the old, old idea of cutting wages to remedy the difficulty. This same economic dogma has nearly wiped out one or two European countries, crippling them altogether and preventing them being competitors in the very markets they once ruled.

Americans increase wages and share in the net advantage of improved machinery, not perhaps to the extent that workmen should, but at least an encouragement is given to men to offer suggestions. This would be called an impertinence in the old country, for no one but those in responsible positions are considered intelligent enough to understand the machinery they may have used for a lifetime. The relation of employer and employee in England is altogether different from what it is here. The employer's aloofness, like the manager's pride of office, is grotesquely funny; so much a ruling passion is it, that, altho disaster may end a generally useful career, it is no deterrent to others.

The very factors which afforded a competitive advantage to the makers of English trade are ignored or forgotten. While other nations floundered and fussed around with obsolete machinery and old fashioned methods England discarded them. While other nations begrudged any industrial right to the toilers, English capitalists discovered that it paid better to have well paid and well fed labor. Owen's great co-operative experiment proved the material advantage of efficient labor, even with comparatively high wages. America, as soon as her manufacturers become cheese-paring,

or more selfish than they are now, will decline as a world competitor. While ordinary machines may be gauged to work out mathematical results, the human machine has resources and uses which cannot be so exactly gauged. The American workman has more belief in himself than the English, because he is made to feel he is something in the general economy. Feudalism dies hard in European countries, but America, if it does no other thing for the good of Europe, will at least help on the early dissolution of feudalism.

What has added to the bungling and confusion is the speech of Lord Salisbury, who called unions "cruel organizations." The *Times,* of London, and other but less important papers at once raised the matter to a pitch of class prejudice. Employers and capitalists generally did just as their predecessors did of old, when the children were taken from the claw of the sweater and taskmaster—just wailed about the decay of British trade and the wickedness of workmen. Employers' organizations have grown up apace, only to find out that workmen are better able to cope with them when organized than when the employers themselves are cutting each other's commercial throats. What the employers are beginning to learn is that just as standardization in machinery means both efficiency and economy, so, too, uniformity in wages and working conditions, on a definite minimum basis, is also efficiency and economy, affording stability to prices, which, after all, is the aim of your trusts in America.

The employers in England will be saved from committing industrial suicide by the very institutions they are now declaiming against. Workmen there will not allow hard fought advantages to slip from them. Education, keener political insight, good fighting funds, the proximity of dangerous competitors to our manufacturers, are all factors making for the benefit of the old country. While enterprising American firms have their agents all over the globe, we at present in England have to depend on long established agencies, too old and too tired to adapt themselves to altered circumstances of trade. While America has, as it were, sprung out of the night as a great world power, bringing into use virile brains and strenuous energy, grappling confidently with world problems, English traders have smiled with the superiority of unquestioned dominance, only to find that the newcomer has "come to stay."

They are panic stricken almost; some one must be the Jonah and why not the workmen? If the workmen of England consent to a reduced living standard English world trade will be very second-rate, it can be little else by returning to or maintaining second-rate methods and ideas of trade.

Parsimony in wages is the worst possible policy, for, after all, the most productive nations determine their degree of superiority by their standard of living. High wages, combined with capable management, means low cost of production and high competitive resource.

The working up of scares is a gratuitous advertisement to the country feared the most. The while we in England are creating a whole host of millionaires, and piling up millions beyond the dreams of avarice, able riotously to waste by the millions on a war, we are not likely to be cajoled as workmen into any compact which enforces an industrial drudgery more slavish than exists at present. The nation which ignores the economic philosophy of a high standard of living, and a high standard, also, of efficiency, must inevitably succumb to the nation whose workpeople are more generously fed and more vigorously productive, in race as well as trade.

America has disturbed us from a hundred years' dozing dominance of the world's trade. More power to her and good luck.

Impressions of the Venetian Lagoon

By Edmund Gosse

VENICE has been so conspicuously the center of the plastic world, has occupied the art of the describer and cataloger and impressionist for so many centuries, that to attempt to add anything to the great store of pictorial record seems at first sight preposterous. Yet, as each observer comes to Venice with a certain paralyzing sense of everything having been long ago seen and recorded, so, too, there rises in him an ambition to seize the almost intangible emotions which she awakens in him, and which are—so far as he is individually concerned,—new and intense and hitherto unconceived of. The consequence is that still every nook of the "sun-girt city" is hung with artists trying to recover that rapture of her beauty which is peculiar to themselves, and even those whose pen is their pencil cannot avoid the temptation to essay a fresh interpretation of her secret. This is my excuse for daring to add one sketch more to the world's portfolio of impressions of Venetian scenery, at all events of that which is the setting and the envelop of it, the mysterious, enchanting and unique Lagoon.

The ordinary sightseer has neither time nor inclination to explore the curious band of lace-work, forty miles long, into the center of which the city of Venice is sewn, like a ruby. The guide-books, with one exception, afford no space to its description, Mr. Horatio F. Brown's admirable and now almost classical "Life on the Lagoons" alone devoting to the minor islands and *lidi* any close attention. The tourist crosses the Lagoon at its narrowest point to the Baths at Santa Elisabetta, and thinks that he has seen it, but he has observed nothing of its nature or its conformation. It is only after a considerable length of stay at Venice, and when the architectural and artistic attractions of the city are relaxing their demand on the stranger, that he begins, if his inclinations happen to lie that way, to push further and further over that glimmering expanse and to begin to comprehend its intricate conformity. And there are aspects of beauty and of mystery bound up with the long contemplation of the Lagoon which are, perhaps, no less inexhaustible than those awakened by the works of Bellini and Titian.

The Lagoon of Venice, as is well known, is "a large basin, covering an area of 184 square miles, and composed of shoal banks, intersected in all directions by deep channels." It is on this "basin" that the traveler, leaving the eastern entrance to the Grand Canal at any hour, adventures upon an expedition to fairyland. Before him lies what would seem to be open sea, if, at receding or approaching distances, low and sometimes almost invisible islands are seen to bar the way or break it. These flat objects are some of them true islets, the rest are portions of the *lidi,* or series of natural ramparts, which run north and south, and protect the whole Veneto from destruction by the rage of the Adriatic. The islands are small, and their very names are rarely mastered by the foreigner, but in that concert of color of which I am about to try to speak each of them takes its place in turn. As we glide toward them in the gondola, while Venice recedes behind us, we see in particular two islets far away, of identical appearance, each lifting from its center a graceful campanile. These are Poviglia and Malamocco, the latter not, in fact, an island, but a small old city on the inner shore of the Lido. Between Malamocco and Poviglia the way goes straight from Venice toward Greece and toward the East. It is strange what a fascination this fact gives to the two pale triangles far upon the southern sky.

To my mind Malamocco and Poviglia, names unknown to the guide-books, are the keys of the Venetian Lagoon. If the traveler reaches them,—a *sandolo* with two rowers will soon bring him there,—he pauses for a moment at an ancient shrine, containing a wooden Madonna, lifted high on piles out of the sea, almost between them. These island-towns, so picturesque at a distance, lose their charm when we approach. Poviglia is nothing now but a large official

house and a church; Malamocco is still worth visiting, a fragment of Venice in miniature, with its little square, its faded cathedral, its silent canal, its bald and ancient houses. But Poviglia was once crowded with buildings to the water's edge. It was a city in the eleventh century, and it gave in pomp to Venice her ill-fated Doge, Pietro Fradonico. In 1379 its inhabitants fled to Venice to escape the cruelty of the Genoese, and tho they returned, Poviglia was never the same again. Its long-drawn feud with Malamocco began, ending with the theft from the former of its famous miraculous crucifixion, which became the pride of the piratical Malamocco. Such passions, such events seem far away indeed as we glide to-day between the depopulated shores.

Brilliant indeed must have been life on the lagoons when each of these little islands had its cathedral, its monastic buildings, its crowded towns, its golden book of nobility. In the northern Lagoon there are still Murano and Burano, far to south the incomparable beauty of Chioggia. But the central islands,—with the exception of San Lazzaro and the scarlet walls of its Armenian monastery, where Byron took refuge,—are sadly decayed and profaned. San Spirito, now a wilderness, once possessed a church that was a masterpiece of Sansovino, and altar pictures by Titian, Bonifazio and Salviati. Until a hundred years ago San Clemente, now covered by a morose-looking asylum for female lunatics, was a casket of bronze and marble monuments. The forts on La Certosa supplant a church, where Lombardo carved and Basaiti painted. When you sail among these gray and gentle islets, remember that they are cowering over the last ashes of a fiery past.

But the loveliness of sea and sky redeem the lost treasures of the lagoon. If it has lost its Titians and its Bordone, it has still its faded buoys, as rosy as the intensest feathers on a lory's breast, still its rich painted sails, like tropical butterflies; still the white and pink walls of its ruined islands, still the exquisite verdure of its *lidi*, so precious in a Venetian landscape. Even the red-tiled sheds of the iron works on Sant' Elena—for whose church some of the most admirable pictures now in the Brera at Milan were originally painted,—even these monstrosities give a gay note of orange at sunset. Under the enormous arc of sky everything takes its harmonious place; all the lines are great curves, all is practically sea and sky, with just here and there, at the right point, a line of tender color.

It is in the afternoon that the Lagoon begins to clothe itself in a loveliness which is absolutely unique and which transcends the painter's or the writer's powers of delineation. All that either can do is to note, with excitement and despair, some of the Protean effects which evolve themselves at every side. Now the sharp pointed sails, some with the fantastic Chioggian wind-gauges at their tops, pass on the burning blue like exotic insects. Over the whole gamut of color there suddenly flushes a dim change; it is the tide that turns, bringing a puff of wind with it. This new breeze rumples the rich sails till they look like shot silk. It brings up on the horizon white domes of cumulus, against which the island campaniles shine whiter still. Now becomes apparent the subtle movement of the submarine rivers of the Lagoon, and the water, oily smooth over its depths, grows glaucous-greenish where the beds of sea-grass rise almost to the surface. The courses of these mysterious rivers are marked by piles, which look like bundles of gigantic asparagus, and from the top of which there sometimes rises, jauntily poised on a long stalk, a grass-green lantern.

The gondola itself becomes an element in the complicated beauty of the afternoon. Among the metallic effects of sea and sky this astonishing object, as you sit in it, is always vaguely the central one. The sunlight flashes in gold on its lateral sea horses, the brilliant steel prow (or *ferro*) gleams like silver; the best-appointed private gondolas still carry an end-board richly gilt, a bright carpet, and often a bouquet of gay flowers in the lamp-holder. The tall gondolier stands up like a white statue against the sky. The secret of the extraordinary luminosity of everything presently explains itself by the intense upward reflection from the sea. A blaze of light thrown down, an equal blaze reverberated upward,—it is in this struggle and warfare of lights that the afternoon proceeds, with a luster that burnishes the whites

and deepens the blues, while it intensifies each passing touch of iridescent pink and flaming saffron-yellow.

When the long pageant of the day's decline is ready to begin on the Lagoon its earliest steps are marked by a cessation of violet color. Everything becomes dove-gray and white, as if nature withdrew in order to make her further approach doubly sensational. This is the moment to turn back from the islands and the *lidi* to the great dreaming city. As the sun sinks in the west Venice is in shadow, except the long and still brilliant line of the Riva degli Schiavone, closing in the pacific marble campanile of San Pietro di Castello. Presently the lower sky turns primrose-color, and the blue lines of the delicate Euganean hills come out behind it. The Lagoon is now steel-gray, with silken strips of palest green upon its surface, and the floating masses of tangled sea-grass, lately invisible, turn deep olive-brown in shadow. If a Malamocco boat flits by with its russet sail to the west it looks like a flame running on the waters. But sunset itself is now upon us, and from the despairing fingers of the artist pencil or pen must fall. With certain evanescent phases of the delirium of beauty no human art can dare to deal.

There is an element of mirage about the Lagoon which seems to extend even to what people write or record of it. I know of no book, or even map, which gives a really exact account of its contours. The official chart, drawn up by Dr. Vallardi, which is the only work of any size which the traveler can obtain in Venice, is imperfect beyond any other map known to me. Professing to give the exact outlines of all the islands, it omits, not merely the Lazzaretto and Sacca Cessole, but even that celebrated refuge of Armenian learning, San Lazzaro, altogether. On the other hand, with splendid impartiality it gives a large unnamed island, in the Canale di San Spirito, which does not exist, and over which I have glided in my gondola. The town of Malamocco seems to be peculiarly phantasmal, for this chart represents it as built on a small circular islet, whereas it is really on the mainland of the Lido; while one of the most trustworthy guides in the neighborhood of Venice says that "the town of Malamocco has long ceased to exist." It was in existence, with its pathetic little parodies of Venetian architecture, when I walked it yesterday, as fully as when Browning took his last stroll through it in 1889. Some day Robert Browning's passion for the Lagoon and his minute acquaintance with it will doubtless be made public by those who shared his excursions, and then the dreamy network of waterways will be identified forever with three immortal English names, those of Byron, Shelly, Browning.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

A Confession

By Tudor Jenks

I ONCE wrote an essay without a subject for the now defunct *Chap Book;* but it is fair to myself to say that the periodical lingered for several issues after the essay. Now THE INDEPENDENT asks for something of the same sort, either bent upon suicide or defying the omen. Perhaps the editor believes that no subject is best suited to my capacity, and, if so, I cannot deny that my inclination accords with his belief. The experts on any given subject know so much more about it than I do that I confess beforehand how much better suited they are to the task of writing upon anything that may be propounded. I might have some very clever notion about Wild Animals That I Have Never Met, and Never Want to Meet, but there are others besides the animals in that field. My recollections of Stage Life can be readily outdone by any one of the reminiscencing actors and actresses who, having won triumphs in their own fields, now live upon their savings and compete with the poor brothers and sisters of the pen. The Sea Power in History does not need any of my aid, and, being neither a colored brother nor a former slave, and not having worked my way from poverty to affluence, and being not even a million-

aire, there are certain avenues of literary endeavor that are for me marked "No thoroughfare." I cannot even explain how I came to sell 450,000 copies of my last novel, since my first is not yet begun.

I never could understand how writers knew so much about things. They strike me dumb with their erudition and their brilliance. I can only admire and wonder how the trick is done. I buy all the reference books I can afford, and a few more, but the secret is not within their pages.

I have been reading hard all my life and I have not yet begun to get through the must-be-reads. I have not even a speaking acquaintance with a quarter of our own greater poets, to leave out of the account all foreign literatures. I have a one-volume complete Browning, and some day I mean to read it; I haven't yet. The only human being who makes a like public confession of ignorance is Andrew Lang—and he would not do so if he did not know he had established a tidy reputation for omniscience.

My little library is a howling wilderness of unexplored territory, and I have little or no new fiction in it. I have never read Pier's Plowman or Beowulf, and what I have read of Chaucer is a weariness. Dante and Goethe are very cloying in small doses. Byron can readily be abandoned at any canto of his longer poems. Spenser's Faery Queene is a good thing to keep for another forty rainy days, if the rainbow promise should be withdrawn. Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Longfellow, Whittier—the whole galaxy—have scarce been more than sighted; and yet I spent much more time upon the reading of literature than I did upon my college curriculum. I am happy to say. Homer, I confess without shame, I never expect to read through. Virgil, Terence, Tasso, Ariosto, Petrarch—all so familiar to professors of literature, are not familiar to me as household words.

What is the use of sham? Let us tell the truth about what we read. No doubt there are a few men in the United States who are fairly well acquainted with the masterpieces of literature, but would they crowd a large hall? In my life I have not met a dozen men who might be called well read, and all my work and my life has been among those most likely to be such.

Every one does read something of Shakespeare. How many care for Milton, Dante, Homer, Virgil, Cervantes, or the large number of classic writers whom any one can name by referring to a good manual of literature? Now and again you may meet a devotee of any one of these, but the omnivorous reader is rare. When found he is likely to be a professional—a professor or a critic. Life is too short. Recently I bought a pocket edition of "Paradise Lost" and went irreligiously through it on the trains to and from my suburban home. I read the whole twelve books, and found myself amply repaid by the beauties for the duller portions. But the theology of the poems is childish, and a modern reader must so find it, it seems to me.

Isn't there more of real life-blood in much of the ephemeral writing of the day?—even in the periodical literature? To my own feeling there is. We do not write as our fathers wrote, nor view life as they viewed it. There was a poise, a dignity, a stateliness in the older writers; but in place of that we have the pulse-beat of truthfulness. We have learned to trust one another. We rely upon the common humanity of our race. We do not need to be so straightlaced in the presence of the sympathetic, appreciative public that now reads all that is written.

Just as war is being analyzed and reduced to its lowest terms, so is literature being brought to its senses. Where it was first the artificial song of the professional minstrel, and then the costumed recital of the poet professed, it has now become a form of speech—a mere means of communication from man to man. The old forms had their use and their propriety; the new forms are individual and informal as the talk of the home.

It is a change for the better. The artificial is never true art. Even art itself is but a substitute for nature. Where nature reigns art abdicates. Who that has a message feels the need of oratory? It is the plain men that speak right on who have moved mountains and established empires.

Writing is only speech made visible,

and should have the freedom and the ease of speech so soon as writing becomes as unconscious a medium as speaking. Truth is not only stranger, but it is stronger than fiction; and so nature is stonger than art.

I have seen a debating society drag its slow length along a succession of perfunctory debates; I have seen the same society wake to life, oratory and power when discussing a question that was real, and involved a course of action upon which all felt deeply.

See two men glide from talk to dispute, and dispute to quarreling. You shall then see art give way to nature, and "oratory" to true speech.

Let us not be afraid. If we write what we believe, we may write as we choose, and leave the professors of rhetoric to prophesy in the wilderness.

The reason so much writing is bad is simply that it is not true. Whatever is written spontaneously is good, provided the player upon the instrument has but learned the stops.

I believe that the explanation of the public appetite for personal details about writers lies in the desire to know whether a writer is genuine or whether he is a sham. The public wish to know whether they may give their faith into his keeping and may trust his leadership. A writer whose life is found inconsistent with his works is damned to oblivion. If it can be shown, for instance, that the Tolstoy of real life is not the Tolstoy of his writing, the writings will be discredited.

Wherein does this apply to the classics?

In this. The Literary Pose was not a true attitude, and those who wrote in this style or that fashion will one day come to naught. Mere cleverness, mere literary skill, will not avail, but whatever has been written because it came from the heart can never go out of vogue.

But isn't this the old doctrine of Inspiration?

I don't see what else it can be called.

New York City.

A Casuistry in Naval Ethics*

By Park Benjamin

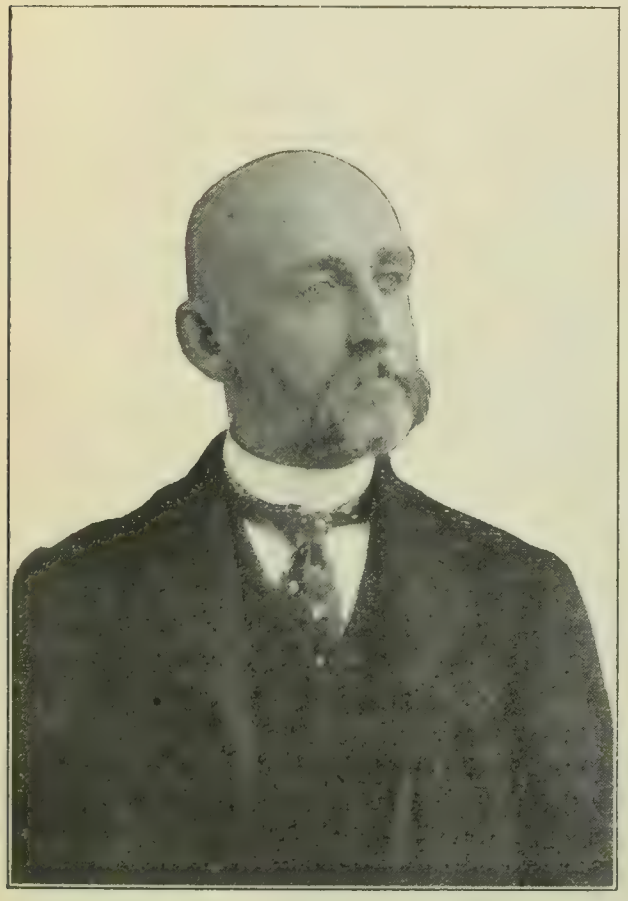
CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN—the distinguished historian of the Sea Power—has just published a work which is a collection of biographical sketches of six British Admirals,—Lords Hawke, Rodney, St. Vincent, Howe, Saumarez and Exmouth,—prefaced by a chapter on naval warfare at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The biographies of the four officers last named were printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1893 and 1894, and are now republished without essential change that need concern us, other than in the particulars hereafter noted. The introductory chapter and the sketches of Admirals Hawke and Rodney are newly written; but the substance of them is in the author's earlier works. Apart from bringing together hitherto separate monographs, this book aims to establish two theses—the first being that the individuals described typify definite mental and professional characteristics of naval officers—and the second, and manifestly the most novel and important, that there exists a certain and not always realized distinction between "errors of judgment" and "errors of conduct." The last named errors on the part of British sea commanders are taken as illustrative of the descent of the British Navy to its zero mark of deterioration in the eighteenth century, and hence it is apparently argued that not only is such a distinction logical and real, but that it is based on sound historical support. To quote the author:

"It was becoming increasingly evident that error of judgment is an elastic phrase which can be made to cover all degrees of faulty action. . . . In the stringent and awful emergencies of war too much is at stake for such easy tolerance. Error of judgment is

* Types of Naval Officers, with some remarks on the development of naval warfare during the eighteenth century by Captain Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. N., retired. With portraits. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. $2.50 net.

one thing, error of conduct is something very different, and with a difference usually recognizable. To style errors of conduct 'errors of judgment' denies practically that there are standards of action external to the individual and condones official misbehavior on the ground of personal incompetency."

It is not easy to appreciate the somewhat subtle distinction that is drawn. A recognized military offense, such as disobedience of orders, cowardice, disaffection, culpable inefficiency, and so on, must be specifically proved beyond question before the offender can be convicted and punished. This is manifestly not the error of conduct referred to—since that would reduce the discussion to one merely of names. Besides, an error of conduct, according to Captain Mahan, is something which people have hitherto confused with error of judgment—and it is scarcely apparent how there could be such confusion concerning actions which *ex necessitate* had to be precisely identified and proved.



CAPT. ALFRED T. MAHAN

It is a noteworthy fact that prior to the appearance of Captain Mahan's present work the official representative of the Navy Department before the late Schley Court of Inquiry drew in his argument precisely the same distinction. He said:

"Disobedience of orders may be an imperative and glorious duty, but if it be not justified by the facts it cannot be condoned by terming it an error of judgment. This (the alleged disobedience of Schley) was not an error of judgment; it was an error of conduct."

With both the Navy Department and its adviser during the Spanish war thus affirming the reality of this novel ethical proposition, the possibility of its being given practical effect is apparent and renders it worthy of examination.

Logical difficulties are at once encountered. Judgment is a mental process, while conduct is an adjustment of acts to ends. In a reasoning being conduct is an effect of which judgment is a cause. An error of judgment is recognized through its translation into an erroneous act. How cause and effect can be thus separable and comparable is not clear. Nor is the matter helped by Captain Mahan's remark:

"To style errors of conduct errors of judgment denies practically that there are standards of action external to the individual."

A standard of action by common consent is to be taken as a substitute for private judgment. The "Articles for the Government of the Navy," which precisely identify naval offenses and specify the penalties, constitute, for example, such a standard. The individual conforms or risks punishment. Given freedom of choice, a fallible human being is liable to err; but how he can err in his conduct without also first erring in his judgment is unfathomable. If he has no freedom of choice, the issue of reprehensibility does not depend at all upon distinctions between his judgment and his conduct, but solely upon his conduct and his intent.

It becomes necessary, therefore, for better understanding, to resort to Captain Mahan's illustrations drawn from naval history. Three are presented; Admiral Mathews's action off Toulon in 1744, Admiral Byng's fight off Minorca in 1756, and Admiral Mann's return to England from Gibraltar in 1796.

In the Toulon action a part of a large English fleet engaged a part of the combined French and Spanish fleet. The

remainder of the English fleet, under the second in command, kept out of supporting distance. Admiral Mathews, without waiting for it to come up, delivered his attack, which Captain Mahan says was "a straightforward onslaught at a favorable moment upon the enemy" and creditable. There was much apparent blundering and timidity by individual captains, for which several were subsequently punished. The action ended in abandonment of the chase by Mathews, who afterward was court-martialed and cashiered.

Altho some twenty-two pages of Captain Mahan's book are devoted to details, and altho he assures us that Admiral Mathews committed error of conduct rather than error of judgment, the precise reason for this conclusion remains obscure. Nor does calling Mathews "incompetent," "muddle-headed," "irresolute," his course "a mere counsel of desperation," and adding that he "needed a backer to settle his doubts and stiffen his backbone," solve even the simple question whether the error consisted in faulty tactics or too early relinquishment of pursuit. It is clearly shown that conditions of great complexity and stress prevailed, intensified by the disaffection of subordinates, and hence that every opportunity for the widest variations in judgment and proportionate chances of error existed. While Captain Mahan, moreover, has undoubtedly presented all the facts he deems proper to support his conclusion, he certainly does not afford an opportunity to weigh others which can hardly be without influence in correctly estimating Mathews's course. He notes the "aloofness" of the second in command; but does this expression quite describe the long and violent quarrel between the admirals before the engagement and the persistent refusal of the junior to bring his ships into action, to chase, or even to repeat signals? He records that Mathews united the functions of Admiral with those of Minister to Sardinia—but one hardly gathers from this that in Mathews's defense it was shown that the Spaniards were preparing to send an army into Italy, and that the Admiral deemed it a higher duty to return to his diplomatic post and essay to frustrate this design, besides protecting with his fleet the Italian coast from a threatened invasion, than to undertake the stern, and hence proverbially long, chase of the allied fleet. Nor is it noted that the "thirteen experienced officers" who convicted Mathews were the same who had previously acquitted the second in command on the flimsiest of defenses, and hence had already prejudged his case. No cowardice is alleged against Mathews; no direct disobedience. Finally, to make appreciation of the error of conduct still more difficult, we have Captain Mahan himself assuring us eleven years ago—not that errors of conduct were the cause of Mathews's failure, but

> "It was unpreparedness of mind and lack of military efficiency in the captains, combined with bad leadership on the part of the Admiral, with a possible taint of ill will toward him as a rude and domineering superior, that caused this fiasco."

The unhappy fate of Admiral Byng will be recalled as long as navies exist and Voltaire's acrid comment, "Pour encourager les autres," is remembered. An English garrison was besieged at Port Mahon, Minorca, and also blockaded by a French fleet. Byng was sent to its succor. The hostile fleets approached so that all the ships of Byng's line could not get into action at the same time, and the leading ships running almost directly down upon the French vessels received a severe fire. One British ship disabled impeded others, and much confusion followed, of which the French took advantage to draw away. The result was indecisive. After the action Byng held a council of war, which advised him that he could do nothing more and that it was best he should return to Gibraltar for the protection of that place. Minorca accordingly fell.

Wherein Byng's error of conduct, as contrasted with error of judgment, lay, is made no plainer than in the case of Mathews. Epithets as before take the place of elucidation ("faint hearted professional incompetency," "utter personal inadequacy," and so on) and again material facts seem wanting. The popular fury in England against Byng was intense—for Minorca was then regarded as very important to hold, and the loss of it was charged upon him. He was lampooned, hung in effigy, and his punish-

ment fiercely demanded. After considerable delay he was court-martialed and convicted, not of either cowardice or disaffection, for of these he was expressly acquitted, but only of "not having done his utmost to take and destroy the enemy's ships." The death penalty was imposed simply because the court found itself deprived by law of discretion to do otherwise—and therefore it added a recommendation to mercy, not only relieving him of the grosser imputations, but directly attributing his course to "an error of judgment only."

This is not all. Byng's second in command, Admiral West, instead of sharing in the blame, found himself in the sunshine of royal favor. Nevertheless, when he learned of Byng's sentence, he at once resigned command of the fleet which he was fitting out, for the reason,

> "As it now appeared that an officer might be capitally convicted for *an error in judgment* he was unwilling to put himself in a situation in which his life might depend partly on the correctness of his own judgment, and partly on the right understanding of those who might be called to judge on that judgment."

So much for the contemporary verdicts regarding Byng. The "next age" confirmed them. It has always regarded Byng as a martyr; always execrated the corrupt Government which sent him to his unmerited death. Says Macaulay:

> "He died for doing what the most loyal subject, the most intrepid warrior, the most experienced seaman might have done. He died for an error of judgment, such as the greatest commanders, Frederick, Napoleon, Wellington, have often committed and have often acknowledged."

These conclusions of the court-martial, the second in command, and of a historian of kindred eminence, may perhaps be less cogent now than the different opinion of so learned a critic as Captain Mahan, and, indeed, they are not cited here in refutation. That less gracious task was long ago assumed by an authority which will not be questioned—for it is the distinguished author of the "Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire," who (referring to the errors of another British admiral) settled the matter apparently for all time by stating that at the period under his review, "only forty years had elapsed since Byng *was shot for an error in judgment.*"

Only one more illustration remains. Rear-Admiral Mann, commanding a division sent to reinforce a fleet under Jervis, arrived with his ships destitute of supplies. He was sent back to Gibraltar to get them, there became discouraged, called a council of his captains and, on their advice, returned to England, where he was at once deprived of his command. Concerning Mann's return, Captain Mahan says:

> "This culpably unwarranted act aptly illustrates the distinction, rarely appreciated, between an error of judgment and an error of conduct."

This sentence has apparently now, for the first time, been interpolated in the article on Lord St. Vincent, which Captain Mahan published in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1893. Mann's act does not seem then to have been illustrative to him of the distinction drawn. And years earlier he described Mann as showing "bad *judgment* throughout this campaign"—and contrasted his treatment with that of Byng, in the quotation already given concerning the "error of judgment" of the latter. How far Captain Mahan's illustrations support his thesis the reader is left to determine.

The attempted distinction grows still more elusive in view of the Judge Advocate's assertion that "disobedience of orders may be an imperative and glorious duty," and, if justified by facts, may be condoned. This repeats, even to the adjectives, Captain Mahan's glowing encomium on Nelson for refusing to see Sir Hyde Parker's signal of recall at the battle of Copenhagen. "Never was disobedience more justified, more imperative, more glorious," etc. But surely the touchstone which distinguishes between error of judgment and error of conduct is not the traditionally inconstant fortune of war—which, as Monsieur de Montaigne justly observes, "will not be governed by nor submit unto human reasons and prudence;" nor is it conceivable that the learned Judge Advocate, still less Captain Mahan, intended to license every naval subordinate to substitute his judgment for that of his superior, if he be willing to take the chances of success or failure. But when

should justification follow facts and condonation succeed justification—and how is the party in interest to know when culpability attaches, and in what degree? Again an appeal to impregnable authority is necessary to set us right. "It is impossible and bootless," oracularly decrees the author of the "Life of Nelson," "to weigh the comparative degree of culpability involved in breaches of orders which cannot be justified"—and, with this said, is it too much to imagine that the distinction which we have been pursuing vanishes into the blue of the limitless ether?

Of course, it is true that an act cannot be divested of its true character by calling it an error of judgment. Perhaps it is equally true that an unintentional error in judgment cannot be made into an offense by giving it a new name. And is it always quite prudent to puzzle the intellectuals of our sailors with casuistry that is apt to get us all into trouble when the enemy's fleet-in-being becomes a menace? The marine warrior always has his own style of ethics; his quarrels have been many and famous—his indignations long and sulky—and this not because at heart he is different from his kind, but because he spends a large part of his lifetime no more in touch with the rest of humanity than does a cloistered monk. Possibly this is why he is prone to forget the difference between an act which results in damage or loss, and one which, after the event, may not seem the most judicious.

Possibly, again, it is on such a casuistic distinction as has just been reviewed that "vacillation, dilatoriness and lack of enterprise" might even come to be mistaken for a naval offense precisely identified and prohibited by a "standard of action external to the individual." If so, where is the wisdom of asking our naval officers to defend us with a halter about their necks, to be drawn, perhaps, when errors in our judgment convict them of errors in theirs? And this for no better reason than the ghostly justification of a phrase.

New York City.

High on the Hills

By Henry Holcomb Bennett

HIGH on the hills the great winds strongly blow;
The crisp, dry grasses shiver to and fro;
A fleck of white, a drifting, wind-blown boat,
Sails overhead; immeasurably remote,
The blue, haze-hidden valleys lie below,

The far-heard, lonely cawing of a crow
Thins into silence. Ghostly still, and slow,
The long cloud-shadows softly float
High on the hills.

Illimitably far the blue skies go;
The world-wide, wind-swept spaces wider grow;
A pulse of mighty meaning thrills the throat
Of echoing silence with a soundless note;
Eternity draws nearer than we know,
High on the hills.

Chillicothe, Ohio.

LITERATURE

A Quest for Religion *

WHY are all peoples, all men, religious? Why does each people choose or practice a different religion? Is it true that all religions, notwithstanding their hatred for one another, have a common secret? These are three grave questions which Mr. Fielding undertakes to answer, and to make clear the nature of his search he interweaves the story of his own religious life into the web of his argument. His book, he tells us,

"is the story of a man who searched for a new faith and who did not find it, because he knew not what he sought. He knew not what religion was nor why he wanted it. He knew not his need. He sought in religion for things no religion possesses. He was ill, yet he knew not his disease, and so he could find no remedy. And finally it is an attempt to discover what religion really means, what it is, what is the use of it, what men require of it."

From the care of pious women the boy who entered on this search was sent to a public school, where he discovered that the law of the world was utterly different from what he had learned in the feminine security of home. Questions arise and there is no rest or happiness until an answer be found. From the East has come and still comes the inspiration of religion; the East is the home of faith; and thither he will go to slake the great thirst of his soul. For six years he lived in India in a solitary bungalow, miles away from any other European. His house lay half up a mountain side, and below him he could see tangled masses of hills clothed with dense forest, with here and there a clearing. In the silence of this solitude he read many books, the great religious books of the Orient. And the outcome of his reading was nothing but deeper bewilderment. He found that the West believes in a personal God; that the Orient, or at least the Buddhists of the Orient, believes in impersonal law; but neither West nor East can offer any sound reason for its faith. He found no bond of connection between faith and conduct. Neither the Christ nor the Buddha is the model men follow, because men are sure that, tho there be beauty in the teachings of the prophets, yet there are other beauties as great as these, nay, greater than these. The world is never evil, and, if it were, to follow these doctrines would not be the way to make it better. The man put down his books and laughed. In the intricacies of creeds and the claims of the reason he found no solace of religion.

Who, then, are the truly religious? It is the peasant, he said, with bowed head in the sunset listening to the Angelus; it is the priest in his livelong lonely exile. His books shall henceforth be the Hearts of Men, for religion is experience and not reason. Religion is not what you say, but what you feel; not what you think, but what you know. Religions are the great optimisms. Each is to its believers "the light of the world."

From his solitude on the mountain side the author comes down to a life of administrative duties among the Burmese; and there among that simple Buddhist folk he studies the origin of religion in the emotional needs of the heart. He finds that all the essential parts of religion arise immediately from human interests, and that the variation of these instincts among different peoples is the cause of the variation of religious practices. So it is that an impassable gulf is fixed between the Buddhist of Burmah and the Christian of Europe, nay, between the very Roman Catholic of Southern Europe and the Protestant of Northern Europe. Watching once a strange village ceremony that ends with the killing of a goat, he is brought to consider the instinct within us that demands sacrifice as a universal element of religion. And he learns that the sight and knowledge and understanding of unavoidable suffering and death are the greatest of all purifiers of the heart. Who are the most kind-hearted, even soft-hearted, of men? They are soldiers and doctors. Who are they who call out for stringent measures in wars, for much shooting, for plenty of hanging? Never

* THE HEARTS OF MEN. *By H. Fielding.* New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.00.

the soldiers. Who wrote "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," "*La Debâcle,*" with their delight in blood? Not men who had seen war. And from this instinct of sacrifice the author passes to other instincts that speak through religious ceremony. What, then, is religion, he asks. Is it a theory of the universe, or morality, or future rewards and punishments? Is it creeds or dogmas, or speculations of any kind? It is none of these. Religion is the recognition and cultivation of our highest emotions, of our more beautiful instincts, of all that we know is best in us.

So the author, after much searching, is led to define the spirit of religion. We are conscious of having marred and mutilated by this summary a work of exquisite beauty, of penetrating logic, of wide understanding. The book is all this and more, and this we must say, however we may agree or disagree with the argument in detail. Only one thing is lacking that we should call it a work of profound insight. There is not a word in it to show that Mr. Fielding has guessed that faith may be a faculty in itself, a faculty apart from the reason and apart from the emotions.

Heroines and Mr. Howells*

Mr. Howells's latest production is a work of rare charm. It is an admirable mingling of literary philosophy and criticism, with delightful pictures of the notable women of nineteenth century romance. The philosophy and criticism, it is true, may prove something else than admirable to readers of the anti-realist sects, for the author has lost none of his old-time scorn for the romanticists, and the book is controversial to a high degree. For all that, it is a delightful work; as a whole, the author's art is as fine and delicate as of old; there are the same restrained strength of expression, the same felicity of allusion, the same humor, the same revelation of the kindly and sympathetic personality of the man himself. But we are sorry to see here and there a deplorable lapse in his use of good English. Such adverbs as "first-personally," "Thackerayesquely," "novelly," and such verbs or verbal adjectives as "muted," "ultimated," and "to contrary" are enough to make a modern "Quintilian stare and gasp." Why Mr. Howells does these things we cannot imagine; there is no palliation except that they do not often occur.

It is of nineteenth century heroines that he writes; but in tracing the development of modern ideals of fiction he is led to a consideration of some of the older writers. The prime characteristic of modernity, as expressed in romance, he finds to be "a voluntary naturalness, an instructed simplicity." It is a quality, however, which he finds in Defoe and other eighteenth century novelists, and particularly in two novelists of the first quarter of the past century. "Defoe, Richardson, Fannie Burney, Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen; this is the lineage of the English fiction whose ideal is reality, whose prototype is nature."

Realism, Mr. Howells contends, best illustrates its superiority over romanticism—or "romantisticism," as he prefers to call the ultra-romantic type of fiction—by its truthful portraiture of women; and it is to the judgment and taste of women that his appeal is largely made.

> "Women, above all others," he writes, "should love the fiction which is faithful to life, for no other fiction has paid the homage and done the justice due to women, or recognized their paramount interest."

And again he says:

> "As we approach our own time women in fiction become more and more interesting and are of greater consequence than the men * * * ; and the skill with which they are portrayed is more and more a test of mastery. By this test the romantic novel shows its inferiority if by no other; even Hawthorne created his most lifelike woman character, Zenobia, in his most realistic story, 'The Blithedale Romance.'"

The heroines of whom he writes with most appreciation are those of Jane Austen. How fine and truthful an artist she was, he says, becomes every day more evident; and he exhausts the language of panegyric in recalling her portraiture of such types as Elizabeth Bennet, Jane Eliot, Catharine Morland, Emma Woodhouse, Marianne Dashwood and

* Heroines of Fiction. *By W. D. Howells.* Two vols. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.75.

Fanny Price. Scott he censures roundly; the "Wizard" could not create real women, he holds, tho it is conceded that Julia Mannering, Lucy Ashton and Jennie Deans have some apparently lifelike characteristics. It is singular, we may remark, that he has wholly overlooked Diana Vernon, whose "voluntary naturalness," whose "instructed simplicity" are convincing enough to most readers. Cooper has no heroines, according to the author, and Bulwer succeeded in drawing but one, Nydia. Dickens's earlier women characters seem to him almost alive, but for the most part he regards that author's creations as merely "freaks and monsters * * * to which he wildly and whirlingly attributes the sex and nature of women." Of George Eliot he writes with discriminating praise, singling out Rosamond Vincy and Maggie Tulliver as her chief creations. Thackeray's bad heroines seem to him much better than the good ones, because they are more true to life. Charles Reade's Lucy Fountain wins his praise, but Kingsley's Hypatia is near to failure; "She remains as cold as the baths of Apollo, and it is not going too far to say that she is rather repellent."

Of more recent writers there are also judgments a-plenty. We must leave these, however, for the reader's discovery. Mr. Howells's critical dicta are many, and they are often surprising, not only to persons antipathetic to his theories and his style of writing, but even to his followers. In this work particularly there is no lack of the sort of judgments which will call forth dissent or stir up antagonism. But there is this merit in the book, apart from the intrinsic charm of the character-portrayals —that the author illustrates his theoretical dicta with constant references to the types which he considers. For the most part, the polemical "drums and tramplings" of the warring schools of realists, naturalists, romantists, romanticists, decadents, symbolists, the *neos* and *pseudos* of various combinations, leave in our ears but a jangling din. We wonder what it is all about. Here, of a certainty, we know what is meant, whatever each of us may think of the meaning.

James Russell Lowell *

A COMPLETE life of Lowell we have not had till now, for valuable as are the two volumes of "Letters" edited by Charles Eliot Norton and containing, as Mr. Scudder says, "the cream of his correspondence," yet no man's life can be entirely comprehended in his letters. Mr. Scudder has, of course, made use of these and has had access to many others, but he has drawn from them only to illustrate the narrative and has not adopted the lazy man's method of merely joining together letters with a string of comments. Perhaps the strongest impression derived from these two well-digested volumes of biography is a sense of Lowell's wide sympathies and extraordinary versatility.

If genius be, as he himself has somewhere admitted, only an infinite capacity for taking pains, then Lowell was no genius. Patience was not his strongest virtue, but in place of it he possessed marvelous liberality of intellect and temper—a universality of spirit not merely the result of experience but inherent in his nature. Early in his career we find him saying, "We are farthest from wishing to see a national literature, but we do long for a natural literature," and in his last toast at a Harvard University occasion, when referring to the fundamental principles which make for the endurance of a national literature, he mentions "the right sense of proportion between things material and things spiritual, the necessity of inviolable standards, the dependence on the literature of the whole world."

His range of interest seems almost without limit. Medicine and theology he eschewed from the beginning, and, after a slight acquaintance, law and business, but he followed from time to time, the pursuits of a poet, journalist, lecturer, college professor, editor, reviewer, essayist, philologist, political speaker, Minister to Spain, and finally to England. Here he reached the pinnacle of his achievement. His fame in letters was secure, and he was beloved at home and abroad. His infallible social tact made him able to discharge the difficult duties of his position so successfully that the London *Spectator* could say of him:

* JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. A biography. *By Horace E. Scudder.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.50.

"Tho equal in courtesy and grace of manner to Lord Granville, Mr. Lowell had the greater power of the two to impress his meaning, even when it was a meaning painful and difficult to enforce, without conveying the slightest tincture of personal discourtesy."

Truly the dream of his youth had come to pass, and the world lay like a golden apple in his hand.

Whatever the position to be filled, he was always saved from narrowness or excess by his poise and equanimity. Imagination, and a sense of humor, kept him from being a thick and thin reformer; he never fell into the teacher's habit of viewing subjects mechanically; as a philologist he loved words; and his country, not his party, was the object of his devotion as a statesman.

Citizen of the world tho we must call him, he was, after all, intensely local. As the bird which gains a wide scope of land and sea has its own nest and nestlings, so his heart reposed in Elmwood, the Cambridge home. Life did not stint him in those experiences which are a man's most real and intimate history. Within these walls he tasted life's quiet joys like an epicurean, fronted poverty, pain and death with the high stern courage of the Stoic, and spent himself for all whom he could serve with Christian unselfishness.

Not for this human side alone may we remember him, nor merely as a poet, professor or statesman, for each was but a fragment of him. His fine citizenship, with its plain living and high thinking, his constant and active interest in affairs, stamps all his splendid culture with a sort of civic greatness. Such is the Lowell whom we find in these two volumes by Mr. Horace E. Scudder. They show a superior taste, judgment, and appreciation that are proof of his fitness to be the biographer of this great American.

The Cavalier*

A ROMANCE of the Civil War, with the scenes laid in Mississippi and Louisiana, where Southern soldiers still skirmished through little Confederate victories after the fall of Vicksburg and the destruction of Lee's army in Virginia. And while there are no great military movements in the story the author manages his handful of scouts with the decision and courage of a real veteran, sending them upon perilous enterprises and midnight raids which, for daring and cunning, rival the adventures of D'Artagnan and his companions in old France. Indeed, this is a stirring tale of courageous men rather than of defeated armies, with only the swift over passing shadow now and then of far-off disasters to intimate the approaching doom of the Confederacy. And it is vastly superior to most of those more pretentious historical novels where great victories and overwhelming defeats are crowded upon battle fields measured out by literary inches. The author here conforms modestly to the natural order, never stretching one day over more events than it should cover, nor forcing more nights for the darker tragedies of war than the economy of heaven allows. Everywhere there is an amiable concession to the almightiness of natural laws, rarely acknowledged by historical novelists these days. His men are heroes indeed, but their wounds are sometimes mortal. And his women are no more incredible than women usually are in real life, tho their charm is so potent that the whole movement of the story swings around them with the martial music of war drums,—beating time for love to march between the lines, or into the enemy's camp, wherever she is to be found, indeed, to inspire deathless courage.

Perhaps no more admirable description of a man has appeared this year than the one given by Mr. Cable of his cavalier, a man who sits his horse "with a form as light as a leaf and as firm as a lance. A faithful comrade and a serious lover, he had that romantic uprightness of mind which makes common virtues beautiful and ordinary emotions heroic."—"Ability, valor, endurance, they were his iridescent neck and tail feathers!" exclaims a youthful admirer. These Chevalier Bayards belong no more really to the ranks of the Southern armies than to the Northern, but the manly sweetness and brave sentimentalities with which Mr. Cable has endowed his hero cause him to appear in a peculiar sense native to the South. There

*THE CAVALIER. *By George W. Cable.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

is a tropical coloring to his spirit which the frosty air of the North does not often give to its heroes.

But, at last, the merit of the story depends upon the writer's matchless style. For, whether he sinks a well after crystal thoughts in a quiet green place when the day's march is over and the camp fires spread charmed circles of red light over the ground, or turns a kindly quizzical eye upon the affairs of some soldier lover, the effect is sweetly real and delightfully refreshing. There is always a little smiling edge of humor let out around the hardships of military life,—a fairy wit used sometimes to turn up the corner of a wrong so as to reveal a unique right side!—as when he naïvely explains how "modesty" may betray a beardless boy into profanity under the pressure of an occasion too immanent and threatening to be met with the pink-faced goodness of extreme youth, an occasion, indeed, when the Devil may be called upon as a very present help in a hand-to-hand struggle with an unscriptural Yankee enemy. In his mind there is an admirable balance between ethics and nature. He shows a genial friendliness to the honest young Adam in man and a fine wisdom about applying too much piety to this cardinal point. We commend the book not merely on account of the introduction we have to the company of fine ladies and brave gentlemen, but for the inspiration there is in it toward manly courage, wholesome humor and spirited goodness.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. *By Alice Caldwell Hegan.* (New York: The Century Company, $1.00.) Mrs. Wiggs lived in a little tomato can cottage somewhere on the frontier of numerous railroad tracks, at the cinder end of the city. There were an alarming number of little Wiggses, all thrifty and ludicrous to the last extreme of cheerful poverty. People who fail to show signs of immortality this side the grave need not be so sure of it on the other side. Mrs. Wiggs gives indubitable evidence of a charitable immortality in her kindly ambition to bless those who suffered along with her through existence in the Cabbage Patch district. Hers was the erratic genius which accomplishes the impossible. She was a philanthropist with a capital of one morning glory vine, a cake of tallow and a bottle of "turkentine." But the true measure of her greatness consisted in her ability to ward off the blighting effects of sorrow incident to her condition. She was a lady worth knowing in spite of her indiscriminate use of clothing. She had a spirit to match anything, from colors to the noblest aspirations of the maternal mind.

Shacklett. *By Walter Barr.* (New York: D. Appleton & Co., $1.50.) Some men are born to be priests, not because they are so much better than other men, but because they have a natural inclination toward the invisible and unknown. Others have all the worldly wise faculties of politicians to start with. These have also the governing instinct, whether in Church or State, and a strategic attitude toward virtue. They know how to fence with moral issues so as to beat the devil at his own game, and with a shrewdness which leaves the very angels in heaven uncertain of their guilt. *Shacklett* belongs to this latter class. Open to temptation from every side he was always able to resist at the last moment. And this story of his political evolution from a county clerkship into the *rôle* of a respectable statesman is interestingly told, without any morbid refinement on points of honor, but in the vigorous style of a man who knows his hero, from his ballot box maneuvrings, through to the incorruptible spirit of him far within.

Some Women I Have Known. *By Maarten Maartens.* (New York: D. Appleton & Co., $1.50.) Most men who write do their best work in interpreting the foreheads and transparent eyeballs of good women; but the author of these sketches, laboring under the difficulty of moral skepticism in regard to female character in general, has done some excellent literary work in the way of defaming them. His style is stringent and blights his fair subjects one after the other. Certainly it is better for a man not to know women at all than to have been so unfortunate in his acquaintances.

ROMANTIC PALACES AND CASTLES, AS SEEN AND DESCRIBED BY FAMOUS WRITERS. *Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton.* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60 net.) A gift book worthy of the acceptance of intelligent persons, which is a commendation not too often earned by works of the gift class. Its illustrations are admirable, while its subject, interesting in itself, is made doubly so by the literary ability of the various writers whose names are among those most honored in England, Scotland, France and the United States. The translations are somewhat too literal at times, but that is a minor fault. The very names of the different castles and palaces illustrated cause a haze of romance to rise around them. From England and France to Hindustan and China this haze is tinted by the "light that never was on sea or land," and it even softens the details of crimes that are too long past to strike us in their unnatural hideousness.

A NEST OF LINNETS. *By F. F. Moore.* (New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.) Mr. Moore's literary intentions are always good. What he lacks is dramatic power. He writes as if he expected an actor to furnish the vitality for his phrasing. In this novel he shows a remarkable knowledge of stage life and traditions during the eighteenth century, as well as some vivid ideas of local coloring and social conditions. But if you can imagine a modern newspaper man reporting Garrick's Pump Room antics at Bath, or instances of Goldsmith's quaint vanity, or Sam Johnson's pompous references to his iota subscript, Boswell, or Richard Sheridan's romance with one of the girl "linnets," you will have a tolerably accurate impression of this story. But it will not improve your historical ideals of some of these great characters.

UNCONSCIOUS COMEDIANS. *By Caroline Duer.* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.) There is always a malicious outer rim to human society everywhere, made up of banished, scavenger spirits, whose only remaining social function is to inhale the moral miasma of decaying reputations. These sketches appear to have been written from this standpoint—from the bottom instead of the top of the author's imagination. Each one is a little bloated incident founded upon the supposed depravity and corruption in "high life," and the pity is that so many will have the goggle-eyed credulity to believe that they correctly represent a common state of affairs in that box circle of human existence. The writer's style is shrewd and spiteful—eminently fitted to her purposes.

THE TELLER. *By Edward Noyes Westcott.* (New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.) After a man dies who has achieved some reputation as an author, it is a pity that he should so often leave behind some "intimate friend" or kinsman ready to exhibit his literary swaddling clothes to the public. This little tale, written apparently before the beam of "David Harum's" humor had reached through Westcott's intelligence, is feeble and colorless. The latter part of the volume contains a slight sketch of his life and extracts from his letters, which may interest the curious, altho they fail to suggest that piercing Yankee humor to be looked for in the personality of a man who could write such a story as "David Harum."

NEW ENGLAND LEGENDS AND FOLK LORE, IN PROSE AND POETRY. *By Samuel Adams Drake.* (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) A new and revised edition, with good paper and fine type, of a not uninviting collection of well-known (and well worn) tales and sketches in prose and verse. Some are adapted from longer tales by the best of New England's authors, garbled almost beyond recognition by the omissions to make them fit the dimensions of the present volume. The whole makes a good looking book of gruesome reading. We can but wonder what peculiar mental bias it is that leads one of New England birth and descent to seek to perpetuate the tales of witchcraft and demonology rather than those of heroism, self-sacrificing devotion and cheerful charity of which there are at least as many to be be found in every locality.

Literary Notes

Two works of curious learning and original theory have come to us from the Cambridge Encyclopedia Company, of this city, "The Middle Ages Revisited" and "Ancient Britain," by Alex. Del Mar.

....In the Life of Stevenson published by Scribner's occurs this story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde": "A subject much in his thoughts at this time was the duality of man's nature and the alternation of good and evil; and he was for a long while casting about for a story to embody this central idea. Out of this frame of mind had come the somber imagination of 'Markheim,' but that was not what he required. The true story still delayed, till suddenly one night he had a dream; he awoke, and found himself in possession of two, or rather three, of the scenes in 'The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' Its waking existence, however, was by no means without incident. He dreamed these scenes in considerable detail, including the circumstance of the transforming powders, and so vivid was the impression that he wrote the story off at a red heat, just as it had presented itself to him in his sleep."

....Not long since, Mr. W. E. Henley published an article in the *Pall Mall Magazine* anent the idolatrous cult of Stevenson as displayed in Balfour's "Life," and since then a merry war has been going on between the Stevensonians and their enemies. How Mr. Henley's article is commonly taken may be gathered from the following squib in the current *Academy:*

THE FRIENDLY LEAD.

FURTHER INSTALLMENTS, ON THE LINES OF W. E. H., IN THE *Pall Mall Magazine.*

I.—THE LATE DR. JOHNSON.

By X X X.

It is time to speak out. After a careful reading of Mr. Boswell's so-called *Life* I am bound to put on record that the Samwell in those pages is not the Samwell that I knew. Search as I may, I find no mention of his having knocked over an old applewoman in Fleet Street one dark night and kicking her prostrate body. Why not, I ask? I miss these endearing touches. There is mention, it is true, of Samwell's losing a walking stick in the Highlands; but I find no reference to the fact that I walked half over London one foggy day seeking it as a present for my friend. The portrait of Samwell is wholly inaccurate. There are people who knew him (I am not one of them) who do not scruple to apply to him a word of five syllables; yet who would gather so from the sycophantic pages of Mr. Boswell?

Pebbles

Is he a rich man? He hasn't endowed any universities.—*University of Michigan Wrinkle.*

....*The Patron:* "Do you guarantee satisfaction?" *The Artist:* "No, madam; I paint likenesses."—*Indianapolis News.*

....To a woman, it seems easy for a man to make money. To a man, it seems easy for a woman to be amiable.—*Atchison Globe.*

....*Willie* (at his lessons): "Say, pa, what's a fortification?" *Pa:* "A fortification, my son, is a large fort." *Willie:* "Then is a ratification a large rat?"—*Our Dumb Animals.*

....*Mamie:* "She is trying to keep her marriage a secret." *Maud:* "How do you know?" "She told me so."—*Baltimore World.*

...."Miss Frocks has bought a birdless hat," said Mrs. Cumso. "It might be called an Audubonnet, might it not?" asked Mrs. Cawker.—*Judge.*

...."Yes, 'twas heart-rending," he remarked, sinking his chin upon his breast. He referred to the post-mortem examination of the man who had died of cardiac inflammation.—*Princton Tiger.*

...."Rather queer about Pennington." "How so?" "You know he was a war correspondent for several weeks in South Africa." "Yes." "He hasn't written a book about it."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

....The rumor that a syndicate of American theatrical managers has engaged King Edward and the English nobility to give a second production of the coronation ceremonies in New York next season is denied in England.—*Syracuse Herald.*

....*Modern Composer:* "I've got a new stage song that's bound to make a hit." *Manager:* "Any sense in it?" "None at all." "Any fun in it?" "Not a bit." "Any music in it?" "Not a note." "Whoop! We'll take the town!"—*New York Weekly.*

There was a young person named Tate,
Who dined his best girl at eight eight,
But I am unable to state
What the young person named Tate
And his *tête à tête* ate at eight eight.

....*Teacher:* "Now, Bobby, what does *lazy* mean?" "Please, teacher, *lazy* means you always want your little sister to do it." *Teacher:* "Now, boys, if I wanted to be a mason what should I want that I haven't now?" *Sharp Boy:* "A good character, sir." *Teacher:* "John, you have spelt window, w-i-d-o-w. Now, what is the difference?" *John* (thoughtfully): "You can see through a window, sir, but not a widow."—*London Spectator.*

EDITORIALS

The Committee of Thirty-six

THE appointment by the recent convention of the National Civic Federation of a Committee of Thirty-six to promote measures for the arbitration of labor disputes evokes a general chorus of approval. The conferees are themselves jubilant, and the press has almost unanimously congratulated them. Senator Hanna believes that a long step forward has been taken; Mr. Gompers declares that the result is one at which organized labor has aimed for years, and Mr. Oscar S. Straus is reported as saying that "the golden era's note of peace has been sounded." The public, too, so far as it has spoken, would seem to be of a like mind, and on all sides there is rejoicing.

The hopes and expectations thus raised are, of course, subject to a reasonable discount; those of the conferees by reason of a certain pride in their own handiwork, and those of the public by reason of its weariness of industrial strife and its eager and almost credulous welcoming of any proposed solution. And yet, all things considered, it is not to be doubted by even the most conservative minds that something of present value and of golden promise has been accomplished. The association of twelve great employers and twelve influential labor leaders in an organization pledged to promote peace would itself be significant; but far more significant is the inclusion in such a body of twelve presumably neutral citizens and the practical acquiescence in the principle that in every labor dispute there is a third party to the controversy—the community at large. The importance of this principle it would be difficult to overestimate, for it is one destined to meet with wider recognition year by year. Heretofore, in disputes, when the workers have felt their strength, they have resented outside interference; and the employers, no less, when they have held the whip-handle of power, have met appeals for arbitration with the stolid declaration that they had "nothing to arbitrate." Both sides now concede a third factor.

Of the modes of securing industrial peace, compulsory arbitration appears to us as the simplest, the justest and the most efficient. It has proved its merit in New Zealand, after five years of trial, so conclusively that a sister commonwealth, New South Wales, has also adopted it. Ultimately, we have no doubt, it will be adopted in America. The underlying plan of the Committee of Thirty-six may even be considered a move in that direction; for from the recognition of the community as a joint party in industrial compacts, it is but a step further to the intervention of the State, the organized and executive form of the community—a step which sooner or later must be taken. But at the present time it is certain that organized labor will not accept compulsory arbitration. It is suspicious of the judiciary, by whom the ultimate decisions would be made. This suspicion, we believe, is a mistaken one, tho not an entirely unreasonable one. But, whether sound or mistaken, it persists, and for the present there is no likelihood of a change. In the present hopelessness, then, of compulsory arbitration, the plan embodied in the creation of the Committee of Thirty-six is the very best that can be expected.

The Committee's formal declaration of its scope and powers limits its activities to the arbitration of difficulties only when asked by both the contending parties, and to the general promotion of peace measures. It recommends the making of formal agreements between labor and capital as a basis for carrying on industry, and the trial of all possible efforts at mutual conciliation in the earlier stages of difficulties; and it emphatically refuses to consider abstract industrial questions. It is a conservative and wise program, freighted with beneficent possibilities. The greater good, we believe, will be done in the influence which the Committee will exert for conciliation, rather than in the later stages of a particular difficulty when it attempts arbitration. Contests which have progressed so far as to need formal arbitration are usually so bitter that force is needed to

compel acquiescence in the decision. It is a different matter with conciliation. Several of the writers in a recent symposium on the labor question published in a New York newspaper declared that most strikes were due to the mutual ignorance and misapprehension of the two contesting forces and that, could these be removed by free and frank conference, open ruptures would be rendered infrequent. It is by promoting the initial conciliations that the Committee can render its greatest service to the public.

Credenda and Horrenda

We have received the following letter:

I have no zeal to defend the Presbyterian Church, North or South, against the charge of impertinence. But I have some zeal for plain, straightforward, unambiguous statements respecting one's position on important and very practical subjects. Hence, as a subscriber to and a constant reader of THE INDEPENDENT, I beg leave to ask that it will speak clearly to the following questions, which I take it for granted it will admit are of some importance to me.

Are there any *credenda* which men are under obligation to believe because they are duly attested by God as true? If there are any such *credenda,* are they so expressed that men can understand them, and agree as to their meaning? If any set of men should answer these questions in the affirmative, would it be impossible or impracticable for them to accept these *credenda* as God attested, and then to proclaim them to others, inviting men to join with them in this work?

To illustrate: I have a book which contains these assertions:

1. He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life.
2. He that obeyeth not the Son shall not see life, but
3. The wrath of God abideth on him.

I know several people who understand these assertions substantially as I do. They are not attractive assertions to us; the second and third are indeed quite otherwise, as we understand them; they are *horrenda.* We desire not to believe them. We are agreed that it would be impertinent, not to say preposterous, for any being other than the infinite and all-wise God to make such assertions as these or to require any one to believe them. We also agree that, if the infinite and all-wise God has made these assertions, then they are *credenda,* even if *horrenda.*

Now the supreme questions are these, questions, you will observe, of fact: Has God made these assertions, or any others; or authorized them to be made? If so, are they so expressed that men can understand them? If so, are these assertions *credenda?*

What says THE INDEPENDENT to these questions, whch may be summed up in one: Is there any duly attested revelation from God to men, constituting a *credendum,* wilful ignorance of which, or rejection of which, subjects men to frightful penalties?

A subordinate, but still a very highly important, question is this: If any set of men agree that there is such a *credendum,* are they not bound to teach it as they understand it; to invite others to accept it, to live in accordance with it, to assist in proclaiming it to others, whether or not THE INDEPENDENT regards such a procedure as impertinent or impossible?

It seems to me that THE INDEPENDENT owes it to its subscribers and readers to speak clearly as to these questions. Does it assert that there are no God-given *credenda?* Or is its opposition directed only against those *credenda* which the Presbyterian Church asserts to be such on the authority of God's word?

Very respectfully,

E. C. GORDON.

The Rev. E. C. Gordon, D.D., of Lexington, Mo., is chairman of Home Mission work of the Lafayette Presbytery in the Presbyterian Church, South, a most conservative body. The letter could not have been more shrewdly contrived and strongly written if its purpose had been to smoke out some concealed adversary of God's truth and expose his evasions. If such a thought was in the writer's mind we readily consent to be smoked out. The questions asked are not very hard to answer. They are in several forms; we will try to answer them all before we are done.

Dr. Gordon says that to his mind the assertion is a *horrendum* that "he that obeyeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." He says he would not believe it except on the word of God. We would. It seems to us simple and primary truth. The Son's command is to love God and man. He tells us that this is the substance of his command. It is an *agendum,* "obeyeth," something to be done, not a *credendum,* something to be believed. It seems to us clear that nobody can be finally happy and escape the wrath of God unless he obeys the Son in this way. The statement does not ap-

pear to us a *horrendum,* that one who persistently refuses the law of love thus shuts himself out from the favor of God. Because the statement appears to us reasonable and right we differ from Dr. Gordon and prefer to believe it.

But are we to believe *horrenda?* That depends. A thunderbolt is an *horrendum;* a jail is an *horrendum;* we believe in them. But if a statement appears to be an *horrendum* morally, then we may and must refuse to believe it, no matter what the authority that backs it. But this brings up the larger general question which Dr. Gordon asks. It is: Has God made assertions such as these, and must we believe them whether *horrenda* or not?

Certainly God has made many assertions. One of them is that fire burns; another that food sustains; and these we learn early and should fully believe. But we must test them, for many false statements are made of what God says in nature. We used to be told, as if it were a law of God, that there are four elements. That was a misstatement of what God said. Just so if we find in a collection of books bound together, of different ages and authors, words that claim to have come from God, it is our business to test them. The best evidence that they did or did not come from God will be their moral character. If they contradict our moral nature they cannot have come from God, no matter how loud the claim.

Let us make this plain. There are sixty-six booklets of different ages and by different known and unknown authors, which we bind together in a single volume and call The Book, Bible, Holy Scriptures. They are all said to have come, in one way or other, from God. We must find out in the best way we can if that is true; for these sixty-six are not the only books for which the claim is made. They are said to have been "inspired," whatever that may mean, inspired by the Holy Spirit of God. How shall we find out whether this be true? There are not more than two ways that we can find out. One of these is by the testimony of the men who knew, say, the writers themselves, or any one else who has such definite knowledge, if such there may be; or by the nature of the contents, the internal evidence. Now of these two kinds of evidence the latter is vastly the more important and trustworthy. The Westminster Confession puts this admirably, and we hope it will not be changed or added to. It says:

> "The authority of the Holy Scripture . . . . dependeth not on the testimony of any man or church, but wholly upon God."

It proceeds then to explain, and, after speaking of "the heavenliness of the matter," it continues:

> "Our full persuasion and assurance of the infallible truth and divine authority thereof is from the inward work of the Holy Spirit, bearing witness by and with the word in our hearts."

That is correctly stated. It is the internal evidence that we must finally depend upon. The testimony of the writers that they wrote by inspiration, or of any other men or body of men that such was the fact, may have its value or may not. The writer of the Revelation makes the claim; so does the writer of the Koran; Matthew, Mark and Luke do not; even Paul depends on his authority as an apostle and teacher, and not as special inspiration. That Paul, however, believed the Old Testament to have been "given by inspiration of God" is clear; and that our Lord taught that "the Scriptures cannot be broken," might be accepted even without the authority of the author of the Fourth Gospel; but the extent and limitations of that inspiration are nowhere stated, altho suggested, and our Lord plainly declares that parts of the Old Testament are not according to the full mind of God and need revision.

The ultimate test of authority of anything that is claimed as coming from God is its truthfulness, intellectual or moral; and of that we must judge. Its historical statements must be tested from historical evidence; its ethical statements by our best ethical standards, which are within us. If they fail of these tests they are not from God; if they stand, then they came, directly or indirectly, from God. But it is not the claim of authority, but their truth that binds us. Thus Isaac Watts, in putting one of the imprecatory Psalms into meter

adds this note: "Cursing one's enemies is not so evangelical a practice; I have, therefore, given certain verses of this Psalm another turn." He asserted his right to reject or accept. We must judge for ourselves whether statements in the Bible are true or are right. We cannot do otherwise. We must judge that what has "heavenliness of matter" comes from Heaven; that if the inward work of the Holy Spirit, bearing witness by and with the word in our hearts supports a statement of right and duty, it is from the Spirit of all truth, from God, who is truth.

Otherwise not. It makes no difference what the claim may be; we would reject it. When we stand before the great white Throne, and hear the judgment of God, we shall believe and accept that judgment, and believe it is Infinite Goodness that is sitting on the Throne, only because our own conscience approves the award.

We revert then to the question, "Has God made these assertions or any others, or authorized them to be made?" Yes, an abundance of them, in nature, in conscience, in the writings of holy men. But all these must be tested; some that are claimed accepted and some rejected. And people will differ in the future, as they have in the past, as to what God has asserted in and out of the Sacred Books; and thinking men will change their conclusions as they study the subject. Accordingly, they should, like other students, hold an open mind, and each man should make and freely revise his own creed.

But this is to be remembered, that it is "he that *obeyeth* not the Son," not he that has an erroneous belief, who "shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him;" that it is "he that *doeth* the will" of the Father who is approved. It is character, controlled by the law of love laid down by Christ as the one essential thing that secures, that is salvation. A man may believe all that angels and devils believe, and if he does not love, his place is with those that believe and tremble; while a man may believe all the falsehoods of false creeds, and yet if he loves all the God he knows, and the men he knows, he loves goodness, and the divine Spirit dwells in his soul.

The Ellis Island Immigration Station

For some months past charges of mismanagement, made by irresponsible parties against the Commissioner and Deputy Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York, have been finding their way into the newspapers. During the past week reports from Washington have intimated that some of these charges, presumably made by persons who are willing to assume responsibility for them, have reached the ears of President Roosevelt, and that he has determined to make a thoroughgoing investigation, which very probably may be followed by a dismissal of Commissioner Fitchie.

We sincerely hope that President Roosevelt's investigation of this matter will be marked by all the thoroughness which Mr. Roosevelt is capable of applying to a difficult administrative problem when his interest is fully aroused. The honor of the American people is at stake when it is alleged that the hundreds of thousands of immigrants who pass yearly through the Port of New York are subjected to extortion, cruelty and debasing importunities. If such wrongs exist they must be remorselessly exposed, and those who are guilty must be punished.

We have been at some pains to look into the situation at Ellis Island, and we are satisfied that if President Roosevelt sincerely desires to inform himself upon the whole problem, his investigation will take him not only from Washington to Ellis Island, but from Ellis Island back to Washington.

We hold no brief for Commissioner Fitchie, or for the Deputy Commissioner, Mr. McSweeney. We speak solely in the interests of public decency and of honest, efficient administration. Looking at the matter from this public view-point, we are sure that if Mr. Roosevelt patiently looks into the history of the Ellis Island Station since Commissioner Fitchie was appointed, he will be satisfied that great improvements have been made in the methods of landing and passing steerage passengers, in the medical inspection, in the humane care of individuals detained for special inquiry, and in the efficient forwarding of immigrant passengers and their baggage to interior points. The

mere objective difficulties which the Commissioner has been obliged to contend with have been great. Some of them are inherent in the magnitude of the undertaking; some of them were produced by the fire which destroyed the original buildings of the station; and more of them are due to the peculiar requirements of our immigration laws. All difficulties have been unnecessarily increased by the contract system of feeding detained steerage passengers. It is, of course, to the interests of the contractor to supply as many meals as possible, and to make as much margin as possible on all supplies. This opens temptations for collusion between contractors and employees of the department which the most vigilant Commissioner would find extremely difficult to control.

To these difficulties must be added the natural enmity toward any Commissioner who may occupy this post of the whole vile crowd of shyster lawyers, boarding house runners, contractors who are seeking to evade the contract labor law, ticket scalpers and immigration agents. The Commissioner is under the daily necessity of watching these fellows, and thwarting their designs, which in practically every instance are nefarious. Of course, they revenge themselves by inventing charges against the Commissioner, and, unhappily, they are easily able to give to their complaints a serious quality by enlisting the co-operation of political bosses, whose henchmen have failed to secure places as inspectors or other officials on the staff.

It is for these reasons that we hope to see Mr. Roosevelt push his inquiries beyond Ellis Island into the office of the Commissioner-General of Immigration at Washington. We do not hesitate to express our belief that if Mr. Roosevelt should put a trusted secretary at work upon the official correspondence which has passed between the Commissioner of Immigration at the port of New York and the Commissioner-General of Immigration at Washington he will discover records which will give him a renewed and deepened conviction of the iniquity which those politicians can be guilty of whose chief ambition in life is to take the starch out of the Civil Service laws. We have no means of knowing whether such an investigation would or would not show that Mr. Fitchie is the best man for the responsible post of Commissioner at Ellis Island, but we are reasonably sure that Mr. Roosevelt can easily satisfy himself that Mr. Fitchie's position has been rendered almost intolerable by the relations subsisting between the Commissioner-General of Immigration at Washington and persons whose zeal for an efficient, straightforward, high minded administration of the law is not beyond suspicion.

We have no charges of misconduct to make against Commissioner-General Powderly. We believe that his appointment by Mr. McKinley was a grave mistake, and that it would be difficult to find a man whose previous career, whose political and economic ideas, and whose relations to great public interests had rendered him more conspicuously unfit to be a Commissioner-General of Immigration than was the Master Workman of the Knights of Labor. It is possible that Mr. Roosevelt may be able to satisfy himself that Mr. Powderly has striven earnestly to be a good administrative officer according to his light. We merely express the hope that the President will not discontinue his inquiries until he has fully investigated the quality of Mr. Powderly's light.

The Reorganized British Liberals

It is the fate of strong parties to destroy themselves; they die by suicide. But it is equally within their power to enjoy a resurrection. Thus there is, in this imperfect world of politics, a sure and fairly frequent transfer of power from one party to the other. Each in turn culminates, sinks and falls, but to rise again. Thus the British Liberal party, under Gladstone and Rosebery, had its period of popularity and success, and then blundered and collapsed; and now the Conservative party, that has mightily ruled two Parliaments, appears to be perishing of its own blunders, and to be ready to make place for its rival.

The rule of Great Britain belongs properly to a Liberal party. Such a rule would seem to be assured by the broad British electorate and the persistent determination of the people to better their

own constitution, a state of affairs that makes for reform, which is the platform of a Liberal party. But foreign politics is a disturbing element that plays havoc with any party, and the South African war is far enough away to be foreign to the voters in Great Britain.

On this policy the Liberals were hopelessly divided. The radicals among them, John Morley and other leaders, were utterly opposed to prosecuting the war. They were quite ready to yield independence to the Boers of the two so-called republics. On the other hand, Lord Rosebery and his faction were as strong Imperialists as was Lord Salisbury or Mr. Chamberlain. The two wings could not plow together, and they were hopelessly defeated at the last election. There seemed no possibility of their recovering power until the war and its issues had passed out of mind, as with us the Democratic party was in eclipse till long after the overthrow of the Southern Confederacy. But the parallel does not hold. The Tory party in its satisfaction with old military prescriptions of rank and social privilege, and at the same time in its arrogant refusal of generous terms to the fighting Boers, has created general discontent, which is increased by the fearful death rates in the camps where the Boer women and children have been concentrated. Meanwhile the Liberal party sees that the national feeling was right that the secession of all South Africa under Boer rule could not be allowed and that it would have made, not for liberty, but for oppression, as it had done in the Transvaal. It sees, further, that the war has reached such a stage that the success of the Boers is quite impossible, so that it is no longer practicable to defend their claim to rule. The war must now proceed to its sure end, and the natural Liberal program is to make the terms of peace as liberal and generous and so reach the end of the war as speedily as possible. The Conservative demand is Unconditional Surrender; the Liberals offer pardon, federated self-government under the British Empire, and restoration of the farms.

At this moment emerges Lord Rosebery. He has been plowing a lone furrow. He has been meditating in his cabbage garden. Now he offers himself as leader of the Liberal party. His imperialism is unimpeachable. The war he would fight to the end, but he would make the end easy. The old issues of sixteen years ago he would forget. The Liberal platform must be built in 1902 and not out of old, rotten lumber. So he throws overboard the Irish alliance, for the Irish have bitterly attacked the South African war, not out of love for the Boers, but out of hatred to England. He drops his own former demand for the disestablishment of the English and Scotch Churches, because, he says, we must, in the words of "a better authority," Theodore Roosevelt, "keep going by steps, not bounds; we must keep our eyes on the stars, but remember that our feet are on the ground." The one thing to be done now is to end the war honorably and with good will; and then follows the platform of home legislation, which he does not indicate further than by reference to the utter failure of the Tory measures for education, the breakdown of parliamentary procedure, and especially the mismanagement of the military and naval service by the departments at home.

A year ago Lord Salisbury's Government, approaching the end of its seven years' lease of power, declaring that the war was practically concluded, appealed to the people and was re-elected. But the war has gone on, at an expense of $25,000,000 a month. With the real end of the war there should be another appeal to the people, and Lord Rosebery offers himself as leader of the Opposition, which promises to clear out the barnacles, foster education, and to supply the conditions which bring prosperity at home and respect abroad.

Dissipation by Machinery

THAT M. Santos-Dumont should go to Paris to spend his money and that he should endeavor to make a sensation by some new form of dissipation was natural enough. It is what is to be expected of any young Brazilian. But he showed originality by racing an air-ship around the Eiffel Tower instead of racing horses in the Bois de Boulogne. This is a new form of dissipation which, on account of its comparative innocuousness

and possible benefits, we commend to the attention of gilded youth everywhere. Balloon racing over the sea and land is likely to become fashionable among young men who have the spirit of adventure and the money to back it. The art of aero-automobilism—we might just as well begin to get used to such words, for they are likely to happen at any time—cannot be developed unless somebody puts a good deal more energy and money into it than is going to pay, and as for danger—well, science must have its martyrs, and the community can spare the idle sons of rich men as well as any other class.

The same spirit of the age is shown in automobile racing, which is rapidly becoming the fad of two continents. The young Frenchmen who left Paris in their automobiles while the crowd shouted "On to Berlin!" made much better time than their fathers who started for the same destination in 1870, encouraged by the same shouts, a further evidence that peace hath her victories no less renowned than war. This form of dissipation is certainly better than promenading the boulevards and dining stuffed actresses. Let those who have money to burn use it to run an auto-engine. It is better to be a *chauffeur* than an *absintheur*. Both amusements may be about equally spiced with danger, but as a form of fast living the former is surely preferable. By and by they will get tired of the sport and turn to something new; but by that time the automobile will have also sown its wild oats and have become a practical machine. It will then be taken from the race track and hitched to a dray. That is the way it was with the bicycle. Probably the clerk or mechanic who wheels from his suburban home to the office or the shop never thinks with gratitude of the young men who in the early eighties risked their necks riding a machine that looked like a mechanical giraffe. Yet if it had not been for the sport the bicycle would not now be in use. So the fads of one generation become the necessities of the next, and the cast-off playthings of the rich become the tools of the masses.

Something of the same plea can be made for yacht racing. A million dollars—or was it two millions?—is certainly a good deal of money to spend on a yacht race. Still, there is presumably some gain to marine architecture from such costly experiments; and if each of us paid at the usual rate for the enjoyment we had in reading about the race and in seeing Sir Thomas Lipton take his beating like a gentleman, it would about pay for the boats. Anyway, Sir Thomas might have lost the same amount at bridge and the rest of us not get any fun out of it at all. Not many years ago we were all contributing more or less voluntarily to certain Societies for the Encouragement of Agriculture and Horse-Breeding, the plant of which consisted of a mile ring-track with a large building close by, where the crowd could go when it rained and while away the time looking at polychromatic quilts and red apples, four on a plate. If there was anything at all in the plea for horse-racing that it improved the breed of horses, surely we can expect some improved forms of horseless vehicles and air-ships to result from the present rage for machine-racing. We have paid too little attention to folly as the mother of invention. If we want to encourage submarine navigation, the way to do it is evidently not to offer rewards for scientific treatises on the subject, but put up a cup for the man who makes the best time across the Atlantic under water.

The fields of invention and discovery offer an unlimited opportunity for the scions of aristocracy and plutocracy. The Prince of Monaco spends his share of the revenues of the gambling house at Monte Carlo in deep-sea explorations and in developing the infant science of oceanography. However much we deplore the way in which he gets his money we cannot but rejoice that he is spending it in so innocent a manner. Many pious people have wished that the wealth of Monte Carlo was at the bottom of the sea, and that is just where it is being put as rapidly as possible. The example of the Duke of the Abruzzi in sowing his wild oats in 86° 33′ N. lat., instead of in Vienna or Paris, is well worth the attention of royal families. How much better it would have been for Edward VII if he had spent his lengthy adolescence in the Arctic regions instead of at house parties in Merrie England!

There is so little for princes to do nowadays that it would be well to keep them in cold storage, safe from Anarchists and actresses, until they are needed.

Effect of a Great Tunnel Project

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company has undertaken to spend $40,000,000 in entering New York and in piercing the barriers that lie between its New Jersey terminus and Montauk Point. Let us consider for a moment the magnitude and probable effect of this great project, without indulging in wild prophecy, but keeping our feet on that solid earth in which the company's tunnels will burrow. Passing under the bed of the Hudson River on bridges inclosed in steel tubes, the trains are to make their way in tunnels of rock to a great central subterranean station, fifteen hundred feet long by five hundred feet wide, where twenty-five tracks will lie under a fine and lofty structure covering four city blocks. To this station will come the trains of the Long Island Railroad through tunnels passing under the East River and piercing the rock foundation of the island. As this road is owned by the Pennsylvania, the tunnels will open a continuous route from the West through the great city to all parts of Long Island, at the further extremity of which the steamships of lines controlled by the railroad company may take cargoes and passengers for Europe. This is the project which may be completed in three years.

The purely local effect should be considered with reference to other similar improvements which must closely follow this one; for there can be no monopoly in tunnels, and other railroads now ending on the Jersey shore will also burrow under the river bed. The workers of New York can then be carried swiftly to the cities and suburban districts west of the Hudson, or to the villages and now unoccupied lands of Long Island. The congestion of the narrow island of Manhattan will be relieved, and New York will be extended over Long Island to the ocean shore. From Brooklyn and Coney Island the area covered by close settlement will extend rapidly eastward. The natural barriers having been overcome, and swift transportation having been assured, who will picture the condition of Long Island at the middle of the century?

The great city of the New World has lagged behind in the matter of tunnels. Altho its urban lines of transportation are so inadequate, the new subway soon to be completed is the first attempt to utilize the unoccupied space beneath the surface. There is plenty of room there, and the Pennsylvania road's tunnels and station will show the people how to use it. Even at the station the tracks in those tunnels will be thirty-six feet below the surface. Far beneath the foundations of the lofty buildings there is a broad domain waiting for the burrower and tunnel maker. Darkness has been vanquished by the electric light, and the electric motor has simplified the problem of ventilation. As for the capital needed, where shall it be found if not in New York?

When the first of the railroad tunnels under the rivers is in use we shall hear of similar projects elsewhere. Already there has been incorporated a company to tunnel under the bay from Oakland to San Francisco.

The effect upon transportation to and from New York may be at first a disturbance of that railway harmony which has been sought by means of a "community of interest." It is true that the Pennsylvania gave the New York Central an opportunity to own half of the Long Island road and that the offer was declined. It is also true that the two great companies are at peace and are interested jointly in several railroad properties. But harmony based upon community of interest suddenly ceased to exist when a share in the Burlington was denied to the Union Pacific, and it may be that the competition of the Pennsylvania with the Central for Western traffic to and from a terminal in the heart of the great city will excite a contest. The progress of the consolidation of the railways of the United States will be marked by more than one sharp disagreement like that which caused the Northern Pacific corner. Why should not the Central bring its trains into the new Pennsylvania station, and thus promote the convenience of its patrons, while giving proof of real and enduring harmony?

The subjection of electric force has made such great improvements as this one in New York possible and acceptable to the public. Tunnels are made more quickly and at less cost than they were some years ago, but traveling in them has been made agreeable only by the electric motor and the electric light. The passenger in the Hudson and East River tunnels will not be annoyed by smoke and all the nuisances that accompany the use of steam locomotives in such buried tubes. For comfort in such places we had to wait for the electric age. It will be observed that the trains are to be drawn, not only under the rivers, but also through Manhattan island, by electric engines.

Possibly this use of electric motors by a great and progressive company will be a long step toward the use of electric force on the main lines in place of steam. Who does not expect that this substitution will eventually be made? Up to this time, however, it has taken place on only two or three short sections of main line, and for the purpose of meeting trolley competition under exceptional conditions. But it will surely be seen everywhere by and by, and the moving of all these trains from New Jersey through New York to Long Island by electric motors will tend to stimulate invention and hasten the wider use of them.

This project, because of competition which it has already excited, also suggests the growing power of the trolley lines to compel a laying aside of steam. A strong combination of trolley roads in Northern New Jersey, which is said to have planned a through line to Philadelphia, has obtained possession of the abandoned and half-made Hudson tunnel that was begun many years ago. This tunnel it intends to complete and to use. At the same time we hear of charters for parts of a through trolley line from Philadelphia to Staten Island.

Perhaps the decisive battle between steam and electricity on railways is to be fought on the inviting field from Philadelphia to New York. The progress of interurban electric transit will compel it to be fought somewhere. Electric moving force for cars has been in use only fifteen years. Up to the present time the energy of those who use it has been spent chiefly in perfecting urban trolley systems and their suburban appendages. There have been exceptions, as in Northern Ohio and Michigan, for example, where there is now a continuous trolley road from Detroit almost to the Pennsylvania boundary, by way of Toledo and Cleveland. But now there are signs of a general movement for the connection of cities by electric roads that shall form through lines in competition with steam roads; and we begin to hear of projects for moving freight in electric cars. When to full development of the interurban trolleys shall have been added a cheapening of the automobile by the use of a storage battery so light and trustworthy as the one just invented by Edison is said to be, the steam roads will begin to find places for some of their locomotives in the scrap heap.

All this about trolleys is not very closely related to the tunnel project in New York, but some of it is suggested by the purpose of the Pennsylvania company to use electric motors exclusively upon what will really be an important part of its through line. If the report be true that the London & Northwestern Company in England is seriously considering the substitution of electric force for steam on its entire system, the Pennsylvania Company may find it expedient, three years hence, not to uncouple the electric engines when its cars from New York emerge from the tunnel on the Jersey side of the Hudson.

Postal Telegraphs and Telephones

How far we are behind Europe in our postal service may be seen by contrast with the British service. The telegraph came to be so important a medium of intercommunication that in 1868-9 the British Government bought out the private companies, and made it a part of the Post Office. A message from London to Glasgow cost at first 16 cents a word; now one can telegraph anywhere in the United Kingdom for a cent a word. The average price of a message is now 14 cents, whereas in 1859 it was 54 cents. The revenue was then $3,061,505; it is now $17,296,765, a pretty good income on an original cost of $25,000,000, and all built out of profits. The number of messages then was six millions; last year

it was ninety millions. Great Britain is lamenting that by gross mismanagement the telephone did not come into the postal system, after Sir W. Preece, twenty-four years ago, brought the first machine from this country to England. It is there, as here, a monopoly in the hands of a private company. A cheap, efficient and trustworthy telephone service is national, and, like letters, parcels and telegraphs, should be solely in the hands of the Government. We take these facts from a lecture by Sir W. Preece, for seven years Engineer-in-Chief and Electrician of the British Post Office, and one of the first electrical authorities of Great Britain, who concludes his address by declaring that politics is still the least advanced of all our sciences, "the most popular, the most noisy and the least efficient of all."

Dr. Kekule's Warning

Some people are always frightened by the danger of too much education. There are the conservatives, the supporters of prescriptive rights, the ones who are on top and wish to keep the dangerous common people underneath. Education is dangerous to privilege. Dr. Kekulé, Rector of the Berlin University, utters a note of warning on the occasion of Mr. Carnegie's gift of $10,000,000 for a university in Washington. He probably did not understand that its purpose was for research for developing the power of the educated, not for the uneducated. But it gave him a chance to grieve over the multitude of German youth educated in the universities who are unfit to engage in useful occupations. He forgets how many uneducated people are unfit. Many college graduates are failures; but that is to be expected, and a much larger proportion of ignorant people are tramps and criminals, or otherwise submerged. We observe that it is the educated people that talk about the curse of education. Our mechanics are the best educated in the world, and the most efficient, and the best citizens. When people who have education and power talk about the curse of education or try to limit it, as in England and in our Southern States, we may be sure that it is because they have the power and they want to keep it in few and, therefore, "safe" hands.

Sale of the Broadway Tabernacle

We regret to know that the Broadway Tabernacle has been sold, and that the church will move to a less valuable site. It held a location equal to the best in the city, at Herald Square, close by where the new Pennsylvania station is to be. The site was as fine as that held by Trinity Church at the head of Wall Street, or by Grace Church at the bend of Broadway. We cannot very easily conceive that Trinity Church or Grace Church should sell its site for some millions of dollars for the building of a big hotel. To be sure, they have not a debt, but the debt of the Broadway Tabernacle is not at all beyond the power of its rich people to pay. We fear that the Broadway Tabernacle Church has lost a grand privilege in proclaiming the supremacy of religion over business and wealth and the world. Doubtless the church, under its efficient and honored pastor, Dr. Jefferson, will find some other good place, tho not the best, which it had before—and will save a good part of the $1,275,000 they are said to receive for a fund to support the church and will do a good work; but we cannot but regret that this noble and historic church could not have had the courage to maintain its hold on the best location in the city.

Municipal Milk

There is no stopping the spread of mild municipal socialism in England. Now Battersea follows the example of Liverpool, St. Helens and York by undertaking the business of supplying sterilized milk to parents for the purpose of arresting the unnecessarily high infantile mortality. It is expected that the undertaking will result in a slight financial loss at first, but the rate-payers will be more than compensated by the knowledge that the expenditure has resulted in lowering the infant mortality. At St. Helens, where the experiment has already proved a success, a loss of $400 was sustained the first year; but, on the other hand, the mortality of babies fed on corporation milk was 105 per 1,000, as against 187 per 1,000 among the children who were not so fed. In a certain sense this movement is not in the line of municipal socialism, but is essentially a sanitary meas-

ure and therefore natually falls into that class of undertakings which may legitimately be run at a public loss. The problem of a good milk supply in this country also is getting to be a serious one. In our largest cities it is often dangerous to keep a baby in town during the hot weather, not so much on account of the heat as on account of the impossibility of getting milk that can be kept fresh. Any guaranty to the consumer that milk will be fresh and pure is certainly a reform for which to work, whether it be classed under the head of good sanitation or municipal socialism.

When a man gives his name to an institution it acts for a generation as a notice to other people to keep their hands off and give nothing. Johns Hopkins University has suffered in this way up to the present time, and the University of Chicago would have suffered quite as much if Mr. Rockefeller's name had been saddled on it. Now, Johns Hopkins has lived long enough and done good work enough to deserve favor for its own sake, while the memory of its founder is passing into a *nominis umbra.* We are very glad to see that a new career of success is foreshadowed in the probable success of the effort to give the university a fit location and an enlarged endowment. Three gentlemen some months ago offered a fine site of 153 acres on condition that $1,000,000 be raised for endowment. Of this sum $750,000 has been subscribed, and the rest is likely to be raised. The university is, and will be, the chief glory of Baltimore.

A paragraph has been going about a somewhat hostile press to the effect that the State Department at Washington is burdened with claims of some $300,000 pouring in from missionaries in Turkey, whereas the amount paid is less than one-third of that sum. One missionary is said to have brought in a claim of $500 worth of jewelry and another of $75 worth of shoes. The only American missionaries in Turkey in the region of the massacres were those of the American Board. The claims presented amounted to less than $120,000 in all. They were revised at the request of Mr. Straus and the total amount reduced to about $95,000. The jewelry item is doubtless a fake. The $75 worth of shoes is a real item, we believe, the shoes being not for the lady herself, but for the girls in the school of which she was in charge. The claims were certainly reasonable and within proper bounds.

In the Italian Senate Baron Fava, formerly Italian Ambassador at Washington, and Signor Prinetti, Minister of Foreign Affairs, have discussed the utter impotence of the United States to secure the punishment of those who have lynched Italian subjects. Twice President McKinley urged Congress to pass laws which shall provide for the trial in Federal courts of those who are guilty of crimes against foreign subjects. Such laws would be quite constitutional, but they have not been passed. The condition is a shame to us. Congress has to vote money by way of indemnity—we might almost say blood-money. The Italian Government has protested, but Congress does nothing. It would be a proper provocation for war, in case of a weaker nation.

Again the Harvard seniors have honored a negro by making the son of ex-Senator Bruce their class orator. He has the reputation of being the best speaker in the class, or one of the best, and the students were not unwilling to honor him. We have called him a negro; and so he would pass in the South. And yet it would be more correct to call him a Caucasian, an Anglo-Saxon, for his blood is mostly white.

Again the Christian churches in their foreign mission fields are setting an example to the churches at home. The five Presbyterian denominations in China, English and American, and a cable despatch says the Congregationalists also, are consolidating their forces to carry on all their educational work in common. That is the way that the Northern and Southern Methodists are beginning to get together in Oklahoma, with one college for both.

FINANCIAL

Amalgamated Copper

MUCH misery has been caused by the great decline in the market price of the Amalgamated Copper Company's shares. These were selling at about $90 at the end of last year; the price rose to $130 in June, and has recently been falling, until sales at $60½ were made on Tuesday of last week. There has since been a slight advance. Other copper mine stocks have been seriously affected, and a great many people—investors as well as speculative buyers—have suffered loss. Two suicides in this country and one in London are ascribed to this decline of market values. In Boston a motorman took his life because all his savings had been swept away by the fall of prices.

The purpose of those who formed the Amalgamated—a comparatively new corporation—is believed to have been to obtain control of the copper output of the United States. They did obtain control of only a part, several great producing companies retaining their independence. Altho the Amalgamated Company's holdings were not sufficient to control the mining industry, the company undertook to fix and maintain the price of copper, making it 17 cents a pound, which is an abnormal rate and an artificial value. This is about the price that the memorable Secretan Syndicate sought to maintain, and the ruin of that Syndicate, due to its high price, should have restrained the Amalgamated from following so bad an example. A natural and reasonable price is in the neighborhood of 12 cents.

Production in this country remained almost stationary; production in Europe under this stimulus was increased by 12 per cent. The demand for consumption in Europe fell away, and our exports of copper declined from 148,000 tons in eleven months of 1900 to only 84,000 in eleven months of 1901. In the meantime the independent mining companies in this country, over which the Amalgamated and the United Metals Selling Company were kindly holding the umbrella, were cutting under the price. The inevitable effect of all this was a decrease of earnings for the Amalgamated and an abandonment of the fixed price. But the Amalgamated held on until the price of the metal had fallen nearly 30 per cent. in London. Then it yielded, and within a few days past its price has been reduced by successive drops to 13 cents. The directors of the Amalgamated are H. H. Rogers (vice-president), William G. Rockefeller (secretary and treasurer), James Stillman, Robert Bacon, F. P. Olcott, A. R. Flower and A. C. Burrage. They represent some of the greatest financial interests in the United States. The price of Standard Oil shares has declined, and Mr. John D. Rockefeller has taken pains to let it be known that he has had nothing to do with the Amalgamated.

It is difficult to understand how these eminent financiers in the board of the Amalgamated could have been induced to pursue the policy that has caused so much disturbance and loss, and that now promises to bring on a war of prices in the copper mining industry. Dealings in Amalgamated on the Stock Exchange have been enormous, and the trading which has been so unsatisfactory to many buyers throughout the country was carried on under the shelter of the Exchange's "unlisted" department. Much has been said recently to prove that publicity with respect to the affairs of such corporations is greatly to be desired for the protection of the public and in the interests of justice. If the Exchange thinks publicity would be a good thing, it should begin by insisting upon it with respect to all such corporations before it grants its facilities to them and extends the protection of its great name over the trading in their shares, whether these be "unlisted" or listed.

Financial Items

THE crops of 1901 in Manitoba were very large, official returns showing 50,500,000 bushels of wheat, 27,796,000 bushels of oats, 6,536,000 bushels of barley, and 4,800,000 bushels of potatoes.

....A telegraph line now connects the Klondike with the world at large. It has been constructed by the Canadian Government, extends from Vancouver to Dawson (2,200 miles), and lies wholly in Canadian territory.

....All of the trolley railways along the shore of Lake Erie from Cleveland to Detroit, by way of Toledo, are now operated by the Lake Shore Electric Company. There is now a continuous line from Detroit to Cleveland.

....A seat in the New York Stock Exchange was sold at the beginning of last week for $73,000. This broke the record, and it was broken again at the end of the week by the sale of a seat for $75,000.

The old established dry goods house of Sweetser, Pembroke & Co. has been incorporated with a capital of $1,500,000, the stock of which has just been successfully marketed with the Merchants' Trust Company as syndicate manager.

....For November the exports were $136,511,763, and the imports $72,497,-249. The excess of exports was $64,-014,514; and for eleven months it has been $528,068,764, against $571,003,735 for the corresponding months of last year. The reduction is due chiefly to an increase of imports.

....Charles T. Yerkes has obtained possession of another railroad in London by acquiring from the Great Northern Company its franchise for an underground road from Holborn to Finsbury Park. A link of one mile will connect this line with the others owned by him and give him control of 46 miles of road.

....Since October 1st, 1899, the British Government has paid nearly $15,-000,000 for horses and mules shipped from New Orleans to South Africa. The entire cost of landing these animals in South Africa has been $32,826,000, more than three-fourths of which has been expended in this country.

....The steel rail pool has been extended for another year. An advance of the price from $28 to $30 per ton is said to have been opposed by the United States Steel Corporation, which supplies 70 per cent. of the pool's output, and in whose factories at Braddock rails are made at a cost of about $14.

....An association of American and Canadian capitalists has undertaken, by agreement with the Province of Quebec, to spend $2,000,000 in the manufacture of wood pulp on the Labrador coast, using a waterfall there for the generation of electric power, which will be transmitted by wire ten miles to the mills.

....The meeting of Northwestern Governors to discuss plans to prevent a virtual consolidation of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railways through the agency of the Northern Securities Company will be held in Helena on December 30th. Gov. Van Sant, of Minnesota, intends to bring an action against the Northern Securities Company in the United States Supreme Court.

....The pension expenditures last year were about $1.80 per capita for the entire population, and the average annual pension was about $138. Ohio ($15,171,113) stands at the top of the list of States in the sum received, with Pennsylvania ($13,235,012) second, New York ($12,020,943) third, Indiana ($10,338,584) fourth, Illinois ($10,272,-303) fifth, and Missouri ($7,245,470) sixth.

....Dividends:

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway (quarterly), $1.25 per share, payable Feb. 1st.

Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co. (preferred), 1¾ per cent., payable Jan. 2d.

American Telephone & Telegraph Co., $1.50 per share and extra 75 cents per share, payable Jan. 15th.

Hall Signal Co. (quarterly), 1 per cent., payable Dec. 24th.

Metropolitan Street Railway, 1¾ per cent., payable Jan. 15th.

NATIONAL BANKS.

	Per cent.		Per cent.
Central	4	East River	4
Hanover	5	Importers & Traders'	10
Irving	4	Mercantile	3
Merchants'	3½	Merchants' Exchange	3
Broadway	6	Park	7½
Chatham	4		

STATE BANKS.

America	8	Oriental	5
Riverside	2		

SAVINGS BANKS.

Citizens'	3½	Emigrant Industrial	3½
North River	3½	Union Dime	3½

INSURANCE

A Traveling Cheat

THE Attorney-General of Oklahoma desires very much to lay hold of one J. E. Johnson, who is roving about the territory doing an insurance business on a simple plan of his own whereby his entire receipts for premiums, less unavoidable expenses, become his net commissions. He is selling policies purporting to be issued by the Phenix Insurance Company of New York. There is a Phenix of Hartford, and there is a Phenix of Brooklyn, so that the name is well known, probably even in distant regions, and there is no reason why there might not be a Phenix of New York, but as yet no such company exists. Mr. Johnson is therefore the whole company, makes his own policies, and has no losses to pay, except the loss of his personal liberty in case he is caught. Anybody who knows where he is will please notify the county attorney of Kay County, Oklahoma.

This notice and request reminds us how rapidly the country is growing, for the name of Oklahoma is hardly a dozen years old, and also how easy a field is bogus insurance. Without further report of details, we assume that this man Johnson traveled to cheat and cheated to travel. Necessarily, he sold policies on very favorable terms, refusing no offer, and this would compel him to be a rover, because as soon as the local agent who found himself undersold discovered the fraud he would invoke the law in his own defense. There are people everywhere who will buy of any sleek stranger that turns up and offers to undersell the known and responsible dealer who stays within reach if anything goes wrong. If the article were potatoes or cordwood, or even eggs, the folly would not be so great; but to buy insurance of slippery venders at cut prices, an article of future delivery, whose entire value grows out of an adequate and uncut price! Then not the price only is cut, but the buyer, and the buyer cuts himself, so exceedingly sharp is he.

THE site of the old Nassau Street Dutch Church, which was the post office only a quarter century ago, is receding further and further from the appearance it wore before the era of huge and tall buildings began. The Mutual Life, as many people have forgotten, and many more never knew, occupies the old site with a building worthy of a wider street, but is already spread far beyond the boundaries of the old church and is still spreading. The Liberty street portion, itself an addition, now extends through to William street, and the facts and figures concerning this further extension, now nearly finished, would be surprising if facts of this kind had not become somewhat familiar. Yet a cellar floor 55 feet below the sidewalk and 35 feet below the level of standing water, with foundations resting on bedrock 100 feet below the ground surface, is unusual enough to deserve mention, for the work below the street level is never seen or noticed after completion, and we are so accustomed to looking up to cornices high in air that the construction problems which have to be dealt with at the bottom are overlooked. Now the Mutual is working on an extension on Cedar street, and the latest transaction is the sale of the Stokes building and the Queen building on that street. The Queen building, a modern one a dozen or more stories, occupies the northwest corner of Cedar and William, and the Stokes property occupies the niche between the Queen and the Cedar street extension of the Mutual. It is not officially so announced, but is reported on very credible authority that the Mutual is the real purchaser of these two properties. Possession of them will give the company control of the entire block bounded by Nassau, Cedar, William and Liberty, and the natural inference is that the intention is to cover the block completely, harmonizing externally with the original home office such portions as it may be inexpedient to remove. This plan, when carried out, will be colossal, even for New York, and will make the Mutual the possessor of a structure the largest in the country, so far as we now recall.

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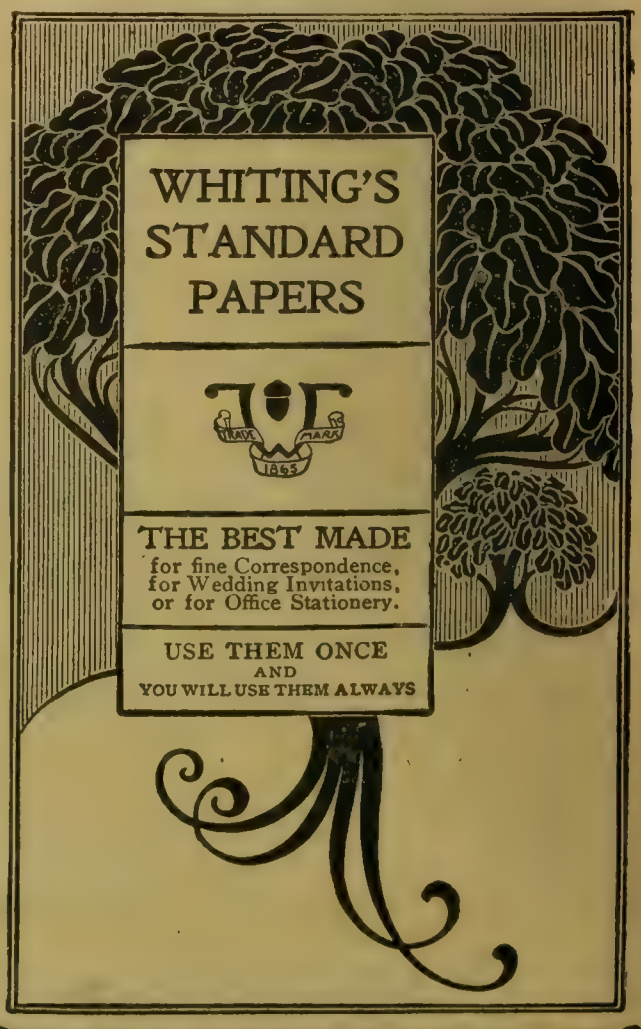

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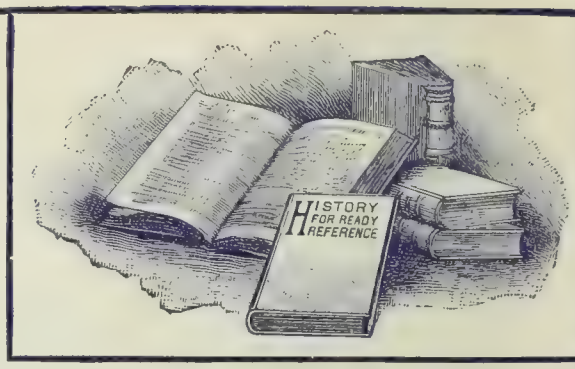

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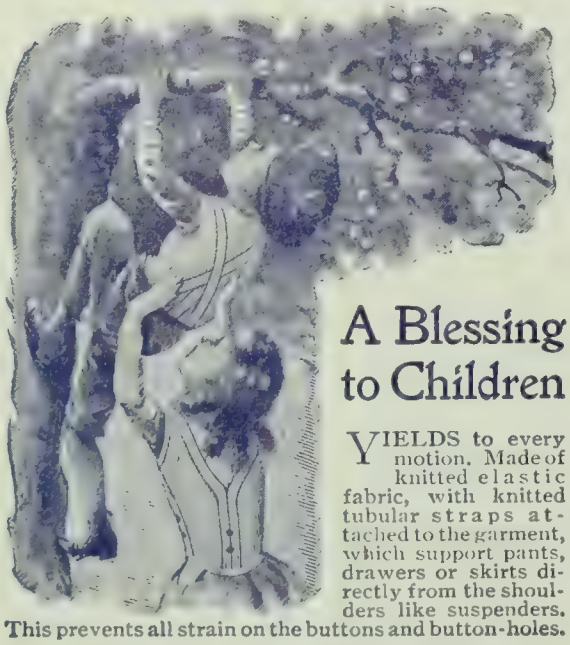

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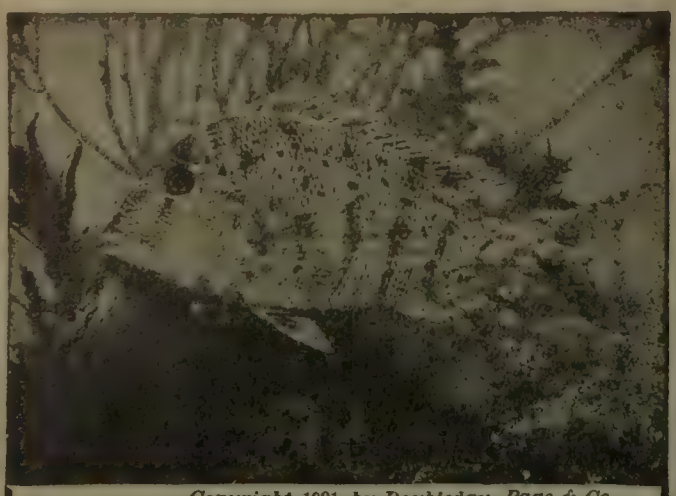

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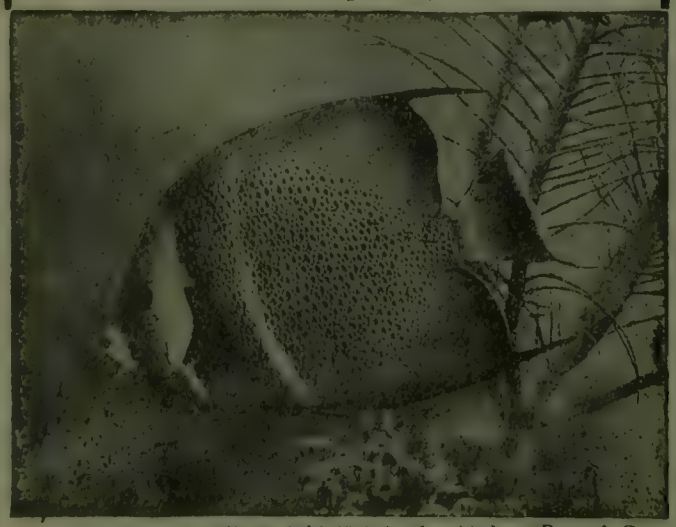

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